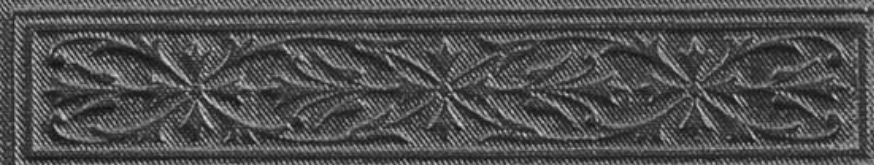
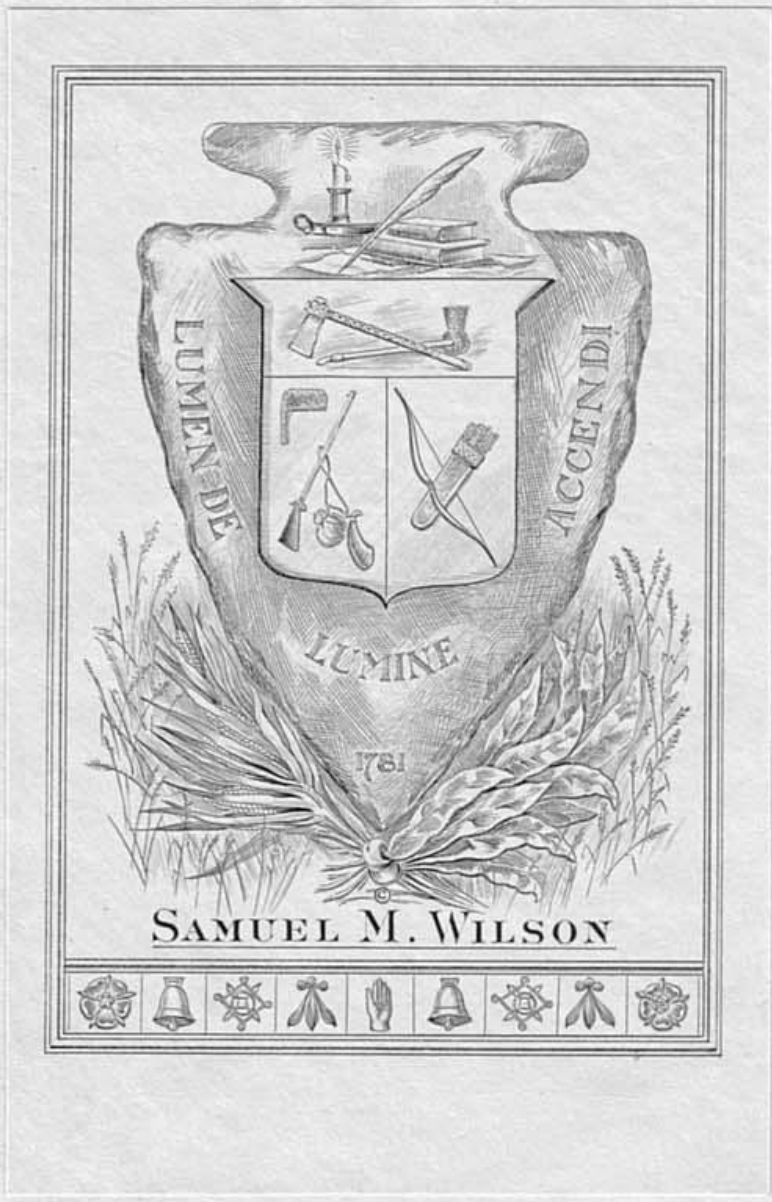




LETTERS  
FROM THE ARMY

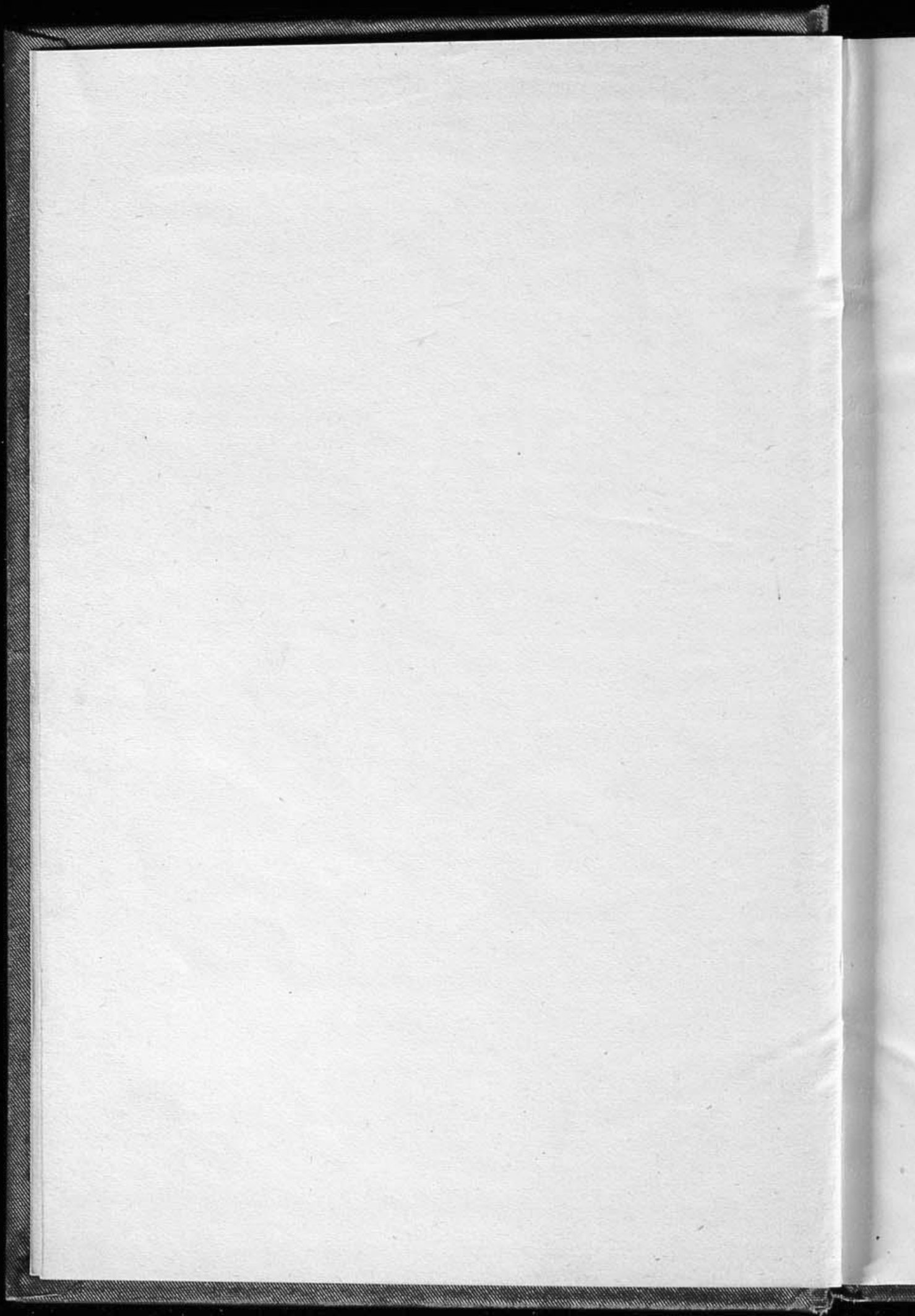


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LETTERS FROM THE ARMY

1862-1864.

BY

B. F. STEVENSON,

SURGEON TO THE

TWENTY-SECOND KENTUCKY INFANTRY.

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CINCINNATI:  
ROBERT CLARKE & CO.  
1886.

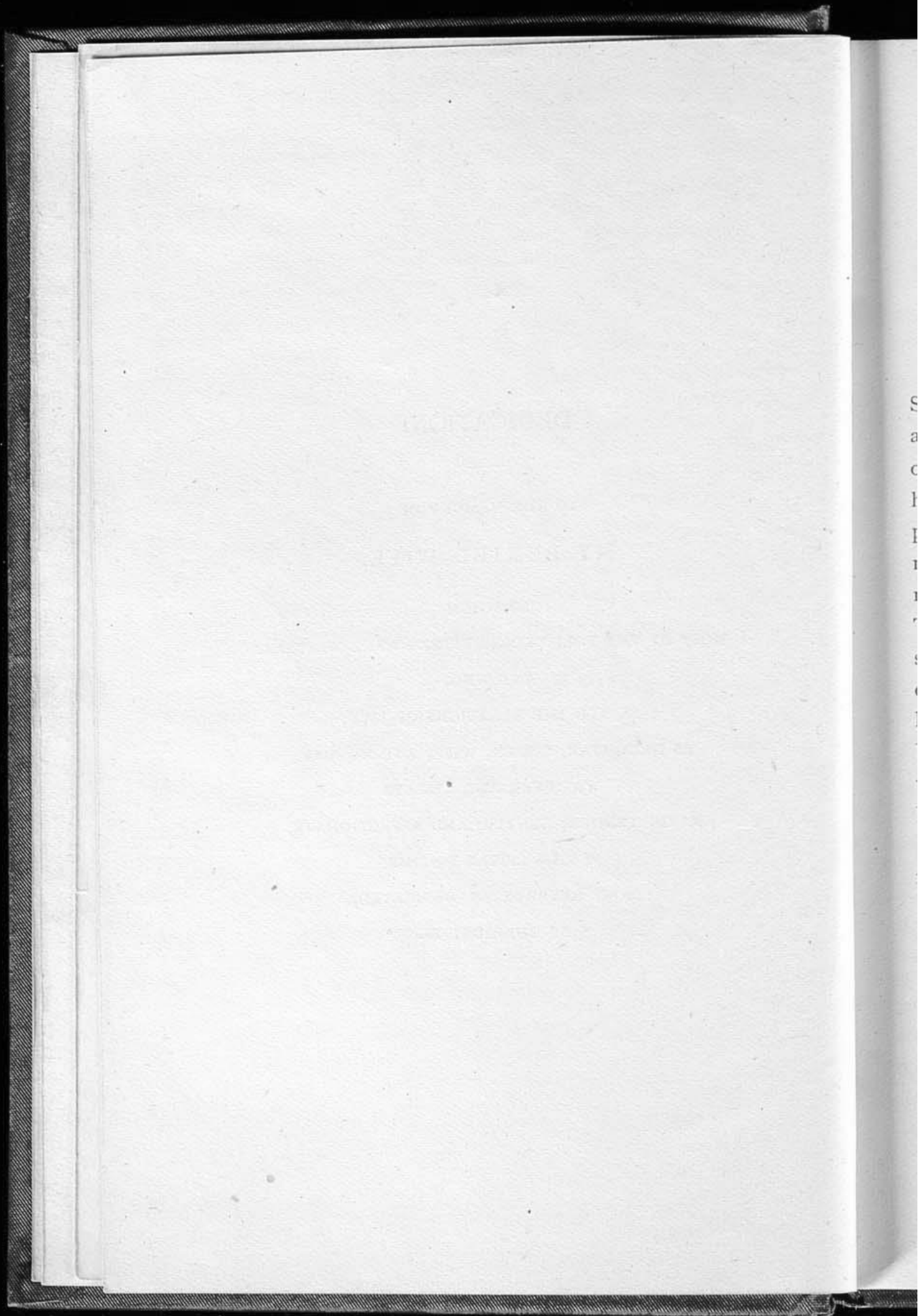
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DEDICATION.

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TO THE MEMORY OF  
MY BURIED WIFE,  
TO WHOM  
MOST OF THE FOLLOWING LETTERS WERE WRITTEN,  
AND WHO,  
IN ALL THE RELATIONS OF LIFE,  
AS DAUGHTER, SISTER, WIFE, AND MOTHER,  
WAS EVER AND ALWAYS  
KIND, TENDER, GENTLE, AND AFFECTIONATE,  
IS THIS LITTLE VOLUME  
MOST REVERENTLY DEDICATED,  
BY THE AUTHOR.



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## PREFACE.

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“Of making many books there is no end,” saith Solomon; and this one, written in a period of war, along the line of the army by one who knew nothing of tactics, strategy, or the science of war—and which has been revised and published in a time of profound peace by one wholly ignorant of the art of book-making, and who prefers no claim to literary attainment—may be regarded, somewhat, as an anomaly. The author wrote as he thought and felt under the surroundings and emergencies of the day (or rather of the night, as most of his letters were written while his mess-mates were sleeping beside him); he wrote because impelled to do so, to preserve and to maintain untarnished and bright the domestic bond that had been the solace and joy of his life. Each letter has its individuality, the off-spring of the moment, but running through them all is a thread of unity—unity of feeling and of sentiment making them one.

They were written without the remotest thought of publication, or even of preservation, and are now given to the public with, perhaps, as little expurgation as was ever applied to such a mass of manuscript.

The epistolary form is not generally esteemed the best for the purpose of the author—that of furnishing some memoranda of the marchings, counter-marchings and

conflicts in which his regiment participated during his period of service with it; but having once told his story in that form, he distrusted his ability to turn it into narrative, and at the same time preserve the air of *verisimilitude* which the epistolary form permits.

While admitting the defects of his book, the author claims for it some merits: First, that of earnest, ardent, unwavering adherence, amid all its reverses and disasters, to the cause in which he had embarked; and second, that of absolute truthfulness in statement, so far as he was able to comprehend and know the truth.

His early political affiliations and associations were with the party that acknowledged the sovereignty of the Nation, and on the outbreak of rebellion he felt irresistibly impelled to go where the logical teachings of his life pointed.

The right of revolution is inherent, indefeasible, inalienable, and can neither be granted, denied, nor limited by legal or constitutional verbiage. It is an exercise of power, in the presence of which laws are silent. Had our Southern brethren boldly assumed the role of revolutionists they would have strengthened their cause and won in a higher degree than they did, the respect and admiration of the world. Their fight was a gallant and a bitter one; but, made on the assumption of legal and constitutional right, drawn from the charter establishing the government, it was extreme folly, or fraud.

B. F. S.

VISALIA, KENTON COUNTY, KY., *June* 11, 1884.



## LETTERS FROM THE ARMY.

CAMP KING, NEAR COVINGTON, KENTUCKY, }  
Dec. 26, 1861. }

*Dear Sister,*—I feel it due to you to let you know my present whereabouts and future prospects. I take it as granted that you were apprised of my intention to enter the army if a surgeon's position were offered me. I am here with the 23d Regiment Kentucky Infantry in that character, tho' not as Senior Surgeon. I attended at Louisville on the 10th, for examination by the Army Medical Board as a candidate for the rank of surgeon; on which occasion the members of the Board voluntarily said to me that I ought not to accept any position less than that of Regimental Surgeon. I felt grateful for the compliment implied, but felt at the same time somewhat as Sancho Panza did when advised not to accept the governorship of the island of Barataria, "that such islands were not to be had every day for the asking." The second position had been offered me; the first had not, in a regiment which I thought presented a reasonable prospect of filling up soon; and as my mind had long since reached the conclusion that the government had a just and an equitable right to demand the services of all its citizens, it was therefore no part of patriotism to haggle about the "order of going, but to go at once."

My duties here are so entirely different from anything encountered in private practice that I find I have much to

learn; but will strive to master the situation, and thus merit the advanced position, whether I shall achieve it or not.

I was mustered in on the 16th, and have been regularly in camp since the 20th, and have formed a mess with the Senior Surgeon, the Chaplain, and the Hospital Steward, and after six days' acquaintance with them I think there will be no more agreeable mess in the regiment. Dr. Strotthote is a German of fine education, a reputable physician of Newport, and, I think, very much of a gentleman. The Rev. Mr. Black, of Newport also, is Chaplain. He is a member of the M. E. Church, and he appears to me to be a modest, sensible gentleman.

My absence from home is, of course, a source of grief to Lida and the children, and I have my regrets also, as no man on earth has had a quieter or more desirable home, or a better, more lovable wife and children than I have. But an all-absorbing, all-engrossing sense of duty, alike to country and family, impelled me to my present position.

I trust mother has before this time reconciled herself to my action. The country must be defended, or we will soon be in the deplorable condition of Missouri, whose people I consider the most wretched of any at present in the United States. I know no reason why I should not be as subject to duty as any man, as I have had the protection of government all my life. I feel, too, that something is due to the memory of a father who in the war of 1812 shouldered his musket at the call of his country and on the plains of Canada aided in vindicating the rights of the nation.

I see no present indications that the regiment will be moved forward. There are disagreements and heart-burnings among the official corps of the regiment, which I fear much will tend to impair the spirit and vigor of the troops. It was given out yesterday that we would be ordered to Somerset, Ky., during next week, but I have just learned that the rumor is unfounded. If we should go to that

point, we will pass through Lexington, and if so, I will make the effort to see you.

Delia owes me a letter. She used to abuse me for neglecting her, but now, when she extracts a letter from me she lets it go unanswered. She must do better if she hopes to hear from me in the future.

Much love to all, and kind wishes to enquiring friends.

Yours truly,

B. F. STEVENSON.

MRS. A. H. KEENE, *Georgetown, Ky.*

ASHLAND, KENTUCKY, *Jan. 9, 1862.*

COL. D. W. LINDSEY, Com. 22d Ky. Infty.

*Louisa, Kentucky.*

*Sir,*—Herewith I send a letter addressed to me by R. Murray, Surgeon U. S. A., and Medical Director of the Department of the Ohio.

From its phraseology I infer that my nomination, by Dr. Flint, as surgeon to the 22d Kentucky Infantry is subject to your approval. I shall await your orders at this point.

I found in hospital here some seventy odd sick men, under charge of Dr. Jones, Contract Surgeon, who wished very much to be relieved, and I assumed control at once. I hope to hear from you soon.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

B. F. STEVENSON.

MEDICAL DIRECTOR'S OFFICE,  
DEPARTMENT OF THE OHIO,  
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY, *Dec. 30, 1861.* }

*Sir,*—Col. Lindsey has authorized Dr. Flint, of this city, to nominate a surgeon for his regiment. Dr. Flint



## LETTERS FROM THE ARMY.

has selected you. Please report to Col. Lindsey at once, at Ashland, near Greenup. Your services are needed immediately. You will at once make requisition on Assistant Surgeon J. P. Wright, of Cincinnati, Ohio, for a three months' supply of medical and hospital supplies.

Take this letter to Col. Lindsey.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

R. MURRAY,

Surgeon U. S. A. Medical Director.

TO DR. B. F. STEVENSON, *Burlington, Kentucky.*

HEADQUARTERS 22d REGIMENT,  
KENTUCKY VOLUNTEER INFANTRY,  
LOUISA, KENTUCKY, *Jan. 12, 1862.* }

DR. B. F. STEVENSON,

*Ashland, Ky.*

*Sir,*—Your letter of the 9th inst., together with that of Surgeon R. Murray inclosed, reached me to-day. Your nomination as Surgeon to the 22d Regiment Kentucky Volunteer Infantry, by Dr. Flint, is cordially approved. You will remain in charge of the sick in hospital at Ashland, Ky., subject to my orders. You will once each week send to these headquarters a report of your sick in hospital, and also of your convalescents.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

D. W. LINDSEY,

Col. Com'ding 22d Regt. Ky. Vol. Infty.

ASHLAND, KENTUCKY, *Jan. 9, 1862.*

*Dear Wife,*—I reached this point at nine last night, and found the 22d Kentucky Infantry Regiment had left

here for Louisa, in Lawrence County, and rumor has it that it has gone on to Picketon, where Humphrey Marshall is reported to be. My orders from headquarters were to report at this place. I am therefore bound to remain until ordered forward by Col. Lindsey, to whom I have reported.

I found here some seventy sick men; measles, bronchitis, pneumonia, and typhoid fever prevailing. The cases are generally mild in type, and will most of them, I think, soon be convalescent. The condition of filth and dirt in which soldiers everywhere wallow is sickening to the heart.

I would infinitely prefer to be along the line of active operations, and would greatly like to pass through the mountain region of Kentucky.

Yours truly,

---

ASHLAND, KENTUCKY, *Jan.* 13, 1862.

*Dear Daughter*,—I wrote a short note to your mother the day after my arrival here, and I now send you a few lines. I have been here just long enough to find this the budding of a beautiful little city. It is located at an eligible point for commercial purposes, with a number of iron furnaces some ten miles back of it, and connected with the town by a railroad; and the county I find very much superior to my former opinions of it.

Col. Lindsey is now at Prestonsburg, one hundred miles up the Big Sandy River, with most of the regiment. This point is the chief hospital depot for the sick of the regiment, and I found on my arrival some seventy sick men in hospital in all the stages from extreme illness to convalescence, the chief complaints being measles and typhoid fever, with the bronchial complications usually attending

the former disease. There has been one death since I assumed charge, and there will soon be at least one more. We are all sheltered in brick buildings equal to the best in Burlington.

In all my life I have not witnessed such a sight as was presented to me on the night of my arrival. Ten, twelve and fifteen men were crowded into small ill-ventilated rooms, with nothing under them but a single blanket to each, and straw that the sick and nurses had been treading over for a week. Each room was heated with a large stove, and in all I found the temperature above a hundred degrees Fahrenheit. How much longer they could have gone on that way without a fearful degree of mortality I can't say, but with my strong powers of endurance, I could not breathe the fetid atmosphere without a feeling of disgust and nausea. I scattered the men round town in vacant houses, which abound here at present, and I hope now the mortality will not be greater than the numbers mentioned.

Your Uncle Thomas met me on the boat at Maysville, where it stopped only long enough to put off a few passengers. His family were all well. At Greenup I met two of the granddaughters of Richard Stevenson, who was brother to my grandfather. I was kindly received, and they urged my stay with them as long as I remained in town, which was only a few hours.

The Rev. Mr. Bayless, of the Presbyterian Church, is here in charge as minister. He called on me on Saturday, and on Sunday I attended service at his church. He made kindly enquiries for your grandfather's and the Coleman families. He stands well with his church and in the community.

I galloped to Catlettsburg, five miles above, at the mouth of the Big Sandy River, after dinner to-day, and got my first glimpse of the "sacred soil" of Virginia, and



found it did not look a bit more inviting than my native State.

It may seem strange to you, but all our news from the regiment reaches us by way of Cincinnati; and so you will know what is doing at headquarters before I do. I find the entire community here quiet; to me it seems apathetic. If there be a dis-union element here I have not discovered it. Those with whom I talk say there has been since the August election a radical change in public sentiment in favor of preserving the national integrity. Before that time the dis-unionists numbered about one-third of the community, but all concur in saying a great change has been wrought.

I am anxiously expecting letters from home. I am comfortably housed, take my meals at a hotel, and room with the Major of the regiment, who was left in command of the post here.

Much love and many kisses to all.

Yours truly,

---

ASHLAND, KENTUCKY, *Jan.* 19, 1862.

*Dear Wife,*—I am still without a word from home since leaving Cincinnati. I hope, don't doubt, that both you and Kate have written since receiving my letters.

I mentioned in my last Mr. Bayless and his courtesy in calling on me. Since then he invited me to his house, to meet a few of the leading gentlemen of the town, bankers and proprietors of the place. I felt myself just as much a man as the best of them.

“The rank is but the guinea-stamp;  
The man's the gowd for a' that.”

My sick are improving, though another one has died since I wrote to you. I hope now there will be no more

deaths from the number here. The gloomy, rainy weather is having a depressing effect on the feelings of almost everybody. It has rained every day but one since I reached the town.

I have had the hospital pretty thoroughly cleaned out from top to bottom. Ladies would think the houses offensive still, but I assure you they are in a hundred fold better condition than I found them on my arrival; and now I would not be much ashamed to make an exhibit to medical gentlemen from abroad. When I was examined at Louisville, Dr. Hewette said to me that I would find sick soldiers the most helpless beings on earth. The observation was true. Just as soon as they are unable to do daily duty they appear to give up all hope, and expect to be waited on in the most trivial affairs.

When in Cincinnati, I arranged with the proprietors of the *Gazette* to send them a letter occasionally in payment for their paper. I will forward to-morrow one signed "Medico," over which *nomme de plume* you will in the future see what I may have to say to the public.

I would be glad to learn the present whereabouts of Col. Monday's regiment (23d Kentucky), as I promised Dr. Strotthote to write to him.

\* \* \* Love to all, with many kisses.

Yours truly,

---

ASHLAND, KENTUCKY, *Jan. 27, 1862.*

*Dear Wife,*—Yours of the 14, reached me yesterday. I did not, as you say, forget your father when in Cincinnati, but tore a leaf from my memorandum book and made out a prescription which W—— promised to procure and deliver.

The defeat of Humphrey Marshall, unlike that of Wil-

liams, was a much more important affair than the papers represent it to have been. He was shamefully driven from a very strong position by five hundred and twenty Union troops, all told, actually engaged. He burned a large amount of army supplies together with the house of a citizen in which he had stored them against the owner's will. These facts I give on the authority of the Quartermaster and a Captain of the regiment, both of whom accompanied the expedition. Among the spoils of victory were ten wagons, with their mules and horses, and near a thousand pairs of shoes. But little has been written and published of this affair, because, as I think, of all the bosh and fuss over Nelson's raid through the same region.

It is the opinion here that Marshall's troops are thoroughly demoralized and cannot make battle again this winter. Laban Moore, who commanded one of the regiments up Sandy, roomed with me last night; he is well known throughout this section, and knows everybody, having represented this district in Congress, and his opinion is that there will be but little trouble here, and that of a purely local character.

I understand Col. Lindsey's regiment will be stationed at Louisa, in Lawrence county, during this winter, and according to verbal information I will be ordered there soon. The town is on Big Sandy, twenty-four miles above the mouth.

Letters you will still direct to this place, as arrangements have been made to forward the mails to the different regiments up the river. I will keep you advised of our movements. Let me hear regularly from your father. Love to all, with kisses to the children.

Yours truly,

---



LOUISA, KENTUCKY, *Jan. 29, 1862.*

*Dear Wife,*—Look to your map, and you will see where I am at present. On Monday evening I received orders to be in readiness to move on Tuesday morning's boat. At ten Tuesday morning all my sick but three, or rather, all my convalescent, together with eighty-nine men fit for duty, took boat for the mouth of Big Sandy, and at that point we changed boats. The class of steamboats navigating the Sandy are smaller than any steamboats you have ever seen, and it was our luck to take passage on the very worst of the class; a boat that with much difficulty made two miles per hour against the current, which is just now pretty strong. In consequence of the numerous rafts, and of much drift in the river, we tied up at dark, and so remained during the night.

Two miles below this point the boat broke a shaft, and the men footed it up; Captain Worthington and myself riding, and for the first time in my life I profaned the "sacred soil" of Virginia with my "hireling feet." The boat was much crowded and I slept on the deck, which I found preferable to an atmosphere reeking with the fumes of tobacco and whiskey, and aggravated with the heat of a great stove.

The river scenery is more imposing than I had expected to find it. The town is situated on a high plain fifty feet above the greatest floods, and just at the junction of the two main tributaries of the stream. I suppose it has a population of five to six hundred, and in summer with its circle of towering hills it must be a beautiful place, but just now everything is marred with the oceans of mud which surrounds one on all sides and literally flows through its streets; even the sidewalks are unpaved.

The general impression among officers is that we will be ordered still further up the river, and Paintsville, in Johnson county, is named as the point. It is not believed here

that there will be any more fighting in this section during the winter, unless it be with a band of marauding cut-throats who infest the mountain spurs, from whence they creep into the settlements at night to rob, devastate, and murder sleeping citizens. We have news to-day of just such an occurrence in Carter county, where a citizen was killed whilst defending his property from pillage. This band of out-laws numbers some two hundred men, and there are now out on their trail five or six hundred soldiers, who I hope will give a good account of them when they return.

I did not lose my third man at Ashland, as I feared, but left him improving finely, and with every prospect of recovery. He was furloughed home and will not be able to do duty this winter.

Do all in your power to stimulate Kate to be attentive to the children; it will benefit her as much as them. I hope on my return to find great improvement with all. I expected a letter from her before I left Ashland, but was disappointed. I suppose she wrote long since, but the floods and the disturbed condition of the country have interfered with the regular delivery of the mails.

Remember me kindly to enquiring friends, kiss the children for me and be assured of much love from

Yours truly,

---

LOUISA, KENTUCKY, *Feb. 1, 1862.*

*Dear Wife,*—I wrote to you on the evening of my arrival at this point, and have nothing new of importance to communicate since then. I found here quite a number of sick in hospital under charge of the Assistant Surgeon of the Forty-Second Ohio Infantry. He appears to relish the



position and I am entirely satisfied to have him retain it, though my inferior in rank.

I am still without news from home except your letter of the 14, which was acknowledged in a previous one of mine. I hope when it rains it will pour, but I have been hoping so long that "hope deferred maketh sick the heart." Letters addressed to Ashland to any member of the brigade, will be forwarded to this place, and will probably come to hand sooner than if addressed direct.

I can't devote another moment to you as the mail man is now ready to be off. Love to all.

Yours truly,  
\_\_\_\_\_

LOUISA, KENTUCKY, *Feb. 2, 1862.*

*Dear Wife,*—I wrote you last night a short note, but failed to say all I had intended, for lack of time. I presumed then our regiment would remain at this point some time, as we have quite a number of men on "sick list."

Col. Garfield reached here at nine last night from above, and was in conference with Col. Lindsey, whilst I was writing my note, and just after breakfast this morning I received orders to be in readiness for an up the river trip to-morrow morning. Our point of destination is believed to be Paintsville, thirty miles above this place. I know but little of the strategic points, but presume Prestonsburg will be our ultimate destination.

In the present condition of the roads, we will never be able to leave the line of the river; nor can an army be subsisted in this region away from the facilities for transportation afforded by the river. The contending hosts have wantonly destroyed what they could not legitimately consume of the substance of the people, and now gaunt famine is staring the families that remain, in their faces.



Here in a town of five hundred inhabitants, a pound of tea or coffee cannot be purchased except at the Sutler's or Quartermaster's tent.

I have been kept pretty busy during the day, but as yet have had the nights undisturbed; indeed, regulations do not permit night-calls, save in cases of wounds, but I am at liberty to visit my sick at my pleasure.

I have my own fun over some of the incidents of the day, and as a specimen of the things amusing to me take the following: A Lieutenant in one of our companies approached me yesterday and examined the cord on my pantaloons, rubbed his hand down my leg and said, "Surgeon, what did your breeches cost?" Every thing I have or wear, is subjected to the most critical examination, and an equally critical enquiry as to the cost. I used to think English writers were drawing a "long bow" when detailing just such stories of us as a people, but now I must concede it all to be true.

\* \* \* I don't know when I may hear from you as there is no regular mail above Paintsville, but I will continue to write to you every week, and I wish you to do the same to me, in the hope that your letters will come to hand some time in the future. Love to all.

Yours truly,

STEAMBOAT PIKETON, BIG SANDY RIVER, }  
Feb. 3rd, 1862. }

*Dear Daughter,*—I received this morning yours of the 20th January, and was much gratified to learn that all were well. I wrote to your mother last night, informing her of our orders up the river. I then thought we would stop at Paintsville, but after getting aboard the boat I

learned that our destination is Picketon, the extreme limit of steamboat navigation. Government availing itself of the high waters, is forwarding large amounts of army supplies to the head of navigation. Col. Lindsey's regiment will have the post of honor; the advanced position. The other regiments will follow us on the return of the other boats to Paintsville. We are now coaling twenty miles above Louisa, where we will probably remain until day-light (it is now eleven P. M.) as the coal has to be mined, and transported two hundred yards to the boat in hand baskets.

Big Sandy does not look much larger than Gunpowder Creek when it is in full tide. It is very sinuous, and its navigation difficult. The adjacent country is a much more important agricultural region than I had expected to find. The bottoms are broad and fertile, and the hills supply immense quantities of lumber, which is rafted to the towns on the Ohio river.

Cols. Garfield and Lindsey are on board. The former is the ranking officer, and commander of all the forces in this region. He is a plain, unpretending looking man but I take it a very determined one. He is young for his responsible position, being only thirty-two years old. I received to-day the *Cincinnati Gazette* of the 30th inst., containing a silly article on Garfield; I read it to those around me, and one of the number, a member of his regiment, told him of it, when he called on me and asked to see the paper. He took it quietly, but I thought him somewhat annoyed. I was glad of the opportunity to make his acquaintance. A little incident that occurred at Catlettsburg during the recent rise of the Ohio river is characteristic of the man. He reached the town just as the wharf was being submerged, and was met by the clerk of the brigade commissary, with the information that a large amount of government stores was in danger of being

swept off by the flood. Without sending others he led the way, and toiled until midnight, knee-deep in mud and water, to save them; and he did save them. The clerk, a nice dapper young man, son of the commissary who was responsible for the stores, stepped round in his father's office in embroidered slippers and neglected everything.

I am writing in a close cabin, amid the noise and confusion of hundreds of boisterous and profane soldiers; so you must take my letter for just what it is worth, and no more.

The scenery of the river as we ascend it, assumes more and more imposing features, and I doubt not its beauty in summer, when the hills are clad in verdure; now, however, the prospect is bleak, but grand.

I was much pleased to learn that you are engaged in teaching the children. I hope on my return to find them much improved, and I feel certain the effort will benefit you even more than it will them, as nothing so impresses anything on the mind as the attempt to teach it to others.

I must not close without saying a word for Col. Lindsey. He is quite young, I think not over twenty-five years old. He is a graduate of the Kentucky Military School, a good tactician, and certainly the most modest and unassuming man of his age that I have known.

In the future you will probably not hear from me as often as heretofore. Love to all.

Yours truly,

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The report of the Adjutant General of Kentucky says of the 22d Infantry—page 128:

“A detachment of the 22d and of the 14th Kentucky Infantry under command of Lieutenant Colonel Monroe, during battle at Middle Creek charged and dislodged from a strong position, the command of General Williams, C. S. A.,



which movement, as the commanding officer, General Garfield reports, was determinate of the day."—

## GENERAL BUELL'S ORDER.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF OHIO,  
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY, *Jan. 20, 1862.* }

*General Orders No. 40.*

"The General commanding takes occasion to thank General Garfield and his troops for their successful campaign against the rebel force under General Marshall on the Big Sandy, and their gallant conduct in battle.

They have overcome formidable difficulties in the character of the country, the condition of the roads, and the inclemency of the season; and without artillery have in several engagements terminating in the battle on Middle Creek on the 10 inst. driven the enemy from his entrenched position, and forced him back into the mountains with the loss of a large amount of baggage and stores, and many of his men killed and captured.

These services have called into action the highest qualities of a soldier—fortitude, perseverance, courage."

HEADQUARTERS KENTUCKY VOLUNTEERS A. G. O. }  
FRANKFORT, *Jan. 30, 1862.* }

COL. D. W. LINDSEY, 22d Ky. Vol.,  
*Paintsville.*

*Colonel* ———: All accounts concur in giving honor and praise to your men engaged in Middle Creek fight.

The reported gallantry of your men has given infinite satisfaction to their friends here.

Very truly yours,

JOHN W. FINNELL,  
Adjutant General Kentucky Volunteers.

PIKETON, KENTUCKY, Feb. 5, 1862.

*Dear Wife,*—I wrote to Kate day before yesterday, saying that our destination was Piketon, instead of Paintsville. We are all here, and to-morrow I will be under canvass, the first time for me since I left Camp King. This place is, by the river, one hundred and twelve miles above its mouth. The upper portion of the river is beautiful, and the navigation much better than that lower down. The hills loom up almost to the proportion of mountains, and look grand, but bleak and sterile. It would be a pleasure to me to pass through this region in summer, and under other circumstances than exist at present.

