TWENTY-FIRST REG'T
IOWA VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.

FOURTH REUNION,

September 3d, 1884.

HARTVILLE.

FORT GIBSON.

BIG BLACK RIVER BRIDGE.

M. L.

ADDRESS

To Surviving Members of the Twenty-First Regiment Iowa Volunteer Infantry, on occasion of their Fourth Reunion, at Strawberry Point, Iowa, September 3d, 1889.

BY

William D. Crooke,

(Late Major of the Regiment.)

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COMRADES:

Thirty years ago I was living in this beautiful town. It was less beautiful then than now, for the love of flowers and trees inherent in the human heart has wrought wonders here, as at so many other places in the West. Many men, afterwards our Comrades in the far South, were either residents of the village or of the immediate surrounding country. They jostled each other in the various branches of business or pastimes of life. None of them anticipated then that partnership in danger and suffering they were soon to form. They worked, they played, they mourned and laughed by turns, as men have always done, in every land—under every sky.

I see some familiar faces here before me—not of our Comrades. I could call familiar names. In walking the streets to-day I missed many whom I used to know. Some have doubtless moved away to other places; many I fear have moved into that Great Camping Ground of the tribes of men, where, equal alike in rank and wealth, they await in silence and repose the beating of the "long roll."

Four miles away from here, in the southwest, lies "Garden Prairie," completely hid from us by a belt of timber lining the stream which separates it from the prairie on this side. One morning we were all called into the street to see a wonderful thing. A beautiful mirage had lifted Garden Prairie into the sky, and we saw its farm houses and gardens, its fields and cattle, with a distinctness and detail which astonished and delighted us. But the objects were all reversed. As we gazed and commented upon the strange but charming spectacle, it faded away. We returned to the occupations which had been interrupted, of pleasure or of pain. The years sped on and all was peace. No one dreamed of war, though one of the

most thrilling and eventful dramas of the world's history lay just behind the curtain which hid the immediate future from human eyes.

Suddenly and unexpectedly the curtain rose and we saw a tragedy upon the stage. Armed men, with naked weapons and frowning faces, threatened each other, while the scenery showed the world upside down. We saw what had been peaceful and cultivated fields turned into camps of soldiers or the battling ground of armies. We found ourselves with hearts beating faster and with ears on the ground, listening to the thunder of guns which reverberated across the Continent. Startled and amazed, many of us hoped and almost believed that the war scenes would pass away like the mirage, even while we looked and listened; but such hopes were vain. Slavery had wrought its malign influence upon the minds and hearts of its white victims; had uttered its fearful curse against freedom and free institutions; and finally had unsheathed the fateful blade, never, alas, to be sheathed again, until in the words of immortal Lincoln: "Every drop of blood drawn by the lash should be repaid by one drawn by the sword."

The country was about to put on mourning; mourning which should become darker and darker, until that day when in the North, "widow's cries and mother's sobs" should be drowned "in the shouts and jubilations of victory," but in the South should still further embitter the humiliation and anguish of defeat.

The whole North became animated with the glow and fervor of patriotism. The fires of national sentiment burned brightly; alike in the East, and in the West, on mountain and prairie. When the martyr President made his call in the summer of 1862 for "three hundred thousand more," the quiet artizans left bench and shop, farmers abandoned their fields, ministers their pulpits, professors and students their schools and colleges, and from every vocation in life came the answer: "We are coming, Father Abraham."

The Twenty-First Iowa Infantry was enlisted and organized at this time, and almost without effort. Company B was enrolled in this place, Companies D and G in the county, and the others in Dubuque, Delaware, Buchanan, Fayette and Mitchell. After a few weeks of cursory drill and preparation, it was sent into the field to do its work as one of the incorporated factors of the great struggle. It was a completed machine, but one which nevertheless needed adjusting, sharpening

and polishing to enable it to act with precision and most effective force. The real drill and discipline were to be acquired in the process of adaptation to new physical conditions; amid new intellectual and moral influences.

It has always been an interesting study to me, to recall the various stages of our regimental development, and it has at the same time, been a matter of surprise and wonder, to note how short a time sufficed to render efficient this instrument built up out of a heterogeneous mass taken from the shop, the plow and the counting house, with only the faintest, crudest ideas of military art, with very little notion of subordination, and with absolutely no conception of that subtle force which enables one thousand men of diverse wills, capacities, faculties and character, to move in tactical evolution as an individual.

A survey of this process in the case of a single regiment enables one to understand, measurably at least, how it happened that a million of men—two millions of men—called from private life to the practice of arms, should have become in so short a period such competent organizations as to elicit commendation from military critics, not only of this country, but of the Old World, where the military art is of constant application on an extensive scale, and where it is supposed to require long periods of preparation and experience to produce efficiency. The qualities which inspire respect in observers are order with celerity, fortitude under difficulties, courage with calmness in the face of danger, energy and daring in critical moments, patient endurance of unavoidable defeat, moderation and generosity in the hour of triumph. It must be a source of pride and gratitude to every member of this Twenty-First Regiment, that when put to the test it was found to possess these high qualities. They were attained, however, not without sacrifice, nor without suffering. It was natural that men used to comfortable homes, to liberty of action and regular hours of labor and rest, should chafe under the new conditions; that many should become restless, uneasy, unhappy, without knowing exactly what was the matter. The process of getting used to restraints of freedom, to inclemencies of weather, to hard beds, and new forms of food, sometimes not well cooked, was not always a pleasant one. Habits of obedience had to be formed, and these to men in the ranks were doubtless the most irksome of all. Officers also had lessons to learn—lessons of self-restraint, patience, exercise of command with minimum of restriction upon personal liberty. Annoyances, vexations, discomforts were

in the air, unavoidable, and came to all alike; but they were useful, and prevented in many those brooding reflections which would otherwise have occupied the mind. Under their chastening, as well as invigorating influences, friendships and attachments were formed and cemented which will last through all our remaining days. We can look back now to those first months in Missouri and feel grateful for that experience of marching and counter-marching, of forming camp and striking tent, of camp police, picket duty, drill, inspection and parade, with the thousand details which then at times seemed so very irksome and unnecessary. We can see now that all these things went to form character, and confer capacity, to make us self-respecting as a regiment and as individuals.

Of late years, also, I have felt more and more that it was peculiarly fortunate that we fell into the hands of Fitz Henry Warren. He was feeble in health, extremely irritable, even violent in temper, and of doubtful—because untried—capacity as a General in active operations. But he had the sense of order so abnormally developed as to become a passion, and the indomitable will to enforce it wherever he commanded. He was a hard task master, and the curses heaped upon him were often deep, but never loud. His discipline was rigorous, but healthful, and always more charitably judged when he was not present or in command. It is reported of one of his own regiment, the First Cavalry, that when asked how they used to like Warren, he replied: "We cordially hated him while he was our Colonel, but, as for me, I would now rather have one of his old boots to command us than any other man I ever saw." While none of us would feel like using such an extravagant comparison, it remains true, I think, that he was a great moral force operating upon us in our formative period, and that his influence remained for good, long after we drifted away from him.

The personal influence which sometimes one man has upon another or upon masses of men, is something wonderful and awe-inspiring. It is rarely, perhaps never found, except in conjunction with other great qualities, and entails upon the individual corresponding great duties and responsibilities. To me, this influence was manifested more strongly than at any other time, when we went to Milliken's Bend and first came under General Grant's command. You all remember the gloom which pervaded the regiment at West Plains, and throughout the march to the Mississippi. When ordered to join Grant there was no change in this feeling; indeed, the whole country

was despondent over the situation of affairs. Grant himself was under a cloud. The surprise or mistake, or appearance of one at Pittsburg Landing, and the entire failure to make any impression upon Vicksburg, had dimmed his fame and forfeited public confidence. There were loud calls from press and public for his retirement. It was at this time that we were ordered to join him. With no jubilant feet did we tread the mud of Milliken's Bend and the cotton plantation on which we camped. We thought we had come to shake the hand of malaria and to lie down with fever, as so many thousands had done before, and—was it for this we had enlisted? Were our loved ones at home robbed in vain of their friends, and for this? But, presto! change! In twenty-four hours a new spirit was upon us; we had come in contact with Grant's men, and found them imbued with the most unbounded confidence in their General. This confidence we imbibed with every breath we drew, and in a few hours the "captives of despair" were transformed into "prisoners of hope," and never again, through all the eventful days that came, alike when in the low lands of Louisiana, with river and bayous overflowing, active and vigilant foes cutting the levees to overwhelm us, we worked in drenching rain and the darkness of night to restrain the encroaching waters; when, after Port Gibson, he spread his army over the face of the country like a fan, at Jackson, Raymond, Clinton, Bolton, Champion Hills; or when, shut in by frowning walls on one side and a treacherous river on the other, with a hostile army on either side seeking our destruction, never again did a doubt of the genius of Grant enter the brain or heart of a soldier of the Twenty-First Iowa. He sleeps. His military fame grows brighter with the lapse of time, and his career crowded with illustrious deeds, needs no eulogy from us, but we should fail in duty to ourselves if we did not remember his simplicity of character, his generosity and amiability as a commander, and take a just pride in the reflection that we served under the immediate eye of one of the most distinguished Generals, in one of the most brilliant campaigns recorded in military annals.

It was my intention when I commenced this paper to confine myself to incidents of the Vicksburg Campaign, but I cannot refrain from one other reference. I intimated a few moments ago that the Regiment, when put to the test, had established the right to claim for itself high soldierly qualities. There were many occasions in your experience which went to

make this claim good, very many, which, if standing alone would be sufficient; but leaving for the present out of consideration the West Plains expedition, the march to Grand Gulf, the battle of Champion Hills, the charge on the Fortifications of Vicksburg on the 22d of May, the siege itself, the expedition to and siege of Jackson, the Bayou Teche campaign, the Texas expedition, Spanish Fort, Blakely, and Mobile; there were three others, and to my mind, three supreme tests, which must ever be your special glory and pride: Hartville, Port Gibson and Big Black River Bridge. I will deal with these in the order named. I believe that I can give some incidents in regard to each not generally known, and which may interest you. It is not my purpose to quote reports of our own officers, but to give as far as possible the statements of rebel officers, and when these fail me, to cite the reports of others than those of our own regiment, with a single exception.

And first, Hartville:

A soldier is always interested in the incidents of his first engagement. Had this fight taken place in the first year of the war, under the same circumstances, it would have become celebrated in story and song, as it deserved to be, but as the country became accustomed to struggles betwixt great masses of men, engagements of smaller bodies acquired little celebrity, although the deeds of the actors therein may have been equal to anything done by the same number on the larger field. You all know how we came to go to Hartville, and how many went. A rebel raid into Missouri, an attack upon the fortified post of Springfield, a cry for help, and the march of a detachment. The orderly of each company called up and directed to furnish twenty five men in full marching order. Ten companies, 25 from each, 250 altogether from the 21st Iowa, with the proper complement of officers. The same number from the 99th Illinois; 500 infantry altogether; 200 cavalry under Major Duffield; a section of artillery, 2 guns, with the artillerymen; afterwards reinforced by 180 additional men of 3rd Iowa and 3rd Missouri Cavelry; scant 900 men altogether. The superior officers present were Col. Merrill in command, Lieut. Col. Dunlap, Lieut. Col. Parke, Major Duffield, Captains Black and Bradley of the cavalry and Lieut. Waldschmidt of the artillery. What was the rebel force? I read in General Marmaduke's first report to his district com-

mander that he started with 1600 men under Col. Shelby, 270 under Col. McDonald, and joined 600 under Col. Portor. He claims to have lost 100 men before meeting Merrill. He does not state the number of field pieces with him, but we know from others there were at least five. Marmaduke magnifies Merrill's force and calls them 2000; 1500 infantry and 500 cavalry. Two weeks later he thought that was not enough, and so in a second report he calls them 2,500 Illinois, Iowa, Michigan and Missouri Troops. But in that second report he also mentions some other men of his own which he had forgotten, viz: Carroll's brigade of 500 effective men under Col. Monroe. Porter's men were now put at 700 instead of 600, making altogether by his own account 2970 present at Hartville.

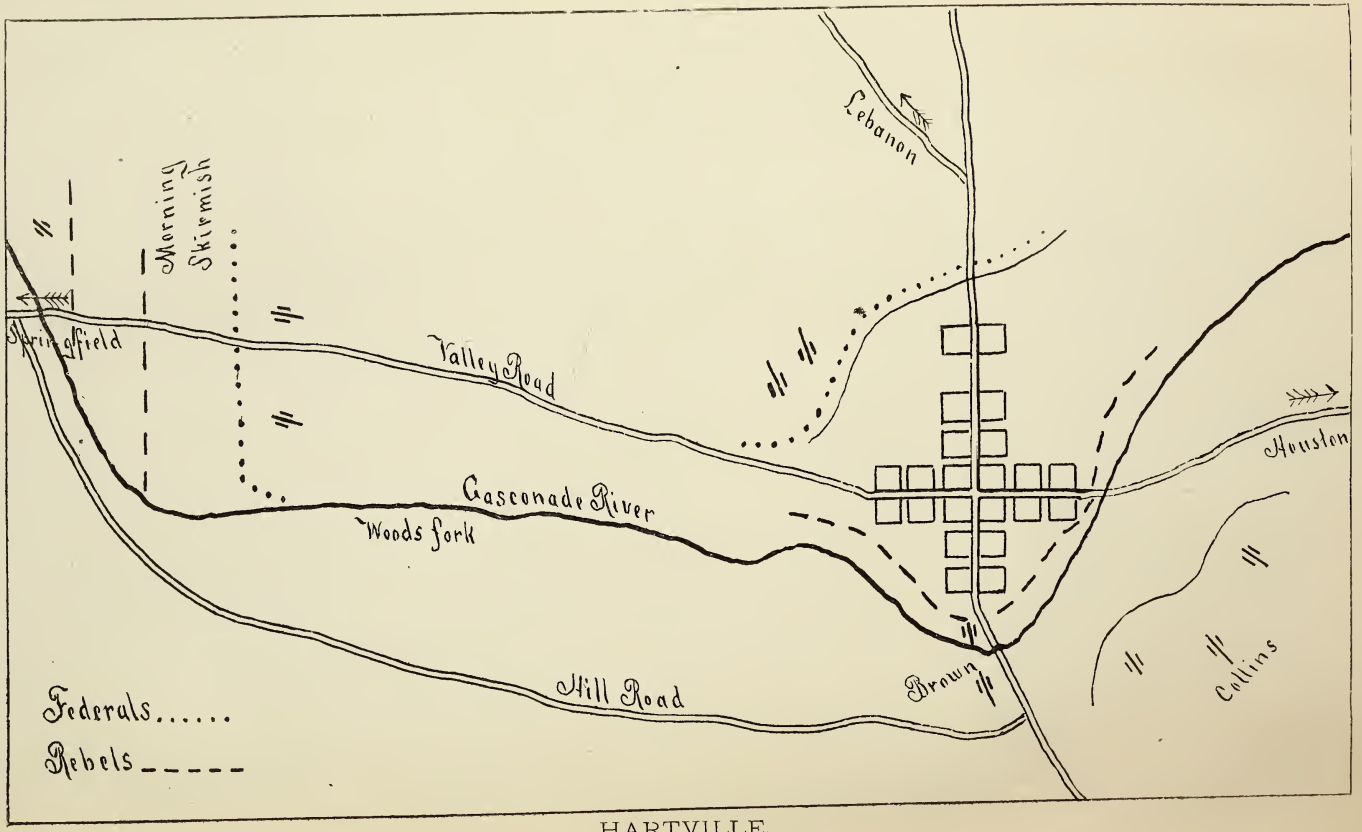
The engagement commenced at 2 o'clock in the morning by Marmaduke's force marching southeasterly from Springfield coming in contact with our picket on the main road seven miles from Hartville. Skirmishing continued until day-break when it was discovered that Marmaduke was marching on Hartville by the hill road. Our force was immediately counter-marched by the valley road, and having the shorter distance, arrived at one side of the town and took position on the high ground, at the same time as the rebels appeared on the opposite hill. The batteries opened fire almost at the same instant, and about eleven o'clock. Our men then had 40 rounds of ammunition. By four o'clock that ammunition was practically exhausted. For five hours at some portion or other of the line there had been continuous fighting. By five o'clock both sides were withdrawing from the field. Ours for lack of ammunition to continue the combat, and theirs doubtless for good reasons.