You will probably see in the papers an account of the killing of Judge Cecil of this county. An attempt will be made to have it appear as a great outrage perpetrated by union troops. The deed was done by a man who is not a soldier, and was prompted by private malignity. The Judge was not entirely free from blame. A disturbance, ending in a personal *rencontre*, occurred in the court-house yard some two months since, during the session of the court. It resulted from the political excitement of the day, and should have been treated very tenderly, and with the utmost impartiality. The parties were arrested and taken before the Judge, and he, after a brief examination, ordered the union man to jail and discharged the other party with whom he agreed in political sentiment. Men here who sympathize with rebellion have said to me that the man discharged was as guilty as the one committed to prison. If both parties had been punished, or both discharged, I think that would have been the last of it. The man who was imprisoned swore vengeance against the Judge and killed him on sight, whilst he was nominally a prisoner, and in the hands of the military authorities, but at the same time attempting to escape. The killing was a cowardly affair, as the Judge was unarmed.



Before we left Paintsville, our horses, twenty-five in number, were started for this point over land, and through an infected district. We expected to find them here on our arrival, but they have not yet reached us (five hours after our arrival), nor have we heard from them, and we fear they have been captured.

Col. Garfield with the other regiments of his command will be up just as soon as the boats can make the trip down and back again. I can't state any probable time when I may be able to see you, as we may any day be ordered to Virginia or Tennessee.

May God preserve you in the hollow of his hand. Love to all.

Yours truly,  
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PIKETON, KENTUCKY, *Feb. 7, 1862.*

*Dear Wife,*—Yours of 22 January reached me a few minutes since and I hasten to answer, but my answer must be brief, as our Chaplain, who goes to Cincinnati and will take this, is just ready to start. I have written home twice during the week, both of which letters, I suppose, will have reached you before this is received. I mentioned in my last my fears that our horses had been captured, but they came in to-day; having been detained by high waters and bad roads.

This town is a miserable abortion of a place, and has heretofore been the hot-bed of the dis-union element in the county. A reign of terror has existed here for months, such as the citizens of Boone know nothing of. Two men accompanied our regiment who have not seen their families for four months; good citizens, who have not taken arms on either side; their only offense being love of the government, and the possession of some wealth which they would



not consent to see used in aid of rebellion. A permanent force has not been sent here a day too soon. Here it is thought that Marshall is out of the state, and that there is little probability of his return during the winter.

Measles had its day in the regiment, but it has disappeared, and now mumps is the prevalent form of complaint; we having at least fifty men confined in hospital and quarters with it. I have been as much surprised to find the large numbers of adults attacked with the latter disease as with the former.

Remember me kindly to enquiring friends; give my love to all I hold dear, and accept a full share for yourself.

Yours truly,

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PIKETON, KENTUCKY, *Feb.* 12, 1862.

*Dear Wife,*—I wrote to you last week by Chaplain Sumner, and I write now in the expectation that our communications with the outside world will for some time to come be cut off.

Big Sandy has now got to be very little, and very sandy at that. I suppose our last boat for the season will go down to-morrow, not to return until a rise. There are no mail facilities, except by the river, as the carriers were shot at and the mail-bags captured and rifled months since, which led to the withdrawal of mail deliveries all through the mountain regions.

I had a grand treat to-day. It was my first sight of a familiar object since I left home. It was neither more nor less than a huge dish of mush and milk. I enjoyed it so heartily, and ate of it to such repletion, that my stomach ached before I let go of it, and that I call relishing an old acquaintance with a witness. It was the first milk sipped by me since leaving home, so I ought to be pardoned for a little over-indulgence.

For two days I have been kept very busy, as, in the absence of the surgeons of the 42d Ohio, I have had charge of two regiments, with from sixty to seventy sick in each. Most of the cases are mild in type, but a few in each regiment are grave and serious. It seems strange to most persons at home that there should be so much sickness in the army, but if they could but see the exposures to which soldiers are inevitably subjected, the only wonder would be that more were not sick. I have now under charge men who were engaged with Garfield in his expedition against Marshall, who marched almost constantly for forty hours, with no rations but army bread and coffee, and who slept, when at last they were permitted to sleep, on the bare earth, without tents, waking out of sleep with clothes frozen to the ground. I think I can safely say that half the men here are just now unfit for duty. \* \* \*

In a letter to the *Gazette* last week I said of the country all I had to say, which I suppose you saw. Since I left home I have received two letters from you and one from Kate. I hope you have written oftener, and that in the good time coming they will all reach me.

Dr. Harmon, Assistant Surgeon of the 42d Ohio, has just reported, and thus I am relieved from more than half of my labors.

Give my love with many kisses to the children.

Yours truly,

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PIKETON, KENTUCKY, *Feb.* 14, 1862.

*Dear Daughter,*—I wrote to your mother two days since, and now I devote the hour to you. Since my last I have been actively engaged attending the sick. The sick of the 42nd Ohio were for two days on my hands, but now, having been relieved of that regiment, I have the 40th Ohio

instead. Why both regiments came in advance of their surgeons I don't know. There is a much greater amount of sickness in camp than the world is aware of. During the last four days quite a number of cases of pneumonia have presented, and they require close watching with the kind of nurses we have.

It snowed last night, and the hills this morning presented a grand and imposing appearance. One of them especially, immediately in front of my window, lifts its conical peak high above its fellows, and like Saul among his brothers, it stands a head and shoulders above them all. Its sides are clad with evergreen, pine, cedar and holly, and its crown is covered with grand old oaks of a thousand years' growth and duration, and all these powdered with snow, present a winter landscape, sufficient to awaken a love of the picturesque and beautiful in the breast of the most dull and apathetic. To me it is a fitting emblem of human life, but life in repose. The green of youth and hope and buoyancy; the grave and sombre tints of middle life are shown by the out-cropping masses of bleak and sterile stone, which give the shadows to the picture; and over all, and crowning all, high up in the air, the white plume is but the fitting representation of an old age of dignity and honor. May you, my daughter, reach all the dignity and honor of age, without an undue share of the trials and crosses incidental to the battle of life, and preserve your faculties, affections and sentiments pure and uncontaminated by the storms of an unfeeling and sordid world.

I hope you will strive to be very attentive and obedient to your mother, and thus in some degree render her situation less irksome than it otherwise would be. Your attempt to review your French I heartily approve. You may think now it is of little value, but by and by you will find it otherwise. I never pass a day without regretting wasted opportunities. In my intercourse with my professional



brethren, I always feel the want of the Latin; not that I think myself inferior in intellect or information, but from the mere fact that the technical language of the profession is drawn from that source.

If you can venture to commence with Willie in the Latin grammar, you can do nothing to please me so much, and if it would facilitate your studies to have Julia in the class, the pleasure will be just so much the greater.

Your mother asked the names of the field and staff officers of the regiment. I give them: Colonel, Daniel W. Lindsey; Lieutenant-Colonel, George W. Monroe; Major, J. Wesley Cook; Adjutant, Orlando Brown, Jr.; Surgeon I need not name, you know something of him personally; Assistant Surgeon, Henry Manfred. I have seen him but once; he appeared to me a kind, courteous gentleman, and I have heard his medical abilities well spoken of; Quartermaster, J. Paul Jones.

Yesterday some fifty to sixty citizens from the other side of the river came into camp, asking protection from a band of thieves and outlaws, who are driving off their stock, destroying their grain, and treating with indignity and outrage all the families who profess any loyalty to the government.

Love to all, with many kisses to the young ones.

Yours truly,  
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PIKETON, KENTUCKY, *Feb. 17, 1862.*

*Dear Wife,*—I wrote last week to both you and Kate, but neither of the letters will go out until to-morrow morning, and I have concluded to post you to date.

Nothing of interest in the military line is occurring here, and I have only the daily routine of attendance on my sick.

I have in hospital thirty-eight men, some of them quite ill, and I have twenty men in quarters to visit daily.

I should have said before this, that I have not gone into tent. It set in to rain, and then to snow, about the time I had appointed to have my tent erected, and my sick accumulated so rapidly that I had time for nothing else. The court house I took for my hospital on our arrival, and having my office in one of the rooms, I concluded to spread my blankets on the soft side of a couple of benches I found conveniently arranged in the room, and so take up both bed and board in the court house. You may rest easy. I am comfortably housed, fed and slept, here.

I would be glad to know what kind of weather you have had in Burlington. Here every day for the last week has been a counterpart of Charles Lamb's humorous description of a December day in London, "First it blew, then it snowed, then it thawed, then it rained and then it froze." From the mouth of Sandy to this place the mud in all the towns is deep beyond your powers of conception.

I send for Kate's especial admiration a letter from a lassie in Frankfort to a laddie in camp. It is a fine specimen of the diplomacy of the sex when endeavoring to accomplish a purpose. I hope she will use it with discretion and learn wisdom from its policy. The laddie is a nurse in the hospital and was handing it round for the admiration of the boys, and so I felt no compunction in asking for it to send to you.

We are here at the head of navigation of the Sandy, and we can go no further without heavy wagon trains to transport subsistence. Nothing, literally nothing, for man or beast, can be procured beyond this point, on the way to Virginia, and the attempt to wagon supplies seems to me utterly preposterous.

We have rumors of union victories elsewhere, but the papers do not come to confirm them. I hope when they

do come they may bring a flood of favorable news as widespread and all embracing as the recent flood of the waters.

Love to all, with many kisses to the children, and kind regards to enquiring friends.

Yours truly,

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PIKETON, KENTUCKY, *Feb.* 21, 1862.

*Dear Wife*,—I received to-day Kate's letter of the 8, and yours of the 9, and with them a confirmation of the rumors of glorious union victories everywhere. Our camps have been jubilant, almost delirious, with excitement. You can scarcely realize the anxiety felt here, as we have been two weeks without an arrival from below.

I wish to treat all mankind justly and courteously, but it does afford me great pleasure to exult over the enemies of the nation in this the day of their tribulation; and the number of them in Boone is legion, but the day is coming when they will sit in sack-cloth and ashes for their shameless aid and comfort to a wanton and cruel rebellion.

Let a few more disasters befall the cause and rebellion will be overthrown on its own soil by its own off-spring. This has been my constant prediction and belief, and this opinion is sustained by the papers of the day recording the joy of the citizens of North Alabama on the arrival of the gunboats.

Just as soon as I am convinced that the government has its heel on the neck of the rebellion, that minute will I tender a resignation, and return home, as that is of all places the one most congenial to me.

Some fifteen union men of this county brought in yesterday three prisoners, captured by them on Sunday last, after a skirmish in which three men were killed. They are from



Virginia and now seem very penitent, and say they were driven to marauding by threats of being denounced as unionists. I state only what themselves have said to me. I have two of them wounded under my care.\*

Love to all, with kisses to the young ones.

Yours truly,

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PIKETON, KENTUCKY, *Feb. 23, 1862.*

*Dear Wife,*—I take the opportunity of the return of Lieut. Sneed of our regiment to Frankfort to send you a barrel of dried peaches. I bought them here at one dollar and fifty cents a bushel, cheaper I think than with you. You will find them of good quality, and I hope you will not fail to share them with friends.

The most extraordinary rise of Big Sandy that has occurred since 1826, came on Saturday evening and night. For two weeks we had daily, and I may say nightly, showers, and Friday night a constant rain set in and continued throughout all of Saturday. In that time the river rose fifty-five feet, plumb water.

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\*These same wounded prisoners, now convalescent, were still in hospital when we were ordered from Picketon. I reported them verbally to Col. Lindsey, who referred me to General Garfield, and he conferred on me judicial functions and directed me to administer the oath of allegiance to the government, make a minute of it, have them sign it, and then file the document with his assistant Adjutant-General for preservation, and then dismiss them to their homes.

“The Devil was sick, the Devil a monk would be.  
The Devil was well, the Devil a monk was he,”

That document if now in the records of the War Office should be turned over to the Professors at West Point, as a new elemental principle in the art of war to be taught to their belligerent brats.

The entire town plateau was submerged and large quantities of government stores, consisting of flour, pork, grain, hay, and indeed everything going to make up the subsistence of an army, was swept off and lost. Unless the river continues up for some time to come, the disaster will paralyse this branch of the army. You will find in the *Gazette* a short account of the flood. I was up all of Saturday night, and having nothing further of interest to say, I propose now to retire, not, however, forgetting to send my love to all. Good night.

*Monday Morning.*

After lying down last night, and thinking over what I might spare from my outfit, I concluded to send home two white blankets which I purchased in Cincinnati. They are unsuitable for camp life, and I have not used them since leaving Camp King.

I fancy you would take to me if you could only see my face. It has been unrazored and unscissored since I left home, and my moustache is becoming imperial in magnitude.

My health is all I could ask it to be, which I attribute in a good degree, to my Hussar boots, which are thoroughly water-proof, large and loose, giving ample play to my feet, and thus add very much to my naturally graceful movements.

Yours truly,

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PIKETON, KENTUCKY, *Feb.* 26, 1862.

*Dear Daughter*,—I sent a letter to your mother yesterday, and I feel that you are entitled to this, though I have but little that is new to say.

Yesterday and to-day have been most lovely winter days; there was just frost enough to crust over the soft mud in the mornings, but during the days the sun was out

with a warmth and brilliancy almost equal to summer. You can't have the faintest idea of the depth of the mud following the flood, but there is this to say: there is much sand in the soil, and the water soon dries out.

The loss of property, and the distress occasioned by the high waters is very great. A number of houses passed here, and one is reported to have had a woman and two children in it. Much hay, corn and fodder, and fencing was swept off. How families are to live along the line of the river, is more than I can say, as Providence takes what the rage of man spares.

During the last month my weight has increased just one pound and six ounces; the ounces I attribute to beard. Don't you think me in a hopeful way? I want and will have the "diary," and won't write you another letter until I get it. Let me hear regularly and particularly from your grandfather. Love to all: Good night.

*Wednesday Morning.*

You may think the drawing on the other side of my sheet very rude, as it is, but I can do no better. It will, however, give you some idea of our position here. If the rebels could only get to the top of any of the hills around us they could shell us out in an hour; but they can't get there. I suppose we have not an organized foe in fifty miles of us, and all the good we do here is to protect the people against marauding bands of cut-throats, who are a terror in this region; but even this we cannot do effectually. A few mornings since, word came to Col. Garfield that the house of a citizen four miles from town, on the other side of the river had been attacked the night before, and a man killed. One company of the 42d Ohio was sent out to ascertain the condition of affairs; they found the man had been called from his bed during the night, and when he opened the door, was fired on and instantly killed. The



rest of the family escaped by the rear of the house, except a boy of thirteen, and he was found hanging to the limb of a tree in the yard. All these facts I have from Dr. J. W. Harmon, assistant surgeon of the 42d Ohio, who was detailed to accompany the troops out. The feeling that the men captured a few days previous may have been members of this band of outlaws excites much indignation against them, but I hope nothing rash will be attempted in regard to them.

A company of us have arranged to go to the top of "Duty's Knob" the first fine day. It is reported to be the highest peak in Eastern Kentucky. There is a bit of romance connected with the name. Thirty years since, Duty killed a man here, I believe in the town; after arrest he escaped, and lay concealed on the mountain top, overlooking the town, and observing all that passed below, until the opportunity presented for him to leave the state; since which time the knob has borne his name.

This morning the entire surface of the country is covered with snow three or four inches deep, but with the soft surface underneath it will be as evanescent as the flower that blooms at dawn to wither under the noontide blaze; but it will leave its memory behind in the deepened mud of the streets and roads.

My men are coming in for morning examination and I close. Love to all.

Yours truly,

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PIKETON, KENTUCKY, *March 3, 1862.*

*Dear Wife,*—Yours of the 15th February reached me yesterday, and I am gratified to learn the continued good health of the family, and more than gratified to know that your father is still able to drive to the city and back the same day.

The news of the fall of Fort Donelson reached us also yesterday, in advance of the boats, as they laid up four miles below town in consequence of low water. One universal burst of joy went up from all loyal hearts here. "The horse and his rider are overthrown." "Sing ye, sing ye to the Lord." Every fibre of my being tingles with joy and gratulation. But now comes one of the most difficult phases of the great rebellion to manage; to remember moderation after victory. I hope ere long we will be a harmonious and united people, but none the less harmonious in demanding that stern, signal and inexorable justice shall be enforced against the leaders of the rebellion. A half dozen, or perhaps a dozen of them, as a boon to humanity, ought to be executed; the rest may safely, very safely be consigned to the undying scorn and hatred of an insulted and outraged people. "Prone on the earth shall they crawl, and dust shall they eat all the days of their lives." But I have said enough on political topics.

I sent to the Ashland Bank this morning one hundred and sixty dollars, with instructions to forward to the Covington branch of the Northern Bank of Kentucky, and deposit to your credit. I suppose the funds will be in bank before this reaches you.

If Kate can meet with proper company, I will be pleased to have her visit her uncle's family at Maysville; yet it would be to me a cause of regret to have her do so, and return home with any sympathy with rebellion, of which she would hear much in praise. In 1856 her uncle stumped this district in favor of "Buck and Breck," and made a speech in the room where I now write; and I frequently hear him named by citizens here.

It is still a matter of doubt whether we will be ordered further south from this place. The only feasible roads of the country run along the margins of the streams, and the recent floods have utterly ruined them. Unless they are



reconstructed and piked at that, an army wagon train could not make three miles a day on them.

Don't you be uneasy about my tramping round in the mud; my boots are thoroughly waterproof, and I have not for years passed a winter so free from cough. The only trouble I have had that way I contracted at Camp King.

The papers tell me of the destination of the 23d regiment. I am sorry not to be with them, as we will be kept inactive here, and soldiers prefer anything to lying in muddy camps with only picket duty to do.

Love to all, with kisses to the children.

Yours truly,

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PIKETON, KENTUCKY, *March 6, 1862.*

*Dear Daughter,*—I said to you in my last, that I would not write to you again until I had received the "diary," but my promises, like pie crust, are made to be broken. Your mother had the last, but remember, I will expect the daily record of events at home sent to me at least once a week. The most trivial affairs connected with the family will be of interest to me.

In the absence of any stirring events here, I have concluded to give you a detail of my daily life, and one day is the reflex of all. My first duty of the day is to attend what in military parlance is known as "surgeon's call." This is generally gone through with before seven o'clock, and a report of sick in hospital made out and sent to the adjutant and commissary of the regiment, until this is attended to we can't draw rations for the day. Then breakfast. From eight to nine I remain in my office to receive and prescribe for the sick in tents, who are not able for duty, and yet not so ill as to be sent into hospital. I have usually from ten to forty men to examine. It is a nice



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thing to do justice to all and compel skulkers to do their duty, but after the first month these are spotted and pretty well understood. After the prescriptions for the sick in hospital have been filled, I visit camp, and see that the sanitary condition is all right, which occupies me till noon. The afternoons I devote to miscellaneous readings and such official duty as may present. Sometimes I have been called at night to the camp, which is a fourth of a mile off. It is on a hill-side with a slough between us, and I have about reached the conclusion that it is better to go by water than by mud, and so I often take the wettest instead of the driest route. My letters I generally write at night, whilst the members of my mess are snoring it away around me.

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It has rained or snowed every day but four or five since we sat down here. The river is as sensitive as a barometer, fluctuates as rapidly, and to as great an extent. Take as an instance our recent great rise. On Saturday at sundown no fears were entertained as to the safety of the public property on the bank; at eight a large detail of men was ordered to remove everything to higher ground; at three A. M. the entire town plat was covered with water from one to three feet deep; and in spite of all efforts a large amount of supplies was swept off. The plumb rise in twelve hours was fifty-five feet. That rise was on the 23d of February. On the 3d of March boats were arrested four miles below town by low water.

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I rode to the top of one of the highest hills back of town this evening, that I might enjoy a winter scene, such as I have not often looked on, and may never see again in such perfection. The snow of the morning was wet, and lodged everywhere it touched, and it powdered the heads and limbs of all the trees of the forest and bowed them into the line of beauty. I regret that I have not the painter's eye and hand to make you a sketch of it as it was.

For a week I have felt like shouting all the time, "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth and good will to man." I fancy some of your good neighbors will not join with me just now; mighty apostles of peace they were in other days, nor did I join with them then. Verily they shall have their reward after a time. But I won't indulge longer in this strain, or I will betray myself into something imprudent. Love to all.

Yours truly,

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PIKETON, KENTUCKY, *March 9, 1862.*

J. W. CALVERT, ESQ., *Burlington, Ky.*

*Dear Sir,*—Yours of the 18 February reached me at noon to-day and I devote an hour to you in response. It had escaped my memory, that I had promised to write to you and I am much obliged to you for reminding me of it, as I wish to comply with all my promises.

You ask for the numbers engaged on both sides in Garfield's and Marshall's battle on Middle Creek, and for the losses in both armies. I have no data for saying what numbers Marshall had under command, except their own admissions, and I must say the same for the rebel killed. I can, however, say that our forces buried twenty-seven men left on the field by the enemy, and I further know that their friends here state their loss in killed and fatally wounded, at eighty and ninety. We lost one man killed on the field and had fourteen wounded, of whom four have since died, and quite a number have been ever since on sick list, in consequence of the exposure and hardships incident to the forced march for three days, by which Garfield flanked Marshall.

Garfield had in the field between eleven and twelve hun-

dred men, though but five-hundred and twenty were brought into action. This number I state from his declaration made to me.

Marshall was posted on a commanding hill, strongly entrenched, and his friends here say he had fifteen hundred men, and why he should have given up such a position without a more determined struggle is beyond the comprehension of ordinary mortals. I know he said: "The Yankee Garfield has out-manuevered me and I must fall back." I presume he thought his communications were in danger, but after the fight, and when the strength of his position was known, it was apparent to all that he could, by a determined resistance, have inflicted on Garfield a disastrous defeat.

The consequences of Marshall's rout are much more important than the world is generally aware of, as his branch of the rebel army is thoroughly disorganized. We constantly hear of desertions from him of men who were engaged in the fight, and more than fifty of his soldiers have voluntarily surrendered to Gen. Garfield, and have taken the oath of allegiance, and I believe they will abide by their action, as they have seen, not only the folly but the baseness of the attempt to overthrow the government, and also its utter futility.

I passed through a portion of Marshall's entrenchments, but not the fort where the battle was fought. His artillery was badly handled, as his missiles went through the tops of the trees, doing but little damage, and therein consisted the great disparity of the slain. He relied on his cannon; our men on their Minie rifles, which in a wooded mountain region will always be found the most efficient weapon.

What will secessiondom in Boone do or say at the vote of her senator in expelling James L. Johnstone for giving aid and comfort to a project which both he and they hope to see an accomplished fact?



And what now of my other quondam friend ——? Does he still think the government “not worth a Tinker’s damn?” I trow not, and we have the extreme felicity to think alike once again. I could pity him if I had pity to spare for any man insane enough to desire the overthrow of our heritage of freedom by the establishment of a despotism as cruel, relentless and unprincipled as hell could hope for human institutions to be made.

I see —— aspires to hold—virtually to hold—both clerkships in the county. The people have the right to elect whomsoever they will, but I fancy if all the bills before the legislature shall pass into laws, guarding the induction of rebels into office, he will have some hard swearing to do before he gets in, and I fancy also, that he holds an oath to be just as binding in conscience and morals and law as his honor —— who on a memorable occasion in your court house said he would take one or not as it suited his convenience, and regard it or not just as it suited his interests to do so. But a truce to all this political or personal talk, whichsoever you may consider it to be.

My hospital is in the court house, and my office room is an exact model of the lodge room in Burlington, and, here as there, it is devoted to lodge meetings. The Master here is a dis-unionist, but he is the only mason here who is so. I attended, last week, a masonic interment—four miles below town—of a former member of this lodge. He died at Catlettsburg, to which place he had been compelled to flee to save his life, in September last, only because of his Union principles. He requested masonic interment, and his father had kept the body two weeks in the house, declaring it should remain there as long as he lived, unless buried by the fraternity, and so the brethren of the Ohio and Kentucky regiments, to the number of fifty, with the few masons here, went down and paid him the last honors due to a brother. His father is wealthy for this region,

and lives in the only brick house I have seen in the county except the court house.

After attending the interment I was requested to return to the house to see a sick soldier of one of the Ohio regiments, who had been cared for by the family for some weeks, and after my examination and such suggestions as I thought proper to make, and when preparing to leave, the old lady followed me to the porch and said the young man wanted tea, coffee and sugar, but that for months the family had not a particle of either. You may be sure she got a bountiful supply, before the sun went down, of everything in our commissary stores suitable for him.

I predict that Gen. Garfield's brigade will be sent down Sandy and the Ohio rivers, and up the Tennessee, before long, to the State of Tennessee. The politicians of Ohio are determined to make capital out of him; he will, therefore, be sent to a new theater of operations. And we can, by the round-about way named, reach Knoxville sooner and at less expense than by the direct road. I hope the change will be made.

A most atrocious crime was perpetrated last night eight miles above town by a band of marauders from Virginia. They shot (supposed fatally) one man, hanged another, and carried off a third prisoner, without any known cause but their faithfulness to the Union, or rather on the charge that they had given information to the military authorities here.

Remember me kindly to enquiring friends.

Very respectfully yours,

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CAMP BROWNLOW, PIKETON, KENTUCKY, }  
March 9, 1862. }

*Dear J.*,—Your letter of the 20th February reached me at noon to-day, and I thank you, doubly thank you for your kindly remembrance of me. You do me no more than justice when in your "mind's eye" you see me exulting over the present prospect of a solid, substantial reunion of our distracted country; for union victories are the only warranty for such a result. I have never thought myself very enthusiastic or demonstrative, but on receiving the recent glorious news, I gave such a loose rein to the expression of my feelings as to make officers of the Ohio regiments open their eyes with surprise and astonishment. Our division of the army is here condemned to inactivity; we can't go a mile beyond this point, as we have reached the tip-top of navigation, and the roads—I should rather say there are no roads here—are utterly impassable for an army. The rumors in camp to-day are that this brigade will within two weeks' time drop down the river, and then be sent to Tennessee by the Ohio and Cumberland rivers. I believe that is to be our ultimate destination, and if so, the journey can be much more expeditiously and cheaply performed by water than by land, and without the terrible strain on human life that must result from a march across the mountains. If we are doomed to the land route it cannot be attempted before June, because up to that time the roads cannot possibly be rendered passable, and even then the army would have to precede the provision train, and lay out and make new roads.

What kind of weather have you had at Burlington? Here it has rained or snowed or blown almost without intermission since our arrival. Without ocular proofs you can have no conception of the muddy, filthy condition of our streets and roads. Just think it ten times worse than anything you have witnessed in Burlington, and then the



half of it is not told. But for my impervious boots I would have been under the mud before now; as it is, however, I have done, I think, as much work as any man in the regiment, and stand up under it as well as the youngest and most robust of them all.

There is much sickness in the regiment, chiefly a low typhoid form of fever, and when it attacks a man it holds on for weeks. I have now in hospital, men who entered it the night we reached here; they are feeble, attenuated and worn down to the bone, but will recover. I've had two to die in hospital and one from an accidental gun-shot wound. The large artery and vein of the thigh, both being obliterated, he died before we could even get ready for amputation.

The anxious enquiries of aunt Lydia reproach me for neglect in not having mentioned her in all my letters. I hope she will pardon me as I am "troubled with many things." I hope she is getting along very well.

I think we have a kind, upright, conscientious, good man, as Chaplain; he is devoted to the interests of the soldiers, and is withal a most pleasant, social, companionable man. In some things our tastes agree very nicely. I take an egg-nog of mornings, just as a matter of duty, not that I am particularly fond of it; he joins in it, and seems grateful for all the blessings of Providence. Together we read Shakespeare and Tristram Shandy "o' nights," and thus relieve the *tedium* of camp life. By and by, when I get home, I will have him visit Burlington, and then, I trust, you may find my estimate of him is none too high. I have just read over to Sumner what I said of him, and he protests against your forming unjust opinions of him from what I may write, so I give you the benefit of his protest.

I think you need not, as I think you do not, grieve over the flight of time; if you are growing older you do it so

gracefully that none of your friends perceive a change for the worse.

With the exception of a slight cough I am in good health, and as it cannot continue to rain always, I am anticipating much pleasure in viewing the magnificent scenery all round me, when nature puts on her mantle of green. Mine eyes are looking bedward. Love to all.

Yours truly,

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PIKETON, KENTUCKY, *March* 13, 1862.

*Dear Wife*,—I was yesterday afternoon, in company with Chaplain Sumner and Adjutant Brown, on my way out of camp, to pay my especial respects to the king of the mountains hereabouts, when I was put under arrest and held in “durance vile,” for two mortal hours. So you may see that Surgeons have no more immunity from these little annoying episodes of military life than other men.

The Senior Surgeon of the brigade was on the day previous arrested on charges preferred by his Colonel commandant, and he is now held subject to trial by court martial, and suspended from the discharge of all his duties, at a time when his services are much needed. You will naturally enough ask, what offence I have committed against military law? I am not conscious of any violation of law since my connection with the army. My arrest was a civil one, and yet I think I have not violated any of the civil laws of the land. The arrest was made at the suit of a woman. Now be tender of my reputation, and don't blazon these things abroad. I hope, too, you won't feel any great degree of jealousy, as I am ready to declare myself blameless in my association with all the sex, in this and every other region. We must submit, however, to facts

as they exist. I was held in confinement only two hours, but long enough to prevent my ascent of the highest peak in the county, in company with a couple of very pleasant gentlemen.

The three last past days have been brilliant, glorious days of sunshine, and everybody in camp has enjoyed them with a zest. The mud has almost disappeared, and a man may now venture to black his boots, with the assurance that at night he will be able to tell what they were made of, and for what purpose.

In some of my recent letters I expressed the opinion that we would drop down the rivers to Tennessee. I have now to change that opinion. The indications at present point to Pound Gap, in West Virginia, which is some thirty-five miles ahead of us. I presume the object will not be accomplished without burning some "villainous saltpetre." When we go, and wherever we may go, I hope it will be to an assured success.\*

The health of the troops here is still impaired, as there are not less than seventy men of each regiment on sick list, and there are in Ashland four hundred and fifty sick. If we add to the sick in camp and hospital, those at home on sick leave, I think none of the regiments here can muster more than half their maximum strength.

Now here have I been rattling away on indifferent subjects, and holding you in suspense as to the cause of my arrest, but the truth will have to come out in the future, and will grow greater if not "wusser" by delay, so I will make a clean breast of it, and be done with the subject forever; expressing the hope, however, that you will pardon anything wrong in the matter, that is when I acknowledge the wrong. I said I was arrested at the suit of a woman.

*"Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus."*

Which, being freely rendered into the vernacular, meaneth



that I was arrested in my jaunt to the mountains, to preside at the introduction of a little feminine secessionist into this troublesome world of ours. Capt. I—— N——, a hard nut, said I ought to have strangled the damned thing in its birth, but I was not disposed to visit the sins of the father on the helpless innocent.

Love to all, with many kisses to the children.

Yours truly,

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\*The expedition to Pound Gap was carried out, and was a decided success. Col. Garfield broke up a nest of pestilent bushwhackers and mountain rangers, capturing quite a number of prisoners without loss to his own troops. But government was not prepared to hold the position, and it was until near the close of the war made a point from whence predatory bands sallied out and harried the mountain section. Immediately on the return from this expedition, Col. Garfield, with most of the troops under his command, was ordered to Louisville, Ky.

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY, *March 28, 1862.*

*Dear Wife,*—I have mailed you two letters from this place since our arrival. I am now regularly established in tent as a soldier, and am getting on very well and comfortably. But I think we will not be here very long, as Col. Monroe said to me this evening that I must hold myself in readiness to move at any moment.

We are encamped in an elevated, beautiful grove, overlooking the city, and half a mile east of it, and about the same distance south from the Kentucky State Institution for the Blind. The school is under the superintendence of Mr. Paten, who, you may remember, visited Burlington a few years since, with some of his blind boys and girls. I suppose that you cannot have forgotten that we entertained for the night the girls he had with him. He came into camp yesterday afternoon with fifteen or twenty of his

blind pupils, among them two of the children we entertained, now grown young women.

I renewed my acquaintance with him, when he manifested much pleasure in meeting me, and gave me a pressing invitation to visit the school to-day, which I did in company with Captain Worthington. The school is a credit to the state, and one of which every citizen may justly feel proud. Whilst at the institution Mr. Paten proposed a ride in his carriage to the city water works and the reservoir. I had beside me a little witch of a girl all the way from the far off down east city of Portland, Maine, and I played the gallant after my blandest fashion, and did my best to make her believe me a widower, but the cunning little minx heard Paten the day before ask about you, and thus my fun was knocked into fits; but I took security for the future by engaging her to wait for Willie; so you may tell him he is promised, not only once but twice. I send inclosed a letter written by a little blind girl, of eleven, and addressed to him, on the strength of which I promised him to her also, so you see he is likely to have his hands or arms full. I sealed the contract with a kiss, and that I am sure ought to make it indissoluble. Now don't turn up your nose in anger and claim all my kisses as your own; you have indulged me so long in kissing the pretty clean-faced children that I begin to feel myself a privileged character in the way of kisses.

I have met here with Aunt Betsy Stevenson and her son David and his wife, and I spent an evening with them. I have also met Rev. J. H. Linn, and was invited to his house to tea this evening, but it was inspection day, and I could not attend. I regret to say that his sympathies are all with the rebellion.

I said in a former letter that if Dr. Manfred reached here in time, I would ask a furlough for a few days, but as yet he has not appeared. Where he is or what detains him I know

not. Whilst I was with the regiment he was assisting in the hospital at Ashland, but he left there before the regiment passed that point on its way down the river, and he is now, I suppose, in Covington. I think I will hardly be spared at present, and now regret I did not have you and Kate visit me here, but it is now too late.

Take it all in all, my meeting with relatives and old friends, my visit to the school, the water works, and to Cave Hill Cemetery, together with a glowing, brilliant sun have made this the most pleasant day I have passed since I left home. But everything pleasant has its end, and my day of brilliance and beauty has ended in a night of gloom and storm and the blackest darkness, which is relieved only by the "speedy gleams" which the "darkness swallows," and which for the instant illumines every nook and cranny of my tent.

I have not had a letter from home for a full month. On this line the mail facilities will be much better, and more expeditious, so, I hope you will avail yourself of these circumstances to write oftener than you have heretofore.

If we are ordered off to-morrow I will drop you a note to say where. Much love to all, with many kisses to the children.

Yours truly,  
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LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY, *April 2, 1862.*

*Dear Wife,*—I reached camp at six o'clock Tuesday morning, and found all quiet. There seems some hitch about orders to-day, as I understand there is doubt when and where we are to go. Yesterday we thought it Cumberland Gap, and all were pleased.

On my return I found Dr. Manfred in Camp; if I had only known as much when in Burlington I would certainly have remained the day out. To run home over a hundred miles to remain only five hours is too bad; but, after all,



as I would have had the pain of parting to undergo, it is best as it is.

The paymaster came along yesterday, and paid officers for another month, and I sent to the Covington branch of the Northern Bank of Kentucky one hundred and ten dollars, subject to your order. Let me advise you to use your means as economically as possible, because if the war lasts long we will witness much destitution and misery all over the land.

I will write again and let you know our destination when the authorities settle the matter, and until then my speculations would all be vain. We have news to-day that Garfield is made a Brigadier-General, and ordered elsewhere—to Nashville. What it means the future must reveal.

Love to all, with kisses to the children.

Yours truly,

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LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY, *April 7, 1862.*

*Dear Wife,*—I owe you an apology for waiting so long to write to you. For two days before leaving Louisville I was too busy to do so, and the same reason has prevented my writing since we reached this city. We came by rail on Saturday, and did not get in until after dark—the men lying for the night in the railroad depot. I, however, sought accommodations at the Broadway Hotel. At Frankfort one of our men, Patrick Burns, fell under the cars just as the train entered the tunnel, and was crushed to death.

Yesterday, Sunday, I took my horse and rode to Georgetown to see mother, relatives, and friends. Outside of kith and kin I was coldly received, the national blue being there rather unpopular.

It has been raining all day, and our camp is just as uncomfortable here as up Big Sandy, and the rain is still

pouring down (nine P. M.), with every prospect for a stormy night all through. I think the weather will prevent a march for some days to come. As yet I have met but few of my old acquaintances here, and the present condition of the heavens and the streets will prevent my making calls.

In company with one of the best officers of the regiment, I to-day—raining as it was—visited the cemetery grounds and the monument of Mr. Clay. The former are well kept and beautiful every way, and the latter is a fitting tribute—magnificent and grand—to the great man whose memory it was erected to perpetuate.

I have no time just now to write more, as I want yet before I lie down to give some of your good neighbors a blow. You will find it in the *Gazette*. Let me hear from you at this place, and if we have marched it will follow us.

Love to all, with kisses to the children.

Yours truly,

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LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY, *April 9, 1862.*

*Dear Wife,*—I have been patiently hoping to hear from you, but as yet, since leaving home, I have been kept in profound ignorance of events transpiring in Burlington. I take it as granted you have written, but the mails everywhere seem to be disorganized. I hope you receive my letters more speedily than I do yours.

The hospitals here are full with the sick. How men who tramp round all day in mud and water ankle deep, and then lie down at night to sleep in blankets saturated with water, can preserve health is a mystery to me. No men of mortal mould and made of flesh and blood can long withstand such exposures without disease and death following.

I am comfortably housed, and am doing as well as at any previous time. I had my tent erected, but having the op-

portunity to occupy a house within our lines, I decided to do so when the rain set in.

We have just received the telegraphic news of the victory at Pittsburg Landing. It seems to me the rebellion is waning, and I assure you no man in the army will rejoice more sincerely than I at its speedy close and the privilege to return to domestic life.

Let me hear regularly from your father. This has been for him a terrible day if it was as rainy, snowy, and "blowy" as with us here. I had hoped to meet with Mr. Parrish, but suppose the same reasons that confine me to camp keep him at home. Love to all.

Yours truly,

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LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY, *April* 10, 1862.

*Dear Daughter,*—Your letter of the 14th March has finally overtaken me at this place this evening. I have but little time to respond, indeed I have no time to do more than acknowledge its reception and thank you for it, which I do doubly, as it is a most creditable production, replete with just sentiments felicitously expressed. You have a faculty for epistolary composition which I trust you will cultivate and polish to the utmost of your power.

I visited a lady this evening with whom I boarded when I attended the medical college at this place years since. She is now a widow, and the owner of property in the city. Her chief means of support are drawn from her rents, and these, she told me, had fallen in value more than one-half since the breaking out of the war, and the value of her city property has depreciated in a corresponding ratio, yet she is the most furious dis-unionist I have ever met with. There is no accounting for the folly and madness of the human biped; so I will not attempt it in this instance.



She treated me with great kindness and courtesy, notwithstanding we differ in all things wide as the poles.\*

I have not heard from home since leaving there. I hope you write, and I give you credit for doing so. Love to all.

Yours truly,

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\*As I rose to take leave she addressed me in her olden-time, familiar style of my younger years: "Ben, I have one request to make." "It shall be granted, Madam," said I, "before expressed, if possible." "Well, for my sake and for the Lord's sake never wear the light blue cavalry man's breeches." I promised; but, amused at so singular a request, I begged for a reason. She waved the point, and attended me to the door, where I renewed my demand for the reason. "Well, well," she said; "when well worn in the seat they are suggestive." We parted then, and before I was again in Lexington she had taken her chamber in "the silent halls of death."

JACKSON COUNTY, KENTUCKY, *April 16, 1862.*

*Dear Wife,*—Since I left home I have not permitted so long an interval of time as this last one to elapse without writing to you. My apology is that we have been constantly on the move. Another reason is, I have been anxiously waiting to hear from you. Practically, you seem to me to be as far off as the city of London.

We left Lexington last Friday, and have just reached the border of Jackson County, and we are now entering the mountain region of the State. The more I see of it the better I like it, and if the war were ended, I would ask no better fate than to live and die and be buried on some of the mountain peaks in view.

When up the Sandy I saw scenery that was grand and imposing, but on the Kentucky River I have found landscape after landscape of surpassing beauty and magnificence.

I footed it for five miles this morning, and am now taking advantage of an hour gained on the regiment in pen-

ciling this. I am sitting on the huge stump of a forest poplar, once a giant of the woods, but now, alas! all that remains of it is but the decaying, rotting evidence of its former greatness.

A citizen, a dweller of the mountains, on a lean, lank mountain horse, wending his way down into Blue-grass, stopped and talked with me. From him I first heard of the arrest of James B. Clay, who was stealthily making his way down into Dixie. He was halted by a lad of sixteen, and at the muzzle of a rifle he was compelled to surrender. Think of it: the son of a father whose whole political life had been a prolonged warfare and protest against secession making his way through the mountains to get where he might fight for secession.

The lines of Scott recurred to my memory :

“Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,  
 Who never to himself hath said,  
 This is my own, my native land!  
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,  
 As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,  
 From wandering on a foreign strand!  
 If such there breathe, go, mark him well;  
 For him no minstrel raptures swell;  
 High though his titles, proud his name,  
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;  
 Despite those titles, power, and pelf,  
 The wretch, concentered all in self,  
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown,  
 And, doubly dying, shall go down  
 To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,  
 Unwept, unhonor'd, and unsung.”\*

. . . . The advance is now up, and I pause for the present. . . . Two P. M.—After waiting an hour, I concluded to take the back track, and witness the advance of the wagon train up “Big Hill.” I omitted before to say we reached the foot of Big Hill this morning,

which introduces us into the mountain region. You may form some idea of the difficulty of transportation when I tell you that our wagon train has been four mortal hours in accomplishing one and a half miles, and now, at the end of that time, only four out of twenty-seven wagons are up.

At noon yesterday we halted on a nice green plat by the roadside to take our noon-day lunch. A beautiful purling brook flowed through the plain, and on a slight elevation opposite stood a number of sightly young ladies. I could not resist the temptation to draw on them my field glass, which they observed; and so after looking to my satisfaction, I thought it but an act of gallantry to cross over and give them their revenge by letting them take a peep at the regiment. Three of them had attended Sumner's school, and he was soon beside them; and in a little time he and I were whisked off a quarter of a mile to partake of the nicest dinner I have sat down to since enjoying one of your mother's best. I found a pleasant family, owning one of the prettiest farms in Madison County. There was but one thing connected with the visit to mar my pleasure—Sumner got all the kisses. He seems very popular with the girls, who have gone to school to him. You know me for a remarkably modest man, so I could not offer to follow suit after my brief acquaintance. I hope you sympathize with me in so grievous a disappointment. By and by, I will take indemnity for the past, and security for the future, too, in kissing somebody he does not know.

Our route will take us through London, in Laurel County, and Barboursville, in Knox. At the rate we are now progressing, it will require ten days to reach the latter town. I expect to meet Edward Parrish, whose regiment is in the neighborhood of Cumberland Gap; and I may perchance meet Joel Ridgell, who is major in the 7th Kentucky Infantry. . . . .



*Thursday Morning, 17th.*

We pitched tents at seven o'clock yesterday evening after eleven hours of the severest toil I have ever seen horse and mule-flesh undergo. The teams were doubled, ten and twelve mules to one wagon, and yet only fourteen have reached the top of the hill. We lay by to-day for the balance of the wagons to be brought up, and to re-shoe the mules, many of them having cast shoes during the severe labor of yesterday.

The rumor of the day is that the rebels have abandoned the Gap. With the railroads of Tennessee in our possession, it seems to me the best thing they can do, as, by remaining, they are liable to attack from all sides.

\* \* \* Love to all, with many kisses to the children.

Yours truly,

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\*In 1858 James B. Clay defeated Roger Hanson in the old Ashland district for Congress. In 1859 the Whig State Convention assembled at Louisville. Clay, though not a delegate, attended, and, as a member of Congress, he was invited to a seat on the platform beside the President of the convention. Dr. Churchill J. Blackburn, a delegate from Kenton County, and a life-long friend and adherent of Henry Clay, in some remarks addressed to the convention referred to the opinions of Mr. Clay. James B. sprang to his feet to inquire if it were his opinions referred to. Dr. Blackburn raised himself to his utmost height and exclaimed: "My God! Mr. President, I have never known but one Mr. Clay in all my life." The prompt repartee brought the house down like a thousand of brick.

Had Clay resisted arrest, and been killed, his friends might have regarded him as a martyr to his opinions. He did not believe in the right of secession; but when discharged from arrest, he made his way to the South to fight for it. He haggled and contended for positions which the rebel authorities were unwilling to grant him. Disgusted with rebeldom, he fled to Nassau, and thence to Canada, to die among strangers, an exile from his home.

ROCK HOUSE, LAUREL COUNTY, KY., }  
 April 20, 1862. }

*Dear Daughter,*—I wrote to your mother three days since, and now devote the hour to you.

We have been for a week dragging our slow length along through days of rain and roads of deep, almost fathomless mud. With the greatest difficulty and toil, we can barely make from five to seven miles per day.

On this Sabbath evening I am sitting in "mine inn enjoying mine ease" beside the glowing light of a pine knot flame, surrounded by a jolly squad of songsters, who are pouring out their voices in melody to the "Red, White and Blue." You would be interested to witness the scene, and observe the style of architecture of our house for the night. It is a building of great antiquity; all its apartments having been planned and scooped out by old Father Time, whose works will stand when those of man shall have perished. I wish I could give you a sufficient description of our shelter for the night, but my powers are inadequate for the task. Let it suffice to say that after a

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Roger Hanson was a man of much more force of character and ability than Clay, and he was, withal, a magnificent fighter.

"Wi' tippenny he feared nae evil;  
 Wi' usquabae he'd face the devil!"

He was a soldier of fortune, and without convictions. When informed by the State Military Commission that his application for a Colonel's Commission in a Kentucky regiment was favorably acted upon, he sent word to the board—after putting fifty miles of space between them—that the notification reached him twelve hours too late: he was then on his way to Dixie.

I was told a good thing of Roger by a man who was once on his staff. Walking out one day on his parade ground he heard a company officer calling on his men to fall in; his order was, "fall in, gentlemen; fall in, gentlemen." "Stop that," said Roger; "there are no gentlemen in the army. There is nothing here but officers and soldiers." He was killed at the battle of Stone River.

day of incessant rain, we crossed Rockcastle River just in time to flee to the crevices and fastnesses of the cliffs and hills for protection against the driving rain, which came down with increasing fury. I must say I have not witnessed so merry a time since entering the service as we have had this evening. Every man in the regiment was soaked to the skin, but, by building roaring log fires, all have become dry, and now we are merry as crickets. My squad has in it some twenty men, and we are as securely sheltered against the driving rain of the night as you in your house, except that one side of ours is open to the wind. Our fires are built on the outside, or rather on the outer edge of our chambers, but not so far out as to be in danger of being extinguished by the rain, and instead of twenty we could securely shelter a hundred men. You may wonder why we sought such shelter, having tents. The ground selected for our camp is a narrow plain or bottom at the foot of a steep hill side, and just after pitching our tents the entire surface was flooded, ankle deep, and we were but too glad to secure our present protection.

In my last letter to your mother I mentioned the scenery along the Kentucky River. I was more than pleased, was enchanted with it, and, indeed, with all of Madison County, though it can't properly be considered as mountainous. Jackson, Rockcastle, and Laurel, however, are mountain counties, and present a continuous, almost unvarying prospect of winding road amid hills piled on the top of hills, clothed to their summits with evergreen, pine, hemlock, and cedar. Among the prettiest sights that I have seen is an old field thrown out as too poor for cultivation, and since grown up in young pines. Ten years will produce a growth which in Boone would add incalculable value to her farms, not alone for the beauty, but also for the increased fertility they would impart to the soil.

When I was up Sandy you heard enough of the rain



and the mud, but as we were then lying still we had but a slight conception of the difficulty of transporting supplies for an army over land. The route we are now passing over has been used throughout the entire past winter for conveying subsistence for the troops in the neighborhood of Cumberland Gap and Somerset. I suppose Government has on the road at least a thousand wagons, and they have been coming and going without intermission. Not a day has passed since we left Lexington without our meeting at least fifty wagons. This will give you some idea of our troubles. It is an every-day occurrence to have wagons overturned in mud almost deep enough to bury them out of sight; that fate befell the hospital wagon twice yesterday, and at each time requiring the removal and repacking of all our medical supplies. This, however, will give you but a faint view of our difficulties. To have a train of fifty wagons arrested for hours by one stuck in the mud is enough to try the patience of any man, but then to witness the brutality of teamsters and listen to their profanity is too much for humanity to bear.

Sumner says after the war we must erect a monument to the patient, long-suffering mule, and, if done, I propose that we collect their scattered bones along this route to build it with.

Our fires had burned dim when Worthington, Sumner, and myself, armed with torches, clambered up the cliff to the summit in search of pine knots. They are one of the great products of this region of country, and almost an indispensable article of domestic economy, being the chief fuel and the only light used in the family circle. And having returned from the cliff with an abundant supply of fuel for the night, and rebuilt our fires, we purpose now—each having selected a soft sand-stone for a pillow—to retire for the night, all the rest of our squad having done so half an hour since, though I can't say, to silence and sleep. Good night and pleasant dreams to you.

21st, Morning.

We have had a pleasant night of it, marred only by but a single little incident. Hereabouts the natives have a beverage which they call "mountain dew," which stimulates some, if indulged in freely, and some of my squad innocently happened to imbibe a little bit too much of Dame Nature's brewage, and, under its mellowing influence, became somewhat boisterous and a little belligerent.

The roll is beating for the march to commence, and I stop. Still I hear nothing from home.

Love to all.

Yours truly,

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CAMP MCNEAL, LAUREL COUNTY, KENTUCKY, }  
 April 23, 1862. }

*Dear Wife*,—We are now camped on ground occupied for three weeks last October by General Zollicoffer, and we are in six miles of "Camp Wild Cat," the scene of his first defeat in the State.

We hear the same tales of outrage and wrong perpetrated by rebels that we heard up Big Sandy. I dined day before yesterday with a family that keeps a road-side inn, and there learned, from the wife and mother, the details of the arrest and holding as prisoners of war Mr. Nelson—who owns the inn—and his son, a young man of twenty. The son was a member of the home-guard, but had never been in battle; the father had remained quietly at home, but he did not hesitate to express his hatred for the rebellion. Zollicoffer's cavalry consumed all his last year's crop of corn, oats, and hay, took every horse on his farm, all the saddles, bridles, and guns, they could find, and when Mr. Nelson expostulated with manly firmness against such treatment, he and his son were arrested and sent to starve in the prison pens of the South. On the 27th day of October last, Gen. Zollicoffer sent from this neighborhood

twenty-seven men—citizens, not soldiers—as prisoners of war; among them one man, Hugh Jackson, seventy years old. When last heard from—in March—twelve of the number had already died. It is such deeds as these that exasperate the mountain men against the leaders of the rebellion.\*

Laurel County, on its borders, is made up of cliffs and high hills, but as we get off from the river it becomes level, and may be said to be an elevated plain instead of being mountainous. It will, under proper cultivation, be a fine grazing region, and also be well adapted to the growth of the cereals and fruits. I am glad to find a country so much superior to anything I had expected. The more I see of my native State the more I love it, and the prouder I am of the position it has taken.†

I hoped to find letters for the regiment at London, but the mail had passed through to Cumberland Ford, which point we will not reach for ten days at our present rate of progression. My last letter from home is Kate's of 14th of March.

I am thoroughly well, and have nothing to complain of, as my absence from home was and is voluntary.

Love to all, with kisses for the children.

Yours truly,

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\* Mr. Nelson and his son both died in rebel prisons, and the wife and mother soon followed them, and the farm passed to strangers. Hugh Jackson, after twelve months' imprisonment, returned home to die soon after.

† At this period the writer thought a large majority of the people of the State were in favor of preserving the integrity of the nation. Subsequent developments forced him to the conclusion that they cared more for the preservation of slavery than of the government. The saddest sight I ever saw was at this point:



FLAT LICK, KNOX COUNTY, KENTUCKY, }  
 April 30, 1862. }

*Dear Wife*,—We reached here this morning, and I found six letters waiting for me. Two of them I suppose had gone on to Picketon, and followed me all round from that point. Yours of the 22d inst. is the latest in date. I wrote to you two days since at Barboursville, where I was detained in attendance on our sick. This camp is ten miles south of Barboursville, six miles north of the ford, and twenty from the Gap. There will, I suppose, be a severe conflict of arms at the Gap, or an evacuation, as General Morgan, our new commander, has the means, when every thing is in readiness, to make a strong demonstration. The position is naturally very strong and engineering art has made it more so.

The country we are passing through is still to me enchanting, and if I get safely out of the war I hope to return to it again and have you with me. I thank you for the bouquet; I will preserve it as long as possible as a memento of Burlington. I have still a warm place in my

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Our camp was called from a hostelry near which we pitched our tents.

Walking in the direction of the house I found a man lying in a corner of the fence dying from exposure and famine.

He was a loyal East Tennessee man, and was fleeing from rebel conscription, and had been in hiding in the mountains for six weeks houseless, homeless, starving. He reached this point just as the regiment did. He was making his way to Camp Dick Robinson to join a Tennessee regiment organizing there.

I called a couple of soldiers, procured blankets, and had him as comfortably cared for as possible for the night, supplying the landlady with tea, coffee, and crackers, and I gave him such stimulants as I thought proper. In the morning I found him dead—the most meager, attenuated corpse I ever saw.

Could devotion to country further go?

Col. Lindsey ordered the regimental Quartermaster to bury him.

heart for Boone County, which would be warmer still if she would only set herself right, politically. Here on the borders of Tennessee, in a county of fifteen hundred voters, only forty men could be found reckless enough to desire the overthrow of the government, and since the wanton wrongs of Zollicoffer's rabble, none can be found. Compare this with the loyalty—or rather the lack of loyalty—of Boone, and what a contrast! Here their trade was exclusively with the south, and all their money was drawn from that section; but that was no bribe to corrupt and debase a people who lived under and enjoyed the protection of the most benign of governments. I fear I bore you with my political disquisitions, and will try to quit.

I will rejoice as sincerely as you can at returning peace, as I have no tastes to gratify in an army; and I see, every day, scenes to disgust and make me sick of some of the phases of human characters. War is demoralizing, and but few men can engage in it and return to the walks of civil society with the purity of sentiment and feeling they formerly possessed. I claim no exemption from the frailties of man, but thus far I have tried to demean myself in a proper and decorous manner, and I hope to continue to do so.

I met Edward Parrish yesterday. He is well, and begins to look the man rather than the boy.

Kiss the children for me, and give my regards to enquiring friends.

Yours truly,

BARBOURSVILLE, KENTUCKY, }  
 May 4, 1862. }

*Dear Wife,*—I am here again, looking after some of our sick in hospital. When I last wrote I was complaining some. It was one of my neuralgic attacks of which you

have known me to complain in other days. An anodyne with a day of rest set me all right again.

The regiment is still at Flat Lick, but I think it will leave there for the Ford to-morrow morning; thence to the Gap is fourteen miles. An advance on that position will not be ordered for some time to come. A flanking movement is now in progress, intended, however, more as a feint or *reconnoissance* than gravely to menace the post; but until a safe lodgment is made on the flank, there will be no attack in front. Twenty thousand men could not take the position by direct assault, if gallantly defended; so say those who ought to know.

I have nothing more to say to-day, but God bless you all.

Yours truly,

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FLAT LICK, KNOX COUNTY, KENTUCKY, }  
 May 6, 1862. }

*Dear Wife,*—Dr. Manfred goes to Barbourville this morning, and I write to you a few lines.

We leave this point this morning; for an advance of only two miles, however.

Night before last an alarm was given at 1 A. M. The regiment was speedily under way and marched, through a misting rain, to meet an expected attack of the enemy; but they thought better of it and concluded not to come. It was a cold, drizzling, misty night, dark and black as Erebus. We were kept in line of battle until nine. It was altogether a most uncomfortable movement. I have never felt a colder rain in the month of May. Our clothes were saturated with water, and all were eager for breakfast when marched back to camp.

We are having little affairs with the enemy's pickets daily; as yet the advantage has been all on our side, as



we have captured a number of men and horses without any loss on our part. It continued to rain all of yesterday, but this morning the sun is out most brilliantly, and all nature looks cheerful and happy.

When the long roll called all men to arms, a scene of excitement, such as I had not anticipated, ensued. Men who had been on sick list for a week, and men whom I believed to be shamming, were all eager for a brush, and you may well conceive my surprise, at daylight, at seeing in the ranks many men whom I had regarded as arrant paltrons. The inaction of camp preys on the feelings, hopes, strength, and health of soldiers vastly more than the active duties of military life.

I am improving, though not entirely relieved; clear, warm weather will soon do the work for me. Love to all, with many kisses for the children.

Yours truly,

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CAMP COCHRAN, KNOX COUNTY, KENTUCKY, }  
 May 9, 1862. }

*Dear Wife,*—Your letter of the 3d inst. reached me yesterday evening, and I take the first opportunity to respond. We are now in two and a half miles of the Ford. Government is still concentrating forces at this point preparatory to an attack on the rebel stronghold in this region. You may rest assured when the time comes a sure thing will be made of it; and patient, long-suffering, patriotic East Tennessee will be relieved from a thralldom more galling, despotic, and bloody than any known in modern times. I have talked with many of the sufferers, and all concur in stating the most enormous wrongs and outrages perpetrated on men, women, and helpless children. The rebel authorities tolerate these things, and are re-

sponsible for them; they must therefore be driven out of their stronghold; and out they will be forced, by direct battle, or by flank movements; and that soon.

I am in a country grand and glorious to a lover of rugged nature. It feasts the eye, but it feasts no other sense or appetite. It is literally eaten out. I have witnessed sights I hope not to see again. Our horses and mules have been, for two days at a time, without a grain of corn or oats, or a blade of grass or hay. My sympathies were keenest for Charley; he, too, had to suffer with the others, and his lank sides begin to show it. I hope for the best for him, as grass is beginning to spring up, but there are no enclosures along the road, and if I turn him out there is danger of his wandering off.

I met Joel Ridgell to-day. He is Lieutenant-Colonel of the 7th Kentucky Infantry, which is in this division. He is generally and favorably known throughout all this region. He asked to be remembered to your father's and Mrs. Porter's families; you will please attend to the messages. My health is entirely restored, and I now only want a more active life than that of lying idle in camp. The amount of sickness in the regiment is not great, and does not keep me busy, aided as I am by Dr. Manfred. I find him a most intelligent gentleman. English by birth, with a pretty thorough English and classical education, and withal, he has a fund of anecdote and humor that is quite entertaining. Manfred, Sumner, and myself, are said to make the merriest mess in the regiment. Both of them are fonder of the creature comforts of life than I am, and so do not get on as well on a meager bill of fare as I do. It would amuse you sometimes to see our table arrangements; coffee, corn bread, and fat middling, and for variety, middling, coffee, and army crackers hard enough to knock a mule down with; and our coffee often without sugar.

I have written up my sheet and so must stop. May God bless and preserve you. Kiss the children for me.

Yours truly,

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CAMP COCHRAN, KNOX COUNTY, KENTUCKY, }  
 May 11, 1862. }

*Dear Wife*,—I received a few days since, a letter from Kate, and answered immediately, addressed to Burlington, though thinking at the time she would be in Maysville on its reception. We are camped still two miles north of the Ford, and we have here, in all, five Tennessee, four Kentucky, three Indiana, and two Ohio regiments of infantry. There is a battalion of Kentucky cavalry, and I believe three full batteries of artillery, armed with Parrot guns, now regarded as the best style of rifled field ordnance.

Our detention here is for the purpose of drill, and to accustom the regiments to combined action. We are in daily expectation of the arrival of some heavy siege guns, now on the road and near us. So soon as they come up, I suppose we will make an advance. I will try to keep you advised of our movements.

On Saturday last I rode up to the Ford and crossed over, and on my return I dismounted among a squad of Wisconsin boys and took a plunge in the Cumberland. Here above the falls (they are fifty miles lower down the river) the stream is small, but the clearest, most pellucid stream of water I have ever seen.

The country is much superior to that about Picketon. The river bottoms are wider, and the hills, though higher, are not so steep and abrupt. I see here none of the pine and cedar; but the hills are clothed to their summits with stately oaks, poplars, walnut, cherry, and beech, the growth that distinguishes the best land of the state.



Our encampment is immediately on the river, with a wide bottom just above us, on which some thousands of men, for six hours a day display their knowledge of tactics.

The floods and armies here, as elsewhere, have inflicted great loss and damage on farms along the river and roads. Entire farms have been stripped of their last rail, and will not be cultivated this year.

We are in profound ignorance of all that is going on in the outside world. We have rumors of the blowing up and then of the sinking of the Merrimac, but no authentic confirmation of the news. The telegraphic wires pass us in going to the Ford, but they are used exclusively by government officials, and they keep their counsels to themselves.

Sitting in my tent and looking up the river, bounded and hemmed in with its magnificent range of hills, I think the view one of the finest for the landscape painter that I have seen. I am not alone in this opinion, as all who have observed it, and have a particle of taste, concur with me. If we had with us a competent artist I would cheerfully have it put on canvass.

I saw in the *Louisville Journal* of the 7th, the rebel account of a little skirmish between our forces and the rebels at the Gap some two weeks since; in which the writer acknowledges the loss of seventeen men killed and thirty *odd* wounded. Our loss he put down at one hundred and fifty killed, and three hundred and fifty wounded. I know nothing more of their loss than the writer states, but ours I do know all about. Two men were wounded on our side, and only two: both of them of the 16th Ohio. One of them was buried yesterday; the other man is now discharging his duty as a soldier. The expedition was a mere *reconnaissance*, and was not intended, or expected, to bring on a general engagement. When the time comes for de-

cisive action I feel very confident of a favorable result, though it may not be accomplished without much blood being spilled.

Love to all, with kind regards to friends, and kisses to the children. Yours truly,

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CAMP COCHRAN, KNOX COUNTY, KENTUCKY, }  
 May 21, 1862. }

*Dear Wife*,—We still occupy the same camping ground, sixteen miles north from the Gap.

The large siege guns passed here yesterday and are now at the Ford. We have now three batteries of field artillery; ten pieces to each battery, and one section of siege guns: in all thirty-two pieces. The rumor in camp to-day is that all the regiments commence the march to-morrow to place the siege guns in position. Our's are Parrot guns, and of much longer range than any the rebels have, unless they have received fresh guns since our last *reconnoissance*.

I received last night a letter from Dr. Wm. L. Graves, of Petersburg. He gives a rather gloomy account of the condition in Boone. I know not what may be the result of the violent and malignant action of the dis-unionists of the State, but I trust government will come down on them with a power and force that will command respect and obedience to law, and quench—if need be, in blood—any attempt to inaugurate anarchy by lawless bands. Here, as I have before said, all men are loyal, and they know not how to account for such a feeling in favor of rebellion as exists in Boone.

Mrs. Ridgell was in camp to-day on a visit to her husband, who is in very bad health. He would tender a resignation at once, if a battle were not impending.

Love to all, with kisses to the children.

Yours truly,

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MOSS HOUSE, KNOX COUNTY, KENTUCKY, }  
May 26, 1862. }

*Dear Wife,*—In my last I told you we would move forward the next day, and for once the camp rumor proved to be true. At twelve and a half o'clock on the appointed day we were under way, crossed the river, and, after marching five or six miles, pitched tents on the hill-sides of a valley leading in the direction of the Gap.

We are now on ground occupied by Gen. Zollicoffer last fall. He had the timber along the roadside cut down for a mile to extend the field of observation, and to afford free range to his cannon shot.

Generals Morgan and Carter, and Col. De Courcay are now out on a *reconnoissance* to determine the mode of attack. Gen. Morgan has under command fourteen regiments but none of them are full. I doubt whether he can muster ten thousand men fit for duty. The position will be assailed in front and flank and the present indications are that our brigade will be sent to the left (rebel) flank. This conclusion I draw, because our men are working the road leading in that direction. By the direct road, we are ten miles from the Gap, but the flanking movement will require a *detour* of thirty miles to the west, and the route will take us by Boston in Whitley county. You will be able to trace our march on the map.

Two miles this side of the Gap is a tavern stand, which in other days was largely patronized. The owner of it had the protection of government all his life, and when rebellion raised its "horrid front," he nailed the "stars and stripes" to the top of his house, and for this, Zollicoffer had him arrested and sent south as a prisoner of war; and this is the protection treason accords to devotion to the government; and now his farm is fenceless; his stock all driven off or killed; and the family have sought elsewhere the protection which was their right here, and the house is now tenantless and in ruins.



In sight of my open tent door four regiments are camped, and all is life and activity. We passed the big guns at the Ford on our way here, and they have just now reached the front, where they were greeted with a hurrah that echoed and re-echoed through the surrounding hills and forests. I suppose our march will be resumed to-morrow morning, but the approach will be slow as we have to construct the road as we go, and it must be a good one, and firm at that, as the siege guns are said to weigh thirty tons each.

Has Kate reached home? If so she must write to me and send on the diary. I have been expecting it for some time. Give me all the local news of the county. To you it may seem trivial, but the most commonplace incidents often help to make up a correct judgment on current events.

I take a plunge daily in the mountain streams. You know I am somewhat aquatic, and have always enjoyed a bath as a great luxury.

Love to all, with many kisses to the children.

Yours truly,

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MOSS HOUSE, KNOX COUNTY, KENTUCKY, }  
 May 28, 1862. }

*Dear Wife,*—Yours of the 19th reached me night before last, and you may rest assured it was gladly received, as I had not heard from home for two weeks.

We are on the ground we occupied when I last wrote to you. Troops and munitions of war are still accumulating at this point, and just so soon as sufficient supplies of subsistence are on hand, I presume we will go forward. Scouting parties are out continually, often going up within a mile of the stronghold, without any demonstration on the part of the rebels. They are believed to be short of ammunition, and therefore not disposed to waste powder and

ball. We have captured a few of their scouts, but as yet have lost none.

Three miles in advance is a picket station, on one of the highest peaks this side of the Gap. With a field-glass, on a clear day, the rebel works can be overlooked, and many officers have gone to the lookout station. I was bitten with the prevailing desire to see what was to be seen, and on Sunday evening last I paid my visit. It was a hot, misty day, and nothing to be seen to compensate for the fatigue and the labor expended in reaching the position. The rebel lines are very formidable, and if not flanked, and the rebels starved out, it will be bloody work to dislodge them. But I think the flanking movement is now on foot to effect the purpose. More than this I can't say at present.

With all my good luck I have one instance of bad to communicate. Charley (my horse, not my servant) sickened two weeks since. At first I thought he was taking distemper, he coughed so much; but in a short time his brain became involved, and for a few days I feared he would go blind. He lost flesh more rapidly than I thought a horse could possibly do so. The result has been that I felt compelled three days since to buy another. We were in hourly expectation of marching orders, and in such an emergency I could not do without a horse. I got a very good mare for one hundred and twenty dollars, and think I have made a good purchase. Charley is improving, but he will not be fit for service for a month to come. His disease, I have no doubt, was occasioned by his exposure, without shelter, following the meager supplies for our stock since we left Lexington. Dry and damaged corn, morning, noon and night, for a month, with nothing else, is as bad for horses and mules as "pea porridge hot, pea porridge cold, and pea porridge nine days old," is for the master biped.





Our camp was roused this morning at three o'clock, with the information that the pickets had been driven in, and that the enemy were advancing on us in force. Everything was soon in readiness to give them a warm reception, but after waiting until breakfast time without their putting in an appearance, the men were dismissed to their morning meal, and after that was dispatched, two companies of our regiment, "B" and "C," were detailed to visit the outer picket station and learn the cause of the alarm. On examination it turned out that one of the pickets had fired on what he thought a prowling straggler within our lines; this, and nothing more, was the cause of all the pother.

The road at this point runs between two high hills, or ridges, and our camps are on the hill-sides; the valley below is used as a drill ground. When the alarm was given, the artillery was hurried to the front and placed in battery, and every arrangement made for battle. We have at this point five regiments; four are two miles in our rear, and three are up a creek leading to a gap, west of Cumberland Gap, two miles distant, but in advance of us, and two are held in reserve, making in all fourteen regiments. Our left is protected by high hills, or rather the ridge before mentioned, which is inaccessible for artillery. I regard our position as invulnerable to any force the rebels can bring from the Gap against us. Our present information is that they outnumber us, but we are vastly superior in heavy guns, and that arm of the service will have most of the work to do.

The 22d keeps the cleanest bill of health of any regiment in the division, and I think when the tug of battle comes, it will be relied on as much as any of them.

A telegram has just reached us saying that McClellan has whipped Lee at Richmond. I hope it will not prove like so many others: bogus. If Richmond has fallen, and

Corinth been overthrown, or rather, shall be overthrown soon, the end will have been almost reached, and I think we may, ere long, hang up our "bruised arms" and prepare to "caper nimbly" in our "ladies' chambers." I mean those of us who have ladies and chambers, and the will to caper, and legs on which to caper, which are all of them important considerations and appendages for a fellow in a capering mood.\*

My horse still improves. Very many, attacked as he was, died. I had the opportunity to buy, and the probabilities were that we might any hour be ordered forward, and in such an emergency I would give "my kingdom for a horse;" however, had I known a week since that he would by this time have been in his present condition, I would not have bought another; but it is no part of my philosophy to grieve over things accomplished and not to be remedied.

In a recent letter I requested fifty postage stamps. I have borrowed until my credit is almost bankrupt, and if you do not hasten them up, you will soon be deprived of the pleasure of reading my daily quantum of sense and nonsense, and that I know is so great, you will attend to the request in double quick time.

Love to all, with kisses for the children.

Yours truly,

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\*It takes all sorts of people to make a world. Sitting in my tent to-day I was much amused in the play and gambols of forty or fifty of our men who were engaged in a "stag dance." As the fun was becoming "fast and furious," a mounted picket came in on the gallop and reported at Head Quarters, and a minute later the long roll called all to arms.

One of the revellers, whom I had been overlooking for half an hour—and whose gasconading had been somewhat effusive—came hobbling to my tent to be excused from duty. I asked him if he

MOSS HOUSE, KNOX COUNTY, KENTUCKY, }  
June 4, 1862. }

*Dear Wife*,—I wrote to you two days since, but write again to-day because I think all the indications point to a forward march soon, and when we start, there can be no stop short of the Gap; and when on the march or in the presence of the enemy, opportunities for writing will be limited.

I failed in my last to acknowledge the package of papers you sent me. They came safe to hand. You said in your letter they contained evidence that one Kentuckian at least would speak his mind. Whilst reading your letter I thought you referred to my last article for the *Gazette*, but it is not in any of the numbers sent, nor anything that would attract my attention as particularly outspoken in character. If you have the paper with my article please send it to me.

Since my last, the telegraph has been active. The battles before Richmond and the evacuation of Corinth, are, I suppose, things of the past with you. Here the news has diffused general joy among all.

I think I may safely say that every man here desires to do something to aid in the final and complete overthrow of rebellion. Not that any one wants to kill or slay, but having entered the service, they would much prefer to see the war sharp and short, than have it protracted. Blow on blow in quick succession, is mercy to the soldier. The listlessness of camp life kills more men than rebel bullets.

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had not been among the dancers. "Yes he had." "And what is the matter now?" "A terrible pain had just struck him in the loins." I ordered him to report for instant duty, and expedited his leave-taking by hurling at his head the first round, sound and hearty volley of cuss words that I uttered whilst in the service.

"Evil habits, like evil passions,  
Grow by that they feed on."



Invariably after camping five or ten days I find our sick list doubled, and just as soon as the order to strike tents for a forward march is issued, men rise from their bunks in hospital and insist on being discharged to duty, men who do not sham. On the contrary I have been disgusted recently with some of the phases of human character. To find just before an expected engagement or a march involving danger, robust, athletic men, hobbling round with terrible rheumatic or neuralgic pains, which had not been heard of before, is too bad. Such men are unfit food for powder. There is too much honor in dying in a good cause, and in defense of country and home, to have it befall such men.

The Tennessee regiments are daily receiving accessions from the refugees from that state, driven out by rebel injustice and violence. One of the regiments is commanded by a son of Governor Andrew Johnson, and a company in the same by a son of Brownlow.