Marmaduke reports further, as follows:

"On the night of the 10th, the column was put in motion toward Hartville. A little before daylight the advance encountered a federal force coming from Houston, via. Hartville to Springfield, and hearing that a strong cavalry force was in my rear, I deemed it best not to put myself in battle between the two forces, but to turn the force in my front and fight them, after I had secured, in case of defeat, a safe line of retreat. This I did, by making a detour of seven miles, and fought the enemy, 2,500 Iowa, Illinois, Michigan and Missouri troops, at Hartville.

The federal position at Hartville was a very strong one, and the battle hotly contested for several hours, till the enemy gave way and retreated in disorder, leaving the dead and wounded, many arms, ammunition, and clothing on the field and in my possession.

I have established a hospital, leaving surgeons and attendants sufficient to take care of the dead and wounded, confederate and federal. Here


Lebanon
Morning Skirmish
Springfield
Valley Road
Houston
Gasconade River
Woods Fork
Hill Road
Brown
Collins
Federals.....
Rebels _____

HARTVILLE.

fell the chivalrous McDonald, Lieut. Col. Wimer, and Major Kirtley, noble men and gallant officers, and other officers and men equally brave and true. Here, too, was seriously wounded Col. J. C. Porter, a brave and skillful officer. He was shot from his horse at the head of his troops."

Marmaduke's report is not a true statement of facts in several respects, and is impeached by the reports of his brigade and regimental commanders. The men who fought him numbered only 900, he did not remain in possession of the field, and he did not care for our dead and wounded. On the contrary both parties sent in flags of truce who met at Hartville and each party took care of its own.

Col. J. O. Shelby, the commander of the 1,600, made his report. It is characteristic of him, but it shows how the men of the 21st Iowa with their comrades of the 99th Illinois and the cavalry behaved themselves.

* * * * * * * * * *

On the morning of the 11th, Col. Porter, leading the advance, came upon them and formed to fight, waiting in line until my brigade came up, which it did in splendid spirits. After maneuvering for a while, at your order we marched hurriedly to the town of Hartville, and found the enemy in position. My brigade was immediately dismounted and formed for the attack, and Collins stationed on a commanding hill with his three gun battery. Lieut. Col. Gordon held the left, Lieut. Col. Gilkey the center, and Col. Thompson the right, the other portions of your division being disposed by your immediate command. Almost immediately after dismounting, I threw out skirmishers, and advanced the whole line upon the town and upon the woods beyond, knowing that in the dark shades of the timber the crouching federals were waiting for the spring. After gaining the town, and just upon entering the woods, the brigade received a terrible and well directed fire, which was so sudden that it almost became a surprise. The men stood its fury well, and it was not until the tornado had passed did they begin to waver; some fell back, it is true; some stood firm, and others crouched behind the obstructions that sheltered them; but the left of the first regiment closed in on them, and the fight raged evenly there. Gordon fell back a little with his regiment, formed their lines anew, and marched again upon the foe. Shanks, with three companies on the right, covered Porter's artillery, and fought long and well. Thompson gets away from the noise and confusion of the start, and comes up sternly on the right. Gordon advances his regiment on the left again, and death's black banner is waving there, and his best and bravest are falling around him. Gilkey comes up to Gordon's aid, and Shanks and Thompson are doing all that men can do to stem the tide. Maj. George R. Kirtley, of the first, and Capt. C. M. Turpin, of company I, first also, are dead. Captains Dupuy, Burkholder, Jarrett, and Webb, of the second are wounded. Capt. Garrett, first sergt., Wm. Buckley and private C. B. Bullard, of Company G., all of

the first regiment, and all lioned hearted are badly wounded, and more are falling. Gordon's Ensign is shot down, but Lieut. Corder, of company C. catches the fallen beacon, and the banner of the bars waves again high over the lurid light of the fight. Collin's battery is busy with its work of death, and his men stand nobly to their posts. But the conflict wanes, and federals are retreating. *I drew off my brigade, mounted them, and left Gordon's regiment to bring up the rear.* No pursuit was attemped, for the condition of horses and men forbade it, and prudence demanded that we should fall back nearer to our base, which began on the night of the 11th, and continued until the evening of the 20th., suffering from cold, hunger, fatigue, rain, snow and all the ills our exposed condition presented."

Nearly a month after the fight Col. Porter made his report. It also shows the character of the contest. He calls his own force "seven hundred effective men." After reciting the preliminary skirmishing at Woods Fork 7 miles from Hartville, he proceeds.

* * * * * * * *

At 7 A. M., 11th January, I was ordered to fall back and follow your command, which I did, however, keeping my battery, Capt. Brown in position for a time, when I perceived federal cavalry advance up the road, when I ordered Capt. Brown to open on them; upon which Capt. Brown fired two rounds, dispersed them, doing no other damage to them. Capt. Brown then limbered up his guns and fell back with the other command. After marching, per order, until about 1 P. M. (11 o'clock A. M.) we again neared the town of Hartville. I was then ordered to dismount my command and place Capt. Brown's battery in position on the left. Before having completed or carried out the last order, I received information that the enemy was in full retreat from the town of Hartvillle, and at the same time an order to remount my command and pursue the enemy. On arriving at the Court House with the head of my column, I found the enemy formed in the brush just above the town, within 50 yards of my command. Immediately upon perceiving the enemy in position, I ordered my men to dismount; but the enemy poured upon us such a heavy volley of musketry that my command was compelled to fall back somewhat in disorder, I being at the same time wounded in leg and hand. I ordered my adjutant to report the fact to you. Having, at the same time that I ordered my command to dismount, ordered Capt. Brown's battery to take position near the head of my column. After Capt. Brown took position as ordered, he was compelled, for want of ammunition (his ammunition being carried off by his horses stampeding, and a galling fire of the enemy) to retire, leaving his pieces on the field, which were afterward brought off by a part of Col. Greene's and Burbidge's men.

Major Bennett of Mac Donald's cavalry also made his report reciting the death Col. Mac Donald, and his own action during the engagement, but only adds one further item of interest. He says:

"We camped the night of the 11th., 7 *miles from Hartville,* and bivouacked on an open prairie until sunrise, when *I was ordered to report at your headquarters in person for orders.* I was ordered to fall in rear of the entire command, with one piece of artillery, commanded by Lieut. Collins."

It is not necessary to make further quotations. These cannot be called partial to you, but they tell a story of courage and fortitude which was not excelled on any other field from that day till Appomatox.

It was your first fight my comrades, but it was more than a fight. It was a prophecy and a monument.

I turn to Port Gibson:

You remember, of course, that after witnessing the attack upon the batteries at Grand Gulf (which the iron clads were unable to silence), a spectacle of grandeur never to be forgotten, we marched in the evening of April 30th, by a short cut on the levee to De Schroon's plantation. That same night the transports ran past the batteries and the next morning the second brigade embarked upon them and crossing the river debarked at Bruinsburg 10 miles below, from which place a road led to Port Gibson, a small but very beautiful town on Bayou Pierre in rear of Grand Gulf, and where there were good bridges across the bayou. This of course would enable us to attack from the land side if the position was not in the meantime evacuated. It was to be expected that if this was not very promptly done the forces from Vicksburg would be run out, joined with those at Grand Gulf, and hurled upon Grant's troops to crush them before a sufficient number could be brought over to withstand the onset. It was in the nature of things that we should be attacked by the largest number of troops which could be collected at the earliest possible moment. It was essentially important that the first contact with this enemy should be made on our part with such impulse and force as to dispell all doubt of our intentions and create a moral effect upon his mind which should last throughout the campaign.

Port Gibson, by the nearest practicable roads, was from 15 to 20 miles away. The brigade started on its mission, the 11th Wisconsin in the lead. At 5 o'clock it halted for rest and lunch, after which on resuming the march the 21st Iowa was placed in front; the two skirmishing companies in the van under Lieut. Col. Dunlap, then one howitzer from Griffith's

battery supported by two companies under Major Van Anda, and followed by the remainder of the regiment and brigade. Anticipating an early contact with the enemy a skirmishing line was thrown out. The ground was very rough, and the obstructions difficult to overcome, consisting of brush, stumps, thistles, fallen trees, blackberry bushes and canebrake in immense quantities. The men being weighed down with ammunition, rations, knapsack, gun and blanket, the pace was necessarily slow. It became so dark they could only see a few yards before them, and were fast becoming exhausted. This would not do. There was a hasty conference of superior officers. The skirmishing line was withdrawn, and a call made upon companies A and B to furnish 16 men for advance guard. This guard was sent forward in charge of an officer whose instructions were to drop a group of four men about 400 yards ahead of the marching column, four men at 800 yards, four men at 1,200 yards, and taking the remaining four still further proceed without halting on the main road to Port Gibson until they met the enemy and were fired upon. The march was resumed and continued in that order without further change. It was seven o'clock and dark. When all was ready the column moved onwards steadily, almost silently, hour after hour. Every man was looking into the darkness ahead, with ears alert, and nerves strung to the utmost tension. Every man felt that before morning he might be grappling with an overwhelming enemy for his life. Every man knew that the rebel General Bowen had from 7 to 10,000 men and that he would concentrate all he could to bar our way. He also knew that the second brigade of 2,300 men only, was certainly with him. He did not know how many had landed since he left Bruinsburg, or what failures, disasters or complications had taken place in going back and forth that ten miles up the river. He did not know if he were attacked by overwhelming numbers, how long it would take for assistance to reach him. He did not know one step of the way he was going until he came to it. What was before him in the darkness he knew not, what pitfall, what ambush, what masked battery, what yawning pit, or engine of death or mutilation. But he did know that his alert and active enemy knew all about him. Knew how many landed at Bruinsburg, and when, what roads were taken, and that hostile eyes on every hand saw every movement, and that fleet horses were constantly flying with intelligence.


WARRENTON.
BLACK RIVER
HARD TIMES
GRAND GULF.
Rocky Spring Road.
NORTH FORK.
BAYOU PIERRE
PORT GIBSON.
SOUTH FORK.
BRUINSBURG
Ravine.
Rodney Road.
Natchez Road.
Natchez Road.
A. Thompson's Hill.
B. Winkler's Bluff.
C. Heavy Batteries.
D. 2nd Mo. Regiment.
E 1st Mo. & part of Green's Brig.
F First line of Battle
G. Second line of Battle.

PORT GIBSON.

Bowen telegraphed from Grand Gulf that April day to Pemberton at Jackson:

"The boats have moved down the river. I will fight them the other side of Port Gibson."

And again:

"Three thousand federals are at Bethel Church 10 miles from Port Gibson and advancing."

And Pemberton, in Jackson, was despatching orders right and left for men to go to Bowen's assistance. Stevenson was to take 5,000 from Vicksburg, Major Gen. Loring, his division, and Bowen was concentrating all he could, for he was a brave and active officer who knew his duty well and did it. Every man of that marching force knew that all this was going on, that it must be going on, but faltered not. On, and on, and on, the monotonous continual tramp. Occasionally the advance guard would stop a moment and listen to ascertain if the column was still within hearing, and the lumbering cannon lurching heavily into ruts or crushing with remorseless wheel the road-side bowlder, gave back the answer, and on, and on, down into valleys, winding through ravines, feeling for the road through dense woods, over streams, up the hill, in the narrow country road, with rail fence on either side, until at one o'clock in the morning those men in front met the enemy and were fired upon. In as short a time as possible a skirmishing line was again thrown out, deployed on each side of the road and advanced at a fast pace. Soon flashes of light came from the enemies skirmishers, and flashes of light answered back from ours like fire flies in the night. On went the skirmishers after the retreating foe, and on went the column in the highway almost at their heels. The enemy continued to retreat and your skirmishers were in hot pursuit, when ascending a piece of rising ground hard by Magnolia Church the flame of musketry and cannon flashed in their faces. The battery was not fifty yards away. Let others now tell the story.

Brig. Genl. Green, who was in command of the rebels, reported:

"About 12.30 o'clock the pickets were driven in by the enemy. Soon the skirmishers of the enemy and mine became engaged, and in a few moments a six gun battery of the enemy opened upon us, to which the Hudson battery replied, the enemy still continuing to advance slowly. At times the musketry was very warm, extending the whole length of our line.

The Hudson battery, though in a very warm place, succeeded in driving the enemy's battery from its position. This, however, was soon replaced by another, which opened upon us with great fury. Our battery replied with signal success, though the enemy's shells and balls fell thick around them, wounding many; yet they stood by their guns and kept up a regular fire. *After three hours hard fighting,* the enemy ceased firing and withdrew a short distance, we still holding our position."