Love to all, with kisses to the children.

Yours truly,

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MOSS HOUSE, KNOX COUNTY, KENTUCKY, }  
June 6, 1862. }

*Dear Wife,*—Yours of the 29th May has just reached me, and I devote a few minutes to you, and but a few. It is now nine and a half p. m. Our orders are “to be up at two and a half in the morning, and be ready for an onward march at four.” Three days’ rations are cooked and in haversack, and everything is packed and ready for the wagons, and with nothing to do in the morning but to boil our coffee, strike our tents, and be off.

The programme of our campaign is now fully developed, and instead of a direct assault on the Gap, we commence a

flank movement by Big Creek Gap, which takes us by Boston, in Whitley county, and we will make our entrance into Powell's Valley, some thirty miles west of Cumberland Gap.

During the past week large parties of soldiers—from two to three hundred per day—have been working the direct road to the Gap, and whilst the rebels are expecting and waiting for a direct assault, I trust we may make a safe lodgment on their flank in Powell's Valley. Our fatigue parties have gone in the discharge of their duties, within four miles of the Gap, but have not been molested.

I have some prospects of selling Charley. He improves slowly, more in appearance than in vigor. I rode him today, but found it excited much panting, and I feel some reluctance to send him home by a stranger, for fear he would be rode hard and neglected on the road. I said to the man who proposed to buy, that he had been seriously ill, and that I would enter into no warranty.

Before this reaches you I suppose Kate will be at home, and I hope soon to hear from her. Still let me hear from your father.

Love to all, and many "mouf kisses" (as pussy has it) to Cora.

Yours truly,

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CLAYBOURNE COUNTY, TENNESSEE, *June 10, 1862.*

*Dear Wife,*—I wrote you on the 6th, informing you of our intended advance into this state by way of Big Creek Gap. We commenced our march as arranged, but instead of Big Creek being our destination, we have pursued neighborhood roads and bridle paths up to this date, making much of the road as we progressed, which has retarded our advance. We are now some twenty miles west of

Cumberland Gap, and, with the main portion of the division, are in two and a half miles of Wilson's or Rogers' Gap, a pass barely feasible for an army, with a wagon train and ordnance, to pass through.

The Gap is in our possession, and it is now not possible for the rebels to prevent our entrance into Powell's Valley. We reached this point at ten this morning, and at twelve the long roll called to arms. The report was that the rebels had attacked our advance guard at the Gap. We were soon under way for that point, but after reaching the ridge, the brigade was halted, and a few of the staff officers rode forward to the picket station, where we learned that two attempts had been made to drive our troops from the Gap. The enemy were foiled, however, and driven back, with the loss of three horses captured and one man certainly wounded.

Standing as I did, on the top of the mountain ridge overlooking Powell's Valley, I commanded in the field of my vision, a scope of twenty miles in extent, a land highly cultivated and inviting us to come in and possess it. There is but one obstacle now in the way. The road is such that wagons and cannon cannot pass over it until we make it anew. This, however, is only a work of time, and four thousand men on two and a half miles of road, who go to work with a will, make things wear a new aspect speedily. Our large guns will require block and tackle to carry them safely over the worst places.

Of Cumberland Gap I can say nothing more than was said in former letters; but of the Gap now in our possession, I will say that fifty men, resolute and determined, could successfully hold it against a regiment attacking it from beyond; but assailed from this side it is quite vulnerable. It is of the Gap alone, I speak. The possession of it commands the ridge, and with the Gap in the enemy's hands we would have had a struggle for the ridge.



General Morgan's strategy has been quite adroit, and so befogged the rebels that we have quietly secured a position which will inevitably compel the abandonment of Cumberland Gap. Powell's Valley is the granary from which the rebels have drawn all their supplies for their troops in this region, and it passes into our hands, with all its abundance of grain, and its vast majority of loyal citizens.

Since leaving Moss House station we have heard nothing, and I know nothing that is going on with you outside barbarians, and I suppose we will be kept in this same condition of blissful ignorance until we get into the region of Knoxville. This I will try to get through by private conveyance to some portion of Kentucky where "Uncle Sam" carries a mail.

I leave the balance of my sheet for a future occasion, and will now go to bed, and resume as time and events permit.

Good night, and pleasant dreams attend you.

Yours truly,

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CAMP ROGERS, POWELL'S VALLEY, TENNESSEE, }  
June 11, 1862. }

*Dear Wife*,—Well, here we are in the far-famed valley. It is truly a land of beautiful prospects and surpassing loveliness. Standing as I did yesterday, on one of the highest peaks of the Cumberland range, with my field-glass in hand, and overlooking the long stretch of valley spread out before me, with the fields of ripening grain swaying to the breeze, catching and reflecting the lights and shadows of the fleecy clouds, which only mellowed without marring the scenic effect, I must say man does not often see just such sights.

I never saw so well illustrated as to-day the truth of the old adage, that "many hands make light work." At six

in the morning our fatigue parties started to make a passable road over the mountain; and it is a *real* mountain, one not to be sneezed at: our boys say a full mile in perpendicular, but you must take their opinions with many grains of allowance. At noon the order came to strike tents, and now at eight and a half P. M., our cannon and wagon trains are rumbling down the mountain side into the valley, sending dismay and terror into the hearts of conspirators and traitors. You may rest assured we will hold the valley and that is equivalent to holding the Gap. We are something over twenty miles west of the Gap, and I judge we will not advance on that point for a day or two, as we have everything to organize for decisive action.

I am to-day fifty years old, and our occupation of Powell's Valley on my fiftieth birthday, will make it with me the more memorable.

You must pardon my chirography; I am penciling by the light of the moon, which has just "climbed the highest hill," overlooking the valley, and is now in cloudless majesty and full orb'd beauty shedding her mild radiance over the active bustling scene around me. Good night.

*June 12, Morning.*

I took my first bivouac last night, with only my cork mattress under me and my blankets and the blue vault of heaven above. It was a grand and beautiful night, just warm enough to sleep comfortably in the open air.

Just after reaching this position yesterday evening a man connected with one of the batteries went forward some three hundred yards to forage a little, and was captured by rebel pickets. They are scattered all over the valley and may cause us some trouble, as our cavalry is a full day's march in our rear.

We had some picket firing during the night, but it is be-

lieved to have proceeded from the nervous excitability of our own men, rather than any real danger of an attack.

Love to all.

Yours truly,

CAMP ROGERS, POWELL'S VALLEY, TENNESSEE, }  
 June 13, 1862. }

*Dear Wife,*—We are still at this point. The history of our brigade for the last thirty-six hours, would give you in epitome the history of military affairs everywhere. I will sketch it briefly: Before half our wagon train had commenced their descent to the valley, orders were given to arrest the remainder on the hill. The next morning it was announced that telegraphic dispatches from General Buell had been received, revealing the failure of General Mitchell's attack on Chattanooga, and that our position would be untenable, and instructing General Morgan to fall back to the first range of hills for security. The order was received with great dissatisfaction by the troops. They had for months been cooped up in a sterile mountainous region, and they were loth to leave a land of plenty for the hills again. But the order was given, and the train was all night long struggling up the steep mountain side, but when morning came it brought another message, saying that Mitchell had succeeded, and then the backward movement was arrested.

We have this morning the gratifying intelligence that General Rains has abandoned the Gap. With the valley in our possession it is no longer tenable by him. Government ought now to take and hold it for the future.

A skirmish is now going on, the long roll calls to arms, and I pause for the present. . . . Some of our boys were out foraging for the good things of the valley, and were chased in by rebel pickets. Many shots were ex-



changed, at long range, however, with no loss on our side, and, so far as I could learn, none on the other, except one horse killed and his trappings captured. You may think it strange for men to risk capture or loss of life for a meal of victuals, but the orders and counter-orders have so disorganized our provision trains, that we are reduced to less than half rations, and many of the men have had nothing but corn meal for two days, and in limited quantity at that.

I don't know whether the rebels will contest the possession of the valley with us or not, but you may be assured we are now among a thoroughly loyal people, who are ready to give notice of any movement of the enemy, so that we may be prepared for any emergency.

*Saturday Morning, 14th.*

I continue my jottings down, but don't know when I can send anything to you, as we are out of the region of mail facilities. How it is in other portions of the country under rebel sway I can't say; but the rebel authorities have managed to keep the loyal people of this section in total ignorance of important events of the war, disastrous to their cause; but have magnified their victories most wonderfully. For instance, it is believed here that Beauregard inflicted a severe blow on Halleck at Corinth, and the capture of New Orleans was unknown until our advent. We are now fairly committed to the defense of the valley, as our trains are again rumbling down the hill.

Within the last forty-eight hours we have performed a somewhat famous historic feat. We have "marched up the hill and then marched down again." I don't know if we ought not to be twice as famous as the original performers of that brilliant strategy, as we have done the thing twice over. My modicum of the fame will not, I suppose, send your name down to the future as one of the famous women of America.

I have just taken my breakfast, and such a breakfast for Powell's Valley. My worst enemy in Boone might now safely stroke my beard. Would you like to have my bill-of-fare? Coffee without sugar, and army bread: "only this and nothing more." I ate of it hugely and now feel very comfortable. How do you feel yourself?

The last letters received from you bore dates 11th and 25th of May. I suppose there are some in the mail between those dates. Calvert's letter, which you mentioned, has not yet reached me. I hope in the good time coming they will all turn up right.

*Sunday Morning, 15th.*

We are still at Camp Rogers, and will, I suppose, remain until to-morrow morning, when all the regiments will be reunited for a combined march on either the Gap or Knoxville. Our information is that the rebels have abandoned the post, and have taken off their heavy guns, leaving only a corporal's squad behind. It may be only a ruse to invite an attack. I think, however, it is an abandonment, as the position cannot be maintained whilst we hold the valley.

I hear nothing of the postage stamps I ordered, nor do I know when a mail will reach me from your side of the line. This will be taken to Lexington by private conveyance, and there mailed. Give me all the local news of the county you can.

Remember me kindly to enquiring friends. Kiss the children for me, and accept the assurance of my lasting affection.

Yours truly,

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CAMP ROGERS, POWELL'S VALLEY, TENNESSEE, }  
June 16, 1862. }

*Dear Wife,*—We start a mail to-day from this point, and I have time before it takes the back track, for another last line.

Our encampment was kept on the *qui vive* all last night, in expectation of an attack by the rebels, but the only result was the disturbance of the sleep of the men, to their great disgust.

In a former letter I said we would enter the valley by the Big Creek Gap. In that I was partially wrong. Generals Spear's and Carter's brigade did enter by that gap, and they are now on their march to join us at this place. I also said Cumberland Gap had been abandoned by the rebels; that information, we now hear, is not entirely reliable. Six regiments, near half their force, left some days since for Knoxville, and a portion of those left behind are reported to be entrenching a strong position, midway between this and the Gap, which looks like an intention to contest the mastership of the valley; you will soon hear through the papers with what success. There are so many slips between cup and lip, that I will not speculate. I have my opinions, and they are of the most hopeful character.

I wish you could see the scenery just round us. We are in a little cove immediately at the base of the mountain over which we passed, and from under a bold, rugged, beetling cliff, two thousand feet high, a magnificent fountain boils and bubbles, with pure transparent waters, and in such quantity, that in one hundred yards below its source it supplies power sufficient to drive a large grist mill and a carding machine, yet not half its power is utilized.

Since we sat down in the valley the weather has been quite warm and dry, the troops all sleeping under hastily constructed arbors, which protect only from the noonday heat and the dews of night. Whilst on the highlands the nights were quite cool, and the grass and weeds were found in the mornings dripping with moisture; and it required all our blankets to sleep warm. Here my canopy is the blue



vault of heaven, with nothing to obstruct the magnificent view everywhere visible, and I have never had quieter or sweeter sleep. I can throw myself on the ground and go into the most profound sleep in a minute's time. I can well realize the benediction of Sancho Panza: "Blessed be the man who first invented sleep: it covers one all over like a garment." I sleep soundly, eat heartily, when I get enough to eat, and don't mean ever to ask Jefferson Davis or any of his confederates to be my President.

I still have Charley on hand. My applicant to purchase wanted him on time, and I did not choose to part with him that way to an entire stranger.

Love to all, with kisses to the children, and regards to enquiring friends.

Yours truly,

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CUMBERLAND GAP, *June 19, 1862.*

*Dear Wife,*—Our entire division, fourteen regiments of infantry, and two batteries of artillery, reached this place last night, after a hard day's march—for an army—of twenty miles. After our occupation of the valley in force, the rebels commenced at once to abandon the post. If we could have advanced four days earlier we would inevitably have compelled the surrender of four or five thousand men without battle, as they could not have subsisted long, cut off from their source of supply. But as it is, we have achieved important results, without the loss of a man slain in battle, or a drop of blood spilled.

The abandonment by the rebels and the occupation by union troops, will have a most important influence on the future conduct of the war, as it gives free access to the loyal portion of Tennessee, and it can be made the base for future operations in the further south.

The quality and character of the soil of the valley seems

to change with every alternate mile, but take it all in all it is a most important, desirable, and fertile portion of our common country.

The view from the top-most peak above the Gap is magnificent. Standing as I did at one point, with field-glass in hand, one can see far into the winding valleys of three states. The distant mountain ranges veiled in mist; the nearer hills and the valleys immediately below, bathed as they were, in a flood of sunlight; with the sylvan-fringed streams coiling serpent-like round the cleared fields; all made a picture lovely to look at, and which needed but to be seen to have it photographed on the memory at once and forever. The Virginia portion of the valley is the most highly cultivated.

It sickens one to the heart to witness the waste of war. The rebels left standing from four to five hundred tents, but of the number, all but four or five were slit into ribbons. Flour, meal, rice, and beans, were strewn all over the surface of the fortifications and hill-sides. Five of the largest guns they spiked, and cut their carriages down, and the longest and largest one of all they tumbled from a cliff hundreds of feet in height, without, however, much damage done to it. Tons of shot and shell were thrown over the cliffs into the ravines below, that it might occasion the greatest labor to collect again the scattered mass.\*

You may ask how I can so soon after our arrival give you all these details. Well, Sumner and myself, with the consent of Col. Lindsey, constituted ourselves the advanced corps of our regiment yesterday afternoon, and, in company with ten or a dozen officers rode a couple of hours in advance of the column, and we passed over the entire grounds of the intrenchments and fortifications.

I have just reason to complain of Sumner on one point. After I had led our advanced guard until near the summit of the highest peak, he suddenly put spur to his horse and

reached the pinnacle before me; only that he might exult over me. Was it not base? and the baseness was aggravated by the fact that it was my *spur*, a borrowed spur, that roused his dull Rozinante into action. I will hack it from his heel for the unknighly deed.

Love to all, with kisses to the children.

Yours truly,

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\*On the evening of the 22d, on my way back to camp, I was met by a countryman in search of a surgeon. He had taken home with him the day before from the Gap a small shell with the fuse in it, and permitted his children to light the fuse. It exploded, killing one instantly, and fatally wounding another.

POGUE'S POST OFFICE, KNOX COUNTY, KENTUCKY, }  
June 21, 1862. }

*Dear Wife*,—I am here, twenty miles north of the Gap, for a double purpose. First, to look after some of the sick of the regiment, left in this neighborhood when we commenced our flank movement; and second, to hunt up stray and lost letters. Numbers of my sick I met on my way here yesterday afternoon. The news of the evacuation acted like the charge of a galvanic battery, and restored to active life men who were really sick, and others who were only sick of the dangers incident to battle.

In my second object I am disappointed, as all the mail here was ordered back at the time we were made to take the back track from Powell's Valley. But for that strange and extraordinary move we would have bagged a few thousand rebels, but in doing so we would probably have lost some men slain in battle, and so, all things considered, it may be best as it is.

There is great exultation throughout this region over the result at the Gap. The Home-Guard of this county, to the number of three hundred and fifty, shouldered their rifles



and marched, some twenty, some thirty, and some forty miles, in anticipation of a conflict, on the 17th, and were ambushed all round the Kentucky side of the Gap. They subsisted themselves, and would have been of great service to us if the rebels had not skedaddled.

On the other page I give you a copy of a will made by a rebel surgeon and found by Sumner in one of the abandoned tents of the enemy on the evening of the 18th. It is done up in lawyer-like language, and is most artistically executed; the fact of our short supplies gives point to its wit.

Love to all, with kisses to the children.

Yours truly,

---

FOR A YANKEE SURGEON.

MY LAST

WILL AND TESTAMENT.

*Whereas*, in the fortunes of war it may soon be necessary for me to bid adieu to the climate, scenery, and crystal fountains, of Cumberland Gap: Therefore, to the first Yankee Surgeon who plants his foot on the threshold of my deserted quarters I will, devise and bequeath:

*Item Ist.* All my interests and rights to said premises, together with all and singular the tenements, hereditaments, and appurtenances, thereunto belonging.

*Item IId.* I furthermore desire and direct that the said Yankee Surgeon shall have free and unmolested control and use of all the old clothes, bottles, blankets, and medicines, left on the aforesaid premises.

*Item IIIId.* Knowing that the above mentioned Yankee Surgeon has for some time past subsisted on half rations, badly prepared, I further desire and direct that he may have unrestrained control and be sole proprietor of a small cooking stove a few paces hence on the hill side, where the testator has often

eaten and enjoyed well cooked biscuit, beef, bacon, mutton, tarts, &c., regretting, however, that the usages of war will not permit me to leave him a supply of these articles.

*Item IVth.* I hereby revoke all previous testaments. In witness whereof, I hereunto set my hand and affix my seal.

W. J. CARMICHAEL.

R. B. GARDNER,

HENRY J. BURTON.

Asst. Surgeon 3d Georgia Battalion.

WASHINGTON, *June 22*, 1862.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL GEO. W. MORGAN: This Department has been highly gratified with your successful occupation of Cumberland Gap, and commend the gallant conduct of your officers and troops, to whom you will express the thanks of the President and the Department. With thanks for your diligence and activity, I remain,

Yours truly,

E. M. STANTON,

Secretary of War.

The above was in due time followed by the accompanying order from Major-General Buell, commanding the Army of the Ohio.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE OHIO,  
HUNTSVILLE, ALA., *July 11*, 1862. }

*General Order No. 29.*

The General commanding the Army of the Ohio takes pleasure in announcing the success of an arduous and hazardous campaign by the Seventh Division, Brigadier-General Geo. W. Morgan commanding, by which the enemy's fortified position at Cumberland Gap was turned, and his forces compelled to retreat, as our troops advanced to attack. The General commanding thanks General Morgan and the troops of the Seventh Division for the ability displayed in the operations against this important strong-

hold, and for the energy, fortitude, and cheerfulness which they exhibited in their struggle with difficulties of the most formidable magnitude for an army.

By command of Major-General Buell,

JAS. B. FRY,  
Colonel and Chief of Staff.

CUMBERLAND GAP, *June 27, 1862.*

*Dear Wife,*—"It never rains but it pours." I received by last night's mail three letters from you bearing dates respectively, June 2d, 7th, and 15th. Two from Kate, June 17th and 19th. One from Delia, June 8th; one from J. W. Calvert, June 11th; and one from J. O. Hudnut, May 26th; so you see I had for a few hours quite reading matter enough. It will take some time for me to write up all my correspondence, but I write first of all to you because yours is the prior claim.

I don't know why you should fear having said anything to hurt my feelings. You certainly have not, nor am I conscious of the use of any language to justify you in supposing me hurt. I am, however, often brusque in my expressions, and may, unintentionally, have made the impression. I know I have been clamorous for some time for stamps, which are almost as great a want in camp as bread and meat.

We have been camped here for nine days, and they have been days of irksome monotony. I have gone over and over again, all the rebel works, and you will see in the *Gazette* my first impression of the strength of the position. The opinions there expressed have been modified by subsequent reflection and information from others, better qualified to judge in such matters than I am. It is, nevertheless, a very strong position, and would have occasioned much loss of blood to have taken it by assault.



I have been making some efforts to procure a leave of absence, but last night I put my foot in it so thoroughly and was so effectually snubbed by our brigade commander, that I feel a little ticklish about renewing the attempt. I think, however, I will try again. You must not be surprised at any result; either seeing me, or not seeing me, as the fortunes of war are proverbially fickle.

I know not why your father should desire me not to be at home during the election, because, if I may not be there then and exercise my right of suffrage, I may not at any future time; and that is a question to be met at once. I see, however, no present prospect of my reaching Burlington by the first of August.

I understand General Morgan is directed to remain here until ordered hence, as the position is regarded as the key to East Tennessee. It was on that issue I spoke in reference to a leave of absence.

Since lying here our sick list has swelled to larger dimensions than at any time since we left Picketon. The prevalent diseases are dysentery and diarrhœa, caused, I think, by our hard march the day we reached here, and the hot days and cool nights following.

To-day all the regiments of our brigade have gone to the Kentucky side of the Gap to seek more salubrious situations than they had in the valley on this side, and to save the hauling of so much subsistence across the mountain, as we still draw all our supplies from Lexington, Kentucky. It has been raining all day, and I decided not to remove my hospital tent until a more propitious day, unless peremptorily ordered to do so.

A square shaft of sand-stone, some two and a half feet in diameter, and five feet high, stands immediately beside the road-way in the Gap. It marks the spot where the states of Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee join. It has on two of its faces the names of Beriah Magoffin and

Isham G. Harris, as governors of their respective states, and their agents when it was erected. I noticed that both names have been almost obliterated by indignant soldiers.\* Vain effort to deprive these men of their just renown! The archives of the nation, more imperishable than marble or bronze, will transmit their names to the future, and coming generations will enroll them beside that ancient worthy—their fitting prototype and progenitor—who sought renown by firing a temple dedicated to the worship of the gods.†

Love to all, with kisses to the children.

Yours truly,

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\* The mutilation was done by rebel soldiers. I was the first man to enter after the rebels had abandoned the post; and I found the record marred.

† When President Lincoln called on these high and mighty functionaries for the ratable quota from their States, Governor Harris said:

“Tennessee will not furnish a single man for coercion, but fifty thousand, if necessary, for the defense of our rights and those of our brethren.”

And Governor Magoffin addressing the Secretary of War said:

FRANKFORT, *April* 16, 1861.

“HON. SIMON CAMERON, *Secretary of War*: Your dispatch is received. In answer, I say emphatically that Kentucky will furnish no troops for the wicked purpose of subduing our sister Southern States.”

“B. MAGOFFIN,

“Governor of Kentucky.”

Governor Magoffin was a little bit out in his calculation. Kentucky sent into the field more than seventy-five thousand troops for the “wicked purpose of subduing our Southern Sisters,” and to maintain the national integrity.

CUMBERLAND GAP, *June 28, 1862.*

*Dear J.*—Your favor of the 8th reached me day before yesterday, in company with much mail matter. I was greatly pleased to receive it, as an entire month had elapsed since any news reached me from home. I suppose you have had the same interference with the mails that we have encountered here. I have written so frequently and so much of late about the Gap that I have very little that is new to say, and I don't like to stereotype myself. There is one new feature here that I have not mentioned in any previous letter. It is a great cave that extends under the mountain ridge, and which has been explored for miles by curious soldiers. Some most beautiful specimens of stalagmites and stalactites have been exhibited, and I made an investment in one stalactite. It was an impulsive affair. Meeting a man with the finest specimen that I ever saw, I offered him all the silver I had in pocket for it. Now don't charge me with prodigality: it only cost me twenty-five cents; but I soon found I had bought an elephant. I offered a dollar to have it transported to Lexington, with the hope of getting it home from there, but alas, without success. This, like some other of my investments, has turned out to be a losing bargain. When we changed camp to this side of the mountain I left it in the cabin I occupied on the other, and returning this morning for it, I found some vandal had shattered it, and thus perished all my hopes.

Those who have gone into the cave report it as worth seeing. I have not, however, observed that any of them are disposed to repeat their visits; and I have further noticed that they returned fatigued and very muddy. I am willing to take their words for what they see. Capt. Lyon of the Topographical Engineer Corps has promised me a sketch of the Gap which I will send home as soon as I get it. I can't write more just now, but may in the near future.

Love to all.

Yours truly,

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CUMBERLAND GAP, *June 29, 1862.*

*Dear Daughter,*—I received by Thursday's mail two letters from you, for which I thank you much. I was glad to hear of your return home, and that you had passed a pleasant time with your uncle's family, but, at the same time sorry to learn their extreme devotion to the fortunes of the rebellion.

I have written so often of late that I have but little that is new or interesting to communicate. Our present camping-ground is one and a half miles north of the Gap proper, and in Knox County, Kentucky. When we pitched tents here I thought it a most unpropitious situation for a camp, but two days have wrought a wonderful change. We are in the valley of Yellow Creek on a narrow bottom, which for half a mile looks to be entirely level, and when selected it was densely covered with an undergrowth of small pines, blackberry and bramble, and the ground seemed to me to be altogether too wet for health. But all hands were set to work cleaning and burning and now we have the prettiest camp I have seen since entering the service, and just as soon as the sun was let in it dried and warmed up the sandy soil.

A little good taste in the clearing up has added much, not alone to the comfort, but also to the cheerfulness of the men. I wish you could see the position as it is just now. With here and there a stately chestnut tree left for shade, and clumps of small pine and persimmon, interspersed for variety. The 42d Ohio is just above, and the 16th Ohio just below us, with the creek meandering between the camps.

I thought the apparent color of the water of Yellow Creek was attributable to the sand over which it flows, but Capt. Sydney Lyon, formerly assistant geologist of the state, tells me it is due to the large quantities of the salts of iron and alum it holds in solution. In shallow portions of the stream the yellow tinge is very visible, but in the deep pools it

looks almost black. What effect the use of such water will have on the health of the men time only can determine.

In the valley beyond the Gap we had a larger sick list than at any point since leaving Picketon, which I consider due to the marshy ground we occupied, with not a tree or a shrub to mitigate the fervid, burning heat of an unusually hot June. There was another cause which I think aided much in occasioning sickness. The day of our advance on the Gap was a hot one, and our march of twenty miles exhausted the soldiers, with the heavy burthens they are compelled to carry. We reached our position in good time, but the wagon train, with the tents and cooking utensils failed to come up that night, and many men after a day of great fatigue went supperless to bed, and their bed was the ground with but a single blanket as bed and covering. A thunder storm came up at ten and lasted long enough to drench all who were exposed to it. Being in advance I had the pick of the cabins for my sick, and so had comfortable quarters for them and myself. My roughing it through Boone, for the last twenty years, fitted me for camp life better than most men who have entered the service.

We have just commenced to luxuriate on the blackberry and the whortleberry, which are now ripening. I have had two dishes of the former fruit, but as yet have never tasted the ripe fruit of the latter. Whilst we were making our way over the mountains, I found the surface of the country covered with the whortleberry bush; and I plucked one of them up and counted the berries on it. The bush was but little over a foot in height, with a half dozen branches, yet I found on it two hundred and seven berries.

Edward Parrish called to day and dined with me; he is in robust health, and in a position for advancement. He ranks well with all who know him for his sterling worth.

I was much pleased with your last letter; what you said

was well said, and it only requires practice to have you make a good epistolary writer. I hope, however, you will pay more attention to your penmanship: every letter in every word ought to be so distinctly formed that it could be made out without its connection. If you have ever entertained the idea that a letter, to be interesting, must be illegible, I beg you to dismiss it at once.

I have been trying to while away an hour in a letter that per possibility might interest you, but I give it up for want of material to work on. I am not of the tribe of men who find "books in the running brooks, sermons in stones and good in everything," so take this just as you find it.

Since yesterday morning I have been coughing some, but just now I feel entirely relieved. Love to all, with kisses to the children and regards to enquiring friends, good night.

Yours truly,

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CUMBERLAND GAP, *July 4, 1862.*

*Dear Wife,*—Your last of June 23 was received two days since. I had just mailed a letter to Kate, and so did not respond at once.

The morning here opened bland and balmy, and at sunrise the hills and valleys reverberated to the roar of a national salute from a battery of "Uncle Sam's" pocket pieces. Now at ten, the day waxes warm, and most of the men are enjoying the national holiday by seeking the shade, and reclining at ease on the grass. We have no general celebration, other than the salute, and my only share in the festivities of the day will consist in partaking of a dinner with Dr. and Mrs. Brashears. He is Senior Surgeon of the brigade and consequently my superior. Dr. Manfred accompanies me; and we have the promise of blackberry and whortleberry pie, which is, of course, a temptation to my



epicurean palate. I have to say for the whortleberry, that it is fine fruit, and is found here in great abundance.

I mentioned in a recent letter that I was making some effort for a leave of absence but had been snubbed rather rudely. Our brigade, the 26th, is commanded by John F. DeCoursey, Colonel of the 16th Ohio. He is English, and an old army officer, and he entered the service here with the stilted notions of an English aristocrat. On the day before receiving your last I asked, verbally, for a two weeks' leave of absence, and met a decided but courteous refusal. After receiving your last with the gloomy account of your father's health, together with the intelligence of the Latimer mortgages, I mentioned the subject to Col. Lindsey, who advised me to go direct to General Morgan and explain the emergencies of my case to him. I did so, but met at his quarters with DeCoursey and at once, without any diplomacy, mentioned my business. DeCoursey flared up at once, and took my application to Morgan as an appeal from him to higher authority, and turned on me with fierce and indignant wrath. In an excited manner he charged me with violating military rule and etiquette, and said he would not hear my application. I heard him through quietly, and then said to him that I intended no disrespect to him nor any infringement on his rights, but that since my previous interview with him new grounds had arisen which impelled me to renew the application, and that I must insist on my right to explain them, which he granted, but held me to the official method with the pen. We parted, each feeling himself improperly treated, and so begins my first official wrangle.

I have made my official application with all the formalities of the "Blue Book," but expect it returned to me "not granted." \* \* \*

I stop here to prepare for dinner \* \* \* Fifteen minutes since Manfred said it was time to get ready for dinner. I

at once doffed my worst and donned my best clothes, put on a white collar, the first for two months, and was in readiness to go when, lo, and behold! in looking up my chum, I found him only beginning to get ready. He too is English, prim, precise, fastidious, and fixy, as an old maid; he is also as ugly, angular, and awkward, as the worst of the tribe, but as agreeable in conversation as the very best of them. If that sentence only amuses you, it will have answered all it were intended for, except to while away the time he detains me, but if he detains me long enough to spoil the pie I will abuse him worse than DeCoursey did me.

\* \* \* *Four P. M.*

The dinner has been eaten and enjoyed, but instead of blackberry and whortleberry pies, we had green apple pies and potted peaches. But I am giving the last course before the first. Well then, let me begin at the beginning and regularly mention all in due order.

1. Ham with potatoes, apple sauce, stewed prunes, biscuit, light bread, chocolate, tea.

2. Potatoes, bread and butter, apple sauce, ham.

3. Apple sauce, potatoes, stewed prunes, bread and butter, with the privilege of trying one's teeth on a venerable army cracker, hard enough to strike fire, like flint, if not cautiously attacked

4. Apple pie, and potted peaches.

5. Catawba wine, Longworth's best brand. We remembered "Our absent friends," and I hope you did so, too, at the same time.

But alas, alas! all our merely sentimental enjoyments were marred by the telegraphic news of the disaster to McClellan before Richmond. I hope the developments of the future will show a better condition of affairs than the telegrams, received here to this time would indicate. A great and serious disaster there will prolong the struggle

for years, and I had as well say at once I will never abandon a doubtful cause. If the Richmond situation justified it, I would have no scruples in tendering a resignation, but just now I can't think of such a thing.

Sumner will go to Lexington, Louisville, Covington, Ashland, all the sections of the state represented by our regiment, with funds for the families of the soldiers. I will send by him funds to deposit in Covington to your credit. Should he visit you as I have requested him to do, give him your best entertainment as he likes immensely well a good breakfast, a good dinner, a good supper, and all the good things of life to boot.

We understand that government will soon have a competent Engineer here and will commence the erection of a permanent works, as this is too important a point to leave in danger of falling again into rebel hands.

I hope you will not let our national difficulties distress you much. The end will come, and such an end as loyal right-minded citizens desire. It may be in the overthrow of slavery, and if so, the rebels will have only themselves to thank for that result. Love to all.

Yours truly,

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CUMBERLAND GAP, *July 7, 1862.*

*Dear Wife,*—Mr. Sumner starts for the interior and the northern border of the state to-morrow. I send by him two hundred and twenty dollars, all I can at present spare, with instructions to deposit in bank at Lexington, and direct the amount to be transferred to the Covington branch of the Northern Bank of Kentucky, subject to your order.

I have abandoned all hope of a leave of absence. Gen. Morgan forwarded the application with the endorsement. "Forwarded, but disapproved." This I learned from a



Lieutenant of our regiment, one of the General's staff. I have no right to complain, as we are all stretched on a Procrustean bed, and the same inflexible rule is applied to all but Chaplains, who, our Quartermaster says, are "worth nothing," and are therefore permitted to come and go without let or hindrance. I have also abandoned all hope of the war ending this year; and think I will not be permitted to see you until we go into winter quarters.

The days are warm but the nights are cool, and it requires all my blankets, to sleep warm, which is to me an important consideration.

I believed I acknowledged the stamps. I want more, but don't send so many in one letter, as it might miscarry. Send say a dozen in each letter, and from this time number your letters, and then I will know if any are lost in the mail.

I hope before this reaches you, Cora will be entirely relieved, but I fear the little minx will have wholly forgotten me before she sees me again.

Love to all, with kind regards to enquiring friends.

Yours truly,

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CUMBERLAND GAP, *July 10, 1862.*

*Dear Daughter,*—Since receiving two letters from you I have written once in answer, and have been expecting to hear from you again. You must not expect a regular exchange of letters with me. You have much more leisure than I have, and can afford to write oftener, and in addition my list of correspondents is much larger than yours.

What am I to say to you? I am sure I don't know. There is nothing occurring here to interest a lady. We are lying in camp and doing nothing but getting sick. I send you a copy of my quarterly report, or rather that portion of it which did not give me one-fourth the trouble the

statistical portion of it did. That is one of the most complex and difficult reports a surgeon has to make out. The morning report will show you how many men are on sick list to-day in the regiment; you will thus have some idea of my daily work. Don't understand that I do all. No, no. Dr. Manfred cheerfully bears his part of all our duties. You may think our sick list heavy, but compared with other regiments in the service here, it is remarkably light. Just now we have more men sick than at any time since we left Picketon, and there I had all to attend.

I would not have you think I copied my quarterly report merely to send it to you. I did no such thing. Inadvertently, I wrote on both sides of my sheet which the regulations forbid, and I had only to send it to you, or make waste paper of it, and now I can scarce say which would be the most judicious use of it. If it serve no other purpose, it will create the expectation of a long letter, and you know the pleasures of expectation are often greater than those of realization.

I said in a recent letter that we were all stretched on a Procrustean bed and all fared alike. I take it back. There is a method of whipping the devil round the stump, even in the army, as I have found out within the last three days.

When my application for leave of absence was before the authorities, I was confronted with a certain order from General Buell forbidding the granting of furloughs, except for such a degree of illness as would unfit a man for duty. Private losses or private griefs, if indeed any body has a right to a private grief in these times, have no influence with our immaculate public men.

Our Lieutenant-Colonel failed, when in Lexington, to attend to one of his duties, as ordnance officer of the regiment, and he was like to encounter a loss of five or six hundred dollars in consequence thereof, as government holds officers to strict accountability for public property in their

charge. But he evades the responsibility by getting himself appointed to the duty of visiting Lexington on regimental business, and thereby secures, not only his expenses to and fro, but also ten cents per mile for the distance traveled. I affirm all the regimental business is to save himself from loss where he had failed to attend to his duty when there. Don't understand me as censuring him. Officers from civil life have much to learn about army regulations. He has only done what almost every body does who serves the public; and he is doing so patriotically and honorably, and I suppose he feels that should not prevent his serving himself at the same time.

The boys are enjoying the whortleberry and blackberry season, but, like everything else along the line of the army, they cost money, ten cents a quart being the lowest rate demanded for either. Butter sells at fifty cents per pound; chickens forty cents each; indifferent mutton one dollar per quarter, and luxuries or delicacies just what sutlers choose to demand.

I have not received a letter from home from any of you for a full week, and I am getting wolfish, bearish, waspish, all the "ishes" you can imagine. Our mails are in a condition of miserable disorder; whilst bushels of mail matter reach here daily, nothing has come for the 22d within the last four days.

Is Matty with you? It would give me great pleasure to see her, but I have abandoned all hope of getting home. Love to all.

Yours truly,

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CUMBERLAND GAP, *July 20, 1862.*

*Dear Wife,*—Your letter of the 4th is the last I have received from home. I have waited, and waited patiently, but they do not come. Kate seems to have forgotten me; how-



ever, I desire to do no one injustice; the fault is with the mails and the evil times, and not with any of you at home. The great difficulty, I judge to be the raid of Morgan and his marauders; it will wake Kentucky up with a start. Nothing in my judgment could have been more ill-timed on the part of the disorganizers than this last foray, just on the eve of an election, and at a time when a call is out for fresh troops to defend the country from wanton wrong. I trust that the state will now buckle on all her armor and aid efficiently in crushing out rebellion. The day for rose-water leniency has gone by. If Morgan and his band are not met and expelled from the state, or, "with bloody hands welcomed to hospitable graves," then Government in this country is a farce and a mockery, and we are on the verge of anarchy.

Our forces at this point are engaged in strengthening the rebel works, each company working one day in ten with pick and spade; the other days are taken up with company and battalion drill; four hours of each day being devoted to that purpose. I think the 22d ranks well with the authorities here for its drill, its subordination, and every element that makes the soldier.

I explained my failure to obtain a leave of absence, and now I have only to propose that as "the mountain can't go to Mahomet, that Mahomet come to the mountain." What say you to the proposition? Can you afford the expense? If not I can't say when we may meet, as furloughs are not granted, and there is not the remotest probability of my being ordered to your neighborhood. Nor will I ever make application for leave of absence otherwise than in a fair, open and legitimate manner. Whilst feeling it to be the duty of every man, the head of a family, to be near them, in such times as the present, I have to say that I think I am doing here more to protect you than I could do at home.

I witnessed yesterday a thing which gave me great

pain. I was out three miles from camp taking my usual afternoon ride, and met a Lieutenant of the 7th Kentucky in command of a file of soldiers, with a surgeon under arrest and *hand-cuffed*. He is surgeon to one of the Indiana regiments, and had applied for a furlough which was refused him, when he started home without leave. He was arrested at Barboursville, and gave his parole of honor to report to his regiment, and then violated it by attempting still to get home. He was arrested a second time at London, a telegram traveling faster than his horse. He will now be disgracefully dismissed from the service. He has a bright, beautiful boy of ten or twelve, with him, who seemed to feel the father's situation more acutely than he did himself.

I want you to keep on writing ; some of your letters will get through after a while. I have not been in better health for years. There is just enough of the ragamuffin about me for the rough and tumble life I now live to agree with me. Love to all, with kisses to the children.

Yours truly,

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CUMBERLAND GAP, *July 28, 1862.*

*Dear Wife,*— I am still without a word from home, the last letter bearing date 2d, 4th, July. I hope you have kept on writing. I have not been as punctual as formerly. I waited from day to day, hoping to hear from you, and so delayed to write. Another cause prevented for the last three days. During that time I was out on an expedition into Tennessee.

DeCoursey's brigade, about twenty-five hundred strong, was detailed for the service. We were out two nights and three days, and some powder was burned in sending missiles after a few flying horsemen ; further than this, there was nothing in the military line to communicate. I found

quiet but determined union men everywhere we went, and I learned details of atrocities that will be hard for posterity to believe

The country through which we passed is good grazing and farming land, with limestone out-cropping everywhere. Just now, however, this entire section is suffering with a most extreme drouth. The farmers say they will not make more than half a crop of grain.

The prospect throughout all the south is gloomy in the extreme. If the war should last another year, much suffering may be anticipated. Disease, the result of exposures of the army, has played sad havoc with their troops in the field; and this, with short crops throughout rebeldom, will do much toward bringing the war to a speedy close.

I am extremely anxious to hear from Boone, as vague rumors have reached me of risings of guerilla bands in the county. I hope to hear that no such thing has occurred. The rebels among you must know, if they have not thrown away their common sense, that they will be crushed to the earth.

I heard verbally a few minutes since that General Boyle has issued a proclamation saying that no sympathizer with rebellion shall be a candidate for office in Kentucky. If so, it cuts up by the roots the clique in Boone who think they ought to rule the roost. Give me all the details of county matters in your next letters.

I suppose you have received notice from bank at Covington of the funds to your credit. The bank at Lexington notified me that the funds were forwarded.

I found Edward Parrish at the Gap last Thursday, sick with fever, and I sent our ambulance for him, and now have him in our tent. He is doing well, and in a few days will be able to return to duty. The only thing I have to complain of is the lack of sufficient horseback exercise. The jaunt into Tennessee was to me a God-send. Love to all.

Yours truly, \_\_\_\_\_



CUMBERLAND GAP, July 30, 1862.

*Dear Wife*,—I received yesterday your letters of the 8th, 15th, and 22d July; Kate's of the 11th, and J. W. Calvert's of the 17th.

I grieve much to learn the feeble condition of your father, and all the more from the knowledge that I am debarred from seeing him. I laid all of your letters before Col. Lindsey, who promised to make every effort in his power to secure me a short leave of absence, though he gave me no assurance of success, indeed he seemed most of the opinion that it could not be obtained. We have a daily sick list of fifty-five to sixty, and until the numbers diminish the authorities will not consent that I shall absent myself from my proper post. I cannot censure them for this action, as it is just in the main, however much of private grief it may occasion. I hope you will try and bear calmly the disappointment you may feel at this result.

I believe I have not before this mentioned that I have a hospital for convalescents, some two miles from camp—one of the abandoned houses of the neighborhood being used for the purpose—which I visit three or four times a week. On my way there this evening I fell in with Dr. ———, Surgeon of one of the Kentucky regiments. He is a gentleman of commanding appearance and of fine address, and evidently he feels great confidence in his ability to meet any emergency which may arise in his present position. He dresses to death, and feels his *oats* more than any medical man in the division. I said to him, that I had a few cases of scurvy in my hospital and would be glad to have him dismount with me and look at them, which he did. After his examination I called up another man and said: "This man, doctor, is suffering with *nostalgia*" (home sickness). He overlooked him for a minute or two—wise as an owl—and remarked: "Yes, I see he is discharging

pretty freely from his nostrils." The charm was rudely broken at once, and it was with difficulty that I managed to conceal my pity for his ignorance, and my contempt for his assumptions.\*

Our troops here are still strengthening the works, and in a short time they will be invulnerable to any force the rebels can possibly bring to bear on them.

I wrote day before yesterday and have nothing more that is new to say. Love to all.

Yours truly,

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\* The world does not know, and will never learn the amount of domestic woe, the destitution and misery, the inevitable result of our great national struggle. This same nostalgic patient of mine, was a worthy poor man living in one of the northeastern counties of the state, at the period of the outbreak of the rebellion. He had enlisted in the army under promises that his family in his absence should be cared for, and not be left to want. A day or two after the incident recorded in the letter above, his wife made her appearance at my hospital bearing in her arms an infant but five weeks old. She had made her way on foot, two hundred miles, traveling over the rugged mountain roads all across eastern Kentucky with the ghastly specters of famine and death haunting her every step. Two days before she left her home, a daughter of eleven, all the child she had except the babe, committed suicide by hanging herself, driven to it by family destitution. The story, as I learned it at the time, was full of pathos. I made an effort to procure the man a furlough, but failing in this, he and wife and babe disappeared from my hospital, and I never saw him again, but had to report him as a deserter; the only deserter for whom I ever felt any pity or sympathy.†

March 24, 1877.

† I received this day a letter from a former commissioned officer of my Regiment asking me to procure a pension or back pay due to the poor fellow when he deserted. I fear nothing can be done for him. I will try.

CUMBERLAND GAP, *August 4, 1862.*

*Dear Wife,*—Yours of 25th July reached me Saturday evening. I don't know how to respond to some of your charges—direct and implied charges—that I returned from Dr. Brashears' table, on the 4th of July, "half-seas-over," with a "drap in my e'e;" shot in the neck; fuddled; muddled; so far gone that I could not tell the difference between tweedledum and tweedledee. Now don't you think I was ashamed of myself when I read your letter? Are you not ashamed for me? Or for yourself, when after more than twenty years' knowledge of my most exemplary life you make such grave charges against me? Will I ever be able to see your face again in peace? Do you forgive me the wrong provided I acknowledge a wrong at all? I confess to have drank, on the occasion referred to, just two stem glasses, and no more, of pure, unadulterated catawba. I could have safely "imbibed" twice, thrice, quadruple the quantity, and not have been hurt, but my regard for the proprieties of the occasion, and a just consideration of the rights of others in a fair distribution of the good things of this life restrained me from claiming an undue share, and instead of meriting a rebuke, I think myself entitled to your high commendation for my self-denying forbearance. And now if you won't ask my pardon, I suppose I must ask yours.

"Wi' ghastly e'e, poor tweedledee  
Upon his hunkers bended,  
And prayed for grace, wi' ruefu' face,  
And sae the quarrel ended."

I can now say positively that a leave of absence will not be granted to me. Nor would my resignation be accepted, if tendered without the endorsement by the Colonel commanding that its acceptance would be for the good of the service, which would imply that I am worth just nothing.



I can't yet screw my courage to the sticking point to make the acknowledgment.

I judge from the papers you are having lively times in Boone. I think and hope you have no serious grounds for apprehension for your safety of person or property. Unless the rebels in your midst go thoroughly, stark mad, certainly not; because with half an eye they can see, if they will, that there is a power to control them and exact "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth." In my judgment, Morgan's raid will be of incalculable benefit in arousing the state from the stupor into which it had fallen.

Our brigade is out again on an expedition into Tennessee, and, instead of three, will this time be out five days. There is no organized force of the enemy this side of Clinch River; beyond they are understood to be in force and control the approaches to Knoxville.

The prevalent opinion here is that we will remain in position until the army of the Potomac is ready for another struggle with the enemy, and when it comes, I trust in God, success will be achieved.

Edw. Parrish left me yesterday, well, very well, but a little feeble; not quite fit for duty.

Love to all with kisses to the children.

Yours truly,

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CUMBERLAND GAP, *August 5, 1862.*

*Dear Daughter,*—I owe you an apology for leaving your last letter so long unanswered. Official duties, and answers to the numerous private letters addressed to me, is the justification I plead.

Your gay times with your young friends had barely ended, before tribulation, fear, and distress seized on your entire community; you, I suppose, with others. I hope

there will be no serious trouble in Boone, though there are some most bitter and malignant men in its limits, who are ready for any desperate undertaking. I think I could, at this distance, name two or three men who have filled official positions in the county, who, I doubt not, have had a share in the troubles; and if, when the details reach me, I do not find (\* \* \*) has been prominent in the disturbance in the neighborhood of Big Bone, I will be disappointed. Let me know as far as you can the names of all the chief actors. Your mother in her last mentioned the misbehavior of union troops in Burlington. With new levies, such as you had with you, badly officered probably, you must expect such things, and much as their acts are to be regretted, no rebel sympathizer has any right to complain. They have deliberately taken arms, or as deliberately given aid and comfort to a cruel and wanton rebellion, and now they should hold their mouths sealed in shame, and in confusion hide their faces.

What is to be the result of the struggle, is known only to the God of battles. I have thought that government has the power and the will to subdue the rebellion. I do, however, feel ashamed and mortified to say it has been but too often outwitted, outmaneuvered, repulsed, and defeated, when and where it should have been victorious. In no event will I ever consent to unite my fate with the south other than as a part of a great, whole, and united country. The Ohio River is no feasible line of division between two such nations as ours divided would make. The Cumberland range would make a better line; and yet no honest patriot could for a moment think of surrendering up the loyal men of East Tennessee to the outrage and wrong to which they would be subjected, so long as he could lift a spear or wield a sword.

Edw. Parrish left me day before yesterday, well, but a little feeble. I saw him again this afternoon, and told his

superior officers not to put him to duty for a week. I find he stands almost too well at headquarters to hope for promotion. He is cheerful, intelligent, active, and a great favorite with General Morgan's staff. If promoted he would have other duties to discharge than those now assigned him, and they wish still to retain him. Now, is it not a hard case that a man's good qualities should be a bar to his advancement?

Remember me very kindly to your grandfather; it would afford me great pleasure to see him, but that can't be just now. Love to all.

Yours truly,

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CUMBERLAND GAP, *August 12, 1862.*

*Dear Wife,*—I have not written to you for more than a week. I have waited hoping to hear from you, but all in vain, and I will delay no longer.

I have nothing to write about but the expedition to Tazewell, Tennessee, of which I gave you notice in a former letter, but not its results. I started out on the second with three regiments, or rather parts of three regiments—the 16th and 42d Ohio, and the 22d Kentucky. Two companies from each regiment are constantly engaged on fatigue or picket duty. The force numbered about two thousand men and was accompanied by two sections of artillery.

Tazewell was reached in good time on Saturday and the force rested on their arms during the night. Sunday morning they passed the town, and on in the direction of Clinch River, which is seven miles beyond. During the day the 22d was in advance and was repeatedly engaged skirmishing with the enemy, and drove them from their positions. As night approachd the troops returned to their camping ground north of the town, and the wagon train,



seventy in number, was sent to the Gap loaded with forage supplies, and with orders to return with additional rations for the troops.

I should before this have said the rebels are in force beyond the Clinch. Our best information is that they have nineteen regiments of Infantry, one of Cavalry, and several batteries of Artillery.

Monday the wagon train with rations returned to Tazewell, and on Tuesday morning it was ordered south and west of the town to procure additional supplies of forage, and whilst so engaged it was near being cut off by the rebel cavalry. Wednesday morning the rebels almost surrounded two companies of the 16th Ohio and cut them up terribly. One captain and ten men were killed, and one captain and fifty-one men were made prisoners. The 22nd lost one man captured and had two severely wounded; one in the spine, who will die; the other in the left thigh which will probably require amputation.

The rebels report one hundred and ten men killed, and over two hundred wounded. We captured one Lieutenant-Colonel, one Captain, and sixteen men. Our prisoners report seven thousand troops in the field against our two thousand. Our troops returned here Wednesday night, bringing with them everything except a lot of knapsacks abandoned to the enemy.

The safe return of the brigade is due alone to gallant fighting and skillful handling, together with better and more accurate artillery firing than the rebels seem to have attained.

The reports just now rife in our camps are that the rebels will attempt to play on us the strategy we so successfully played on them—that is: getting on the line of our communications, and thus, by cutting off our supplies, starve us out. If the attempt should be made I trust we can hold out long enough to be relieved. And if an assault should be

made prepare to hear that the rebels have been terribly punished for their temerity.

The papers say Magruder commands in East Tennessee, and that we are soon, not only here, but everywhere in Kentucky, to have warm work. I have no doubt a desperate effort will be made to transfer the war into Kentucky, and if only the sympathizers with treason could be made to feel its horrors, for one I would not regret it much, but when the innocent are often made the greatest sufferers, it is too much to think on with any degree of patience. I trust government is alive to the necessities of the situation, and will use every energy to pluck safety from amid danger.

You asked after Charley. I have him still without his having rendered me any service for two months. When I entered the service he was a fine, showy horse, but now he is a poor, shabby, indifferent-looking beast. Nor is this the worst; my little mare is taking distemper, and I may have to purchase another. Horse-flesh here suffers incredible hardships. Half the time we are out of grain and forage. It is no uncommon thing for the animals to go thirty-six to forty hours with only the small quantities of herbage they can pick up as they are led round. This starving process can't do otherwise than tell on their health. All that keeps my little mare up, is that she eats bread crust, waste or damaged crackers, rice, and indeed everything but meat, left at our meals. Charley I let run at large, but he is not so fastidious as the mare. As an evidence of the straits to which our horses have been reduced, allow me to tell what Charley did two days since whilst roaming round camp. He approached our hospital tent and seized the half of a boiled ham that was hanging against a tree, and though the act was witnessed by the cook, who was not twenty yards off, he had it under foot and half devoured before he reached the beast; and then for the amusement of

the thing I permitted him to finish what remained, which he did to the wonder and surprise of a gaping crowd. Don't you think he will yet do for a foraging horse? I wish you had him at home, but I see here no prospect to send him there.

Send me a list of all who have run off from Boone, all who have been arrested, and all who have taken the oath of allegiance. And so the \* \* \* boys have been captured on their way down into Dixie, and have learned by this time, that there is some danger in attempting to overthrow a great government? I hope they may be permitted to ruminate in safety over their folly and crime against society.

I received Kate's last two days since and will write to her soon, provided our communications are not cut off by an invasion of the state. My health is still good as at any time since entering the service, and that means just as good as you have ever known it to be. Remember me kindly to your father, and to all enquiring friends. Love to all, with kisses to the children.

Yours truly,

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CUMBERLAND GAP, *August 15, 1862.*

*Dear Daughter,*—I gave to your mother in my last a detail of the expedition to Tazewell, Tennessee. I have nothing new to say on the subject. The wounded of the 22d are doing as well as could be expected. One will get well and one will die.

I have the same daily routine of duties to perform, of which I gave you some inkling in a recent letter. I rarely go out of camp except to visit the brigade hospital, which is two miles distant. About once a week I visit staff division headquarters at the Gap. I have but little disposition to court those in authority and make myself scarce at the quarters of commanding officers



Since the return from Tazewell we have many, but vague, rumors of a speedy attack on our position by the rebels, but up to the present time they have not dared to do such a thing; nor do I believe with all their temerity, they will attempt it. The Gap as they left it, was a formidable position; but the new works since erected, with the large increase of modern artillery, have in the opinion of competent judges, quadrupled its strength. There is but one mode of attack left to the rebels by which to dislodge us, and that they can't put in operation without measuring arms with the entire north. I take it, the authorities that be, will not permit another raid into Kentucky without punishing the perpetrators most signally

I think the country, the whole country, is at last aroused to the gravity and importance of a united and determined effort to suppress rebellion; and I still have unwavering confidence in the final result. The condition of affairs, as they exist at present, cannot last much longer even in Tennessee, and how much worse it is in the further south you may judge. \* \* \* We have here the nucleus of a North Carolina regiment. Three companies have already been organized, and squads of refugees, from ten to twenty in number, are daily dropping in. They represent the condition of the people as most deplorable. Many of their neighbors, with their arms tied behind, were marched off to the rebel armies, and those who had been most earnest in opposition to rebellion were manacled. What would the rebels of Boone say to such treatment? With them it is all right in aid of rebellion, but to preserve the government it would be "horrible! most horrible!"

I have a call from the Senior Surgeon of the division, Dr. Cloak, to accompany him to-morrow some fourteen miles to the rear to select suitable grounds for a division hospital. It gives me the opportunity for more horseback exercise than I have recently had, and it is therefore agree-

able to me, but I am sorry for my little mare, as she is getting quite thin.

The whortleberry and blackberry season has gone by and the peach crop is just coming in; there is a good supply of the seedling peach in this section this year; but the apple crop is limited and very inferior, nothing but seedlings, and worthless at that.

Twelve months hence this region will be barely habitable. The surplus of other years has all been consumed, and almost all the green corn in ten miles of this point has already been cut up and fed to our stock, fed in the milk, and what remains of the crop of this year will barely carry families through the winter.

Shall I have the pictures I called for, and when? I weighed yesterday four pounds more than I did two months since. I eat heartily, sleep profoundly, and take it all in all, I enjoy life just about as well as a man could away from wife, children, and friends. I am somewhat aquatic in habit, and we have in fifty yards of my tent a splendid pool of water, clear, cool, and invigorating; and I take a plunge into its depths daily.

Kiss the children for me, and don't let Cora forget me. Love to all.

Yours truly,

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CUMBERLAND GAP, *August 23, 1862.*

*Dear Wife,*—I venture to write to you again, with the hope of getting my letter through by a scout, who goes out to-morrow morning. I suppose you have many rumors as to the safety of our position. The rebels are in force all round us, but they do not come in range of our guns. What is occurring outside we know not, as we have had no mails for more than two weeks. You need fear nothing for us, as we have subsistence for sixty days in store, and

we dare the rebels, with all their temerity, to attempt to take us by assault.

Once or twice a week, one or two brigades march a few miles into Tennessee or Virginia to procure forage for our stock, when the rebels fall back and refuse to give us battle. On these occasions there is a little skirmishing, some wounds inflicted, and occasionally a man killed.

I have heard nothing from Burlington since the fourth of this month, and I feel quite anxious for a report from you. I suppose some of your letters were captured at Barboursville, or Pogue's, ten miles this side, as we understand both offices were raided by the rebels; if so I hope they contained no information that would be of service to the scamps.

Just as soon as the blockade of our road is relieved, I want you to send me a whole host of back numbers of the papers of the day, that I may read up and learn what you outside barbarians have been doing.

I wish I had time to write more, but I have not. My health was never better, nor my spirits more buoyant. God bless you all. Many, very many, kisses to the children.

Yours truly,

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CUMBERLAND GAP, *September 4, 1862.*

*Dear Wife,*—I take the opportunity of a citizen leaving our lines to write to you again. I hope my letter of last week reached you. It was intended by me, to have it mailed at Manchester in Clay County, which is now our only outlet. How long that may remain unclosed is more than I can say. Our cooping up here at present is exceedingly annoying, as we presume important events are transpiring all around us. As a nation we have passed through the convulsions and upheavings of a century in a year. We



are now in the transition period, and historic events of vast importance may have occurred whilst we have been shut up in the mountains. You can have only a slight opinion of our anxiety for intelligence, as our scouts up to the present time have failed, for two weeks to come in.

I still entertain no fears for the safety of our position, and the rebels seem to appreciate its strength. They not only fail to come within range of our guns, but invariably fall back when we go out on foraging expeditions.

I would be exceedingly much pleased to send you sketches of scenery here, if I could find a competent artist, but all that I have seen are the merest daubs, and to send such abortions would be a sin against the Most High, who created the magnificent prospect around us to excite our reverence and not to be caricatured by puny "daubsters."

The troops here have recently undergone great labor and fatigue in strengthening our position and in guarding all approaches, and as a result much sickness prevails; but I am happy in saying to you that within a week the amount has diminished one half in the 22d. The cases have generally been febrile in character and mild in type. I reported this morning as unfit for duty thirty-six in quarters and fourteen in hospital, which is considered a pretty clean bill of health for a regiment as full as ours.\*

I hope you have kept on writing to me weekly as the blockade will be raised ere long, and then I expect to receive an avalanche of agreeable news.

Let me hear from your father regularly and give me all the local news of the county. Kiss the children for me, many, very many, times, and except a score of kisses for yourself.

Yours truly,

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\* When Kirby Smith made his entrance into Kentucky, and got on the line of our communications, our military authorities dis-

MANCHESTER, CLAY COUNTY, KENTUCKY, }  
September 10, P. M. }

*Dear Wife*,—DeCoursey's Brigade, 16th, 42d Ohio, 7th, 22d Kentucky regiments, was ordered to this point on the 8th. We reached camp one mile north of Manchester at 8 A. M. this day, making the distance, fifty miles, in just about forty-eight hours.

11th. At sundown last evening the long roll called to arms, and the troops were marched to the hilltop between camp and town, where they were kept under arms all night. Capt Foster's Battery (1st Wisconsin) is with us. A portion of John Morgan's command is hovering around us.

8 A. M., 12th, returned to camp for breakfast. I understand we wait here for the coming up of Gen. George W. Morgan.

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played the utmost trepidation. DeCoursey's brigade was in the valley of Yellow Creek, one and a half miles nor-'nor'-west of the Gap. He was ordered immediately to the crest of the mountain range, east by north-east, one mile from the Gap. To reach the locality a *detour* was necessary, which increased the distance to not less than four miles. And the elevation to be surmounted was not less than two thousand feet. Tents, camp equipage, and everything connected with a two months' encampment, were taken up on the shoulders of the men. This labor was accomplished in two days, and they were two of the hottest days of the month of August. I never witnessed severer or more exhausting labor. For ten days following this movement the 22d reported more men on "sick list" than at any time during my connection with it. And the like result followed in the other regiments of the brigade.

Whilst the men were undergoing this extraordinary labor under a fervid, burning sun, the horses and mules and wagons of the brigade were standing idle, and the road by which the wagons could have reached the position was shorter and better than the longer route the men were compelled to take. I have never been able to conceive a reasonable apology for such disregard of ordinary hygienic laws.

18th. This day at 2 P. M. a soldier, of the 7th Kentucky, shot and instantly killed a comrade. Gen. Morgan came up a couple of hours later and immediately ordered a Court Martial trial of said soldier.

Saturday 19th, Court Martial tried, convicted, and sentenced prisoner to death.

20th, sentence executed.

Our line of retreat is through a district of country where one of our companies was organized, and at about the time of the killing referred to above, the wives of two of our soldiers came into camp on a visit to their husbands, and during the night I was called to attend one of them in child birth. A baby—"Picture it, think of it, dissolute man!"—a live "gal" baby born in the midst of ten thousand soldiers and never a fig leaf in sight to cover its nakedness.

"The muckle black deil fly away wi' the brat."

I was compelled to tear up two of my shirts to make swaddling bands and slips in which to dress it. 'Tis some comfort, however, to know that I had taken most of the wear out of them. Can't you replace them soon? Life and death you see march with equal step all along the pathway of life from the cradle to the grave.

*Sunday Night, 10 P. M.*

We are now burning a hundred wagons and every thing that would impede our march.

Stripping for a fight or a foot race, whichever may befall us, we are in trim for what may come.

Love to all with many kisses to the children.

Yours truly,

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“HEADQUARTERS, CUMBERLAND GAP, }  
*September 14, 1862.* }

A council of war, convened by Brigadier-General Morgan, commanding the forces at Cumberland Gap, assembled at headquarters at 11 A. M., to-day. Present: Brigadier-General Morgan, commanding, Brigadier-General Spears, Brigadier-General Baird, and Brigadier-General Carter. The brigade of Colonel DeCoursey absent on detached service. The proceedings were opened by General Morgan stating in detail the information in his possession relating to the position and numbers of the Union and rebel forces in Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee, and as to the probabilities of succor, both of men and supplies, reaching this post, and of the condition of the troops as to supplies of food, clothing, and ammunition. General Morgan stated that the council was convened to consider the question of remaining at the Gap or evacuating the position, and that he should be governed by the decision of the council, as far as that question was concerned.

After a free interchange of opinion, it was agreed unanimously that, in view of all the circumstances of the case, the position should be evacuated.

[Signed] GEO. W. MORGAN, Brigadier-General.  
 J. G. SPEARS, “ “  
 A. BAIRD, “ “  
 S. P. CARTER, “ “

W. P. CRAIGHILL,  
 1st Lieut. of Engineers, U. S. A.,  
 Recorder of Council.”

*Statement of subsistence stores on hand on the seventeenth day of September, the day of evacuation, submitted to the Council of War by Brigadier-General Morgan:*

50,384 lbs. Bacon,	12,000 men, . . .	5 $\frac{1}{4}$ days' rations,
336 bushels Beans,	" . . .	15 "
9,000 lbs. Rice,	" . . .	7 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
1,300 lbs. Sugar,	" . . .	$\frac{3}{4}$ "
19,230 lbs. Coffee,	" . . .	16 "
11,890 lbs. Mixed Vegetables,	" . . .	17 "
3,631 Desiccated Potatoes,	" . . .	3 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
5,650 Soap, . . . . .		
75 barrels Salt, . . . . .		
295 gallons Vinegar, . . . . .		

[Signed]

G. M. ADAMS,

Commissary of Subsistence U. S. A.

In addition it should here be stated that for three weeks not a pound of subsistence stores had reached the post, and that the horses and mules were absolutely starving.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 15, 1862.

GENERAL G. W. CULLUM, Chief of Staff,

*Headquarters of the Army of the United States:*

*General,*—I have the honor herewith to transmit a copy of the report of Brigadier-General Geo. W. Morgan, dated the 12th inst., detailing the circumstances of the withdrawal of his forces from Cumberland Gap.

While the evacuation of the Gap is to be regretted, I do not see, with starvation staring him in the face, and with no certainty of relief being afforded, how he could have come to any other conclusion than the one arrived at.

The march of General Morgan from Cumberland Gap to the Ohio River was most successfully accomplished, and reflects much credit upon him and his officers for the skill with which it was conducted, and upon the men for the cheerfulness with which they bore the hardships of a toil-

some march of some 200 miles, on scanty fare, over a country affording little subsistence, and often for long marches without water.

H. G. WRIGHT,  
Major-General Commanding.

PORTLAND, OHIO, Oct. 6, 1862.

*Dear Daughter,*—It is two months since I have written to you. I now resume with great pleasure. I mailed at Greenup, Kentucky, on Saturday last, 4th inst., three letters for your mother. One written at Cumberland Gap, which I found in the post office at Manchester, and reclaimed; one written at Manchester, and another written in Greenup; and I wrote this morning a short note which I sent by early train.

The presumption is that we will be detained here a few days to refit and renew our camp equipments. In abandoning the Gap, all our tents were burned and everything destroyed not absolutely necessary to our safety and welfare. Of course, much of my clothing went by the board. My army experience, thus far, will be of service to me in the future. I will not hereafter carry with me more than one suit of clothes with the necessary changes of undergarments.

You will find in the *Gazette* a detailed account of our march across eastern Kentucky. It is very fair and correct in its outlines, only it does not bring out in strong enough colors, the difficulty of subsisting ten thousand men, for days together, on corn meal, grated on extemporized graters manufactured out of the ordinary tin plate by punching holes with the points of bayonets, old nails, and everything else that could be pressed into service.

I regret much that the emergencies of the service will not allow me to visit home at present. I hope you will all



bear the disappointment philosophically ; the day is coming, and I think soon, when I may return without molestation, and to remain.

If your mother thinks she can afford to spend the means for you and her to visit me I will be very glad to have you do so. We may leave here before you can reach this point, but you will certainly be able to come up with us at Gallipolis. I have no time for more, and close.

Love to all.

Yours truly,

---

PORTLAND, OHIO, *Oct.* 13, 1862.

*Dear Wife,*—I mailed to you at Greenup, a week since, three letters, and at this place I have mailed two more, and one to Kate, but having received no answer to any of them, I take it as granted you have no mail communication with Cincinnati. This I entrust to a friend who goes to-day to the city ; and he promises to forward it, if any means present.

In a former letter from this point, I asked you to come and see me, as it is not possible for me to procure a leave of absence. The press for furloughs is great, but they cannot be obtained without violating the orders of the war department. My only hope to get home is, that the Medical Director may require the presence of a surgeon in the city, in which event I have the promise of the appointment. I prefer that you should not wait on such a contingency, but come at once, and bring all the children with you, if you think you can afford the expense. You must be sole judge, as at present I cannot meet any part of it ; nor can I say when the regiment will be paid off again. If you should come here and I am out of the way on your arrival, call at the house of Mr. Burk, Post Master, and you will meet a cordial welcome.

Our destination is understood to be West Virginia, and if we get off without my seeing you, I may not have another opportunity for twelve months to come, and I will very much regret if you let the occasion slip. If you come it will be by Chillicothe, and on your return you would probably have some pleasure in calling on Job Stevenson and family, who reside there. I think they will be pleased to meet you.

I am getting very tired waiting to hear from you, but will try to preserve my equanimity as best I may.

Love to all, with kisses to the children.

Yours truly,

---

PORTLAND, OHIO, *Oct.* 19, 1862.

MR. ERASTUS TOUSEY,

*Burlington, Kentucky.*

*My Dear Sir,*—I owe you an apology for not having written direct to you long before this, and I have to say my only reason for the failure is that I regarded my letters to Lida as family affairs, and I presumed you would see and read them for yourself.

The papers of the day have given to the public all the details of our march from Cumberland Gap to the Ohio River, that it would be proper to expose at present, but I think there is a history of the expedition yet to be written which will change the opinions of the world as to its importance, and the policy on which it was based. That it has failed in its original design is now manifest to all; and the causes leading to that failure when they come to be investigated, will, I think, vindicate the propriety of Gen. Morgan's action.\*

On our way out some of our boys—the improvident ones—suffered some, but those of them who knew how to take

care of themselves fared pretty well. For ten days no rations except coffee were issued, and all had to procure the means of subsistence as best they could. Our camps were always chosen in the neighborhood of a good-sized cornfield, and for hours after reaching camp our hand mills were engaged in grating the needed subsistence for the succeeding day's march, and you may rest assured it was no trifling matter to turn out bread for ten thousand men, on graters made by punching holes through tin plates.

The reason for our two weeks' delay at this point I can't explain; on the Ohio River we would have had an abundance of pure water which here we have not, and there we might have been just as well subsisted as here.

I regret very much that I have not been permitted to visit Burlington to see you, but our authorities shelter themselves behind an order from the war department, when not disposed to grant favors, and when so disposed send men to do some frivolous duty that could just as well have been attended to by telegraph. This kind of indulgence has been extended to almost all of the field officers of our regiment, and to a number of the line officers also, but I know of but a single instance where one of the Medical Staff of the Division has been so favored.

Lida's talk with you will be more satisfactory to you than anything I can write. My health I think better than at any time within the last ten years, but it remains to be seen how well I can stand a fall and winter campaign. You may rest assured that I will avail myself of the very first opportunity to return to Burlington. Nor am I without hope, that the day is not very distant. Col. Lindsey is now in Frankfort; he is very much averse to going to West Virginia and will do all in his power to change our destination, and I am sanguine he will succeed, in which event I will have the opportunity to see you.

Lida tells me what treatment you have given yourself. I



believe I can't make a suggestion in the way of change; in my view, however, the less medicine the better, and none of a depleting character.

Remember me kindly to all the family, and I embrace in that category aunt Lydia and Martha.

Yours truly,

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\* The brightest feather in Gen. Morgan's plume was won in the retreat from Cumberland Gap. In a fight, audacity and dash often accomplish wonders. A retreat, however, tests a man's mettle. This one was accomplished, amid many difficulties, with prudence, circumspection, and unflagging energy.

WINFIELD, WEST VIRGINIA, *Oct. 27, 1862.*

*Dear Wife,*—The day after you and Kate left me at Portland, our division commenced its march for Gallipolis which we reached next evening. We had expected to remain there a few days, but intelligence to Gen. Cox saying that the rebels were pressing Lightburn, changed the programme, and we were marched steadily to this place, which we reached at three o'clock Saturday evening. It was a misty, bleak, cold day, with high winds blowing up the valley of the Kanawha, and we were all glad when the order to halt came.

My tent was carelessly pitched, and during the night it set in to snow, and such a snow storm I do not remember ever to have witnessed in the month of October. At three o'clock yesterday morning, I was comfortably wrapped in the arms of Morpheus, dreaming of home and friends, when down came my tent, leaving me exposed to the "peltings of a pitiless storm" of rain, hail, sleet, and snow. I attempted for ten minutes, bare-footed and under bare poles, to adjust matters, but was compelled to give it up as a bad job, and flee to the ambulance for protection. It continued

to snow all of yesterday, and take it altogether, it was a day of much discomfort. To-day, however, comes out grandly, with the sun bright and glowing enough to dry all our clothes and bedding which were saturated by the catastrophe of Saturday night.

I received by the mail of to-day a large package of *Gazettes* which I presume came from you. They date back to a time anterior to our abandonment of the Gap. I suppose you found your trunk on your return to Cincinnati, as I have a vague impression of your saying you had in it papers for me. Tell me something of Garibaldi. I see allusions to his imprisonment and his wound; what has he been doing? Here no one can explain the affair, and I did not think to mention it when you were in Ohio.