Col. Stone of 22d Iowa, afterwards Governor, but then commanding our brigade, reported as follows:

* * * * * * * *

"The road over which we marched passed through a country much broken by gorges and ravines, and thickly covered with tall timber, underbrush and cane, so peculiar to the southern country. We then moved forward in column in the previous order, and as our skirmishers reached the head of the lane in front of Magnolia Church they received a tremendous volley of musketry from the enemy strongly posted on the right and left of the church. I again formed the advance companies in line, and sent an order back for the entire brigade to move forward into line. The advance howitzer was placed in position in the lane, but while these dispositions were being made, the enemy opened a battery upon us at short range, throwing their shell all around us. Finding myself in the face of the enemy, in a position carefully selected, with a perfect knowledge of the ground, I concluded at once that we had reached the place where the battle of the night was to be fought. The infantry were formed in line. and the batteries ordered in position on the ridge in rear of our advance. In the meantime the howitzer in the lane, commanded by Sergt. Wm. R. Leibert, was replying to the rebel battery with great spirit and apparent accuracy. Soon our entire battery opened upon the enemy in conjunction with Capt. Klauss' first Indiana, and continued to return the enemy's fire with great rapidity until 2 o'clock in the morning, when the enemy's batteries were driven from the field and silenced, and our men lay down upon their arms to await the coming dawn, when they were to meet the rebel infantry face to face in bloody combat.

This artillery duel was one long to be remembered by those who witnessed it. The fire of the rebel batteries, on account of their knowledge of the ground, was quite accurate, and many of our men and horses were disabled by them. The extreme darkness, the screaming and bursting of shells, and the rattle of grape through fences and timber, conspired to render the scene presented by this midnight battle one of the most terrific grandeur."

General Grant, says of the battle next day:

"The fighting continued all day, and until after dark, over the most broken country I ever saw. The whole country is a series of irregular ridges, divided by deep and impassable ravines, grown up with heavy timber, undergrowth and cane. It was impossible to engage any considerable portion of our forces at any one time. The enemy were driven however, from point to point toward Port Gibson, until night closed in, under which, it was evident to me, they intended to retreat."

PART OF THE BATTLE-GROUND.

General Carr, our Division Commander, says also of the second day:

"After the enemy took up his new position, the second brigade was very severely engaged on the left of our line for a long time, and behaved with distinguished gallantry. It subsequently took up a position across the valley in the timber, very near the enemy, where two regiments, *the 21st and 23rd Iowa*, remained until after dark."

The next morning the enemy had disappeared and the army took up its line of march in pursuit.

Such was the contribution of the 21st Iowa to the first engagement of that campaign which dealt such a great staggering blow to the slave power.

Let it never be forgotten that on that fateful night the advance guard was guided on its way by "Old Bob," a gray headed slave, who knew not his own age. Well, he knew that if caught in that company by the rebel force and made prisoner, for him no doom would be too swift, no death too cruel. But he never wavered. Steadily he marched, almost in silence, answering only to questions, "no, marster," "yes, marster." Steadily he marched, for he went to "wake Nicodemus the slave, who was bought for a bag full of gold"—he carried in his bosom the manumission papers of his children, and in his hand the key which should unlock the prison doors of his race. "Old Bob" remained with me for one full year, learning the habits and thoughts of liberty in the camps of the 21st Iowa. When at last he returned to Vicksburg to his wife and family the word "marster" had dropped from his speech, for both he and they were freemen.

I have now sketched at greater length than I intended the incidents of two of the engagements illustrating soldierly qualities to which I invited your attention. I now proceed to the third, which, though lacking the element of long continued constancy and fortitude under most difficult circumstances, possessed that of the instant and determined exertion of will and courage in the face of imminent deadly peril under circumstances so extreme in character as might well have deterred the stoutest hearts. This test was met in so forceful a manner and with such absolute success, as to cause the achievement to be regarded at the time, and will cause it always to be regarded, as one of the most brilliant in that wonderful and brilliant campaign.

The charge on the fortifications at Big Black River Bridge was made on works thrown up by Lieut. General Pemberton

to protect the railroad crossing of the river, and which were on such scale as to be in the mind of that officer capable of withstanding the whole of Grant's army. He commanded in person, and his only fear was that he might be flanked by way of Bridgeport on the north or Baldwin's Ferry on the south, and thus compelled to retire on Vicksburg. He does not seem to have had the least apprehension that the works themselves could be carried by assault. He describes the position, as follows:

"The Big Black River, where it is crossed by the railroad bridge, makes a bend somewhat in the shape of a horseshoe. Across this horseshoe, at its narrowest part, a line of rifle pits had been constructed, making an excellent cover for infantry, and at proper intervals dispositions were made for field artillery. The line of pits ran nearly north and south, and was about one mile in length. North of and for a considerable distance south of the railroad and of the dirt road to Edwards Depot, nearly parallel with it, extended a bayou, which in itself opposed a serious obstacle to an assault upon the pits. This line abutted north on the river and south upon a cypress-brake, which spread itself nearly to the bank of the river."

Jefferson Davis, who was and is a citizen of Mississippi, and perfectly familiar with the location, says in his history of "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government:"

"The topographical features of the position at the railroad bridge across the Big Black, were such as, with the artificial strength given to it, made it quite feasible to defend it against a direct approach even of an army as much superior in numbers to that of Pemberton as was that of Grant."

Genl. Grant, described the position, as follows:

"The enemy was found strongly posted on both sides of the Black River. At this point on Black River the bluffs extend to the water's edge on the west bank; on the east side is an open cultivated bottom of nearly one mile in width, surrounded by a bayou of stagnant water from two to three feet in depth and from 10 to 20 feet in width from the river above the railroad to the river below. Following the inside line of this bayou, the enemy had constructed rifle pits with the bayou to serve as a ditch on the outside and immediately in front of them. Carr's division occupied the right in investing this place, and Lawler's brigade the right of his division."

Dana, assistant secretary of war, writing to Stanton, says:

"On the 17th, advancing to the Big Black, we found Pemberton." "He fought in rifle pits protected by a difficult bayou full of abatis."

These works were defended according to Pemberton's report, as follows:

"Our line was manned on the right by the gallant Cockrell's Missouri brigade, the extreme left by *Brigadier-General Green's Missouri* and Arkansas men, both of Bowen's Division, and the center by Brigadier-General Vaughn's Brigade of east Tennesseeans, in all about four thousand men, as many as could be advantageously employed in defending the line, with about 20 pieces of field artillery. So strong was the position that my greatest, almost only apprehension was a flank movement by Bridgeport or Baldwin's Ferry, which would have endangered my communication with Vicksburg."

Facing this position were three divisions of the 13th army corps in line of battle, Carr's on the right, Osterhaus in the center and Smith on the left. Artillery firing was kept up for some time on both sides, until Gen. Carr or Lawler conceived the idea of sending part of Lawler's brigade, under protection of the river bank, as far as possible to the right, and making a charge from there. This duty was assigned to the 23rd and 21st Iowa regiments to be supported by the 11th Wis. and 22d Iowa. The movement under the bank was made, the left of the 23rd resting very near to the enemy's flanking pits, but entirely concealed from them. The 21st took position near them. In front of us was a thin belt of timber on the bank, then an open field in full view of the enemy and completely covered by the rifle pits and artillery. The whole commanded by the batteries on the high ground east of the river. Then across the field was the bayou or ditch, filled with fallen trees or abatis, with the branches pointing toward us. Then came the rifle pits themselves full of confederates. In addition to the rifle pits and artillery in front, there was another line of rifle pits almost at right angles to the other, enabling the defenders to sweep the field in two directions, the lines of fire crossing each other almost at right angles. This was the situation and the direful moment had come. The command was quietly passed along the line to fix bayonets, and as quietly obeyed. It had originally been intended that we should from that position ascend the bank and form under protection of the timber for the charge. The regiment was faced to the left in column of fours. It began to toil up the steep bank, but as the head of the column appeared above the bank it was met by a storm of shot. The movement in that order would have been impossible, and Colonel Merrill, seeing the difficulty, immediately shouted the order:

"By the left flank, **charge.**"

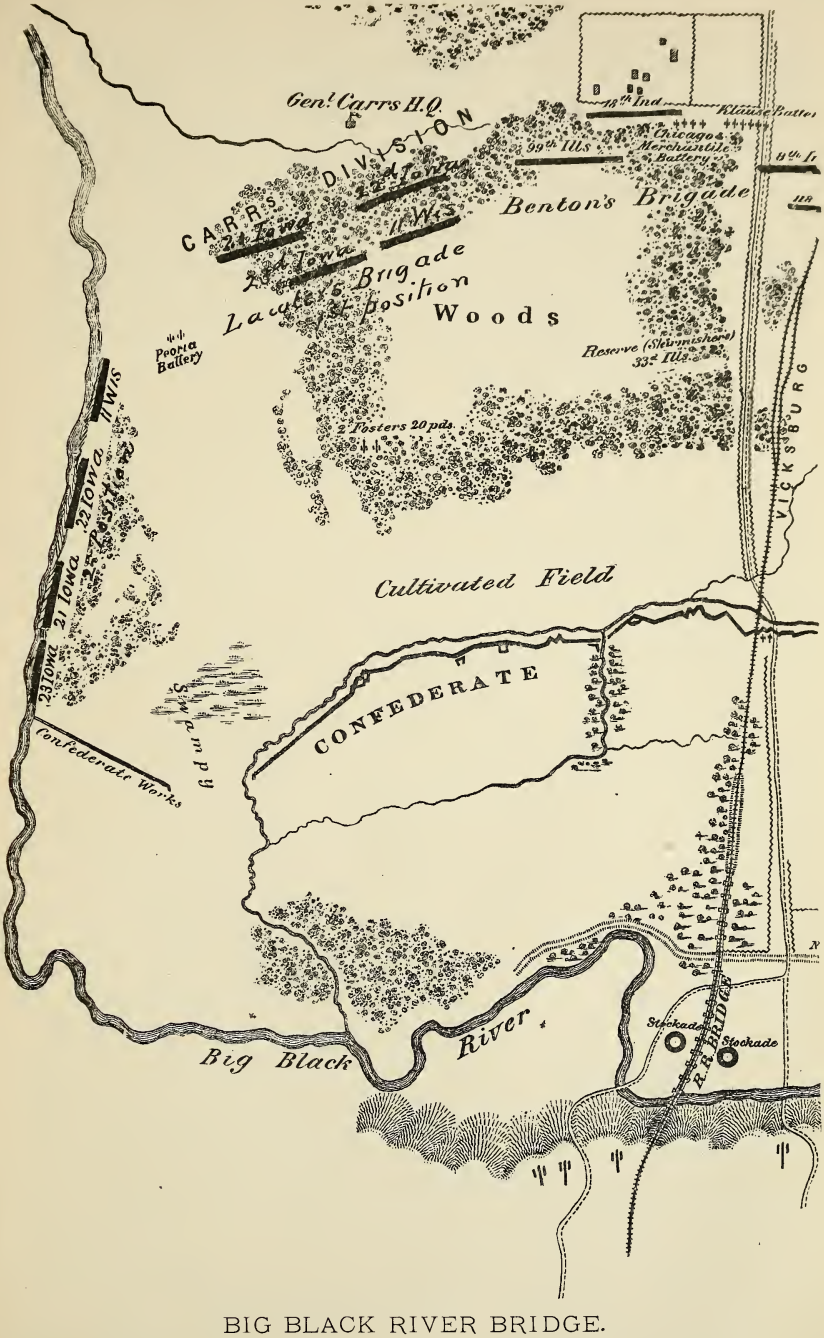
And the silent river overflowed its banks and poured a

flood of living men upon the plain—living, yelling, screaming madmen—onwards they rushed, regimental and company organizations immediately broken up—the fastest runners ahead. Too late now to stop them or issue orders—as well try to stop the whirlwind or the cyclone—they could not stop, for the hurricane of shot and shell was upon them, and terrific volleys of musketry front and flank. Hissing came the balls from the flank; hissing from the front; Colonels Merrill and Kinsman both went down, also Howard, Adjutant of the 21st; Kinsman killed, Howard mortally wounded. Their regiments swept by them—to stop one instant would be to die, and so onward they rushed, yelling, screaming madmen, wild with excitement, and shaking the gleaming bayonet. We have heard much said of the rebel yell, but surely no yell could create more dismay than that which burst from those Iowa troops on that beautiful May morning. Men fell every where, checked in mad career and stung to death or grievous wounds by stinging bees of lead. Onwards they swept—the bayou was reached—the bayou was passed. Leaping from tree to tree, from branch to to branch, through mud and water, none knew how, but the bayou was passed. Without waiting for actual crossing of bayonets the rebels rose, almost en masse, from the rifle pits and fled for the bridges, those who remained holding up bunches of cotton on their guns in token of surrender. The charge was over. It had lasted about three minutes. Of the two leading regiments 184 men were hit, 26 being killed outright. Of these more than half were from the 23rd Iowa, which under the gallant Col. Kinsman, who was killed, had preceded us in the rush by a few seconds, and was nearest the enfilading trenches. The 11th Wisconsin followed in support, but owing to its position suffered less severely. The 22d Iowa at the same time made a flank movement on the extreme left of the enemy's line, and a general advance of all the troops followed the successful charge.

The trophies of the engagement were 18 pieces of artillery, 1751 prisoners and several thousand stand of arms. The ground at the edge of the stream was covered with guns and accoutrements, and clothing of every description was thrown away by the fugitives. The main body of the rebels made good their escape across the bridges, setting them on fire as they passed over.

Of this action General Pemberton reports:

"Early on the morning of the 17th the enemy opened its artillery at long range. and very soon pressed forward with infantry into the copse of wood north of the railroad. About the same time he opened on Colonel



BIG BLACK RIVER BRIDGE.

North Half of Confederate Works. From WAR DEPARTMENT MAP. Changed to Correct Errors in Location of Troops.