I have been surprised, most agreeably surprised, with the Kanawha Valley. Its bottoms are broad, and quite as fertile as those of the Ohio, and the farms and improvements just as good. And now after a summer of unusual drouth, I find crops of grain equal to any I have seen elsewhere in other and more favorable seasons. The river is navigable for small class boats to Charleston, which is twenty-five miles above this place.

There are some reasons to expect our return to Kentucky soon. We cannot remain here long in our present force without creating embarrassment about our subsistence, as there are not boats enough running the river to keep up a supply. I think we will resume our march to-morrow morning. I hope to hear from you often, and always let me know how your father is.

Love to all, with many kisses to the children.

Yours truly,

---

WINFIELD, WEST VIRGINIA, *Oct.* 28, 1862.

*Dear Wife*,—Your note from Covington and Kate's from home, 22d inst., reached me this evening. Neither of you mentions the lost trunk; so I take it for granted you found it on your return to the city.

I was mistaken in supposing we would resume the march to-day, though marching orders were issued, and a number of tents struck, but the order was countermanded. We will, without doubt, I think, start by sunrise in the morning, and I may not be able to forward this before we reach Charleston. \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* It is now nine p. m. and the order has just this minute reached me to be ready to march at six tomorrow morning, which makes it necessary for all hands to be up at four. So I will close for the present and prepare for bed, leaving this to be finished in the future; indeed, I don't know when you may get it, as there is no regular mail from even so populous a town as Charleston.

*October 29th.*

We resumed march at sunrise this morning and made twelve miles to noon, stopping in the midst of one of the finest bottom farms I have seen in all my wanderings. We have had a most delightful day of it—a little bit frosty in the morning, but after the sun got up it was all that could be asked.

We expect to reach Charleston to-morrow, if on the way a battle is not fought. The camp news is that the rebels are entrenching a strong position four miles this side of town, with the determination to stop our progress. I don't know how much truth there is in the report; if true, however, they must get out of the way, or somebody will be hurt, as the determination seems earnest to go onward.

The more I see of this grand country, the more earnest and decided are my condemnations of the great wrong of



attempting to break up and destroy such a government as we have had.

You remember my friend Manfred and his graceful appearance. An amusing comment on it was made to-day, as he and I were riding along the line of one of the Tennessee regiments. You must know that his equestrian is even superior to his pedestrian grace. "Look," said one of the boys, "how that man rides; his horse trots and he gallops; he will get to his journey's end first." The doctor relished the jest much as any of us. You will think me frivolous to write such nonsense, but, what am I to do? We have no newspaper mail, that is, no regular mail, as everything of that sort stops wherever rebeldom puts down its treacherous foot, and I have little but gossip and the country to write about.

Love to all, with regards to friends, and kisses to the children.

Yours truly,

---

CHARLESTON, WEST VIRGINIA, *Oct.* 30, 1862.

*Dear J.*,—Your favor of the 17th reached me yesterday. I am obliged to you for your kindness in writing to me in the absence of your sister from home. She and Kate left me at Portland, Ohio, on the 22nd.

In the dearth of general news, I do not know what to write about. Here, as everywhere that rebeldom sets its foot, the sources of information are dried up. There are no mails, no newspapers, no general intelligence, and nothing outside of dry details of military marches to write about; and they are by general consent regarded as unfit topics for ladies' letters. Am I not in a quandary?

I mentioned to Lida my admiration of the Kanawha Valley. I have not seen a more beautiful or a more fer-

tile country in all my wanderings. The bottoms are broad as those of the Ohio, as far up as this point, and as level almost as a floor; this feature I consider as objectionable, because of its tameness. All the low lands along the river, I judge, are subject to overflow by such floods as we had last winter and spring.

Charleston is situated on the east bank of the river, just above the junction of Elk River with the Kanawha. We reached camp yesterday, just before sundown, immediately on the north bank of the Elk; and before dismounting I rode to a favorable elevation, and drew my field glass on the town, and can only say that my first impressions are favorable. With most of our officers the location of our camp near to a town is agreeable; it is otherwise with me, as I have always found the men have much better health when on the march, rather than when in camp. It was even so when the men complained of being half-starved, on the march from Cumberland Gap.

The far-famed Kanawha salines commence two miles above the town, and extend some eight miles further up the river. I anticipate much pleasure in visiting them, which I purpose to do in a few days.

And so you have committed a felony! You have dared to break open one of my letters, and then to write about it as though you had been guilty of only an ordinary, little matter-of-course act! When I get home I will have you indicted, tried, convicted, sentenced; and then rather than have you go unwhipped of justice for so grievous a wrong I will myself inflict the punishment. Now don't you feel sorrow and remorse, fear and anguish, at the impending danger to your lips?

What is to be the outcome of our expedition here is more than I can tell. Most of the officers think our stay here is to be brief; whence comes the opinion I know not: their wishes may be father to the thought. But as the Rebels

have fallen back before us, the inference seems general that they cannot subsist beyond this point, and must of necessity cross the mountain chain into the Shenandoah Valley; and, having done so, they will not be able to return before May next. The reasoning may be correct, but knowing nothing about future events I shall say nothing more on the subject. Now don't charge me with writing on an interdicted subject. I have only mentioned the speculations of others, and as my mind is engrossed with these things it slipped off the point of my pen before I was aware of it.

War is a most terrible calamity, and I can now to some extent appreciate the feelings of King David when he chose to fall into the hands of the living God, rather than those of his enemies, the latter being men. There, there you see the one subject will out-crop.

My opinion is that we shall ere long be sent elsewhere, because with the present force here there will soon be trouble in the subsistence department. The recent storm has raised the river three feet, and a larger class of boats are coming up, and we have just now on hand a full supply of "grub"—grub, do you know what it means? 'Tis not a very nice word for ears polite, but it embraces in a single syllable everything in the way of food that a soldier consumes; and only a greenhorn uses any other term.

Remember me kindly to enquiring friends.

Yours truly,

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CHARLESTON, WEST VIRGINIA, *November 3, 1862.*

*Dear Daughter,*—I received this morning two letters from your mother. I have written twice to her, and once to you since we parted at Portland. I hope all were received.



The day after you left Portland we started for Gallipolis, at six in the morning, and reached there the next evening. I had no opportunity to see the town as we were marched through and on to camp two miles above, without halting, and at daylight on the following morning we resumed our march to this place.

The newspaper correspondents have described Western Virginia in such dark gloomy colors, that I had made up my mind to find a land sterile and mountainous, and its inhabitants a semi-barbarous people. You may imagine my surprise in finding the valley of the Kanawha cultivated, fertile, and beautiful, as any portions of the Ohio that I have seen; with fine comfortable houses and desirable farms, from the mouth of the river to this point. The bottoms will average a mile in width, and the yield this year is greatly superior to that of any other section of the country I have seen. The summer and fall have been unusually dry, but I have never seen better crops of corn, hay, and pumpkins, grown anywhere, during the most favorable seasons.

The wealthy of this section are generally disloyal; but the working men, the small farmers, the bone and sinew of the land, are all in favor of maintaining the unity and integrity of the nation, on which are based all their hopes of future prosperity. Their commercial relations are with the valley of the Ohio, and until some convulsion of nature shall make for the Kanawha an outlet to the sea, other than through the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, the interest of the dwellers along its banks will be indissolubly linked to the fortunes of those streams.

I visited yesterday, with Dr. Brashears the nearest and the smallest of the salt-boiling works, some two miles above town, and found a much more extensive business than I had expected. The establishment sold, last year, two hundred and fifty thousand bushels of salt, and this

year the owners made arrangements to increase on that quantity, which would have been done, so said one of the managers to me, but for the recent interference of the rebels. They occupied the valley three weeks, during which period all the establishments suspended work at a heavy loss to both employers and employed.

I understand a majority of the owners of furnaces here are sympathizers with rebellion. They thought it to their interest to suspend operations in the presence of their friends, when they had run their establishments for twelve months under the protection of the government troops. The bare statement of such a fact needs no comment, other than to say our troops passed the works on Friday last, and this morning, Monday, they all resume work.

The forests have assumed their richest, gaudiest, autumnal tints. Whilst riding up the valley yesterday, I could but admire the landscape as one of surprising beauty and grandeur, transcending the art of man to transmit to canvas, and any attempt of mine at a verbal description would fall so far short of the painter's cunning that I stop short.

In the conflict of armies, Charleston has suffered as much, perhaps more than any town in all the country. Lightburn, in his retreat, set fire to his commissary stores to prevent their falling into rebel hands, and the flames communicated with adjoining houses, and thus a goodly portion of the town was laid in ruins. The bank building was set on fire by a shell from the enemy, and in addition to all, a costly suspension bridge, spanning the mouth of Elk River, was thrown down by the cutting of the cables. All this, however, I suppose you heard of at the time the events were transpiring, but I knew nothing of them until we reached here.

I have just this minute learned that two of my letters for home, which should have gone out by the boat of last

Saturday, are both of them now in Sumner's breeches pocket, through sheer carelessness on his part. If you have any maledictions to pour out, do it on his head; he is a preacher and can bear all you may have to say. These things are annoying, but I will try to restrain myself.

I hold to my previously expressed opinion, that this division will not remain here long, but I am just as decided we will not go to the Potomac, as your Ma's last letter suggested.

Love to all, with kisses to the children.

Yours truly,

---

CHARLESTON, WEST VIRGINIA, *November 6, 1862.*

*Dear Wife,*—Yours of 31st October reached me this evening, and all I can say in reference to your suggestion is that Gen. Cox's command is in the Department of the East, and his troops are under command of Gen. McClellan. I do not desire to go east, but if my regiment is ordered there, I will have no choice, but to obey. You probably saw the announcement of our connection with the army of the Potomac, in the *Louisville Democrat*. I have seen it nowhere else. If it be true, there may be a much wider space of country between us before we meet again.

I am almost entirely relieved of my rheumatic attack, but the boil on the back of my neck has occasioned much pain and annoyance; and none the less from being among men who jest about such things. I hate a fussy man and try to bear the ills I have, with all the philosophy I can master.

I wrote to Leab this evening; the letter, I suppose, will reach him by the mail that conveys this, and his letter has ruined yours, as I had intended to say something about my visit to the upper salt-boiling establishment here, but, writing first to him, I said all I have to say on the subject. He



may let you see it, as there is nothing to forbid, nor much to interest in it. Remember me always kindly when you write to Georgetown. I will write there to-morrow.

I hope to receive soon the promised picture of Cora; I will wear the image of the dear little prattler near my heart always, and may she thus be a perpetual bond of union and sympathy between us.

Love to all.

Yours truly,

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CHARLESTON, WEST VIRGINIA, *November 9, 1862.*

*Dear Wife,*—I believe I acknowledged, in a former letter, the receipt of yours written at the Gibson House; I have now the more agreeable information to communicate of the safe arrival at this place of your box containing two shirts, four pairs of superior woolen socks, and four jars of jelly. I drew on a pair of the socks at once, as all I had before were out at heel and toe. One jar of the jelly I presented as a specimen of your handiwork to Col. Lindsey, who requested me to return thanks for it, and another was opened at my mess table at supper, and all concurred in praising it as prime.

We are under marching orders for the mouth of the river to-morrow morning. What will be our destination from that point, the future must determine. General Morgan is ordered to report at Cincinnati. If the division goes there, I will endeavor to get home, if it be for a few hours only.

I have no time for more, as Sumner is ready to take the mail to the boat. Love to all.

Yours truly,

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CINCINNATI, OHIO, *November 15, 1862.*

*Dear Wife*.—Our brigade reached here at noon to-day; our boat ("The Jewess") with the 22d, being in the rear of the fleet, in consequence of its sticking for several hours on a sand bar.

I had hoped we would go into camp here for a few days, but my information is that we go down the river at once. I need not say to you how much I am disappointed, as I had thought that certainly I would this time be permitted to visit home when passing almost in sight. But having from the start made up my mind that my primary duty is obedience to orders, I won't now say a word against the onward march.

I will try to find some one from Burlington to take this out to you this evening, but, failing in that, will mail it.

The Ohio regiments were paid off on our way down the river, and ours will be between here and Louisville. I will send funds from that point and deposit in some of the Cincinnati banks, subject to your order.

Love to all.

Yours truly,

---

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY, *November 17, 1862.*

*Dear Wife*.—We reached this place at three and a half o'clock this evening. Immediately on arrival the Paymaster settled with me; and I leave with the Adams Express Company four hundred dollars to deposit with the banking house of Gilmore & Co., of Cincinnati, subject to your order. I retain more than my usual amount, because I go further from home, and it will cost me more to live in the south than where I have heretofore been.

I am very busy just now, and can't say anything more, but will write again when on the river. Love to all.

Yours truly,

---

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY, *Nov.* 18, 1862.

*Dear Wife*,—I wrote to you yesterday apprising you of my sending to Gilmore & Co., four hundred dollars to your credit. I send to-day the receipt of the express company for same.

I want to call your attention to my Iowa business. Unless the tax is paid the land will revert to the state. I hope you have funds to spare the necessary amount, without any inconvenience. Ellyson's letter, which I forward, shows you the amount. Have a bill drawn on New York and forward to him at Des Moines, Iowa.

We are now lying in a lock of the canal, where we were caught at dark, and the night is so very dark and foggy the Captain decided to wait for daylight.

The general impression is that we start for Memphis early in the morning. At the rate of progression from Cincinnati to this place we will not reach our destination for a week.

I feel that injustice was done in denying me the privilege to visit home when at Cincinnati, but making complaints will not mend the matter now, and so I will not indulge further in it. Love to all, with kisses to the children.

Yours truly,

---

STEAMBOAT "JEWESS," *Nov.* 24, 1862.

*Dear Wife*,—We are approaching Cairo, where I suppose we will lie for the rest of the day, and the night. Our trip from Louisville here has been a slow but very agreeable one to me. We are under way only by daylight in consequence of the low stage of the river, and the fog at night.

I have had what I have long desired: an opportunity to



see deliberately the Ohio river and its surroundings, and I have had it under more favorable circumstances than by any other mode of navigation. I have been wonderfully pleased with all that I have seen. A calm, beautiful river, studded with thrifty towns all along its banks; dotted here and there with islands, which add to its picturesque scenery; with broad fertile bottoms, which lack only the intelligent husbandry of freemen to make them blossom as the garden of paradise.

Our destination I have just learned is Columbus, Kentucky, instead of Memphis, Tennessee. The troops concentrating at the former point will be attached to the 13th Army Corps, which is under command of Major-Gen. John A. McClernand, of Illinois. Our final destination is Vicksburg, to aid in opening up the navigation of the Mississippi River. We will probably remain at Columbus until the middle of December.

Large bodies of troops are making their way down the river from all points. Our fleet consists of six steamers, which all go in one squadron. Another of similar number is daily in sight, sometimes in advance and sometimes in the rear of us. It presents a most animating panorama.

You are aware that two of our companies were recruited in Louisville. We remained there near forty-eight hours and one hundred and two of our men gave us French leave. We expect, however, to find most of them at Cairo.

The weather has been delicious and balmy, with only two days of mist, rather than rain, since we left the Kanawha. It has been most agreeable to me, but it would have been better for the country to have had a rise of the rivers. We have touched only at Evansville since leaving Louisville, and we know nothing that is transpiring in the world at large, but we hope to post up on reaching Cairo.

Kate may now take her turn in scolding about illegible

writing, but I have the apology of the boat's motion in my behalf. I think, however, you will be able to decipher what I have written with more ease than I do much of her's written at home.

Address me at Columbus, Kentucky. Give my love to all, with many kisses to the children.

Yours truly,

---

MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE, *Nov.* 29, 1862.

*Dear Wife*,—You will see by the heading that I was misinformed in reference to our going into camp at Columbus. When we reached that point our fleet anchored out in the river, and so remained all day, but finally orders came to proceed to this place. We reached here Wednesday night at twelve, and were detained on the boats until three P. M. next day, awaiting orders. They came at last, and we were busy until dark pitching tents, arranging camp, and fixing up comfortably.

I have as yet seen little of the city, but that little has impressed me very favorably. It is certainly located to insure a great future, if we shall escape a prolonged internecine war; but if the present strife should run into a chronic condition, as it would surely do by permanent separation, then might her citizens bid adieu to all hopes of future greatness.

My present impressions are that we will go forward pretty soon to General Grant's column, instead of waiting for Gen. McClelland's movement on Vicksburg. This I get from Colonel DeCoursey, and, as you know, I formerly complained of his manner of doing things—not of the thing done—I will state what occurred this evening. We met on an abandoned camping-ground, where there was much loose old lumber, and I was bargaining with the owner

for enough of it to floor my tent and make bunks, when he stepped to me and whispered not to expend money for such a purpose, as he was expecting marching orders momentarily. It displayed consideration for the pecuniary condition of his command, to say the least, and took me quite by surprise.

During the few minutes I spent in the city I asked a citizen about the former status of J. W. Coleman, and was glad to learn that he ranked high as a young man of much promise, and that he was the very last man of any note in the city to give in his adhesion to rebeldom. I can't censure him so very much when I find the pressure, political and social, that was brought to bear on him. Peace be to his ashes.

I don't hear from you, having received no letter from home since I left Charleston, W. Va.

Much love to all, with kisses to the children.

Yours truly,

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MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE, *Dec.* 6, 1862.

*Dear Daughter*,—I received, two days since, your letter containing Cora's photograph, and yesterday your mother's of the 25th November came to hand. I respond briefly and at once to both, and I must be brief, as my official duties here engross most of my time.

Memphis, before the rebellion, had the prospect of a brilliant future, but the war has driven away at least half her former resident population, who were among the most pestilent dis-unionists in all the land. For so recent a town, it has some very fine houses. Two of the hotels equal in style, dimensions, and magnificence of internal arrangements, the Burnet and Spencer Houses of Cincinnati.

I still think we will soon go to General Grant's column,



as we draw teams and wagons to-morrow, and that is satisfactory evidence to my mind that we will leave the line of the river. I have, however, been so often mistaken in my surmises that I won't speculate much. Very heavy bodies of troops are daily arriving at this point, and are hurried forward to General Grant. I suppose we also would have taken that direction before this time had we not, at Gallipolis, surrendered our wagons and teams, and when we reached here none could be furnished us.

I have been so unfortunate as to lose my little mare. She escaped during a rain and thunder-storm on the morning of the first. Many horses were lost here at the same time. Dr. Brashear lost two; his assistant a fine, high-priced one, and the chaplain of the 16th Ohio his. I have offered a reward of twenty-five dollars for the return of mine again, but do not expect ever to see her more.

I received two days since a letter from Delia, written at Eminence, Kentucky, and will write to her soon, if I ever again get in letter-writing trim; now I feel entirely out of it, and only write from a sense of duty, and send this miserable apology for a letter.

Love to all, with many kisses to the children.

Yours truly,

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MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE, Dec. 8, 1862.

*Dear Delia,*—Your letter of 17th November, addressed to me at Charleston, West Virginia, reached that point after the regiment left there, and then, doubling on its track, pursued and caught up with me here day before yesterday.

However much I may flatter my self-love in reading, your anxiously expressed wishes for my personal safety, my better judgment tells me they are all misplaced. I

hope, in any event, you will not cultivate emotional indulgences, which will only mar your future happiness.

I would be glad to have a quiet hour's chat with you beside your cheerful winter's fire-side, and recount to you all I have seen and heard, connected with my wanderings, since we parted in April last, at Georgetown. The expedition to Cumberland Gap was then the engrossing topic of conversation, and I expressed to you my hopes of a triumphant result. It was taken, and, at the time, all were sanguine that its occupation by national troops would aid much in arresting the unnatural strife rebellion has forced on the country. But now, when time has tested results, I am compelled to say the expedition was an unwise use of the resources of the nation, and further, that the rebellion could have been more vitally touched by a judicious concentration of the national armies against the important strategic points in the rebel states.

The papers of the day told all, and more than all, of our hardships after the abandonment of the Gap, and the retreat across the mountain region of eastern Kentucky. The bare truth was bad enough. Ten thousand men marched for ten days, subsisting during that period on corn plucked from fields on the road-side, and grated into meal on extemporized graters, made by punching holes through the ordinary tin plate supplied to the army. The boys, however, made a frolic of it, and went through cheerfully.

There were many amusing incidents on the retreat which will keep for a future occasion, but one I will give you now. When the Quartermaster's stores at the Gap were thrown open to general pillage, the day before the abandonment, a long-legged, long-armed, stalwart young fellow of my regiment thrust himself into a suit of clothes every way too small for him. He displayed half his legs naked below his nether garments, and won from the boys

the *sobriquet* of "Legs." His understandings passed the utmost limits of the law, and he went through the entire retreat with the "bare-foot brigade;" his bleeding feet left their trail all along our rugged road. He opened his knapsack at my quarters the day we reached the Ohio River, and the first articles presented to view were a *blacking-brush and a box of paste blacking*. Some officer had thrown them away at the Gap, and he appropriated the prize, and carried it through a retreat of two hundred and thirty miles. To me the incident, with its associations and surroundings—his bare feet and naked legs—was ludicrous in the extreme.

Memphis, before the rebellion, had a brilliant prospect looming up before it. It is most admirably situated for becoming in the future the emporium for all the leading products of the central Mississippi valley. But if the country should most unfortunately be permanently rent in twain, some future antiquary will rank the present with another Memphis of the dead and buried past.

Near the center of the city is a well-preserved park of ten or twelve acres, studded with native forest trees, and all alive with squirrels, tame as domestic cats. I am fond of spending an hour in their company on sunny afternoons, and pleased to have them search through my pockets for nuts.

In the park stands a marble monument of President Jackson, with his immortal Fourth of July sentiment, "The Federal Union: it must be preserved." Some vandal attempted to "raze out the written record," but the ghost of the stern old hero rose up before the barbarian and frightened him from the half accomplished purpose. Would to God he could return in bodily presence and drive the worse vandals from the more unholy attempt to destroy the national life.



Give my love to your ma and grandma and regards to friends.  
Yours truly,

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MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE, *Dec.* 9, 1862.

*Dear Wife*,—I received day before yesterday your last, and at the same time two letters from you and one from Kate, written in August, whilst I was at the Gap.

Since I last wrote I have seen more of Memphis, and I must say that here is the beginning of a city, the growth of which requires only the folly and madness of man to arrest. It is situated on a great plain, above any floods that have as yet occurred, and it spreads over a vast territory, and if the town ever fills to its present corporate limits, it will contain a great population. But for the rebellion, it would have been one of the termini of the great Pacific railroad.

There are extensive fortresses here commanding both river and town. The rebels constructed the river fronts and our forces those bearing on the town. Not less than fifty guns, in point blank range, are all the time with their huge gaping mouths in position, thus giving evil disposed citizens warning of the fearful doom which awaits them in the event of their renewing any of their treasonable practices. To semi-rebels this seems tyrannical, but verily the time of retribution has come sooner than sympathizers expected, and they will be held to obedience to the government through all time.

With the Mississippi River controlled by the government, the rebellion is a failure, and only the pur-blind who do not want to see fail to see it. I would that the rebels of Kentucky could be made to understand this, as they must know the government will not, can not, let go its hold on the river.

In reference to future movements I have only to repeat what I previously said. We have drawn wagons and mules,

and I think we will soon go to Grant's column. Fresh troops are daily arriving and swelling the large numbers already here. If the statements of the papers be true that Grant is driving the rebels before him, he may get in the rear of Vicksburg, and thus compel the evacuation of that stronghold. In such an event we may be sent still further South, perhaps to Texas. This is only my surmise.

Yon may feel some interest in knowing the cost of living here. Flour, fifteen dollars per barrel; potatoes, two dollars per bushel; butter, fifty cents per pound; sugar, tea, and coffee, about as with you; wood, twelve to fifteen dollars per cord. House rents I have not enquired after, as I don't wish just now to settle here. Love to all.

Yours truly,

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MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE, *Dec. 17, 1862.*

*Dear Wife,*—I have not heard from you for some days, nor have I been as prompt as heretofore in writing, tho' I am ahead of both you and Kate so far as numbers are concerned.

There seems quite as much uncertainty about letters here as at other points. Government is pressing all the boats on the river preparatory to the grand demonstration in clearing the "Father of Waters" from rebel obstructions to its free navigation. The expedition from this point will require sixty steamers and as many barges. This statement will give you a better idea of the magnitude of the force to be employed than any thing else I can say.

On Sunday night last, one of the severest rain storms I have ever witnessed set in.

"The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last."

The windows of heaven were opened and a deluge of

water poured down all night long. This time I was lucky enough to have my tent-pins well secured, but the light duck, of which all recent tents are made, permitted the water to run through like a sieve, and the morning found my bedding and blankets well soaked with water, nor was I able to dry them until Tuesday, as it continued to rain all Monday, during which day Dr. Brashear and myself were riding from camp to camp of Gen. Morgan's division examining sick men and directing who should be sent to hospital.

Gen. Morgan's division; fourteen regiments of Infantry and two batteries of Artillery were reviewed by Gen. Sherman yesterday. I was not permitted to see much of the display, as the medical board of which I am a member, did not finish its labors of the day until night, but in the discharge of our duties we passed along the line of review, and the roar of cannon kept us from eleven in the morning until sunset in mind of what was going on. Sherman was pleased and praised brigades, regiments, and batteries, and they in return cheered him, most lustily. Now don't turn up your nose and say, "Come tickle me and I'll tickle you." We have news here to-day that the rebels are in Kentucky again, near Richmond, and that Lexington is in danger of re-occupation by them. There will not, there cannot, be a permanent occupation of the state by rebels, and if disloyal "Blue Grass" will not rise and expel the marauders from their midst, I hope Blue Grass may be ploughed and harrowed and harvested by them.

We now understand that Gen. Sherman will command the expedition, which will leave here on Sunday or Monday next, and I trust, go when or where we may, it will be to an assured success.

Since the storm the heavens have cleared up most beautifully, and now the cool, bracing atmosphere is all that a man can ask in winter, though the nights pinch a little.



My health is all right now. Love to all, with many kisses to the children.

Yours truly,

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MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE, Dec. 19, 1862.

*Dear Wife,*—It is now eight and a half p. m. and I have time for only a short note. We have for some days been expecting orders to move, and after dark this evening they came to pack every thing and load in wagons to-night, except our tents, and to be ready to strike them at six in the morning.

I received last night your letter detailing your troubles about my deposit with Gilmore & Co. In a previous letter I suggested to you the propriety of withdrawing the sum from them and depositing with the Covington bank. The latter receive Manfred's on the ground of his having been an old depositor, and you can justly make the same claim for me. The other matters mentioned by you I leave to your own judgment. I am not in a position to advise safely.

On one point I hope you will pardon me a word or two. Be as prudent and economical as you possibly can with due regard to your comfort. Don't misunderstand me. I do not mean to imply that you are prodigal—very far from it, but after the close of the war a period of pecuniary pressure will be felt all over the land, and if we can so manage as to save a little it will be very convenient.

I have bought another horse, and a good one at that, at a cost of one hundred and fifty dollars. He is regarded as cheap, and I could get an advance of twenty or thirty dollars on him immediately if disposed to part with him.

I had written the above when a Lieutenant of one of the Ohio regiments paid me the doubtful compliment of calling me half a mile to the suburbs of the city to see him at a

private house. I was met at the door by the lady of the house, and received so courteously, indeed, so cordially, that I almost fancied her a Union woman, but appearances are deceptive. She happens to be the only woman (except Mrs. Brashear) to whom I have spoken since reaching Memphis. Don't you fear that I will relapse into barbarism? I sometimes fear it myself.

I suppose we will reach the neighborhood of Vicksburg on Monday next. Our men are ordered to have three days' cooked rations in haversack. The distance is some three hundred miles. Our fleet will be convoyed by the gun boats, and I presume we will witness some shelling on the way.

I do not regret leaving Memphis. Whilst it is a place with the promise of a great future, I do not fancy it. The mere fact that in a stay of over three weeks I have not met an acquaintance, nor entered a private house, except the one mentioned above, may have some influence on my feelings.

Love to all, with kisses to the children and regards to enquiring friends. And now to bed.

Yours truly,

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STEAMBOAT CRESCENT CITY, OFF HELENA, ARKANSAS, }  
Dec. 21, 1862. }

*Dear Daughter,*—All the troops at Memphis under command of Gen. Sherman embarked on steamboats last evening and reached this point during the night, where we have been lying at anchor since sunrise. The day is beautiful and balmy as May in your latitude, but it looks like any thing else than a day of rest. In view is such an array of steamboats as I have never before seen at one glance, and all of them are crowded with men, and horses, and mules, and implements and munitions of war and subsis-

tence stores to their utmost capacity. I know nothing of the cause of our detention, but suppose it to be to perfect arrangements for our debarkation.

One of the features in the panorama before us, of interest to me, is the passing and repassing of the gunboats. I have seen them before, but not in such close proximity. They look more like huge floating turtles than anything else I can liken them to, and I can't but think that unsightly, amphibious creature suggested their construction.

The river on both sides for a mile above Helena is alive with troops; whence they come and where they go I don't know, but suppose most of them will engage in our expedition. From all I can learn I judge our destination to be the immediate neighborhood of Vicksburg, and I understand a united demonstration by the land forces and by the gun and mortar boats will be made, and if successful, the confederacy will be rent permanently in twain. God grant a speedy and effectual accomplishment of this purpose, and an early return to our homes.

We have rumors of the repulse of General Burnside, at Fredricksburg, Virginia, but I have seen no paper confirming it. For a day or two before we left Memphis we received no papers from the North, and the city papers only mentioned the matter as rumor; but the knowledge that the administration suppressed information after McClellan's disasters, makes me fear the same thing now when all authentic news is cut off. I will try to wait with patience the developments of the future.

I had quite a compliment paid to my be-bearded, be-whiskered face on the streets of Memphis yesterday. Whilst walking on the main street of the city I met a couple of ladies, whose rotund figures and linsey-woolsey gowns proclaimed them from the country. Just as I was passing them one of our soldier boys asked a citizen where a barber



could be found, whereupon one of the ladies responded and pointing to me said, "Thar's a man *what* wants a barber." The tone of voice together with the manner made it very amusing to me.

I sent one day last week a short letter to the Cincinnati *Gazette* over my old cognomen of "Medico," which you probably would have been able to assign to its proper paternity without this acknowledgment. In it I mentioned favorably, but briefly, Col. Lindsey. He has been made acting Brigadier General, and in conformity to policy he is separated from his own regiment. I hate the appearance of sycophancy so much that so long as he retained command of the regiment I carefully abstained from saying a word about him in my communications to that paper. I have to say now that he has been less noticed by the press than any man of his abilities I know in the service, and I have further to say that he has always displayed in his intercourse with subordinates the kindness and courtesy of a gentleman.

The magnitude and grandeur of the "Father of Waters" grows and grows still more on one's imagination the longer he floats on its bosom. It is as Mr. Calhoun truly called it, "Our great internal sea."

*Tuesday Morning, 23d.*

We are this morning two miles above Napoleon, Arkansas, where we lay most of the night, and this morning the fleet is changing front, those boats which have been in the rear now taking the advance. Our division having occupied the central position, I have a fine opportunity to witness the number of our forces, and at the same time see a grand exhibition of the Nation's fresh water naval power.

Remember me kindly to your grandfather's family. Love to all, with kisses to the young "uns."

Yours truly,

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## CHICKASAW BLUFFS.

STEAMBOAT "CRESCENT CITY," Jan. 8, 1863.

*Dear Wife*,—I wrote to you on the 25th December, on our way down the river. Since that time important events have transpired, of which you will probably have seen accounts in the public papers before this reaches you. I would have written sooner, but my time has been so wholly engrossed with my official duties that I could not do so. I give you, after a fashion, a running commentary of events as they occurred.

The fleet reached the mouth of the Yazoo River on the 25th, and proceeded up that stream twelve miles. Here the troops were debarked, near some earth works which guarded the approaches to Vicksburg from its rear. The range of hills on which the works are constructed are known here as the "Chickasaw Bluffs." I ought to premise that our expedition was intended to co-operate with the forces under General Grant, who was expected up from the landward side in time for joint action. Banks was also expected to lend some aid from below. You must understand I only give camp rumors. Grant and Banks failed to come to time, and General Sherman determined to feel the strength of the enemy and ascertain his position, unsupported as he was. My opinion then was, and now is, that, with the force under his command, he was fully justified in so doing.

On the 26th DeCoursey's brigade marched two miles in the direction of the enemy's works, and had some skirmishing with rebel pickets, and exchanged a few rounds of cannon shot, without results on either side; and, after one or two hours, withdrew to the boats again. On the 27th all the troops were ordered out, but did not reach the field in time for any effective work before night, our brigade in advance. At four o'clock, as the 22d was marching in

column through an open field, flanked on our left by a narrow but deep bayou, with forest and dense jungle beyond, a well-directed fire was opened on us by rebel skirmishers, the first round killing one man and wounding ten others severely. Our column was at once deployed into line, and a sharp action was commenced, and kept up until the artillery drove the enemy from their ambuscade. The cannonading ceased at sundown, and our troops bivouacked on the field for the night.

Having one amputation to perform, and numerous wounds of less gravity to dress, my position was in the rear and under shelter. On the 28th the battle re-opened at seven A. M. in serious earnest, and such a continuous roar of artillery and roll of small arms, as was kept up throughout the day, from right to left, I had not before heard. The casualties of the day gave surgeons ample work to occupy all their time, and to test their utmost strength and fortitude. Men were brought in wounded in every imaginable form—in limbs, abdomen, chest, head, arms, hands, etc.

In the afternoon I aided Surgeon Pomerene, of the 42d Ohio, in the exsection at the elbow joint of one of his men; and then he aided me in the amputation of the left arm, at the shoulder, of Henry Valance, of Company C, 22d Kentucky.

During the day the rebels were driven through a dense forest over half a mile, and, during the succeeding night, a bayou was bridged which separated the opposing hosts. I should remark that throughout both nights, 27th and 28th, rain poured down unceasingly, during all of which time our boys were sleeping on their arms or digging trenches, which labor was performed by reliefs of one-half the regiment every second hour. These operations were occasionally interfered with by the enemy dropping a shell



or shot in the midst of our boys, as they were now fully and fairly in range of the rebel batteries.

On the morning of the 29th the order to assault at noon was given, and the central portion of the rebel works assigned to Gen. Morgan's division, and, as I think, without due consideration for the exhausted condition of the men. They had been engaged, without intermission, for forty hours, fighting or working; they had endured two nights of cold drenching rain; they had been badly fed, and many of the men were sick.

They went in with alacrity, and came out with untarnished honor, but repulsed and terribly cut up. The distance was greater than anticipated, and the obstructions very much more than had been counted on. They had a space of full half a mile to pass over, covered with fallen timber; they had a bayou, or ravine, deep in mud and water, to wade through. All these difficulties were surmounted, and the open grounds immediately in front of the works reached and occupied, when a concentric fire from an array of masked batteries was opened on our fatigued and exhausted men, before which it was impossible for any troops to stand or advance. The force fell back in good order, bringing with them most of our wounded.

What has been the total loss in killed, wounded, and missing, I have no means of knowing; nor do I know the losses in our brigade. The 22d went into action with about 400 bayonets, and came out with eighty three killed and wounded, and twenty-nine missing. Among our killed are two captains—Garrard, of Frankfort, and Hegan, of Louisville, both much valued and much regretted.\*

After the repulse the forces re-embarked, and the boats dropped down the Yazoo, and have been ascending the Mississippi at the rate of fifteen miles a day.

We are lying to-night at the mouth of the White River,

in Arkansas, and have orders to be in readiness to debark early to-morrow morning.

I have never undergone a week of as much anxiety and fatigue as the last. During the three battle days I was on my feet eighteen or twenty hours each day, and my legs have not yet rested sufficiently. Very many men have sickened, and thus my labors have but little intermission.

I fear you will think I have written you a miserable letter, but situated as I am, without any privacy, in the social hall of the boat, filled to its utmost capacity, and surrounded by the noisiest crowd of profane-swearing, dram-drinking, card-playing, song-singing, reckless, impudent, dare-devils in the world, it is the very best I could do. \* \* \* \* Love to all, with kisses to the children.

Yours truly,

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\*The 22nd was numerically the weakest regiment in the brigade. The young blood of Kentucky was poured out on both sides in this most unfortunate contest.

#### A MOOTED POINT.

GENERALS, LIKE DOCTORS, DO SOMETIMES DISAGREE.

Extract from General Morgan's report: "It is worthy of note that DeCourcey's entire brigade brought back their colors, though the flag of the 16th Ohio was shot to tatters, only shreds remaining on the staff, and the flag of the 22d Kentucky was scarcely less torn, and not less dripping with blood.

"Lieutenant Colonel Monroe, 22d Kentucky, was struck down at the head of his regiment."

Extract from Colonel DeCourcey's report, commanding brigade: "Notwithstanding the destructive fire from all sides, which kept mowing down the ranks of the 16th Ohio, 22d Kentucky, and 54th Indiana, the brave men com-

posing those corps had nearly crossed the large open space of nearly half a mile, which lay stretched out before them, glacis fashion, when the enemy increased his fire of small arms and grape to such a degree as to render a further advance impossible. \* \* \* \* The 22d Kentucky was under the orders of Lieutenant-Colonel G. W. Monroe, who was wounded early in the charge. His wound not being a serious one, I hope the valuable services of this officer will soon be available. The regiment was brought out of action by Major W. J. Worthington."

GREENUP, KENTUCKY, *March 5, 1884.*

*My Dear Doctor,*—Your favor of 29th ultimo received, and contents considered. Some years ago General Lindsey called my attention to General Sherman's remarks upon our brigade at Chickasaw Bluffs. I have been looking for a copy of my reply to him, but can not now lay my hands on it. My recollection, however, is very vivid in regard to the whole affair. The topography of the country, in fact all the incidents pertaining to that disastrous and ill-advised attack are too deeply impressed upon my mind ever to be forgotten.

As regards the lay of the country, you will recollect that, as we advanced from the river, in the direction of the enemy's works, there was on our left a bayou with a low levee, serving to protect the arable land from overflow.

We, on going out, passed through cultivated land, not striking the levee until near the Lake House, where we were fired on (22d) in column and in front. All the land on our right and front in the neighborhood of the Lake House, up to where our batteries were posted in the woods, was at that time dry land. There was between the house and the woods where the batteries were posted, a swale or dry lagoon, having but little water in it. The night previ-



ous to the assault Captain Patterson, of the Pioneer Corps, with some four companies of the 22d Kentucky, was sent forward to dig some rifle pits, just in the edge of the woods, and adjoining the down timber which lay in our front, and between us and the enemy's works, over and through which we had to pass in the attack; and also to pontoon the bayou, which lay in our immediate front. This being accomplished, the guard accompanying him was retired to the edge of the woods, where the rifle pits were constructed, and the rest of the brigade brought up in the early morning, where we remained until the assault was delivered.

This position brought us in fair view of the enemy's works, and resulted in a brisk fire from their batteries all the forenoon. I was talking to General DeCoursey at the time he read the order to advance. The men were ordered to fall in, which they did in columns of company, in which position they remained for some time. DeCoursey directed me to go among the men and counsel them to keep cool, and advance rapidly when the order was given, and if compelled to fall back, to do so leisurely, and preserve our organization, so as to be ready to defend ourselves against any attack of cavalry, adding at the same time that the assault was ill-advised, and that it would prove disastrous, but not to let the men have any other idea than that of victory. When the advance was ordered we moved up and passed the pontoon above referred to, and formed line of battle on the edge of the bayou, in the fallen timber, being subjected to a heavy fire all the time from the enemy's batteries; but, fortunately for us, they fired too high to do much harm. The line being formed, the advance was commenced, all in full view of the enemy's works, which were constructed along the foot of the hills in a semi-circular form, and from

which there burst forth an almost unbroken sheet of flame as we commenced to advance. Our line of march led us directly into the field, half-way encircled by their works, without cover or shelter of any kind. The brigade moved forward rapidly and in good order until we reached the bayou to which, I presume, General Sherman refers, and says we safely crossed. This is a mistake, and an unpardonable one in the General commanding, in more ways than one; for, in the first place, he should have had the ground *reconnoitred* over which his troops had to pass in so perilous and hazardous an assault, so as to ascertain whether they would meet with an impassable barrier, immediately in the face of the enemy's batteries and rifle pits; in the second place, if he has ever looked (since the engagement) at the ground the brigade passed over in its advance, he knows that the bayou lay right across their line of march, and was impassable (and at the time of the attack its very existence was unknown to the General commanding, or to any of his subordinates), and covered almost its entire front, being from thirty to forty yards wide, and from ten to fifteen feet in depth.

When the command struck the bayou it was temporarily checked. General DeCoursey was on the right center of the command at the time, and was so situated that he could not see how far the water extended to the left. He was much chagrined at this unexpected obstruction, and asked to have some one carry a note to General Morgan. No one coming forward, I proffered to carry it for him. He replied, "No! Major, no! I will get some one else," and commenced to write. Just at this moment a command, or word of command, was passed up the line, to move by the left flank. The General repeated the command in a loud tone of voice, and started down the line, I accompanying him, and both going faster than the line could move in ranks. We passed down, or to the left, for

about 150 or 200 yards, where we reached the end of the water, showing it to be a pond, where we passed around the pond, wading through deep mud and over some logs that had been used as a bridge, the men following as fast as they could, and forming, or attempting to form, on the plateau, just in front of the enemy's guns, and under a most destructive fire, continuing to advance all the time, not a single man stopping to take shelter under the bank, as stated by the General; and, furthermore, there was not a single position occupied or passed over by the brigade from the time the line of battle was formed, either in advancing or falling back, where it could have been screened for a moment from the enemy's fire, but it was in fair view and direct range all the time. In order to have availed ourselves of the shelter afforded by the bank on the opposite side of the bayou, we would have been obliged to do what the General says we did (but what we did not do), that is, cross the bayou. Instead of crossing, as before stated, we moved to the left, and around the water, leaving us all the time in plain view and easy range of the enemy's guns.

The bridge on which we crossed, I think, was constructed by the enemy. The battle proper lasted but a short time, concentrated as our troops were in the small space of ground in front of the enemy's guns, dealing destruction at every volley. General Sherman should remember the old Grecian adage, "That he that has made no mistakes has not been engaged in the military service long." The General, having been engaged for some time in the business, must of necessity, according to this maxim, have made some mistakes, and this is probably the most flagrant and palpable one of them all. However, a scape-goat or an excuse must be had, and the consequence is that our brigade has to suffer, and, I must say, very un-



justly, as no men ever behaved better under the circumstances than did DeCoursey's.

I trust you may be successful in your laudable endeavor to have justice done.

Yours truly,

WM. J. WORTHINGTON.

VISALIA, KENTON COUNTY, KENTUCKY, }  
Feb. 10, 1884. }

DR. B. B. BRASHEAR,

*Akron, Ohio.*

*Dear Doctor,*—During the afternoon of the 29th December, 1862, after the assault of that day at Chickasaw Bluffs, a soldier of the 16th Ohio made his way to my hospital, complaining of great pain in his face, and asked very earnestly to have his wound examined. I did so at once, and with much trouble removed from under the malar bone the dial plate of a shell. The plate had on it the stiletto marks made by the officer in charge of the gun. If the man is still living and has preserved the plate, I think it will aid me very much in establishing the fact that our brigade was close up to the enemy's works before they were driven back. If you can secure the plate for me you will confer on me a great favor.

Yours truly,

B. F. STEVENSON.

AKRON, SUMMIT COUNTY, OHIO, }  
Feb. 25, 1884. }

*My Dear Doctor,*—It gives me the greatest pleasure to say that your late letters have been duly received. \* \* \*

\* \* \* Jonathan Wright, private of Co. E, 16th Ohio, is the man from whose face you removed the dial

plate of a shell at Chickasaw Bluffs on the 29th of December, 1862. He lives at Killbuck, Holmes County, Ohio. I have written to him, and requested him to send the plate to me for your temporary use. F. D. Wolbach, who photographed the plate some time since, kindly sends the photo to you. He thinks Wright prizes the plate so highly he will not consent to part with it. We shall see.

Yours truly,

B. B. BRASHEAR.

KILLBUCK, HOLMES COUNTY, OHIO, }  
Feb. 26, 1884. }

DR. B. B. BRASHEAR,

*Akron, Ohio.*

*My Dear Friend,*—It was with pleasure that I received your kind letter. I have never forgotten you, and never will forget you, nor Mother Brashear. \* \* \* Doctor, it is with pleasure I grant your request for the benefit of Dr. Stevenson. Had any one but you asked for the plate I would have studied some before sending it, but I will forward it with this letter to-morrow.

Yours in friendship,

J. W. WRIGHT.

*Return of Casualties in the United States Forces at the Battle of Chickasaw Bluffs, Miss., Dec. 27-29, 1862.*

(Compiled from nominal list of casualties, returns, &c.)

COMMAND.	KILLED.		WOUNDED.		CAPTURED OR MISSING		AGGREGATE.
	Om-cers.	En-listed Men.	Om-cers.	En-listed Men.	Om-cers.	En-listed Men.	
General Officers . . . . .			1				
3 Illinois Cavalry . . . . .			1	2			3
13 Illinois Infantry . . . . .	3	24	8	99	2	37	173
55 " " . . . . .	1	1	1	3		2	8
116 " " . . . . .				5			5
127 " " . . . . .		1	2	3			6
16 Indiana " " . . . . .				1			1
49 " " . . . . .	1	5		32		18	56
54 " " . . . . .		17	10	102	3	132	264
67 " " . . . . .		1					1
69 " " . . . . .				11		2	13
83 " " . . . . .	1	3	2	13			19
4 Iowa " " . . . . .	1	6	4	101			112
9 " " . . . . .				6		2	8
25 " " . . . . .		1		7		2	10
30 " " . . . . .				4			4
31 " " . . . . .				2			2
7 Kentucky Infantry . . . . .	1	4		6		3	14
22 " " . . . . .	3	6	5	67		26	107
Mich. Light Artillery, 7 Battery			1	10			11
6 Missouri Cavalry . . . . .		2		2		2	6
3 " Infantry . . . . .				2			2
6 " " . . . . .	1	13	1	42			57
8 " " . . . . .				3			3
12 " " . . . . .		2		4			6
17 " " . . . . .		3		6			9
29 " " . . . . .	2	17	4	66	4	57	150
31 " " . . . . .		17	10	62	2	60	151
32 " " . . . . .				2			2
Ohio Light Artillery, 4 Battery.				2			2
16 Ohio Infantry . . . . .		16	4	97	12	182	311
42 " " . . . . .		6		36			42
54 " " . . . . .		4	3	10		2	19
57 " " . . . . .	1			2		2	5
58 " " . . . . .	3	33	7	71	2	9	125
114 " " . . . . .	1	5	1	29			36
120 " " . . . . .				16			16
Wis. Light Artillery, 1 Battery.		1		2			3
13 U. S. Infantry, 1 Battalion.		1		12			13
Total	19	189	65	940	25	538	1776
Total troops embarked at Memphis . . . . .							20,523
Steel's division . . . . .							9,552
Total . . . . .							30,075
Rebel loss at Chickasaw . . . . .	8	49	11	109		10	187



WASHINGTON, D. C., *March 10, 1884.*

*Dear Doctor,*—The nominal lists of casualties in the regimental records of the 22d Kentucky corroborate the statement herewith sent you. \* \* \*

It is possible that many of the wounded died. We include in the column of killed only those who died between dates mentioned, 27th to 29th.

DeCoursey's loss was 724; Blair's, 599. The excess in DeCoursey's, 125. I think you will find this satisfactory. I know it is official, as it is a copy of the record as it will appear in the government print.\*

Yours truly,

G. C. KNIFFIN.

\* In the assault at Chickasaw the 16th Ohio had the lead, and took into action over seven hundred bayonets, and lost almost half its force, with Lieut.-Col. Phil. Kerschner severely wounded and captured. The 22d was next, with about four hundred bayonets, and lost more than one-fourth of its force, with Lieut.-Col. Monroe wounded; and the 54th Indiana came next, after the 22d, and encountering a loss also of more than one-fourth of its force in action. The 42d Ohio was held in reserve, and encountered only slight loss.

CINCINNATI, *March 14, 1884.*

DR. B. F. STEVENSON,

*Visalia, Kentucky.*

*Dear Sir,*—That dial is from what is called a spherical case shell. That is a large cast iron shell filled with powder and small lead or iron balls.

A. HICKENLOOPER.

VISALIA, KENTON COUNTY, KENTUCKY, }  
*March 13, 1884.* }

CAPT. WM. F. PATTERSON,

*Buena Vista, Ohio.*

*Dear Captain,*—On the evening of the 29th of Decem-

ber, 1862, you called on me at the Lake House, and learning that I had in the afternoon removed the dial plate of a shell from the face of a 16th Ohio soldier, you asked to see it, and when it was shown to you, you immediately directed my attention to some stiletto marks on it that had escaped my observation. You said they proved that our troops were close up to the enemy's works before they were driven back. If you can recall the incident, and give me the figures you will confer on me a great favor. Tell me all you know about gunnery, projectiles, fuses, etc. Please answer at your earliest leisure, and accept for yourself and family my regards.

Very truly,

B. F. STEVENSON.

BUENA VISTA, OHIO, *March 17, 1884.*

*Dear Doctor,*—Your letter and card received. By order of General Morgan I overhauled the ammunition at Cumberland Gap in 1862. Great complaint was made by Captain Foster—Chief of Artillery at that post—of the uncertainty of the percussion fuse for the Parrot shell for his battery.

Only about 20 per cent. would explode on contact. I worked upon it until I had an entire new fuse, for which I received a patent. With this his failures were not 20 per cent.

The time fuse is a different thing, exploding so many seconds after leaving the gun, and that determined by the gunner, who cuts the fuse to suit the distance he may desire the shell to run before the explosion. The time is now a matter of tables to which you ought to refer for accuracy.

With our Parrots we elevated the gun about 15 degrees and I think about fifteen seconds for two miles. \* \* \*

You are right in your conclusion that the fuse plate would indicate the distance where it was intended to do its work. I hope this will answer your purpose, although I can not recall your drawing my attention to the plate. I was in the hospital that night at the Lake House, but my attention was so taken up with the man on the table and those on the floor, for whom you said nothing could be done, that other and minor matters have escaped my memory.

Yours truly,

WM. F. PATTERSON.

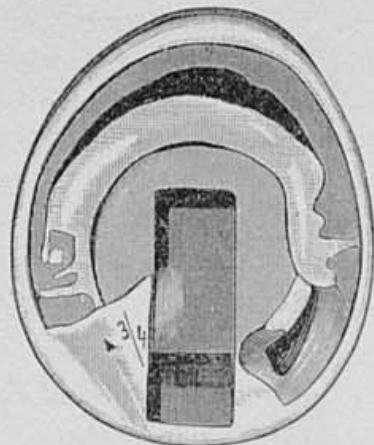
CINCINNATI, OHIO, *March 29, 1884.*

I have this day carefully examined the dial plate of a spherical case shell shown to me by Dr. B. F. Stevenson, and on the triangular plane on the left base of the dial I find a long oblique burin or stiletto mark very visible to the naked eye, and on the right hand side of said mark with the aid of a magnifying glass, I find also, in faint lines a figure 4; on the left hand side of said mark I find the semblance of figuring, but without sufficient distinctness to say certainly what was designed. My profession is that of a wood-engraver, and I am now making an engraving from the dial plate.

H. W. WEISBRODT,

Engraver.





[The engraving above is from the dial plate removed by me from the face of Jonathan Wright, December 29, 1862. When the engraver found the figure 4, as he states, I ordered the figure 3 to its proper position. This fractional number corresponds with my clear and distinct recollection of the dial before friction rubbed out the figure 3.]

And now, taking Captain Patterson's statement as a postulate by which to determine the proximate distance of the above-named soldier from the battery when he was wounded, I fix it at 177 yards. This distance may not be exact, but it is sufficiently so to repel the assertion that his regiment and brigade "took to cover, and could not be moved forward."—B. F. STEVENSON.]

General Sherman, in his official report of operations, commended the gallantry of all the troops engaged. Twelve years later, when preparing his memoirs for publication,

"A change came o'er the spirit of his dream,"

and then others must be made to bear the brunt of censure, or share with him the responsibility of failure. In his memoirs, page 290, he says: "We skirmished, on the 27th, up to the main bayou that separated our position from the bluffs of Vicksburg, which were found to be strong by nature and by art, and seemingly well defended." And again on page 291: "I went in person about a mile to the right rear of Morgan's position, at a

place convenient to receive reports from all parts of the line. A heavy artillery fire opened along our whole line, and was replied to by the rebel batteries, and soon the infantry fire opened heavily, especially on A. J. Smith's front, and in front of General George W. Morgan. One brigade (DeCoursey's) of Morgan's troops crossed the bayou safely, but took to cover behind the bank, and could not be moved forward. Frank Blair's brigade, of Steel's division, 'in support,' also crossed the bayou, passed over the space of level ground to the foot of the hills, but being unsupported by Morgan, and meeting a very severe cross-fire of artillery, was staggered, and gradually fell back, leaving about 500 men behind, wounded and prisoners, among them Colonel Thomas Fletcher, afterward Governor of Missouri." Ah ha! no discrepancy there? Blair was first in support, and then to be supported! Blair lost about 500 men! Vague—very vague. DeCoursey lost 125 more men than Blair, but DeCoursey's losses were wholly forgotten.

General Sherman, on page 295, says: "General Grant, long after, in his report of the operations of the siege of Vicksburg, gave us all full credit for the skill of the movement, and described the almost impregnable nature of the ground." Was DeCoursey's brigade a part of "us all?" In suffering it was chiefest. Its share of commendation, however, was "over the left."

The table on page 162, which neither General Sherman, nor any other living man, can invalidate, demonstrates the fact that DeCoursey's brigade had the lead, and held it until all the troops were driven back; and this was not accomplished until both flanks had passed within the line of the enemy's enfilading batteries.

"Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon in front of them  
Volley'd and thundered."

Every step in advance of the log bridge, mentioned by Major Worthington, was a step deeper

"Into the jaws of death,  
Into the mouth of hell."

General Sherman owes it to his great name and fame; he owes it to the citizen soldiers who perished at Chickasaw Bluffs under his orders; he owes it to the truth of history and to justice that he shall withdraw the charge that has no basis in the records of the War Department to sustain it—a charge that every living member of the brigade feels as a stigma and a stain offered to his manhood and honor, and as a deep wrong to his dead comrades.

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#### ARKANSAS POST.

STEAMBOAT CRESCENT CITY, ARKANSAS RIVER, }  
Jan. 12, 1863. }

*Dear Wife*,—Our forces left their *rendezvous* at the mouth of White River on the 8th, the date of my last, and proceeded up that stream twelve miles, to a cut-off leading into the Arkansas, and thence up the latter, by its sinuous winding course, sixty miles, to Arkansas Post, where the troops were debarked on the tenth, late in the afternoon, and during the night they were marched in the rear of the works. Some skirmishing, with an occasional exchange of artillery shots, occurred whilst this movement was in progress. At daylight on the 11th Captain Porter brought his iron-clads fairly into range, and at seven A. M. he opened fire. The works had in the meantime been completely invested.

Yesterday, Sunday morning, a bright, beautiful day, the game opened in serious earnest all along our entire line, just after Porter gave the signal, and it continued with an unceasing roar of all arms, until the rebels, at three and a



half P. M. sent up a white flag surrendering unconditionally.

By this capture we secure five thousand prisoners with General Churchill and staff at their head; possession of a commanding position on the river, with an open road and open navigation to the capital of the state, and best of all, the moral prestige of returning victories won by national troops.

I stop now for breakfast, and will keep this open, unsealed, awaiting mail facilities, and I may have the opportunity to add more. \* \* \* The number of our killed and wounded here is not so large as at Chickasaw Bluffs, but the results are vastly more cheering. \* \* \*

On board Steamboat J. C. Swan. 12 M. I have been detailed for duty on this, the hospital boat, for the wounded of General Morgan's division, and I suppose I will witness just such scenes as I did at Chickasaw Bluffs. Our wounded are now coming in, many having lain all night on the battle-field, and the numbers prove to be greater than it was at first thought they would be, and many of the wounds are frightful to look at. \* \* \*

*Tuesday morning, 13th.*

After eight hours of constant labor surgeons ceased work at ten last night. Many men are on sick list.

The position here had been made as strong as the nature of the grounds and surrounding circumstances would admit. There are two embrasured block-houses, built solid, of hewn logs twelve to fifteen inches square. The roofs were of logs of like size, with very steep pitch and covered with a double layer of rail-road iron. The block-houses are on the outer bend of the river, and so situated as to command the river approaches in both directions. The rear was protected by a line of entrench-

ments, beginning at the river above and extending round to the river below, and enclosing thirty to forty acres. All the guns in the block-houses, except one, were dismounted by shot entering the embrasures. A fact or two will give you some idea of the force of cannon shot. The walls, made of beech timber, fifteen inches square, were penetrated, and solid shot were driven through and through them; the splinters doing even more damage in disabling the men and driving them from their guns than the shot did. The rebels had, without the block-house, one gun, a hundred and twenty pounder. The bore is large enough for a man to crawl into it, the sides correspond in thickness to the calibre, and this gun was hit just in front of the trunnions by a solid shot from one of our enfilading guns in battery a half mile distant, and it was broken square off. Every artillery horse within the entrenchments was killed and three of the enemy's caissons were blown up.

A personal incident or two I hope you will not think out of place. Our brigade was held in reserve on the day of battle here, until just before the rebels run up their white flag; at which time it was under orders and under way for the final dash on the works, when the surrender arrested its course. In the morning I was ordered to report to General Morgan, to be used as emergencies might demand. An hour after the battle began word came to the General that an artillery-man was wounded seriously and required attention. I was ordered to his relief. My ride took me through a beech grove in full view and in point blank range of a rebel battery. My large white horse made a fine mark for them, and they poured a storm of shot and shell on me that made the leafless limbs above my head rattle louder than the dry bones in Ezekiel's valley of death. You may rest assured I was glad to pass out of range.

Another: Just before the rebels sent up their white flag,

a demand from General McClelland came for a surgeon, and I was ordered to attend the call. On reaching the General's part of the line I failed to find him, and was there first informed of the surrender, and pointed to a squad of officers riding rapidly within the enemy's lines, and was told that General McClelland was with them. I put spur to my horse and pursuing reached the inside of the fortification just in time to witness the surrender of General Churchill and staff to General Sherman, and to hear the cordial and hearty greetings with which they met. Both generals with their staff officers were mounted, and the interview was in the center of the entrenched ground. "Well, Sherman," said Churchill, "I have made the very best, fight in my power." "And a very gallant fight you have made of it," was Sherman's prompt response. No paladins of mediæval chivalry were ever more courteous in kindly enquiries for the other's welfare. Brothers in blood could not have been more cordial. Here for hours had they been hurling deadly missiles at each other, and yet under a little bit of white bunting they instantly became jolly good friends. The incident was a lesson to me.

During the past night our prisoners have been embarked on steamboats and sent north. Love to all.

Yours truly,

*Casualties at Arkansas Post.*

COMMAND.	KILLED.		WOUNDED.		CAPTURED OR MISSING		Aggregate.
	Om-cers.	En-listed Men.	Om-cers.	En-listed Men.	Om-cers.	En-listed Men.	
Burbridge's Brigade . . . . .		37	10	286		7	349
Landrum's " . . . . .		8	4	73			85
Sheldon's " . . . . .		3		14		11	28
Lindsey's " no loss . . . . .							
DeCoursey's " " . . . . .							
Artillery . . . . .				1			1
Total 13 A. C . . . . .		48	23	374		18	463
Total 15 " . . . . .	6	80	42	459		11	508



EXTRACT FROM THE REPORT OF MAJOR-GEN'L M'CLERNAND.

“On the night of the 9th Colonel Lindsey's brigade had disembarked nine miles below Notrib's farm, at Fletcher's Landing, on the right bank of the river, in pursuance of General Morgan's order, and marching across a bight of the river, had taken position and planted a battery on the bank above the fort, equally cutting off the escape or reinforcement of the enemy by water. This was accomplished on the 10th inst., and formed an important part of my original plan, for the prompt and skilled execution of which I accord Colonel Lindsey great credit. \* \* \* \*

“Colonel DeCourcey's brigade, which, with General Blair's division, had born the brunt of the repulse at Vicksburg—Chickasaw Bluffs—were kept near the transports, to protect them, and to guard the approach across the swamp, by which General Steel had countermarched, and remained there until about three P. M., when it was ordered up.”

Extract from General Morgan's report: “I directed General Osterhaus to station Colonel DeCourcey's brigade near Notrib's, to watch the roads over which General Steel had countermarched, and to look to the safety of the boats. This gallant brigade lost 580 men at Chickasaw Bluffs, and, with Blair's division, bore the brunt of that hard-fought, but unfortunate day.

“I strongly recommend that Colonels DeCourcey and Lindsey be promoted. They are able and efficient brigade commanders, and deserve the rank of brigadier.”

Extract from General Osterhaus' report: “By direction of Brigadier-General Morgan, I left Colonel DeCourcey with the third brigade, as reserve to support us in *case of emergency*, to guard the transports, and to protect the right against possible attack from that direction.

STEAMBOAT CRESCENT CITY, ARKANSAS RIVER, }  
Jan. 13, 1863. }

*Dear Delia,*—I thank you for your last letter, as I am more than gratified to hear from Georgetown friends.

We are now lying, with all the force under General Sherman, at Arkansas Post, on the Arkansas river, sixty miles above its mouth.

Within the last three weeks I have witnessed much of the horrors of war. I have been present at one very decided repulse of our troops, and after that at as decided a triumph. But be it repulse or triumph, the woes of humanity are always the same—

“Man’s inhumanity to man  
Makes countless thousands mourn.”

I have witnessed in our last engagements what I hope never to see again: men mutilated, lacerated, and shattered, in the most shocking manner. Our operations here and at Vicksburg, you will find detailed in the papers of the day, and so I will not comment on them.

It is much more agreeable to me to view the majestic features of nature than the results of the rage and passions of man. The magnitude and grandeur of the “Father of Waters” grows and still grows on one the more conversant he is with it. A whole lifetime would not suffice to grasp it in all its great features.

I would be glad to write in detail, but can’t just now. Official duties press, and time forbids. We are now in the hubbub of embarking and disembarking in consequence of some confusion of orders.

Our brigade, I learn, will take position within the entrenchments lately held by the enemy. How long we may remain here, no one knows. Much, of course, depends on results elsewhere. With the post were captured thirteen cannon, and between five and six thousand prisoners, and

with them an equal number of small arms, with attendant trains, wagons, horses, etc.

Remember me kindly to enquiring friends, and give my love to your mother and grandmother.

Yours truly,

---

STEAMBOAT WAR EAGLE, OFF NAPOLEON, ARKANSAS, }  
*Jan. 18, 1863.* }

*Dear Wife*,—The cat is ready for another spring. At twelve m. our entire fleet starts again for Vicksburg.

We have been receiving re-inforcements, but not more than sufficient to compensate for losses incurred of late in battle and by disease.

I told you in a former letter that Mrs. Brashear had accompanied the doctor here. She has for three weeks been seriously ill. It grieves me to see her, and her anxiety is the greater because of the doctor's constant occupation with his official duties. After our battles he was able to see her only once a day, and for a few minutes only at that. At Memphis I advised her to return to her family, and now she regrets not having done so.

I mentioned in a recent letter my trouble with an "old time cough." I have to say now that I am almost entirely free from it, and feel to-day, better than at any time since leaving Memphis. I would be glad to write more if I had anything to say, but my brain is dry as a powder horn. Love to all, with hearty congratulations on recent triumphs. \* \* \*

Yours truly,

---

STEAMBOAT WAR EAGLE, MILLIKEN'S BEND, LOUISIANA, }  
*Jan. 22, 1863.* }

*Dear Daughter*,—I think you in my debt a letter, as I have not received one from you of later date than that



previously acknowledged, nor have I more recent news from home than your mother's of 27th December.

Long before this reaches you, the papers will have given you all the details of our operations at Arkansas Post. On the 14th, after destroying the rebel works and blowing up the block houses, the troops were all re-embarked. Our progress down the rivers has been slow and tedious in the extreme, as we have been a week in accomplishing a distance that could have been steamed in a day and a half. If we were pleasantly situated it would all be very well, but the boats are crowded to their utmost capacity, below with horses and mules, and above with men, many of whom are filthier than the beasts below, so you can form some idea of our prison house. To add to our discomfort it has rained or snowed half the time, which has occasioned much packing round the stoves, and the inhalation of an atmosphere fetid and poisonous enough to make robust men sick. I have passed much of my time in the open air on the hurricane deck and have tried to induce our men to follow my example.

All along the river we see broad fields of cotton unpicked. Most of that gathered was burned by rebel emissaries or rebel orders. We lay at anchor night before last near the house of a citizen, formerly of Louisville, Kentucky. Some of our officers visited the family and learned that the proprietor had lost, by burning, three hundred and fifty bales of cotton; a magnificent fortune in these times of the dearth of the staple, "and all cut off at one fell swoop." He talked very guardedly, but showed that his heart is not in the cause, and that he will hail the restoration of the national authority.

Our entire fleet, except the gunboats, starts for Memphis to-morrow to bring Grant and his army to this point. I understand that so soon as all the forces are concentrated

here, the effort will be made to open a canal across the neck of land on the western side of the river opposite to Vicksburg, and thus to flank the rebel batteries, which command the river for fifteen miles. If successful, its accomplishment will exert much influence on the future progress of the war. \* \* \* My health still improves. Love to all, with kisses to the children.

Yours truly,

---

YOUNG'S POINT, LOUISIANA, *Jan.* 23, 1863.

*Dear Wife*,—I wrote to Kate yesterday, but as I am now having a few minutes of leisure, and a boat starts up to-morrow, I write again.

Our troops have been disembarking all day long, and many of them are sent to the immediate neighborhood of Vicksburg. Our tactics have undergone a change, and the programme now is to flank the batteries, by opening a canal on the Louisiana side of the river, across the narrow neck of the horse-shoe bend, on the outer circle of which the city is built. The canal will be two or three miles long, but the distance round by the river is from fifteen to twenty miles.

The river is rising slowly, and I presume it will require some time to be assured of the success of the enterprise, but, if successful, it will be a just retribution on the people of that pestilent nest of disorganizers.

Since the battle of Chickasaw Bluffs our regiment has been very much demoralized. From thirty to forty men have deserted, and we suppose they have fallen into the hands of the enemy. There is also much sickness among the troops, which may be regarded as inevitable in a winter campaign, and, added to other causes of disease, was that of crowding the boats so densely that men, literally and

truly, were found asleep standing. You may rest assured we were all glad to get on shore.

Enclosed I send a drawing of a large oak tree, with its pendent drapery of moss. I think it well done, the artist almost giving the swaying motion of the moss by the wind. I send also a drawing by the same hand—one of our officers—which he made of me when we were up the Kana-wha. He entered my tent at night, and found me reading. I only waved my hand for him to be seated, and continued my occupation. He sat and drew me as I then appeared, slouched hat and all. I have worn it ever since in my memorandum book, and now it is somewhat soiled and blurred. It was, at the time, thought to be very much like, so you may see what a beauty I have grown.

Here the weather is mild as May, and the buds are beginning to swell on the early blooming shrubs and plants. What a lovely land it would be, unspoiled by the madness and rage of man!

I am now willing to acknowledge my strong desire to get home, yet in the present condition of the regiment, I will not give open expression to the feeling. I very much fear desertion has been stimulated by the unguarded expressions of officers, and the greater indulgence extended to them. Such a charge shall never stick to me.

God bless you all. Kiss the children for me, and remember me kindly to enquiring friends.

Yours truly,

---

YOUNG'S POINT, LOUISIANA, *Jan. 26, 1863.*

*Dear Wife,*—I write again, not having received a letter from you since your's of 27th December, just one month since. I almost fear to learn what may have transpired with you within that time.

We left the boats on 22d inst., and are now camped on



a soft sandy river-bottom, with a surface soil of black loam that sticks to one's boots like so much glue. It has rained almost incessantly since we pitched our tents, and we can't walk from tent to tent without carrying along with us ten pounds of mud. The situation is anything but agreeable. We are sending daily hundreds of men to the up-the-river hospitals, and yet the sick accumulate here faster than we know what to do with them.

Our camps are on the west side of the river, and extend some six miles along the bank. The 22d is located near the center, and two miles above the city. I have twice rode down to view the town, which seems to me, in the distance, to be very prettily situated. It is admitted by all to be a strong position, and our commanders appear to appreciate the fact, in attempting to turn it, by turning at the same time the body of the "Father of Waters." It is a gigantic enterprise, which I sincerely hope may succeed. As yet I have not seen the canal, and know nothing of the work expended on it. The weather has been so unfavorable that I have confined myself to my quarters unless called out on official duties.

I had quite an adventure on the 22d inst., the day we left the boats. I had a call to medical headquarters, which is also General McClelland's quarters, one of the steamers being used that way; and whilst in pursuit of the boat, which was changing its position from point to point, I met a lady, attended by a servant boy, enquiring for the general. Whereupon I promptly asked to be permitted to accompany her, as I was in search of the same boat. We rode along almost our entire line, eliciting side remarks and sly nods from all my acquaintance in passing. Failing to make the boat, she finally requested to be taken to the next in command, which I did, and arriving at his (Morgan's) boat just at the dinner hour, I could do no less than to ask her to dine with me; and you may rest assured

I did the honors with my best grace. After the dinner was despatched we resumed our search for General McClelland, but on my way I was called aside by Colonel Smith, of the 6th Illinois Cavalry, and admonished to be careful of what I was doing. He said he was well convinced she was a spy from Vicksburg, who, under the guise of seeking the privilege of sending cotton North, was only making that a pretext to pass along our entire line. But that was not the worst of it, as he expressed the opinion also that she is a person of questionable character. Now was not that a pretty kettle of fish for me to stew before folks?

I have only to say that I don't believe a word of all Smith said. I took the declaration of the lady to be true, that she is the wife of a planter wishing to go North, and take with him the means to sustain his family, and, so thinking, I tendered my service. But the mere suspicion that I was gulled excited some chagrin on my part, and some laughter at my expense. I meet it all, however, by saying that I only did by one whom I thought a lady just as I hoped every gentleman would do by you under like circumstances, and I hope you will agree with me in the propriety of my action.

I see no indications of battle at this point, as we will not cross the river to fight the enemy where they have every advantage, and they can't cross to attack us. We captured yesterday two of their transports. A masked battery had been established at a point they were not aware of, and when the boats came in range they were compelled to round to or be sunk, and they chose the former alternative.

The river is high, and is getting higher daily, which is favorable to our operations. The only fear just now is that it may get out of its banks, and thus occasion trouble, but I will not anticipate difficulties for the future.

Love to all, with many kisses to the children.

Yours truly,

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YOUNG'S POINT, LOUISIANA, *Jan.* 28, 1863.

*Dear Wife*,—Yours of the 14th reached me an hour since, and I hasten to acknowledge it. I wrote to you two nights since a letter which I suppose went up the river yesterday.

Early in the day of yesterday our regiment was ordered on board the steamboat "Chancellor," to go twelve miles up the river to procure wood. So you see soldiering is not playing when not fighting.

The order was to take all the axes to be procured, and if cordwood could not be found convenient to the river, to cut enough to load the boat, which required a hundred cords. The men gave a liberal construction to the term "cordwood" and appropriated the rails enclosing the cotton field of a citizen who is just now absent from his home in search of "lost rights." You may not know that the rebel authorities have ordered all citizens living on the river twelve miles into the interior, and before doing so compelled them to burn all their cordwood on the banks, and, in consequence thereof, steamboats are compelled to burn rails.