Cockrell's position with two batteries, and advanced a line of skirmishers, throwing forward a column of infantry, which was quickly driven back by our batteries. Pretty heavy skirmishing was for a while kept up along our whole line, but presently the enemy, who had massed a large force in the woods immediately north of the railroad, advanced at a run with loud cheers. *Our troops in their front did not remain to receive them, but broke and fled precipitately.* One portion of the line being broken, it very soon became a matter of *sauve qui peut.* I shall only add with reference to the affair of Big Black, that a strong position, with an ample force of infantry and artillery to hold it, was shamefully abandoned almost without resistance. The troops occupying the center did not do their duty. *With an almost impassable bayou between themselves and the enemy, they fled before the enemy had reached that obstacle.*"

I contend that this is an unjust censure upon brave troops, and an unworthy attempt to shift responsibility for failure upon others. Pemberton was in command and made many mistakes, not the least of which was the construction of a *tete de pont* on the east side of the river at this crossing. His troops were placed in a pocket where if defeated, capture or destruction probably awaited them. The crossing should have been defended from the heights on the west side of the river. In the condition of his army he could not afford to risk the loss of so much material. In the blue sky above us shines a brilliant host. If drawn together in close array the stars would form a thin line not exceeding eight thousand seen by unaided human eyes, yet, scattered over the firmament at unequal distances, if ordinary observers were told they numbered one hundred thousand, few would doubt the statement. This principle holds good in a bayonet charge. I doubt if anything in war can be more appalling. Those 1,200 or 1,500 men standing quietly in line under the river bank were comparatively an unimpressive body, but scattered at unequal distances in the charge, yelling and screaming, they doubtless appeared to the men in the rifle pits as fully ten thousand. And ten thousand frenzied maniacs with naked blades in hand will only occasionally be waited for by two thousand or even by four thousand sane men, who have only one avenue of escape. These troops and especially the men of Bowen's Division were noted for stubborn fighting, both before and after this event, and Pemberton's cruel words were a poor recompense for their devotion to the cause of the Confederacy.

Col. Elijah Gates, Commander of second brigade, Bowen's division, who commanded in the enfilading pits, reports:

"They, the enemy, formed their men on the river in the timber, where we could not see them. They brought their men out by the right flank in column of fours, about 140 yards in front of my regiment, at a double-

quick. I then opened a most terrific fire upon them and kept it up until the brigade had passed out of my sight behind a grove of timber immediately upon my right.

General Grant, who was present and witnessed the charge, reports officially:

"After a few hours skirmishing, Lawler discovered that by moving a portion of his brigade under cover of the river banks he could get a position from which that place could be successfully assaulted, and ordered a charge accordingly. Notwithstanding the level ground over which a portion of his troops had to pass without cover, and the great obstacle of the ditch in front of the enemy's works, the charge was gallantly and successfully made, and in a few minutes the entire garrison, with 17 pieces of artillery, were the trophies of this brilliant and daring movement." (*Afterwards corrected to 1751 prisoners.*)

Dana, writing Stanton, says:

"Lawler's brigade, of McClernand's corps, charged the rifle pits magnificently, and took more prisoners than their own numbers. Pemberton burned his bridge, and returned to Vicksburg with only three cannons out of sixty that he had taken out."

Our own Lieut. Col. Dunlap, was not in the charge, being wounded at Port Gibson, but he saw it, and officially reported it, as follows:

"The enemy was strongly posted on our right, as well as in front, the bullets came in showers from the flanks, and, combined with those coming from the horde of rebels in the rifle pits in front made an awful hail storm, through which it seemed a miracle that a single man passed uninjured. Col. Merrill, commanding the regiment in the first part of the charge, with devotion and bravery, fell severely wounded while gallantly leading his regiment against the enemy. The 21st captured a great many prisoners. This brilliant charge proved very destructive to the regiment, and our loss was very heavy."

They were his last words of praise for the regiment in which he indulged to the fullest measure his pride and hope. He had faults which the grave has hidden; he had great qualities which will always be remembered with esteem by those who knew him. In handsome physical presence and military bearing he had few superiors in the 13th Army corps. He was greatly loved and admired as an intrepid soldier and daring leader, and while on many occasions some of us greatly differed with him, few in his presence could resist the fascination of his smile or the charm of his manner. In five days from the charge at Black River Bridge, when again we encountered a hurricane of war, and plunged into that awful storm which beat upon us from the ramparts of Vicksburg, he met the dread angel of death and became his prisoner.

Comrades of the 21st Iowa, I have finished the task assigned me. I have sketched inadequately some of the incidents and scenes for which you deserve well of your State and Country, and for which they will not forget you. Let me recall now as applicable to your whole career the words of your first General, Fitz Henry Warren, addressed to you after Hartville, and add for him that to the last hour of reasoning consciousness in life he took a proud pleasure in speaking and hearing of your achievements. Soldiers, he said:

"History, in the larger battles of this great rebellion, may make no full mention of your names, but the truth that a determined column, more than half of whom were never before under fire, stood like veterans, without faltering or flinching, before volley after volley and charge after charge, will be a glorious memory to those who love you, and an honest pride to your own hearts. But I must not fail to do justice to the 500 who, knowing that the enemy were still in force below, rushed with me to give them battle again, and when I learned of their flank movement toward Houston, counter-marched, making 64 miles through mud and rain in 20 hours, to defend your camp; and all this in perfect order and discipline, without a murmur or complaint. Nor may I pass without mentioning the cool and determined courage of the weak force left to defend when my courier came in to warn of the approach of the enemy with an order to hold to the last extremity, officers and men, invalids and convalescents, stood ready, without panic or alarm, to defend to the last. Soldiers, your endurance and your valor are beyond praise; your accomplishment worthy of highest commendation. Beyond the hope of reinforcement, you have held your position, fought the enemy, and saved Lebanon and Rolla, with your own post from burning and sack."

He added these further words, which I appropriate and make my own:

"I give you my admiration of your heroism, and my thanks and gratitude that my name can be associated with yours as the proudest memory of my future life."

Comrades, it is 17 years since last I met so many of you face to face. It is not likely that we shall all meet again. No man knows how near him, in the dark recesses of the future, lies the muffled drum that shall beat for him. The whole of life is one great battle line. From infancy to old age, disease and death with all their forces, are constantly attacking in front and flank and rear. That for many years to come you may meet them with as much courage, constancy, fortitude and success, as you met the rebel hosts in the sun-burned South, I most sincerely hope.

But comrades, in the strife of arms there are many resting places, where the joyous camp is staked and sheltering tents are pitched beneath the cooling shade of trees, or in green meadows, through which run laughing crystal streams. There messages of love and cheer from home make music in the soldier's heart, to which he listens as to perrennial songs which flow from birds of paradise. In the great battle line where death and disease lead the opposing host, there are many places, from which repulsed, our enemies flow backward like the receding waves of the ocean, leaving in our hands trains filled with supplies of health and strength, and transports laden with joy and hope.

But, besides the battles of physical forces, there is through the whole of life another greater and more constant warfare, where the battle always rages and never ceases. From the cradle to the grave the struggle of moral forces contending for the mastery of man is constantly waged. Upon this struggle, more than upon the others, depends the happiness of families, the greatness and perpetuity of nations. Affection for home and family, patriotic enthusiasm, pride and love of country, find here their fairest and largest opportunity for the development and display of high soldierly qualities, where the prizes of victory are manliness, nobility of character, truth, gentleness and purity.

Macauley's celebrated paragraph regarding the disbanding of Cromwell's army, has been read by thousands with admiration as the eloquent statement of an eloquent fact:

"Fifty thousand men, accustomed to the profession of arms, were at once thrown on the world; and experience seemed to warrant the belief that this change would produce much misery and crime—that the discharged veterans would be seen begging in every street, or would be driven by hunger to pillage. But no such result followed. In a few months there remained not a trace indicating that the most formidable army in the world had just been absorbed into the mass of the community. The royalists themselves confessed, that in every department of honest industry, the discarded warriors prospered beyond other men; that none were charged with any theft or robbery; that none were heard to ask an alms; and that, if a baker, a mason, or a wagoner attracted notice by his diligence and sobriety, he was, in all probability, one of Oliver's old soldiers."

If that were true of Cromwell's army, how emphatically true of Grant's. If wonderful in Cromwell's 50,000 men, how transcendently wonderful in Grant's one million men. Wonderful indeed it is, and yet not wonderful. The wars of Englishmen against the Stuarts, father and son, were wars in defense of personal, civil and religious liberty; against encroach-

ments of the crown and a great religious hierarchy. Every man who entered the ranks of the parliamentary armies had a personal interest in the issue. His own liberty, his own property were involved and menaced. The whole nation was aroused, and a great popular enthusiasm created, which called out the best men from all ranks of life. It was enthusiasm for liberty, a holy and righteous enthusiasm, and when the reaction came and the troops were disbanded they were not the dregs of mercenary armies, mere soldiers of fortune, who returned to civil life, but men who had intelligent conceptions of the great principles for which they fought, and loved them. In no previous civil or religious war in Europe, in none which followed in Europe or America, including our own revolutionary struggle, did men's souls rise to a greater height. But in the war for the Union a higher, grander principle was invoked. While ostensibly undertaken for the preservation of constitutional compacts and forms, priceless in themselves, and of vast import to the world at large, yet it had its origin and received its vital, energizing, impelling force from consideration of the rights and liberties of an alien race of tropical clime and color, far removed from all social affiliation or intellectual sympathy with those who waged it. Never before in the history of this world did the tide of moral enthusiasm rise so high. Never before did great masses of men climb to such elevation of sentiment, or impose upon themselves such arduous duty. Was it to be expected that armies recruited under such circumstances should return to civil life, only to lower the moral tone of the communities into which they poured, and drag down the national character to a lower level ? That was impossible. Reactions were to be looked for, here and there they came, to individuals they came, and to communities, but the nation at large, after twenty-five years of peace, occupies a higher plane than ever before, and the beaten and humiliated South is fast coming to that day when the Union soldier will be regarded as her greatest benefactor and friend. Does this era seem slow in coming ? Do any of us, when we hear of great and cruel wrongs perpetrated on the black men of the South, and seemingly without redress ever ask ourselves if the war was in vain, and the boasted result a sham and delusion ? Let us be patient. Stars look down at night and prophecy of the coming morn, and a thousand facts of current dates imply the advent of the brighter national life. But yesterday a white man of high rank in one of the pro-

fessions in the city of Charleston, was tried for his life before a mixed jury, composed largely of blackmen, and public sentiment in the South has been outraged because they did not condemn him to death. Let us be patient. Never before in human experience did a social revolution of such mighty volume roll on such swift wheels. And it is so because reconstruction was not by confiscation, forfeiture, or revenge, but because it was based on the principle dominant in the hearts of the Union soldiers at the close of the war, and in which you fully shared.

"If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink."

Comrades, not alone in the South, but everywhere the mighty struggle of moral forces goes on. In great communities and in every individual human heart. In this struggle it becomes us to quit ourselves like men. Little it avails us if we win all other battles and lose this, for if all religious forms and systems were swept away into oblivion and forgetfulness it would still remain eternally true, that only, "The pure in heart shall see God." That you may all see Him is my earnest hope and fervent prayer, and upon you and yours, your children and your children's children, through all time and beyond, I invoke HIS SWEET BENISON.

ADDENDA.

The foregoing paper having been somewhat hastily prepared in short intervals of time from pressing business engagements, originally contained, almost of necessity, some errors. In revising it for the press I have made such verbal corrections as were needed for accuracy of statement, except in one instance, page 9, which was noted too late for restatement. I overlooked item in report of Marmaduke, that prior to "Hartville" he had detached Carroll's corps of 500 men on other service, and that official reports place his losses at Springfield and Beaver Creek at 151 instead of 100, as he himself stated.

I have also added one complete paragraph, that relating to "Old Bob" on page 19. This was written on a separate slip to be read at the reunion, but in arranging the manuscript for delivery, was overlooked until too late.

The paper itself was too long for an evening address and must have sorely tried the patience of those who listened to it, although they were too generous to indicate the feeling. For this, I now again give them my thanks. Being now printed, and therefore, if read at all, can be perused at leisure, I do not hesitate to add some further remarks and quotations which would have been inexcusable on the former occasion.

HARTVILLE.

The full story of this expedition has never been told and could not be, but it is well for the living to recall, even imperfectly, the hardship and peril endured elsewhere than on the battle line. For the sake of the children and friends of those who were with us, but never again with them, I shall be pardoned for adding a few more particulars.

FRIDAY, 9TH JANUARY, 1863.—There is buzzing in camp. The rebels are on a raid to capture Springfield, "The Gibraltar of the Southwest,"* with its stores; and the General has a telegraphic order to send assistance. After a hasty preparation, the detachment marches at noon, five hundred Iowa and Illinois infantry, two hundred Illinois and Missouri cavalry and a section of artillery, with a train of 40 wagons, the latter for purpose of carrying ammunition, rations, knapsacks and men exhausted, for this is to be a forced march. There are many disappointments, but all cannot go—anxious faces too among those who go and those who stay, for brothers, fathers, sons are left behind, and there is probably warm work ahead. Nevertheless it is a cheerful, even mirthful array, without laggards, for the monotonous round of camp life is at last ended and the prospect of an actual tilt with the enemy is accepted with pleasure. *There is romance to be tasted.* We meet a foraging party coming in from a three days trip, and, can't I go? can't I go? meet with stern negatives. The detail is already filled, and fresh men are needed for the long journey, not tired ones. But one brave, resolute heart finds a less resolute one and effects an exchange—Alas! for him—Alas! for them, whose only son he is. We push on with only short stops for twenty-three miles, then wait for the moon to rise, which it does about 11 o'clock, after which we proceed until within a few miles of Hartville. The rebel Colonel Porter is now reported in front of us with a large force, and to have occupied the town only a few hours before.

SATURDAY, 10TH.—We are kept under arms until daybreak, when the coast being clear we march on Hartville, stack arms and prepare breakfast in the streets. We have been here once as a garrison and have some acquaintances—there is much chaffing of citizens—there is much sport with some who taking us for a part of the rebel host, bid us beware of the "Yanks"—there is the practical joker and his tricks—there is the faithful friend "Hardtack," but, this time, no "Chicken," for the "Reb" was here yesterday. We are here reinforced by one hundred and eighty additional Illinois cavalry, under Captain Black. Then there is the "Forward,

*Shelby's Report.

SATURDAY, 10TH.—Continued.

March," and the keeping of step while the spectators (mainly women loyal and disloyal) are looking on. These are soon left behind—hopeful or anxious—with huddling children. Little they know of actual war, though they hear much—little they dream of coming disaster, of the smell of powder, the fumes of sulphur, of bursting shell, of riddled walls and crashing timbers, of deadly strife, of men swarming into the houses and court house to fire from windows, and swarming out again purused by angry shot—of men lying in the streets, some moaning, some silent. Of all this, and more, they know nothing. They will know enough and soon enough—tramp—tramp. Where is Porter? Gone far away to join Marmaduke. Tramp—tramp—seven miles more—we are tired and footsore—here is a nice stream of water and plenty of wood for fires—let us bivouac here and go to rest early to pay for last night. But first, yonder is a cornfield and shocks of corn—the horses must have fodder. Beneath one shock there is found a pit of cabbage—happy the finder—but see the race of cavalrymen and infantry, the division and sub-division, down to "just one mouthful."

SUNDAY, 11TH.—The cavalry bugle sounds reveille at 2 A. M.—prepare to march. Does any one know that bugle note is heard by an enemy encamped not far away, and whose advance is even now marching to seize the mill and grind corn at Hartville? Fires are lighted, coffee made, jokes and laughter fill the air—Hark—a shot at the picket post—another, and a volley. There are cries everywhere "Fall in"—"Fall in." There is rattle of bayonets as rifles are pulled from the stack. There is clanking of sabres and mounting in haste. An infantry skirmishing line is thrown forward—a dash of cavalry down the road under Captain Bradley—a crash of musketry—and three riderless horses gallop the woods—the Captain and two of his men are on the sod which soon shall cover them. Then the brass howitzers open their deep throats, and the woods in front of us are vigorously shelled. A few shots only in reply falling harmlessly. Gradually our fire slackens, then ceases. We stand and wait for

SUNDAY, 11TH.—Continued.

dawn. At daybreak infantry skirmishers find no enemy, but the cavalry pick up 29 prisoners, including two surgeons, who report Marmaduke present with his whole force returning from Springfield, all mounted and numbering five thousand. He is now going over the hill to seize Hartville and get in our rear. Countermarch—back to Hartville. The empty wagons are instantly filled, and mules whipped to their fastest gait. The cavalry are already on their way and the artillery follows with the remaining infantry on a run. But seven miles—how long they are—the rebels will be there before us—they are not, however—we are here with them and our brave cavalry boys, dismounted, already occupy the ridge and will hold it until the infantry get into line.

There go McDonald's cavalry to take possession of the Houston road; and there go their guns upon the hill, horses galloping. Ours are here too. Hurrah! for the Battery—Hurrah! BANG—BANG—BANG—Who will care for the women and children now, and who will remember to KEEP HOLY this Sabbath day? By and by there are volleys and volleys of musketry—and rushes on our lines always beaten back.

Our position is a low ridge covered with straggling trees, undergrowth and brushwood, from which a gentle slope extends to the village in the valley below, the slope itself being mainly cleared and free from obstruction.

The artillery being in full play, the fight is opened by a charge of Porter's regiments of cavalry and mounted infantry. They dash through the town into the open ground only to find themselves in front of a position difficult to assail by cavalry. Checked in full career by the warm reception they meet with, they attempt to dismount and form in our front within range of musketry, but the withering fire poured upon them throws them into hopeless confusion. Their commander being shot down and horses unmanageable they retire in utter demoralization, leaving on the ground a two-gun battery, which is afterwards recovered by them.

An attack is also made by Shelby's brigade of Arkansas and Missouri troops—stalwart and daring like

SUNDAY, 11TH.—Continued.

their leader. They greatly outnumber us and they come charging with boundless confidence, with yells and loud clamor. It is a wild and angry surf which beats upon our shore. Our men are surprisingly steady, although it is their first engagement, and load and fire with great rapidity. The terrific volleys stagger even Shelby's men—they waver and break. The rebel line is urged on by cheers and imprecations, but the fire is too hot for them. Unable to withstand the unslacking fusillade from our line, the recoil becomes a panic and they seek shelter under cover of the dwellings, barns and business houses of the town.*

Our front is clear for the time being, but our infantry keep up their fire. They have not been schooled to save ammunition, and officers and men are alike without experience. The cavalry are more cautious, but they have seen service and know the value of reserved cartridges. The incessant racket of musketry goes on. Wherever there is indication of the enemy there falls the hail of lead. Enough is wasted to slaughter an army—but this has its compensations—the continued and terrific volleys demoralize the opposing force and make it impossible to form and charge again en masse. Thereafter they fight in detachments, with constancy and dogged resolution, but always and forever beaten back. Meanwhile Lieutenant Waldschmidt gets in his work, and it is very effective. His position enables him to sweep the field of a wide arc with his guns, and his shot fall far and near. His brass pieces are the terror of the foe, but inspire our own men with confidence and firmness.

The court house is the most conspicuous object in the town. A large square building full of openings. The rebels crowd into it to fire upon our position from its windows. Waldschmidt explodes a shell in the very heart of it, and dark lines radiate from it in all directions, leaping from windows and fleeing from doors. It is in full view and a loud roar of exultation bursts from our line. Hurrah! for the battery—Hurrah! Hurrah! Ever and anon other bands of rebels without experience try the same thing, with like results—and so

*Shelby's Report.

SUNDAY, 11TH.—Continued. with the neighboring houses. As the day wears away repeated efforts are made to break our line—now here—now there. The battery is the great stumbling block—that out of the way the rest could be done. A sudden and determined rush is made for the guns, which comes near being successful. Some of Waldschmidt's horses are down, others wounded and disabled, but the infantry spring to his assistance and help to pull the pieces out by hand. When the storm bursts he is safe behind a line of fire, before which the attacking party again recoils, but carrying away an almost empty caisson, a few small arms and some overcoats, Marmaduke's only trophies for his days work.* He will bitterly reflect upon his mistake in having left in the morning a field of certain victory, and permitting the federals to occupy a position, from which, with all his energy and daring he cannot now dislodge them. Our battery is still intact and ceases firing only to cool off or to change position—for the enemy's Parrott gun frequently gets the range and compels a new location. When night comes the guns are brought safely away as serviceable as ever. On the other hand the enemy's guns, with exception of the rifled Parrott, are badly served and do little harm.

The daylight is coming to an end, and our right, the 99th Illinois, being out of ammunition is withdrawn slowly and in perfect order to the Lebanon road, the ammunition wagons being with the train which is struggling with its own difficulties. The artillery with small store of shell remaining, very soon follows. The rebels showing signs of punishment and fatigue are also retiring from our front. Under cover of the friendly darkness, which comes as a boon to both sides, our forces—the train being safely over the hill—are all rapidly withdrawn toward Lebanon; theirs go off toward Arkansas. There will be no more charging or firing to-night, and the women and children may come from their hiding places.

MONDAY, 12th.—The retreat continues during the night, but owing to the fatigues already borne, there is much straggling. All, however, reach Lebanon in the afternoon, after a march of 40 miles, but greatly exhausted.

Marmaduke's Report.*

MONDAY, 12TH.—Continued.

The country through which we pass is drawn upon for vehicles of all kinds, and for every available horse, things scarce enough, and which are all returned to owners who call for them at Lebanon.

TUESDAY, 13th.—Commence our return to Houston 60 miles away. There are reports of a large force of rebels in the country, and the column is carefully guarded against surprise. We bivouac at night in sparse woods, but are not permitted to build fires—cold rain falling.

WEDNESDAY, 14th.—Rain continues all night. It is impossible to lie down or sleep. It is bitterly cold, and the men suffer intensely—they move about incessantly in vain efforts to mitigate the deathly chill of this winter night, carrying their arms and using every precaution to protect guns and ammunition from the rain. It is truly a night of horrors—one never to pass out of memory—its duration seems eternal, and when at last the gloomy dawn appears, it is hailed with delight. The distress from the cold rain, and reaction from strong and prolonged excitement, have a very calamitous effect. Many fall by the wayside and are obliged to be carried in the wagons, which now form a veritable ambulance train. At night, the rain having ceased, though heavy clouds still threaten us, we again bivouac in the woods. Extreme weariness brings indifference to danger. Numerous fires are built, and clothing and blankets partially dried. What a luxury it is to wrap the weary body in a damp blanket, and lie down before a blazing log—the warm steam finds every pore of the skin, producing a delicious sense of comfort impossible to express in words, and makes one long for ever afterwards to try it over again. Profound sleep brings forgetfulness of previous suffering, and shuts out all thought of what may yet be in store for us.

THURSDAY, 15th.—Awakened by reveille to find ourselves under a light blanket of snow which has fallen during the night. But the sky is clear, and the march resumed under more cheerful aspects, although the condition of the roads makes walking more difficult and painful than ever for the blistered feet of the men; but a rumor that our camp at Houston is in danger gives new life and vigor to all. Swollen streams without bridges,

THURSDAY, 15TH.—Continued.

which cannot be waded, and the Gasconade River, barely fordable, are crossed in the wagons and on the cavalry horses, those poor jaded beasts being made to carry double, and to cross and recross many times. We arrive in camp at last to learn that the cannonading at Hartville having been heard at Houston and also a courier received from Merrill, a relief party of 500 men under General Warren had marched nearly thirty miles, but returned immediately to protect Houston itself against a threatened attack.

CAMP AT LAST.—We are back at home again, not as we lightly went forth but six days ago—neatly appareled and accoutred—fresh from inspection—but with unkempt hair and torn garments, water soaked and covered with mud. But we are at home again, giving to and receiving joyous greetings from our comrades, who henceforth, after our own immediate friends, will be nearer and dearer to us than all the world besides. By animated groups around the camp fires for many hours is told and retold the story of the expedition.

Such in brief is the record of our short mid-winter campaign, which proved fatal to many who were not reported in the official lists of killed and wounded. The casualties of "Hartville" as of all campaigns and battles cannot be properly estimated without taking into consideration the greatly increased list of those appearing on hospital rolls during the following months, many of whom were permanently disabled for service and were never returned to the regiment—and of those others who were borne to narrow, silent dwelling places before comrades marching with reversed arms and with slow and solemn tread. These were immediate results of this long and exhausting march of 150 miles, with the loss of sleep, suffering and exposure incident to it. Will any say that these wrecked men did not as heroically give up their lives for their country as if they had fallen stark upon the battle-field ?

It affords no satisfaction to any, at this day, to read in the reports of the confederate officers that their troops passed through the same storms, and suffered as greatly as our own men, for "The rebel rides on his raid no more," and happily feelings of bitterness or revenge which found but slight lodgment with Union soldiers at any time, have now certainly entirely disappeared.

As a matter of record, however, I quote the words they use regarding the hardships endured:

"After the battle of Hartville my division marched toward Batesville. The march was a long and most trying one, over rough rock roads, through rain and snow and icy mountain streams, and a country laid waste by federals, furnishing neither food for man nor horse. At least 200 of the command abandoned their horses on the roadside to die, and waded many a weary mile through the snow and deep mud, some barefooted, yet they encountered every danger willingly and endured all fatigue cheerfully."

Marmaduke.

"During the march from Hartville to Batesville the men suffered much, and some twenty of my men are badly frozen." *Shelby.*

"About three o'clock in the afternoon of the 13th, a heavy rain fell and continued all night. During the night of the 14th there was a heavy snow fall, and in the excessive cold several of my men were frostbitten."

Bennett.

No member of the 21st Iowa will wish me to omit special mention of the brave resistance made by the detachments of 99th Illinois volunteer infantry, 3rd Missouri and 3rd Iowa cavalry. They must always remain in our memory in grateful association with the artillerymen who stood so nobly by their guns during the conflict.

Nor should we forget the services of those not counted in the ranks of fighters on that day. The wagon train was greatly coveted by the foe, and was in dire peril. The road to Houston was occupied by our enemies, and there being no other road open, capture seemed imminent, but every wagon and mule was conducted up the steep hillside, and over the ridge, through obstructions of all kinds and safely taken to the Lebanon road by direction of Captain Benton, acting quartermaster, bravely seconded by the teamsters, though frequently within range, and under fire of Collin's battery.

From the amount of firing on both sides the casualties were surprisingly few, but the firing was generally high and balls fell wide of the mark.

The following figures are from the official records of the war department:

Federals.....	Killed—	7	Wounded	64	Missing	2	Total	73
*Confederates.	"	12	"	96	"	3	"	111
Total,	"	19	"	160	"	5	"	184

*The Nominal List from which Shelby's casualties are compiled, bears the following endorsement:

"The Orderly Sergeants were without their rolls, and their reports were made from memory and guesswork. Some others wounded and killed, but cannot get their names for want of the rolls." W. J. McARTHUR, *Captain and Assistant Adj. Gen.*

The map on page 10 is copied from a pencil sketch which I found some time ago among my papers. I do not know who made it, but it is so entirely in accord with my own recollection that I have used it without hesitation.

PORT GIBSON.

The military superiority of General Grant over other generals of the war on either side was never more signally evinced than when, against the protest of Sherman, operating with his base at Milliken's Bend, he pushed his army into the intricate maze of swamps and bayous which lay between that point and Hard Times, opposite Grand Gulf. All winter, with the aid of Porter's gunboat fleet, he had incessantly but vainly sought in the Yazoo Delta for a channel through which he might assault or turn the right flank of the Vicksburg line of fortifications. Nothing now remained but either to return to Memphis or attempt to turn the left flank at Grand Gulf.

But Grant was never, either then or at any other time in his whole career, willing to appear before his legions in the character of a general "who first marches up the hill and then marches down again." He decided to go forward. The magnitude of the undertaking can never be fully appreciated by any one who did not actually see the columns marching in the drenching rain—the corduroy roads built from the timber growing in the swamps, which sank out of sight in the deep alluvial soil as heavy trains of artillery passed over them, and required to be relaid for following trains—the broken condition of the levees—whole regiments working in the water—the bayous and streams requiring thousands of feet of bridges to be constructed—the scows, boats and rafts transporting men and material across submerged forest and plantation. In the face of a vigilant enemy it was an enormous risk and a task possible only to a soldier of sublime self-confidence. But with full consciousness that failure involved retirement in disgrace for himself, defeat and humiliation, if not destruction, for his troops—perhaps irreparable injury to his cause —with the genius of Cæsar, a like inflexibility of will and tenacity of purpose, weighing calmly the chances, and knowing the mighty resources within himself, he assumed the risk.

The act must have sent an electric thrill of sympathy into the heart of the man of kindred spirit then sitting in the executive

chair at Washington, who had almost daily, vainly pleaded with the first Captain of his Eastern Army for a bold, aggressive movement. Here was one in the West, not rash or reckless of consequences, but well thought out, calmly projected, as he himself would have done it, after most careful preliminary reconnaissances and surveys.

Those who have seen Grant, as we have, sit his horse like a statue, coolly smoking his cigar while under fire, and again, enter a frail dispatch boat and steam within range of the enemy's guns while the ironclad fleet was engaged in the terrific struggle with the shore batteries at Grand Gulf, can well believe that he reached his conclusion to assail the left flank with a mien as placid and a heart as composed as if only settling a matter of official routine.

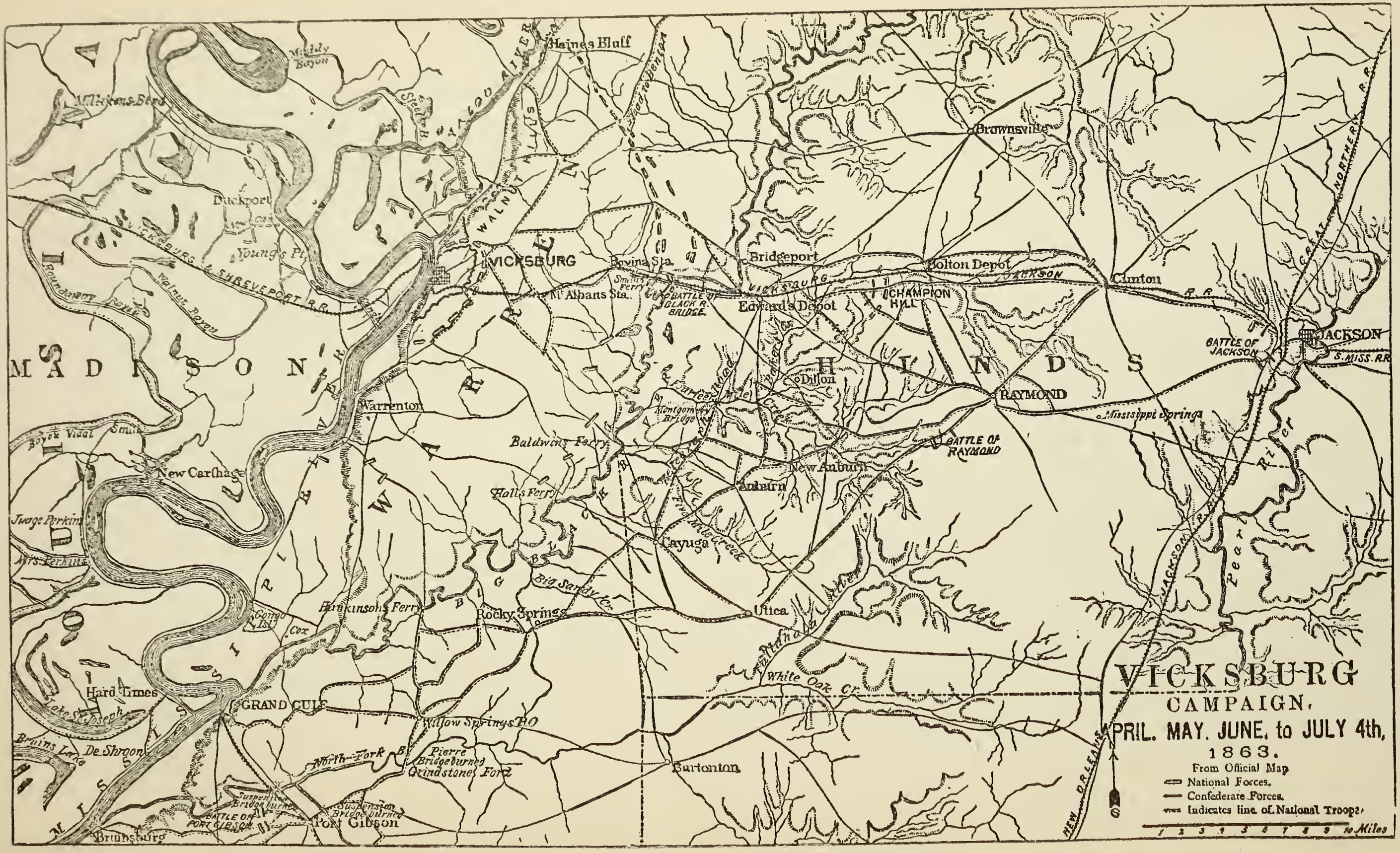
And now, in the words of Grant himself :

"The march from Milliken's Bend to a point opposite Grand Gulf was made in stormy weather, over the worst of roads ; bridges and ferries had to be constructed, moving by night as well as by day, with labors incessant and extraordinary, and privations endured by men and officers such as have been rarely paralleled in any campaign."

It remained to cross the river and gain a firm foothold upon the high lands on the other side. In point of time and order of march the duty fell to the 13th Army Corps, and of that corps the 14th, or Carr's Division, of which our brigade was the second. They crossed in the morning of April 30. Immediately upon disembarking the first brigade was sent forward to seize the bluffs nearest to Bruinsburg and commanding approaches to it, while the second brigade, after receiving five days' rations—which lasted twenty, with such as were appropriated in the country—was sent forward to seize and hold the bridges at Port Gibson, if not already destroyed, but at any rate to advance as far inland as possible and engage the enemy at the furthest distance from Bruinsburg, thus leaving the disembarkation of troops undisturbed.* That afternoon and evening 20,000 men were landed, and sent forward immediately upon debarkation. The battle of Port Gibson was fought next day within three miles of that place mainly by the

*"The time to strike the enemy with the best hope of saving Vicksburg was when he was landing near Bruinsburg. To do this with any prospect of success a rapid concentration of all the forces should have been made and an attack."

GEN'L J. E. JOHNSTON.



VICKSBURG
CAMPAIGN,
APRIL, MAY, JUNE, to JULY 4th,
1863.
From Official Map
National Forces.
Confederate Forces.
Indicates line of National Troops.
Miles
Haines Bluff
Brownsville
Bridgeport
Bolton Depot
Clinton
JACKSON
BATTLE OF JACKSON
S. MISS. R.R.
VICKSBURG
Bovina Sta.
Mt. Albans Sta.
BATTLE OF BLACK R. BRIDGE
Edwards Depot
CHAMPION HILL
Dillon
RAYMOND
BATTLE OF RAYMOND
Mississippi Springs
New Auburn
Auburn
Cayuga
Five Mile Creek
Utica
White Oak Cr.
Burtonton
Warrenton
Baldwins Ferry
Halls Ferry
Big Sandy Cr.
Rocky Springs
Hankinsons Ferry
Willow Springs P.O.
Pierre Bridge burned
Grindstone Ford
North Fork
GRAND GULF
Port Gibson
BATTLE OF PORT GIBSON
Bruinsburg
Hard Times
Lake St. Joseph
De Shroon
Bruins Lake
New Carthage
Duckport
Young's Pt.
Milliken's Bend
Muddy Bayou
Steele's B.
Walnut Bayou
Roundaway Bayou
VICKSBURG & SHREVEPORT R.R.
MADISON
WARREN
HINDS
Pearl River
NEW ORLEANS
JACKSON R.R.
GREAT NORTHERN R.R.
Road to Benton

three divisions of 13th Army Corps, commanded by Carr, Osterhaus and Hovey, assisted by the 10th, A. J. Smith's, and two brigades of 17th Corps (McPherson's,) the total casualties being 875. Grant himself and McClernand were on the field from early morning, and McPherson and Logan later. As the fighting commenced at 5.30 A. M. and continued until darkness permitted the Confederate army to escape, the field was not a sanguinary one when compared with other engagements of equal importance, but the toil and moil of it were almost inconceivable. I have already quoted (page 17) Grant's reference to the nature of the ground.

I now give one extract from his memoirs and others from subordinate officers :

"The country in this part of Mississippi stands on edge, as it were, the roads running along the ridges except when they occasionally pass from one ridge to another. Where there are no clearings the sides of the hills are covered with a very heavy growth of timber and with undergrowth, and the ravines are filled with vines and canebrakes almost impenetrable. This makes it easy for an inferior force to delay, if not defeat, a far superior one."

General Grant.

"All concur in describing this ravine as being about 40 rods wide and filled with vines, cane, deep gulches, and exceedingly difficult of passage. The enemy no doubt regarded it as impassable."

Brigadier-General Hovey.

"The face of the country was very much broken, with almost impassable ravines filled with trees and a dense undergrowth, and narrow, tortuous roads, offering great facilities to the enemy to cover his retreat, and of which he availed himself to the best advantage."

Major-General Logan.

"A deep ravine, choked by an almost impassable canebrake and undergrowth, was before us, through which, with great exertion, we succeeded in forcing our way. Two more of like character were passed, when, by marching by the left flank, an open space was reached, in which were formed the remaining regiments of the brigade.

"In front of my position was a ravine running diagonally to the left and rear. On the far side of it, and a little to the right was stationed a rebel battery, supported by a heavy force of infantry."

Col. Macauly, 11th Indiana.

"In the long and hotly contested fight of the afternoon my regiment was all the time in face of the enemy and under his severest fire. Several times we were ordered against the rebel infantry and under the range of his batteries. Each time we drove them from the field. Late in the afternoon,

by your order, we charged up the hill, in conjunction with the 21st Iowa and on the left of General Burbridge's brigade, against the enemy's lines, there strongly posted in almost impenetrable timber and underbrush. Though unable, from the character of the ground and the raking fire of the enemy's batteries, to reach the extreme summit of the hill, we reached the point to which I was ordered and remained there, receiving and returning the enemy's fire, until about sundown, when, by your order, we returned to our former position, and remained upon the field until the firing had entirely ceased and quiet reigned along our whole line."

Major Atherton, 22nd Iowa.

This country "standing on edge, as it were," intersected with tortuous ravines having precipitous slopes covered with forest and tangle of brier and vine, had been selected on account of the facilities that it offered for defence, by the Confederate General Bowen, at least four days before the first detachment of Grant's army crossed the river.

In a despatch to Pemberton, under date of April 27th, 1863, he says:

"* * * In view of this, and from the fact that Port Gibson is almost essential to this point (Grand Gulf) I have examined myself and now have the engineers on a reconnaissance selecting a line of battle south of Port Gibson."

It was well chosen, and enabled him with 8,000 men to keep 20,000 at bay for 24 hours, and gave him time to remove his supplies from Grand Gulf, after crossing and destroying the bridges over Bayou Pierre. It was on the southern line of this field that we were so abruptly halted and saluted with cannon at one o'clock in the morning of May 1st. And now having looked at the battle ground let us see what condition our men were in for the task before them, at break of day, when the work commenced. Let us go back a few days. On the 29th of April occurred the bombardment at Grand Gulf, which lasted nearly seven hours. During most of that time the troops were crowded on transports, waiting to steam across the river and attack the enemy, whenever the fleet should silence the batteries which lined the frowning bluff. That, was found to be impossible, and the troops were disembarked and marched down the levee in the evening to De Schroons. After dark the transports carrying our artillery, and the gunboats, ran past the batteries under a most terrific fire. The uninterrupted cannonading and the hazard of the enterprise—there being only a single channel, and that, one of the narrowest in the whole length

of the river—created intense interest, excitement and anxiety in the camp. It was some hours before the exact results were known, and as the commotion of preparation for again embarking commenced promptly at dawn, it is certain, that if any sleep was obtained that night, it was by a comparatively small number of men and only for a very short time. Then followed the re-embarkation, the descent on Bruinsburg, the march on Port Gibson until one A. M. of May 1st—the skirmishing and artillery duel lasting until after three o'clock—then the waiting in line of battle under arms, with the enemy known to be in line of battle a short distance away, leaving absolutely no chance of sleep that second night. Thus it can be seen that the last opportunity for good rest and sound sleep was at least forty-eight hours behind them. Under these circumstances the arduous duty of forcing back the Confederate line was undertaken. The battle itself was largely one of artillery. Planted on the ridges, the guns would shell the ravines and woods in front. This would be followed by advancing the infantry line, pressing the enemy with musketry and some times by the bayonet. Before noon the first defensive line of battle was thus broken up and a second one occupied some one or two miles to the rear. This was a still more difficult one to assail. It is substantially shown by the map on page 18, although giving only the position occupied by Hovey's division. The rebel line was beyond the woods.

About two o'clock P. M. our own regiment was resting on the left of a battery which was shelling the woods across the wide ravine in front of us, and the enemy's batteries were replying from the ridge opposite. As far as the eye could see to right or left through open spaces or the tops of trees the smoke of artillery firing was seen, while the roar of the guns was deafening and incessant. The hostile shells screamed maliciously as they passed over us, or burst with a crash in the air. On looking around one could have seen men standing in groups or reclining in all postures on the ground, resting until the time came to advance, while here and there were men of every company lying stretched out full length and motionless, some with faces to the ground, others on the side with arm thrown forward and the head resting upon it, others again lying on the back receiving the direct rays of the sun full in the face. Were these prone men all dead ? No, they were fast asleep ; and, by and by, when their comrades gently kicked them, and told them to get up as the regiment was about to advance, they arose with a dazed look, and staggered as if drunk. Both souls and bodies had nearly reached the limit of

human endurance, and yet, the most difficult hill of the field was before us with the enemy on the summit. It was after sundown before we returned to seek a fitting place on which to bivouac for the night. As we debouched from the woods and crossed the ravine, marching by the flank, we noticed the bodies of some who had passed from the spring and summer of earth to its gloomy and perpetual winter, and saw parties from the field hospitals with stretchers, engaged in their mournful task by torchlight. It was eight o'clock before we reached the camping ground.

The next morning Logan's division of McPherson's Corps took the advance in pursuit of the retreating enemy. We followed leisurely, marching through Port Gibson, where the stores and shops were closed as for a public funeral, and camped for the day in a meadow on the bank of Bayou Pierre. As we passed through the town some of us had opportunity to stroll about and inspect it, and were charmed by its beauty. It was the home of many rich planters. The residence streets were lined with yards enclosed by arbor vitae hedges of vigorous growth, trained into many attractive forms. Ornamental trees, plants and shrubs of all kinds abounded. The Magnolias and Crape Myrtles seemed waiting impatiently for their hour of glory. Flowers were in bloom, birds were singing, the air was filled with the perfume of roses. In every direction were signs of free and happy homes, of luxurious civilization, of wealthy and refined society. On every hand save one. Feebly walking about the streets could be seen old men of dark skin and tattered garb—the young and strong had all been driven like cattle before the retiring army—these were bent with the weight of years, marked with effects of continuous toil, hoary with the frosts of time. As one of them would be approached he would step submissively aside, the cap would be pulled from the white head, the bent form would bend still lower, and the shrivelled lips utter plaintively the words: "Sarvant, Marster." The whole attitude and mien exhibited a human soul enchained by the habits of a lifetime of abject slavery, with no sense of responsibility, without aspiration and without hope. As he noted the contrast and passed on, the Union soldier could not avoid a feeling of exultation that at last —and partly by means of himself and his companions—the end was near.

It was this day on which occurred the laughable incident of firing the loaded guns into a ditch, in order that they might be cleaned, and which brought down upon us, in a cloud of dust, General Grant and all his staff, when he did us the distinguished

honor of personally arresting our Colonel and sending him to headquarters to deliver his sword. The sword was returned immediately, however, on the report of our Brigadier-General that he himself was responsible for the occurrence, at which by that time, even Grant the immobile, could afford to laugh. It came about in this way: The General had issued strict orders that there should be no firing of muskets by the troops in camp, as the enemy was not very far away and he did not want any false alarms. But the boys had been firing all the day before; their rifles had become foul and they had been kicked black and blue by the recoil, and were now suffering the consequences. The men who had fortunately discharged their pieces the night before without reloading were now putting them in good order. They were watched with envious eyes by those not so fortunate, but there was no way by which they could easily get the balls from rifled guns except by firing them off. At last the devil tempted one of the men. He disappeared from the tent with his Enfield, looked furtively in every direction to be sure that he was unobserved, fired in the air, and dodged back again. It was a contagious disease and spread. In a few minutes guns were popping everywhere. No one knew who did it. A man found with a smoking barrel would make a flat denial and look perfectly innocent—his companions were equally innocent. The Colonel was furious; the officers at their wits' end. At last Colonel Merrill, who secretly sympathized with the feeling which led to the disobedience, went to the Brigadier and obtained permission to collect the loaded guns and march the owners to a roadside ditch and there fire the pieces off, on condition that they should be fired by volley and one volley only should be fired. The boys, some four hundred of them, marched gleefully to the appointed place and were duly aligned. The Colonel went along himself to see the condition strictly carried out. He gave the first parts of the order: "Ready—aim," and then imprudently waited a moment to be sure that all were indeed ready. The fingers were on the triggers—the suspense was awful—human nature could not stand the strain—crack went a rifle—crack—crack went two more—crack—crack—crack went three. Bedlam broke loose—the racket ran along the line. "Fire!" shouted the Colonel, but it was too late. The unity of intent was gone. Unity of action was impossible. Crack, crack, crack. Crack, crack, crack. "Captains, stop your men!" Stop the crackling of thorns in a fire! Stop the hail in a storm! It were as easy to do these as to stop volunteers at such a time. Satan and all his imps were loose, and every imp had

two guns. Every man felt this to be his last chance, and every gun went off. Checked here, the racket broke out there. It raged here, there, everywhere. It was pandemonium itself. The General, sitting in his quarters dictating orders or dispatches, heard the firing, thought he was attacked in force, and he and his staff mounting their ready horses, came charging down upon us like a regiment of cavalry. The men marched back in disgrace, *but every gun was cleaned that day.*

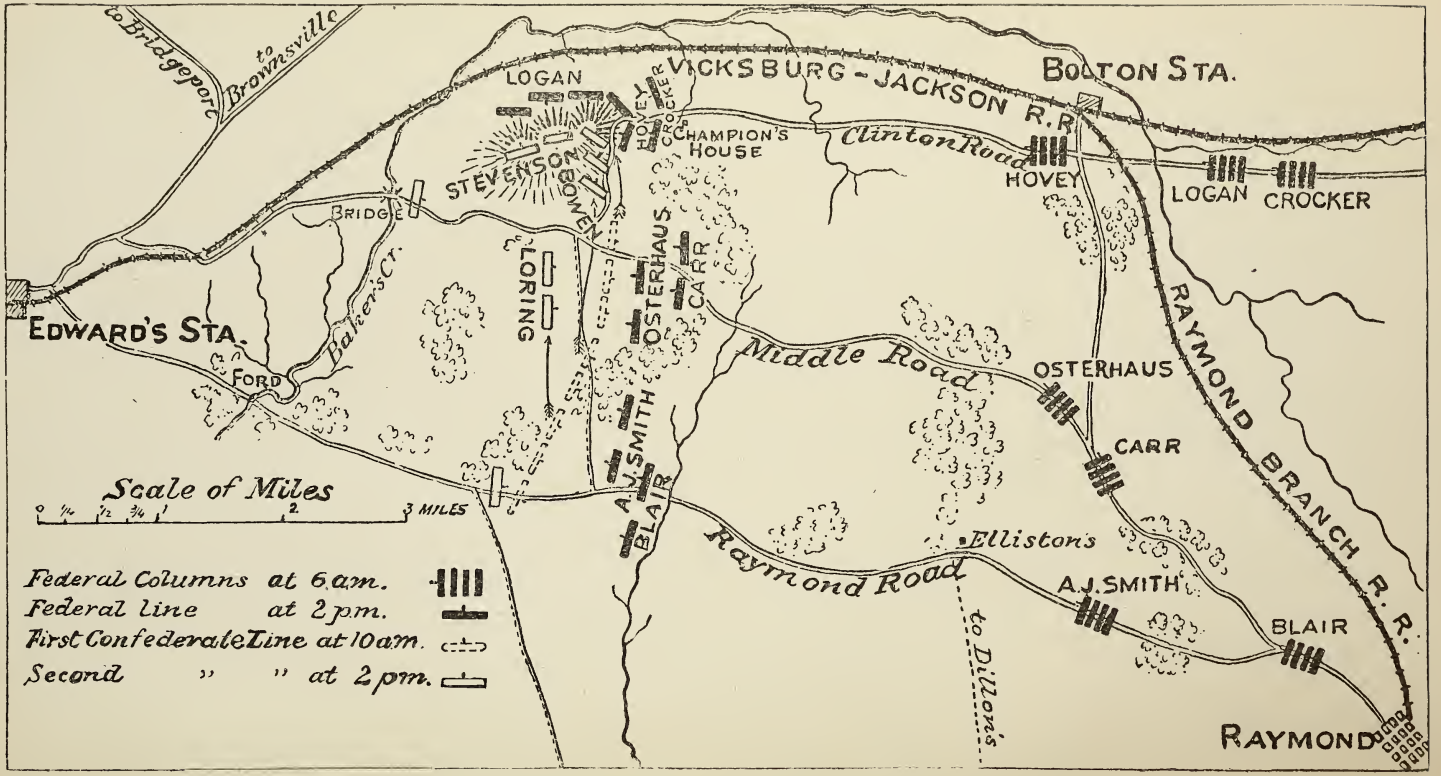
BIG BLACK RIVER BRIDGE.

On the 16th of May, 1863, the bloodiest battle of the Vicksburg campaign was fought at Champion Hill. While Indiana's brave chieftain Hovey was acquiring honor and renown, and his officers and men winning for themselves a sad fame on the "hill of death," Carr's division stood marshalled in "column by division" on the edge of the wood where the fearful slaughter was taking place. The troops of this division waited, hour after hour, expecting every moment the order to go to the help of their brethren. The division of Osterhaus was on our left, and that General rode to the front of our position, and as he listened to the sound of battle so near us, showed both by word and action his impatience and disgust. But the order came not. The commander of the 13th Corps, spell-bound by a show of opposition and the throwing of a few shell from the high ridge in his front, caused three of his own divisions and one of Sherman's to stand motionless while another division of his own corps was being slaughtered by wholesale,* almost if not quite within musket range, but hid from them by dense woods. Those who stood there that day will surely never forget the bands

*"The fire was terrific for several minutes, and the cheers from our men on the brow of the hill told of the success. The enemy gave back, and the forces, under General McGinnis, Colonel Slack, Colonel Boomer and Colonel Holmes, drove them again over the ground which had been hotly contested for the third time during the day, five more of the eleven guns not taken down the hill falling a second time into our possession.

"I cannot think of this bloody hill without sadness and pride. Sadness for the great loss of my true and gallant men; pride for the heroic bravery they displayed. No prouder Division ever met as vastly superior foe and fought with more unflinching firmness and stubborn valor. It was, after the conflict, literally the hill of death; men, horses, cannon, and the debris of an army lay scattered in wild confusion. Hundreds of the gallant 12th Division were cold in death or writhing in pain, and with large numbers of Quinby's gallant boys, lay dead, dying, or wounded, intermixed with our fallen foe. This ended the battle of Champion's Hill at about 3 p. m., and our heroes slept upon the field with the dead and dying around them.

"I never saw fighting like this. The loss of my Division, on this fiefd alone, was nearly one-third of my forces engaged. Of the 29th Wisconsin, 24th and 28th Iowa, in what words of praise shall I speak? Not more than six months in the service, their record will compare with the oldest and best tried regiments in the field." *Brigadier-General Hovey's Report.*



BATTLE OF CHAMPION HILL.

of humiliation and shame which bound them to the spot, while listening to the awful crashes of musketry and thunders of cannon close by, which told how Hovey and his brave division were struggling with a greatly superior force in the "slaughter pen."

At last, when by Grant's peremptory order, the waiting divisions moved, the show of opposition melted away. It had never possessed real substance. Loring's division alone had confronted us, and even that had been partially withdrawn for a time.*

The enemy was now in full retreat. Prisoners were picked up by hundreds and sent to the rear, but the only important service which could then be rendered was the severing of Loring's division from Pemberton's main army, and sending it to wander in the darkness, with weariness of body and spirit, and through constant perils in highways and byways, to join Johnston with the loss of all its artillery, ammunition, waggons, baggage, and cooking utensils. Had our movement been made two hours earlier we should have doubled up Pemberton's right wing. Logan had already turned the left. Pemberton had an almost impassable stream behind him with only one bridge. He would have been compelled to surrender right there—bag and baggage—and there would have been no bayonet charge at Big Black River Bridge, and no siege of Vicksburg.

Thenceforth the corps commander, with an ambition like

* I have constantly resisted the temptation to speak of individual acts of heroism. Where all were brave it seemed inviduous to mention special cases. But during the battle of Champion Hill there occurred an incident so unique in character as to justify exceptional notice.

I refer to the act of our beloved Chaplain. He was then simply Lieut. James Hill of Company I, and Acting-Quartermaster. Grant's army was living on the country. Our last rations had been issued at Bruinsburg seventeen days before, and were soon exhausted. The commissariat was not yet in normal operation on the east side of the river. Corn meal and bacon were plentiful on these Mississippi farms and in the woods, but required to be first found and then brought to camp, before the corn could be parched or the "Hog and Hominy" cooked. The men could not be allowed to forage for themselves—the exigencies of the campaign were too serious—and Grant reported of the conduct of the troops, as follows:

"This army is in the finest health and spirits. Since leaving Milliken's Bend they have marched as much by night as by day, through mud and rain, without tents or much other baggage, and on irregular rations, without a complaint, and with less straggling than I have ever before witnessed."

The duty of supplying food fell to the quartermaster of the regiment, who, with a small force, would scour the country within safe distances, and usually with good success. Lieut. Hill was untiring in the performance of this duty, and could not restrain his energy or the pursuit of food and fodder even on the edge of a hard fought battle-field. During this day he was ordered by the Colonel to find also means of transporting wounded men. While out on this mission he sent his men off on one road while he himself took a bridle path through a piece of woods to see what he could find, intending to rejoin them. Coming to a cross-road he suddenly found himself in the presence of a rebel outpost consisting of three men. It was too late to retreat and he had no notion of being killed or captured. Turning his head and calling out lustily, "Guards, halt!" he dashed up to the picket, pistol in hand, and ordered them to ground arms. The men, taken completely by surprise and supposing he had a considerable force with him, obeyed the order. He then made them retire ten paces, dismounted from his horse, picked up the muskets, remounted and brought in both men and arms and turned them over to the Colonel, who sent them to General McClernand's headquarters.

Lucifer's, who thus missed the finest opportunity of his life, passed gloomily to the rear, and his fame sank to zero, while the man he hated, whose sole ambition was to do his present duty well, went on, step by step, to the highest military and civic honors, and to the company of "The Immortals."

Meanwhile Carr's division was recalled from the chase of fragments, and by General Grant's personal order on the field, sent spinning along the road toward Edward's Depot in pursuit of the main body, with directions to cross the bridge, if possible, that night. We reached the station after dark in time to save a train of commissary and ordnance supplies, which we found on fire, and it being impracticable to proceed further, bivouacked there for the night. The day had been warm and the night turned cold. Some of us had lost our blankets, and sought to recompense ourselves for that night at least, by opening bales of cotton, spreading part of the contents on the ground to lie on and pulling the remainder over us to serve as unwoven sheets and blankets. The raw cotton served the purpose fairly well, but in the morning after performing our toilets as carefully as we could, we found ourselves targets for the jests of our traveling companions, but as the "feathers" had kept us warm during the night we could afford to laugh also, and hoped that we might always fare as well.

On Sunday morning, the 17th of May, after a brisk early morning walk of about six miles, we were again brought to bay at the railroad crossing of the Big Black River.

At the time of the reunion I had not seen the report of Brig. General Lawler and did not know it was in existence. I have since met with it in Vol. 24 of official records of Union and Confederate armies, just issued by the War Department. It is a very interesting document, but as it embraces the whole campaign, is too long to be given in full. I give however some extracts which relate to this topic:

* * * * * * * *

"On the morning of the 17th, by 3.30 a. m., Carr's division was again on the road in pursuit of the enemy, Benton's brigade having the advance.

"We came upon the enemy at Big Black Bridge, strongly posted behind skillfully constructed rifle-pits, extending across a neck of land formed by the Big Black River, his flanks well protected by this stream, and having in his front, in addition to the rifle-pits, a bayou filled with brush and fallen trees. This, combined with the fact that there were cleared fields

of from 400 to 600 yards in width, along his whole front from bend to bend of the stream, rendered his position really formidable and difficult of approach, subjecting a clearing party, it would seem, to almost certain destruction at the commencement of the contest.

* * * * * * * *

"Meanwhile there had commenced a spirited artillery engagement between the battery of Benton's brigade and the enemy's cannon in position behind their works. The skirmishers of the 1st Brigade were actively engaged, and those of the 11th Wisconsin Volunteers, which regiment advanced steadily forward through the timber to the field in front of the enemy's works, and distant from them about 400 yards. Here I ordered it to halt, and move down to the right through the field skirting the river, and take position in the woods and brush lining this stream. This movement Colonel Harris promptly executed, reaching the position designated without serious loss, though exposed to a heavy fire from the enemy's sharpshooters.

"The 23rd Iowa, Colonel Kinsman, having come up after the 11th Wisconsin, was ordered to make a similar movement to the right, and to move up under cover of the river bank and take position on the right of the 11th Wisconsin and as close as possible to the enemy's works, and the 21st Iowa, Col. Merrill, to take position on the bank between these two regiments. I also directed the Peoria Battery to take position in the open field in front of the left of the enemy and to open an enfilading fire on their centre batteries, with which the battery of Benton's Brigade was engaged. At the same time the 22nd Iowa, Colonel Stone, was ordered to move forward on the left of the field to within supporting distance. These orders were quickly responded to, and the position thus occupied by the brigade continued to be held without material variation.

"During the greater part of the forenoon heavy but ineffectual musketry firing was kept up by the enemy upon my men, briskly responded to by our sharpshooters. Late in the forenoon, finding it impossible to press farther forward along the river bank toward the enemy, as I had intended, *Colonel Kinsman, 23rd Iowa Volunteers, proposed to charge at once the enemy's works, and drive them out at the point of the bayonet, and asked my consent to the same.*

"Foreseeing that a charge by a single regiment, unsustained by the whole line, against fortifications as formidable as those in his front, could hardly be successful, at the same time I gave my consent to his daring proposition, I determined there should be a simultaneous movement on the part of my whole command. Accordingly the 21st Iowa Volunteers, Colonel Merrill, was ordered to charge with the 23rd, the 11th Wisconsin Volunteers following close upon them as a support, and the 22nd Iowa, Colonel Wm. M. Stone—which had in the meantime crossed the field and taken position in the river bank on the right of the 11th Wisconsin—were ordered to move out into the field and act as a reserve force. Two guns of the Peoria Battery and one 20-pounder Parrott, belonging to the 1st Wisconsin Battery, were in position in the field, actively at work upon the enemy and doing good service. In addition, orders had been sent out to the 49th and 69th Indiana Volunteers—two regiments which had been sent from Osterhaus' Division to my support early in the forenoon—to send forward at once, two companies as skirmishers to attract the

attention of the enemy from the movement on the right, and as soon as the charge should be commenced to move promptly forward to its support. Orders were further given that the men should reserve their fire until upon the rebel works.

" Finally the regiments that were to lead the charge were formed, with bayonets fixed, in the edge of the woods on the river bank. All things being in readiness, the command ' Forward ' was given by Colonel Kinsman, and at once his noble regiment sprang forward to the works. The 21st, led on by Colonel Merrill, moved at the same instant, the 11th Wisconsin, Colonel Harris, closely following. Through a terrible fire of musketry from the enemy in front and a galling fire from the sharpshooters on the right, these brave men dashed bravely on. Kinsman fell, dangerously wounded, before half the distance was accomplished. Struggling to his feet, he staggered a few paces to the front, cheered forward his men, and fell again, this time to rise no more, pierced through by a second ball.

" Colonel Merrill, the brave commander of the 21st Iowa, fell, wounded early in the charge while gallantly leading his regiment against the enemy.

" Immediately Lieutenant-Colonel Glasgow placed himself at the head of the 23rd, and Major Van Anda led on the 21st. Undismayed by the loss of their Colonels, and by the perfect hailstorm of bullets poured into them with destructive effect, the men of the 23rd and 21st Iowa and the 11th Wisconsin Volunteers pressed onward, nearer and nearer, to the rebel works, over the open field, 500 yards, under a wasting fire, and up to the edge of the bayou. Halting here only long enough to pour into the enemy a deadly volley (?*) they dashed forward through the bayou, filled with water, fallen timber and brush, on to the rebel works with the shout of victors, driving the enemy with confusion from their breastworks and rifle-pits, and entering in triumph the rebel stronghold.

* * * * * * *

" The death of Colonel Kinsman, of the 23rd Iowa Volunteers, whose brave and gallant conduct is the theme of universal praise, fills the hearts of all who knew him with poignant sorrow. A splendid soldier, a perfect gentleman, and a finished scholar, endowed in the highest degree with the noblest qualities of true manhood, his loss cannot prove less to his State and country than a public calamity. To the officers and soldiers of his command, who had learned to love and respect him with an earnestness and devotion rarely equalled, his loss is irreparable, but he fell as the true soldier wishes to fall—in the moment of victory, when his country's flag waved in triumph over the stronghold of rebel treason, and died as the true soldier wishes to die—with Christian resignation and fortitude."

I have already given (page 24) a brief extract taken from Pemberton's report, of the report of Colonel Elijah Gates, who commanded in the Confederate works on the extreme left.

* I have no recollection of such an incident, and do not think it possible that it could have occurred. Scattered shots there may have been, but not a volley.

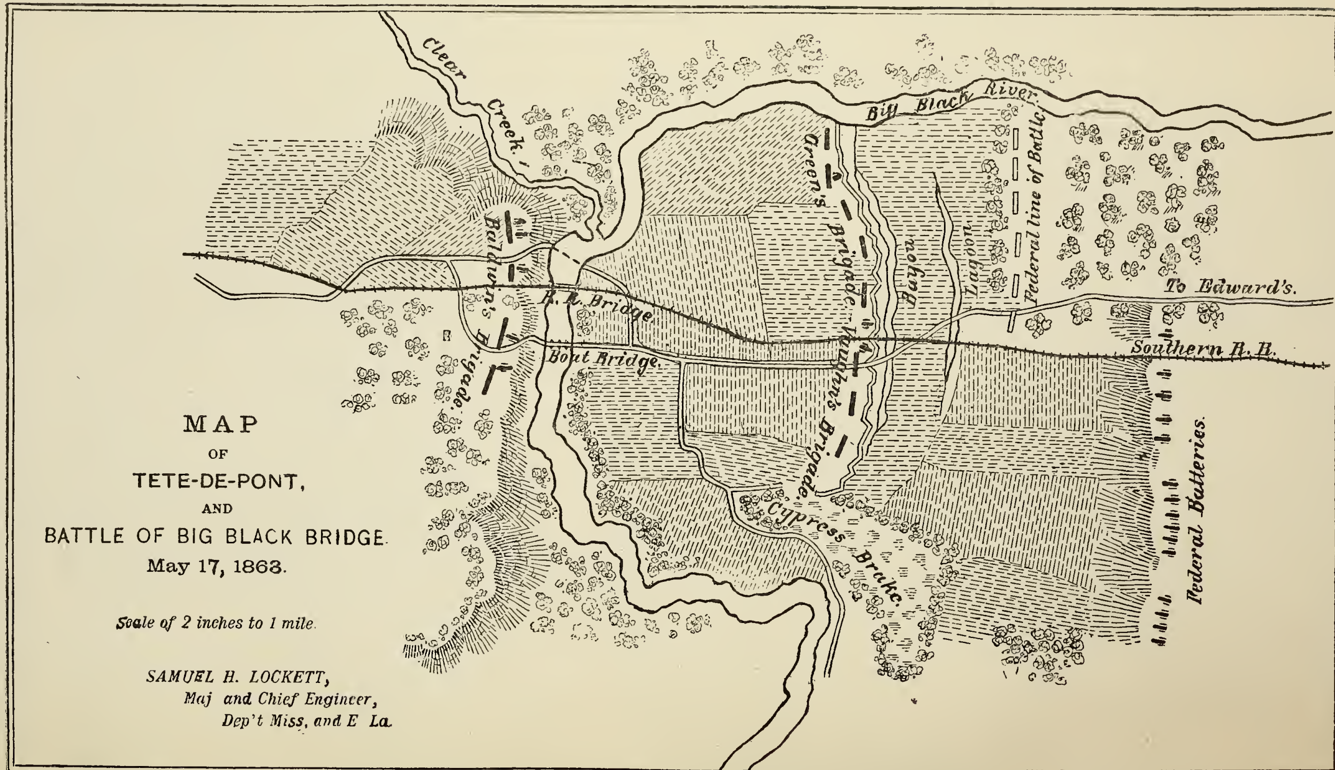
I find his full report in the volume above cited, and give it entire:

"Just after sunrise the 17th, I was ordered by General Green to put my men under arms and be ready to move to the east of the river. In a few minutes I started. General Green accompanied me. The firing was then going on between the men who occupied the ditches that night and the enemy's skirmishers. We crossed over the bridge and moved up the river about half a mile. Here General Green halted and ordered me to move 400 or 500 yards higher up the river, and take my position in some rifle-pits next to the river, on the left of the line of the battle, which we did at once. We commenced a heavy skirmish with the enemy. Here my horse received a very bad wound in the face, which brought him to the ground. I then went in the ditches myself. We skirmished with the enemy about an hour before they made the charge. They formed their men on the river in the timber, where we could not see them. They brought their men out by the right flank in column of fours, about 140 yards in front of my regiment, at a double quick, Colonel Kinsman's regiment—23rd Iowa, General Lawler's Brigade—leading the charge. I then opened a most terrific fire upon them, and kept it up until the brigade had passed out of my sight behind a grove of timber that stood immediately on my right. They moved so as to strike the ditches occupied by General Vaughn's brigade, so I am informed. I do not know whose troops were there, but it was immediately on the right of Green's Brigade. After they had passed me, I listened for our men to open a heavy volley on my right and drive the enemy back. Upon not hearing any firing on the right I directed Lieutenant-Colonel Law to mount his horse and go to General Green and know whether the centre were holding their position or not. Colonel Law returned in a few minutes, and said that General Green ordered me to fall back. I did so at once. After I had got back below the bend of the river, I discoverad that they had crossed the ditches and were between me and the bridge. My Lieutenant-Colonel, being mounted, thought he could make his escape, and did so with the loss of the left arm. I told my men to swim the river. They all took the river except about 90 officers and men. One or two of my men were drowned in trying to swim the river. The officers and men who could not swim pleaded so hard for me to stay with them that I gave way to them, and we were all captured. I remained with the enemy three days and made my escape. I cannot give any account of anything that transpired after this until after the fall of Vicksburg.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"*Elijah Gates,*
Colonel 1st Missouri Cavalry."

I find also in the same volume the report of Major Lockett, Chief Engineer of the Confederate forces, accompanied by a map of the fortifications, which differs so radically from the map made under direction of Lieut. Haines, U. S. Engineers—shown on page 23, and which is undoubtedly correct—that I reproduce it here as a curious example of hasty and inaccurate work by a competent and responsible officer. Under the circumstances, however, and considering the amount of work crowded upon him during the



MAP
OF
TETE-DE-PONT,
AND
BATTLE OF BIG BLACK BRIDGE.
May 17, 1863.

Scale of 2 inches to 1 mile.

SAMUEL H. LOCKETT,
Maj and Chief Engineer,
Dep't Miss, and E La.

siege, he is doubtless excusable. The following extracts are from his report:

* * * * * * * * *

"Captain Robinson reported on the 9th. And leaving him in charge of the works at the bridge and directing him to make thorough reconnaissances of the country in the vicinity of Edward's Depot and to the southward, I returned to Vicksburg with Captain Winter and put him in charge of all the works around the city, to make necessary repairs and put everything in good condition. The *tete-de-pont* at the railroad bridge was pushed ahead rapidly, and finished by the 15th, and at the same time a bridge was made across the Big Black by swinging the steamer Dot across the stream and removing her machinery.

* * * * * * * * * *

"Our army having fallen back to the entrenchments covering the railroad and boat bridges, the lines were found about completed, and were manned by General J. C. Vaughn's Brigade and part of Bowen's Division. The enemy opened early on the morning of the 17th, with artillery at long range, and soon came up with their infantry and took possession of a copse of wood in front of our left. I repaired to the bridges between 7 and 8 o'clock to examine their condition, and seeing signs of unsteadiness among our troops, I sent Lieut. Donnellan to the Lieutenant-General for instructions in regard to the destruction of the bridges, should the enemy succeed in forcing our position. Having received the necessary instructions, I made preparations for firing the railroad bridge by piling rails and loose cotton at intervals, and had a barrel of turpentine prepared on the boat bridge. At about 9 a. m. our troops on the left were stampeded, and, leaving the trenches, came pell mell toward the river. I stationed an officer at each bridge, and after seeing that all our men were across I gave a signal to apply the torch. In a few moments both bridges were in flames, and were quickly and thoroughly burned."

The following is the return of captured ordnance and ordnance stores made by Colonel Thomas S. Mather, Chief of Ordnance 13th Army Corps:

"May 17th, 1863.

"Guns—Six 12-pounder bronze howitzers; three 12-pounder bronze guns, (Napoleons,) one disabled; three 6-pounder bronze guns; six 10-pounder Parrott rifled guns (iron.) Aggregate—Eighteen guns; with limbers and caissons complete, except two, the caissons of which had been previously captured.

"The following ordnance stores were found on the carriages of the above mentioned pieces: Three hundred and twenty-four rounds of 12-pounder howitzer canister; 578 rounds of 12-pounder howitzer shells (fuse); 11 rounds of 6-pounder howitzer canister; 175 rounds of 6-pounder howitzer shells; 8 rounds of 12-pounder solid shot; 112 rounds of 10-pounder Parrott fuse-shells; 120 rounds of 10-pounder (the famous) canister; 97 rounds of 10-pounder (reed projectile) solid shot; 35 port-fires, and 10 6-pounder cartridges, three-fourths pound charge.

"The small arms captured in the battle of to-day will amount to several thousand, but as they have not yet been collected, no definite report can as yet be made."

I also find the following Statement of Casualties of the Brigade:

21st Iowa Vol. Inf., Killed..	13	Wounded.. 70	Total.. 83
22nd " " " " ..		" .. 2	" .. 2
23rd " " " " ..	13	" .. 88	" ..101
11th Wis. " " " ..	1	" .. 34	" .. 35
Total..... " ..	27	" ..194	" ..221

COMRADES, FRIENDS:

There is an end to all earthly things, even to this narrative. Time itself is scarcely adequate to meet the demands made upon it by "sailors' yarns," or the "reminiscences of old soldiers," when once begun. It would be simply for me a labor of love to go on further with you and record the interesting incidents and engagements of our service at the siege of Vicksburg and during the expedition to Jackson with Sherman, but I forbear. With those of you whom I met at our late reunion I renew the greetings which passed between us. For those who were not with us I can only borrow the old salutation,

"Hail! and Farewell!"

Wm. D. Crooks

CHICAGO, November 15, 1889.