Military operations here are carried on very quietly; no one on this part of the line knows what is being done elsewhere, though we hear they are digging away to enlarge the canal by which we hope to flank the rebel stronghold.

The weather for a week has been extremely unfavorable for horseback exercise, and I have confined myself pretty closely to my tent. Yesterday, however, it cleared up grandly, and all of to-day has been clear, cool, and bracing; just such weather as November gives in your latitude. To-



morrow, if my official duties permit, I purpose to see for myself what progress has been made on the canal; and in the future I will report to you.

I was sorry to learn from your letter the death of young Botts. I esteem the family as among the most worthy citizens of Boone, and as my best friends and patrons in the county. The only words of condolence I have to offer is to say that the man who fills a soldier's grave in this conflict, in sustaining the government, deserves to be embalmed in the memory of all mankind.

My health still improves, and I believe I may now say the cough has left me, and, I hope, to stay away.

God bless you all. Give many kisses to the children.

Yours truly,

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YOUNG'S POINT, LOUISIANA, *Feb.* 4, 1863.

*Dear Wife,*—Col. Lindsey goes to Kentucky on public business, and I avail myself of the opportunity to write with the hope that my letter will go through in better time than by mail. He will post it at Louisville. I have received but one letter from you for more than a month, but I hope you continue still to write. I have mailed two letters per week for home during the past month.

I have nothing of very special interest to communicate. At present we seem to be lying on our oars, doing but little in enlarging the canal, and nothing in the belligerent line, as this great river between the opposing hosts is a most efficient barrier against hostile demonstrations. The weather most of the time, since we pitched our tents here, has been wet, gloomy, cold, and disagreeable. Most of the boys have fire-places in their tents, and have made themselves as comfortable as the circumstances of our situation admit. Sumner and I mess together, each having a tent.

In mine I have a stove; and his has a fire-place, and so we have fire, to eat and sleep by.

I commenced an effort a few days since to procure a furlough, but was told by the Medical Director of this Corps, Dr. McMillen, in the kindest but most decided terms that my services could not be dispensed with at present, nor could he name a time when they could be; coupling it with a compliment to my efficiency. The latter you may believe or not, as you like.

When and how the campaign here is to terminate can only be known to the God of battles. It seems to me the rebels fortify faster than we undo their work. They have now a battery commanding the lower mouth of the canal. And the Engineering Corps are without dredge-boats and without automaton diggers, two of which would do more work in a day than a thousand men, and this is from sheer oversight, as the character of the work required to be done was well understood.

There is much sickness in the army, and many deaths, and as a consequence surgeons are much censured. What is left of the 22d is in as good condition as any troops in field here. We have not had a death in the regiment from disease since we left the Kanawha. During the past month we have sent to general hospital at Memphis, seventy-one men, most of them our wounded at Chickasaw Bluffs. We have lost by desertion about forty men in the same period, and yesterday in the discharge of my duties in making out my usual monthly report I ascertained that we still have in the regiment three hundred and forty-nine men, out of which number I reported this morning forty-eight on sick list, leaving three hundred and one men for duty. This showing is as good as any regiment in the service here, for the same length of time can make. You tire of all this stuff, but I have but little else to write about.\*

Love to all, with kisses to the children.

Yours truly,

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\*I did the regiment injustice in charging it with so many desertions. Numbers who at that time were so regarded proved to have been captured by the enemy who had our lines under surveillance all the time and they instantly picked up stragglers.

YOUNG'S POINT, LOUISIANA, *Feb. 8, 1863.*

*Dear Wife,*—Your letter of the 24th January, communicating the death of your father, reached me this morning, and I wrote at once to your mother.

The event did not take me by surprise, as from the tenor of my letters you could but see that I was expecting it. The expression of untimely regrets would avail nothing. You have the pleasing reflection that your father acted well his part in the drama of life. In the characters: citizen, husband, and father, and indeed in all the relations of life, he was a good and just man, and the knowledge of all this should do much to assuage your grief at his loss.

Affairs are progressing here at a snail's pace, if at all. I do not pretend to understand the strategy that controls our movements; I think scarce anyone else does, or that we have any. I hear talk of movements in our rear, looking to a more formidable opening of the Mississippi through some lakes and bayous, but I have reached the stage of doubt of everything in the military line without ocular demonstration.

The papers tell of the frightful amount of sickness in our camps. Much of it is traceable to imprudence of soldiers, but more to the inevitable exposure of a winter campaign. I suppose you have had a cold winter with you in the North. Here, for a few nights past, the cold has been intense enough to make ice from a half to three-fourths of an inch in thickness. All this with the ground saturated with water, and rain falling half the time; it



would be strange if it were otherwise than sickly. Our brigade has suffered with the others, but I am glad still to be able to say the 22d has not lost a man by disease in the field since we left the Kanawha. I think I will not be able to say as much to-morrow morning. One of our old men will die of diarrhœa to-night.

I witnessed, two days since, a sad, a very sad sight, on one of our boats. It had been fitted up as a hospital boat, and orders were received by surgeons of the 13th corps to send their sick on board for transportation up the river to general hospital. Many men were put on board only to die, and numbers of them were sent to the boat without rations, and were more than twenty-four hours without food. I sent on board no man without subsistence. On the second day after putting my men on the boat I visited them, and found on the guards and fore-castle of the boat *twenty-two dead men*. I believe, before God, some of them died for want of proper nourishment. I was very glad to find no 22d men numbered with the dead. Surgeons are being soundly abused for these things by the unthinking, but they are no more responsible for them than you. As yet I have drawn on myself no censure that I am aware of. I know my deficiencies, but still know they are not so great as those of many surgeons round me, who make a much more pretentious showing than I can attempt. You may think all this egotism and vanity. So be it.\*

I regret to say Mrs. Brashear grows worse week after week, but she will not consent to go North without the doctor. I am very sorry for them, and will regret losing him if he retires from the service. All I know of my clerical duties I owe to his kindness. My advice all the time has been for Mrs. B. to go North, but now I fear she is too feeble to attempt the trip.

We get no news from the outside world. I hope you will give me all the local tit-bits you can. \* \* \* Love to all, with kisses to the children.

Yours truly,

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\*The difficulty on this occasion resulted from the order to send sick to the boat before it was supplied with subsistence. Surgeons were ordered, in sending sick to boat on this occasion, to direct captains of companies to see that each soldier had with him twenty-four hours' rations. I presume surgeons obeyed instructions; but, whether they did or not, I know that many men were placed on this boat, nominally in hospital, suffering with exhausting diseases, left to themselves, without nurses, and numbers of them went for more than twenty-four hours without nourishment, at a time when an hour's neglect was, in many instances, equivalent to the loss of life. Regimental surgeons were powerless to correct the wrong, because the men had passed from their jurisdiction. Nevertheless, they made good marks at whom newspaper correspondents could shoot their envenomed shafts.

### STUCK IN THE MUD.

YOUNG'S POINT, LOUISIANA, *Feb.* 14, 1863.

*Dear Daughter,*—Your letter of the 1st inst. reached me last evening. You complain because I do not write oftener to you. I have many correspondents, you but few, yet I never permit a letter of yours to go twenty-four hours unacknowledged. Since reaching this point I have received from your mother three letters and one from you. I have written home twice a week during all that time, besides having my daily reports to make out, and letters to write to all sections of Kentucky where the regiment was recruited, in answer to anxious enquiries from the friends of Tom, Dick, and Harry, asking as to their welfare. I try to answer all, if I can say only a few words. This statement I make that you may see how my time is engrossed.

Edw. Parrish is here; I have, however, seen him but

once since we left Arkansas Post. Recently he has been confined to quarters by slight indisposition; nothing serious, and I presume he is again at his duty.

You seem anxious to have me resign and return home. Resignations are accepted at this time on two grounds only; first, failing health, which I can't plead just now; and second, incompetency. Some of our officers have requested the Colonel to endorse on their tendered resignations: "Approved and recommended for the good of the service." An ancient Spartan mother when sending her son to battle said to him, "Return bearing your shield or on it." And I hope I may be borne back on mine before submitting to the imputation of incapacity or unfaithfulness self inflicted. \* \* \* I have this minute a call to Medical headquarters of division, and pause. \* \* \*

Night. When orders came this morning to report at Medical headquarters, it made me feel a little bit blue, as military law is exacting, and I feared some failure of duty on my part. But on reaching surgeons' quarters I was notified of my assignment as brigade surgeon to my brigade.

Make me your best courtesy. Thank you, it was very well done. Now don't say modest merit lacks advancement. I protested against the appointment, and begged that one or the other of two gentlemen of the brigade whose commissions are of older date than mine, might be named for the position; but it would not do; I must discharge the duties, and I had for an hour the supreme infelicity of supposing that duties were imposed on me that were uncongenial to my feelings, and which would separate me from my regiment.

In obedience to orders, however, I reported at General Osterhaus' (Dutch as sauerkraut) quarters, where I soon learned that the military arm had something to say in the assignment of surgeons to duty. The "Regulations" positively require that the surgeon oldest in commission



shall fill the position. So you have wasted all your grace on me for naught, and you may therefore take it back. \* \* \* I did not ask or desire the position, and am heartily glad to be relieved from its onerous duties. God bless you all. Kiss the children for me.

Yours truly,

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YOUNG'S POINT, LOUISIANA, *Feb.* 14, 1863.

*Dear Delia,*—I received a letter from Kate by last night's mail, in which she tells me mother is giving herself much uneasiness on my account. I was sorry to learn it, but I think she will never be able to view the vicissitudes of life with the equanimity and fortitude usually attendant on age. My life and the lives of us all are in the hands of a good God, and they will be preserved just so long as his wisdom designs they shall be. My health at present is as perfect as at any time within the past five years, and I can say what no other surgeon of my acquaintance can: I have been fifteen months in service and have lost but two days from duty, and those days were spent in going to and from Burlington in April of last year when the regiment lay at Louisville. I do not mean to say I have not complained, but never so seriously as to interfere with my duties. This statement ought to dissipate any unreasonable fears.

I don't owe you a letter and write to calm mother's anxieties. But you must not think I am going to waste on you a whole sheet of blank paper. I will endeavor to fill it, just as a punishment for your long silence. You wrote to me "in the bleak December;" if since, I have not received it, tho' I have in the meantime written twice to you.

In camp life there are but few incidents to interest a lady correspondent, but now and then little amusing affairs do occur. After the loss of my little mare at Memphis, I bought me a fine, large, sprightly horse. If I have a pas-

sion for any thing, it is for a brisk gallop on a bright, bracing day. Enjoying such a ride two days since, I passed a tent by the road side, where a squad of boys at their camp fire were preparing their dinner meal, when I heard one of them say, "Now just look at that *old feller*; he rides one of the best horses in the army and he rides harder than any body else." You see how an "old feller" in the army has to cudgel his brains to make out a letter, just because he won't waste paper; but bless us, paper will soon cost so much that I will not be able to afford such sheets as this for such scribbling.

The papers have given you all the details of our operations at Vicksburg and Arkansas Post, so I will say nothing more of them; but if in the midst of war I must say nothing of battles, and wounds, and death, what shall I write about?

Kate tells me one of your young friends died recently in the South, and also a young man from Boone, the husband of one of her schoolmates, and both of them in the rebel army. God preserve us all, as nothing but his interposition can save the nation from overthrow and ruin.

Love to all.

Yours truly,

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YOUNG'S POINT, LOUISIANA, *Feb. 23, 1863.*

*Dear Wife,*—I have a few minutes, and but a few, to devote to you, as the more important duty of despatching my noon quantum of pork and beans is just ahead of me, and after that to go on inspection by our Dutch Brigadier, a duty I am not permitted to evade.

I am in a scolding mood, and before you get through with this you will probably wish I had no time just now for anything. Do you write letters to me at all? and if so, how often? A great, big mail came in yesterday, after an interval of ten days, but without any thing for me. Letters

came to the regiment from all points in Kentucky except Burlington. Who is your postmaster at present? Now don't think me unkind, but think how it is at home, and then how much worse if absent and expecting letters, and others receiving them without stint, and none for you. I write certainly once, generally twice, a week, and yet in the last eight weeks I have received from home but four letters: three from you and one from Kate. There is a screw loose somewhere, and I hope you will find it soon.

The work on the canal goes favorably on, and in a few days of good weather will be completed and the rebel batteries rendered of no avail as an obstruction to navigation. I give the opinions of others. The weather and the roads for ten days have been so miserable, so very miserable, that I have not gone down to see what progress has been made on the works, which are three miles below our camp.

Col. Lindsey is now in Kentucky, and Lieutenant-Colonel Monroe starts up to-day, and both on recruiting and regimental business. I am getting disgusted, thoroughly disgusted, with the favoritism which prevails everywhere in the army. Unless seriously ill I would spurn the idea of applying for a sick leave. Although the 22d continues to enjoy pretty good health, and I might be spared without any great wrong to the regiment, yet, with the great amount of sickness in the army, it would look like deserting a post of danger in a trying emergency; therefore I will at present say nothing on the subject.

Papers from Cairo, with telegrams from Frankfort of the eighteenth, giving details of Colonel Gilbert's action in arresting the progress of the semi-rebel convention reached here an hour since. They caused in our regiment a profound sensation.

All the news from Kentucky looks squally. I took my position with deliberation; other men may drift from their moorings; be caught in the suck and whirl; be swallowed



up and lost in the horrid maelstrom of secession if they will; but I feel the more determined to stand by my well settled convictions of duty and honor.

I have recently sent several papers for publication in the *Gazette*. Have any of them appeared? You would recognize the old cognomen. I receive a copy of the paper very rarely. There now, Charley says, "Pork and beans am dun dun," and I pause.

Love to all.

Yours truly,  
\_\_\_\_\_

[At this period many officers tendered resignations. Two Captains and one Lieutenant called on me one day and requested certificates on which to make such tenders. Two of them were in robust health, but had occasioned trouble in the regiment by insubordinate talk about President Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation. I recognized no right on their part to ask my aid to get them out of a difficulty into which they had voluntarily entered, and absolutely declined to make certificates.

The other man, Captain F—— E——, had joined the regiment only three months before at Memphis. He was anæmic, pale, frail, and without a grain of iron in his blood; and had been on "sick list" more than half his time in the regiment. In his case I "certified," that unless permitted to resign he would soon die.

Within a week the papers in all these cases were returned to the regiment, and the first two mentioned cases were permitted to resign; and the other case, the "sick man" was retained. I did not understand it; and so rode to headquarters, and introducing myself to General Rawlins as Surgeon to the 22d Kentucky, said that I had called to see the grounds on which Captain —— and Lieutenant —— had been permitted to resign, and why the resignation of Captain F—— E—— had been "disapproved." The General referred me to the proper desk for the desired information; while engaged in conversation with him a stoutly built man of short stature came up on my right, but having the General's ear, I neither saluted nor gave way until directed to the proper desk. As I walked off I heard the question asked, "Who is that man?"

The papers showed that the officers were permitted to resign

“For the good of the service;” and subsequently I learned that they had both of them strongly solicited such an endorsement on their papers.

“Oh Shame, where is thy blush?”

I explained to General Rawlins wherein the good of the regiment was promoted by their resignations. “Had all the facts been known in time,” said the General, “they would both of them *have been dishonorably dismissed.*”

I again offered Captain F—— E——’s paper, with the remark that unless permitted to resign we would soon have to bury him. The General directed me to leave the papers with him, promising to look through them again; and in a few days they were returned to the regiment “approved.” And thus I successfully cut a bit of “red tape.”

On parting with General Rawlins I asked who was the officer I met at his desk. It was General Grant, and my first sight of him. Returning to my quarters I found Captain E—— waiting for me, and I said to him: “If you will have endorsed on your papers that the resignation will be for ‘the good of the service’ it will go through instanter.” His response was seared into my memory: “By G—— I will die here in my boots sooner than do so.” I honored his pluck.]

YOUNG’S POINT, LOUISIANA, *March 4, 1863.*

*Dear Wife,*—Your letter of the 15th February reached me yesterday, and I take the first opportunity to answer. I always have a busy time the first three days of the month, as it requires that time, with my other duties, to make out my monthly report.

I began my army life much as I did my domestic life: with the idea that it was my duty to make the fire, grind the coffee, milk the cow, and spank the babies; and as you have given me an abundance of milking and spanking to attend to, I have got so used to it that I go about my indispensable duties here just as meekly as I did my domestic duties at home. Other surgeons have their quarterly and monthly reports made to hand, and have only to sign them. I have not exacted such a duty from either

the assistant surgeon or hospital steward, but up to the present have done it myself. I do not regret having done so, as it has given me a better acquaintance with my duties than I otherwise could have obtained.

So far as I am concerned, I am entirely satisfied with your father's will, and I hope you are also. I would have been equally so if he had left you nothing, as I have always thought that he had done by us more than he could by his other children, after making suitable provision for your mother, which was his first duty.

I see by the papers from Kentucky you are having another raid into the state. The repetition of these things is a shame and disgrace to the State. When two or three thousand men can run 150 miles in and out of so populous a State as Kentucky, without capture or serious punishment, it shows a lack of military spirit in the people, or a feeling of subserviency to rebellion.

You ask the return of one of your letters. You are a little too late in doing so. When I left Arkansas Post I destroyed all my private correspondence, not knowing what might be my fate, or the fate of my trunk. I determined that, in no event, should letters from my family or friends be hawked round in rebel camps, as I found bushels of rebel letters in the hands of our boys after we took possession there.

What kind of winter are you having North? Here, with much rain, we have had the coldest winter experienced for years. The river is even too full for expeditious operations, and the continued rains have interfered much with the labors of the men on the canal. One hour of rain makes the mud here knee deep, but then a little wind and sun settle it again directly. The bayous are full behind us and around us everywhere, and the earth is thoroughly saturated with water. With me truly is it:

"Water, water everywhere,  
Nor any drop to drink."



I don't drink it, and think that is one reason of my comparative exemption from diarrhoea, which troubles everybody else around me so much.

So far as my personal comforts are concerned, they are better ministered to here than at any place or time since I entered the service. I wish you could see inside my tent. It is fitted up with a brick chimney, with a neatly built fireplace, which is just now filled with a sparkling, glowing bed of coals, that send their warmth and radiance all round the tent. On one side is my writing table and desk, gotten up in trim, artistic style, with drawers and pigeon-holes for my books and papers. On the other is my bunk, and a very comfortable one it is, on which Sumner and I sleep, and on which he now lies locked in the arms of *Somnus*, dreaming of former domestic felicity, if one may judge from the stertorous, rasping sounds he emits.

And now for my bill of fare. I am trying to economize in the way of eating, and so do not buy much of the commissary of subsistence. But I have taught a goodly number of men here a thing or two in the way of meats. I am living chiefly on such refuse articles as beef heels and tripe; they are worth nothing to contractors, and are fit food only for old doctors. If you would only try them you would probably find them good enough for an old doctor's wife. We have good light-bread, baked fresh every day, rice, hominy, beans, "praties" that would make Pat's mouth run over any day, butter and cheese from cheesedom, dried fruits of all kinds, hams at nine cents per pound, tea, coffee, and chocolate for those fond of it. Won't my bill of fare do? I doubt if you can beat it up in "God's country."

I frequently meet Edw. Parrish. He is well, and expects soon to be in Kentucky, as Governor Robinson has procured the recall of his company to the state, to rejoin the regiment.

You say Kate complains that I don't write oftener to her. The saucy baggage. I never permit a letter of hers to go unacknowledged more than twenty-four hours.

I must now go to bed. Love to all, with many kisses to the children. Good night.

Yours truly,

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MILLIKEN'S BEND, LOUISIANA, *March* 12, 1863.

*Dear Wife*,—Another twelve days have passed since I last received a letter from home, and our arrival of to-day brought a large mail from the North, but nothing for me.

Uncle Toby said, "Our armies swore terribly in Flanders," and I have to say that, if anything could excuse or palliate such a vicious and ungentlemanly habit, it would be to sit by and see all others round him receiving favors from home, and find himself unremembered. Do you write regularly? If so, there is a great wrong about my letters somewhere. Can't you manage to send them to Cincinnati to be mailed?

You will see that I write from another locality. Milliken's Bend is fifteen miles above Vicksburg. The flood in the "Father of Waters" has driven half the army from its old position to seek higher ground. Our brigade was not in any immediate danger of being submerged, but we were sent here to make room for other troops. I pretend to know no more than that we are here.

The work on the canal was progressing almost to completion when the river swept off the dam established at the upper end of the canal, and flooded all the low ground of the peninsula at once. Fortunately, the work was almost complete, and the misfortune will not, I hope, retard its accomplishment long. The work yet to be done will require the use of the dredge boats, two of which, I understand, have recently reached here.

The channel was opened sixty feet in width and twelve in depth. The embankment is on the west side of the canal, leaving the eastern side level with the general surface, and when the dam gave way all the bottom between the canal and Vicksburg was at once submerged. Standing on the embankment the day after the dam gave way, I saw the world of waters spreading all the way to the city, a distance of five or six miles.

Our encampment here is a much more agreeable one than that we left below. We are in the midst of the most fertile, and heretofore best cultivated, region on the river devoted to the growth of cotton. But here, as elsewhere, the rebel authorities compelled families and entire communities to vacate their homes, and move back into the interior. Houses spacious as any in the country, embowered in shade and shrubbery, we found tenantless. In all their adornment I have seen nothing to equal the avenues of the live oak. As a shade tree it is not, it can not be, surpassed in this country. I have found here a flowering shrub, in full bloom, bearing a deep scarlet, cup-shaped flower, very beautiful. The roses are just budding out, and the daffodil, the jonquil, and the daisy, are all in full bloom, and all make a scene too lovely to be trampled on and overthrown by a rude soldiery. But the owners of these Edens would have it so, and they must abide the results of their own wrong doings.

I have just read over what I wrote in the commencement of my letter, and find it sounds a little harsh. I began in a state of irritation—nay, of downright anger, but, like Bob Acres' courage, my anger has oozed out at my finger ends, and I now feel more comfortable. I hope you do also. You owe me three letters according to your own count, and Kate owes me one, and I now declare solemnly—and that is as good, and just as bad, too, as all of uncle Toby's



swearing—I won't write another letter to man, woman, or child, until I hear from home.

Love to all, with kisses to the children.

Yours truly,

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MILLIKEN'S BEND, LOUISIANA, *March* 13, 1863.

*Dear Delia*,—I received some days since a letter from you written at Eminence, Kentucky, under date of February 15. At the time of its reception we were under orders for this point, which, in connection with the fact, that I had written to you a few days previously without waiting for your letter to come to hand, will, I trust, be apology sufficient for not acknowledging your last before this time.

You think me gloomy and unhappy. I can't recall language of mine to justify your conclusion. I would very much prefer to be at home with my family, have all the time since entering the service felt so, but the present is no time to consult one's feelings and inclinations. The country demands, and has a right to demand the services of every man in the land who has any capacity to be useful in any way, and for myself I have to say the call shall be responded to, to the last pulsation of my life, if God so wills, whatever may be the sacrifice of feelings and comfort. But I beg to disabuse your mind. Whilst I have the whitest head in my regiment, I am by general consent considered one of its youngest men. In my own department I surrender to no man in my powers of endurance, and, if mounted on horseback, I can outride the best man of them all; and turn me out on a larking frolic with the boys, and I flatter myself I hold my hand with the jolliest of the squad. Let this suffice in answer to my "gloom and unhappiness."

You ask why I don't, as heretofore, say something of this country. Off from the river there is nothing to describe, nothing even to excite emotion. It is a dead blank without hill or mountain in the distance to relieve the monotony that after a time becomes painfully present. The river, however, would require more than a lifetime to exhaust, and still remain undescribed. I will leave it alone in its glory.

You will see from the heading that the army—at least a portion of it—has changed its location. The floods in the "Father of Waters," compelled a change of base with about half the troops here, and I am glad it fell to our lot to pull up stakes and be off. Nothing depresses soldiers so much as lying inactive in camp.

I wish you could peep into my tent and see how many comforts can be compressed into a space of ten or twelve feet square. I have a fire-place, with a flue that draws well; I am therefore free from one of the discomforts, but too often attendant on domestic life, a smoking chimney; I say nothing of a scolding wife. My tent is floored, thus keeping me from contact with the moist earth. In the far end, just opposite the fire, stands my bookcase and writing table. On one side is my bunk on which I sleep o' nights, and where my messmate Sumner does all his cogitations preparatory to his sabbath ministrations. You know him? He once conducted a female academy at New Castle, near your present location. I presume he has many friends in your neighborhood. He has more merits than most men give him credit for. He is a minister; that is perhaps his misfortune not his fault. He is my *vade mecum* to whom I refer for the solution of all doubtful questions. In his personal appearance there is nothing very remarkable; true, he has a good eye, and a nose indicative of "some pumpkins," but all this would pass without much observation until thorough acquaintance made one

aware of some other of his merits. He has, as he expresses it himself, an eye in his stomach. If a mess in all the regiment has some nice knick-knack sent by appreciating friends from abroad, his invisible organ of vision is sure to spy it out, and he, with the adroitness of the practiced tactician, secures his full share of everything. And then the gastronomic eye, like the gastronomic organ, is insatiable. These are faculties so rarely possessed by the gentlemen in Black that I am anxious, not only that he, but all the fraternity shall have due credit for them. Peter Simple said he could do a great deal of sleeping if it were for the good of the service. My friend is not a whit less patriotic, and he sleeps immensely for the public good, and he labors harder sleeping than waking. Shakespeare speaks of one of his characters as "full of wise saws." I think he had in his mind's eye my friend Sumner, but he made a great mistake in the adjective: he should have said, "full of old saws," because every time he sleeps he files one of them up, and makes both day and night hideous with the harsh grating sound. The process is going on just now, but having no evidence within of a nervous organization, it does me no particular harm. I am extremely anxious that he and all the cloth may have full credit for his industry. You will, I fear, think me cynical in mentioning his industry as meritorious, as that is a quality in which the fraternity abound. Should you meet with his old friends, I hope you will bear cheerful evidence on the strength of my "say so," to his many merits, and I have no doubt it will have just as much weight as "say so" evidence is entitled to.

All nature here is putting on her robes of richest, deepest green. The lawns are covered with sward and planted in avenues of the stately live oak, which are grand and imposing, and are interspersed everywhere by parterres of flowers of all climes, hues and varieties, which make a



picture lovely to look on. But all has been abandoned to the ruthless tread of the soldiery.

Commanding Generals, with commendable self-abnegation, appropriate the mansions to themselves, and allow the negro huts to be used as hospitals for poor sick and wounded soldiers. 'Tis extremely generous of them.

Love to all.

Yours truly,

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HEADQUARTERS 22d KENTUCKY INFANTRY, }  
MILLIKEN'S BEND, *March 13, 1863.* }

MAJOR WM. J. WORTHINGTON,

*In Command 22d Kentucky Infantry.*

*Sir*,—I ask leave of absence for twenty days, with permission to go beyond the lines of this department. The general sanitary condition of the regiment does not, in my judgment, forbid such a brief absence at present.

I joined the 23d Kentucky Infantry as Asst. Surgeon on the 16th day of December, 1861, and was promoted and transferred to the 22d on the 3d of January, 1862, since which date I have been constantly with the regiment, and off duty but two days of time. Within that period I have twice been taken down the Ohio River in less than ten miles of my family without permission to see them. The father of my wife died on the 22d of January last, and my pecuniary affairs are suffering in consequence of my prolonged absence from my home.

I have not the remotest wish to dissolve my connection with the regiment, but beg to say if there is a prospect of an early advance on the enemy I forego all present desire for leave of absence.

I am, sir, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

B. F. STEVENSON,

Surgeon 22d Ky. Inf'y.

March 13, 1863.

Approved and forwarded.

WM. J. WORTHINGTON,  
Commanding 22d Ky. Inf'y.

HEADQUARTERS 2d BRIGADE 9th DIVISION, }  
March 13, 1863. }

Recommended and forwarded.

L. A. SHELDON,  
Col. Commanding 2d Brigade.

HEADQUARTERS 9th DIVISION, 13th ARMY CORPS, }  
CAMP McCLERNAND, March 14, 1863. }

Respectfully returned. This application can not be granted at present. The Surgeon may, however, renew his request at a future and more opportune period.

By order of Brigadier General P. J. Osterhaus.

A. W. GORDON, A. A. G.

MILLIKEN'S BEND, LOUISIANA, March 15, 1863.

*Dear Wife*,—Yours of the 4th inst. reached me yesterday. I think there are others of older date in the mail. If I have indulged in some hasty expressions I hope you will pardon me. I did it to quicken your letter writing.

The Paymaster visited us yesterday, and I will forward to bank at Covington, in a day or two, five hundred dollars subject to your order. Mr Sumner will go up—at least we expect him to do so—and take funds from the regiment to soldiers' families. My payment was six hundred and forty-one dollars; and I retain one forty-one, which, with the amount I had on hand will, I hope, be sufficient for me.

I ordered a suit of clothes recently of L. Frazier of Covington. If they have not been forwarded before Sumner reaches your section he promises to take charge of them,

in which event I will expect you to pay for them. I ordered the suit made of the best material and it will cost near seventy dollars. But if he has forwarded by Express, as ordered, I will pay here. Sumner will take charge of anything you wish to send, and he will give you due notice by letter when and where to send articles to his charge. Allow me to suggest such things as I would like to have sent. A ham or two, boiled; dried beef; a jar or two of chopped tomato pickles, highly seasoned and thoroughly secured; a few small jars of jelly. I will mention nothing more, and these may all be packed in a small box well arranged. Don't burden him with much. Label with black paint; a card would be torn off the first time his back were turned on it, and then it would be confiscated.

I made an effort two days since to secure a furlough for twenty days. I send in a separate envelope my formal application and the response that you may see that my long stay from home is not wholly voluntary. I think the inference fairly deducible from the language is that warm work may be looked for soon. You will see that whilst my application is not granted, I have been treated very courteously; indeed, under the regulations it could not have been more gracefully refused me. You may feel some surprise at my declaration that I have no wish to leave the regiment. I felt it a duty to myself to make the declaration officially because so many men are resorting to all sorts of expedients to get out of service; some availing themselves of yielding "physicians" at their homes, who make out certificates of disability, on which officers prolong their stay from duty. But further than this I have it still to say that in my judgment the army is the only proper place at present for any man with capacity for usefulness to the government, and so feeling I cannot with any sense of honor do otherwise than to hold on to my position.

My failure to get a most disagreeable appointment trou-



bles Kate, it seems, vastly more than it does me. It is a position sought after by some surgeons in the army, but I assure you I do not want it, did not ask for it, and am heartily glad to have escaped it. What I said to her, was all of it in a spirit of banter and fun.

Love to all.

Yours truly,

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MILLIKEN'S BEND, LOUISIANA, *March* 18th, 1863.

*Dear Wife*,—A mail came in this morning, a general mail; a full mail, but nothing for me, and I adopt this half sheet because it is large enough for me to say all I want to say until you get into the habit of writing regularly to me. I think myself entitled to a letter by every mail, and I now give you notice that you must not expect to hear from me again until you prove, to my satisfaction, that you have adopted a regular time for writing.

Since my last, Frazier has given me notice that he has forwarded to Memphis the suit of clothes ordered of him. I will pay for them at that point, and will not therefore send home as much money as I mentioned in my previous letter.

Sumner has not yet received leave to go North, and no safe opportunity has presented to transmit funds. He is, however, in daily expectation to receive the permit. I would be glad to have him visit you, if his time will allow, as he could say more than I can write.

If in the future, and before you have established a good character as a regular correspondent I should send a mere note of business informing you when to expect funds, I hope you will not take it as a violation of my vow, which shall be as unchanging as the laws of the Medes and Persians.

What is Kate doing? I have not received a letter from

her for more than two months, and yet she dares to complain of me, for not writing. I won't write until I get an answer to my last; of that she may rest well assured.

A heavy cannonading is now going on in the distance, but what it means I know no more than you do. Much "villainous saltpeter" has recently been burned in this neighborhood, chiefly by the rebels, but so far as I can learn without any casualties on our part.

Love to all, with kisses to the children. As I know I will have soon to address you in a formal business manner I will try it on now that you may get used to it.

I am, madam,

Your obedient servant,

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MILLIKEN'S BEND, LOUISIANA, *March 20, 1863.*

MRS. ANN E. STEVENSON,

*Burlington, Kentucky.*

*Madam,*—I have this day forwarded by the hands of S. S. Sumner, five hundred dollars, to be placed to your credit in the branch of the Farmers Bank of Kentucky at Covington. Will you do me the favor to acknowledge its receipt? I send by same hands also sixty dollars to pay Frazier's bill at Memphis, if the express company is authorized to receipt bill; if not, then his instructions are to deposit the amount with the other funds to your credit. In which event I ask as a favor that you will pay Frazier for me.

I am, madam, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

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HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE TENNESSEE,  
 MEDICAL DIRECTOR'S OFFICE,  
 YOUNG'S POINT, *March 23, 1863.* }

*Sir*,—You will report in person at this office immediately, for the purpose of explaining discrepancies in your "Monthly Report of Sick and Wounded" for February, 1863.

By Order of the Medical Director,

H. WARDEN,

B. F. STEVENSON,

Surgeon U. S. V.

Surgeon 22d Kentucky Volunteers.

MILLIKEN'S BEND, LOUISIANA, *March 25, 1863.*

*Dear Daughter*,—I wrote you day before yesterday a foolish letter. I know very well you are not responsible for the miscarriages of the mails, but it seems to me I suffer from them more than any man in our regiment. I am willing to give you credit for writing regularly, at least I hope you do so, and I will regret to reach a different conclusion.

Mr. Sumner started up last Saturday, and will have passed your section before this reaches you. I sent by him five hundred dollars to deposit in bank at Covington subject to your mother's order. He took also sixty dollars to pay for a suit of clothes ordered of Frazier of Covington. He may settle with the express company at Memphis for the suit; if not, the sixty dollars will be deposited with the five hundred, and in that event she must settle with Frazier. All this I said in a former letter and now repeat, because my letters, as well as yours, are sometimes lost in the mail.

Nature here is arrayed in her robes of brightest, deepest green, and is beginning to look her loveliest. The roses are in full bloom, and all the flowering shrubs and plants of the parterre are displaying their beauty to the admiring



gaze of the world. But nothing here equals the avenues of the live oak; they are positively magnificent. The China tree (not the *Ailantus*, I don't know its botanical name) is also quite a favorite here, as much so as the locust in Kentucky. I suppose its chief recommendations are the same as with the locust: it is easily propagated and is of rapid growth. It does not, however, compare with the oak in grandeur, beauty, or durability.

I had the honor of a call to General Grant's quarters this morning. A steamboat was sent for my especial accommodation; so you see I am rising in the world. I send you the order that you may see the summary process by which military men accomplish their purposes. You might think I had committed some grave or serious blunder, or omitted some important duty, but it was no such thing. In making out my general summary of sick for the month, I failed to carry forward a single figure as it was down in a preceding column; it occurred just as you find me drop a terminal letter occasionally. It was obvious to all, but the Medical Director would not permit the clerk who proposed to do so, to amend by adding the missing figure; assigning as a reason, that if he could change the report in one particular he could in another, and he might thus change it *in toto*. I had the pleasure of a fifteen miles' ride and back, by steamer on a bright beautiful day; was courteously treated at headquarters; but laughed at some for the solicitude I displayed on the occasion. The return trip I enjoyed quite much.

How long we may remain here no one can tell. I have serious fears that the authorities will make a failure again, as we did in the rear of Vicksburg in December last. Affairs progress with such a laggard pace that the rebels are always more than ready for us. Last night two of our new rams started to run the blockade, but I regret to say one was sunk and the other disabled. What loss of life

attended the sinking boat I could not learn, nor was it known at headquarters.

You must write to me every week without waiting for letters from me. My health is prime. Kiss the children for me.

Yours truly,

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MILLIKEN'S BEND, LOUISIANA, *March 29, 1863.*

*Dear Wife,*—I wrote you a letter or two recently, the language of which you may think was uncalled for. I am ready to acknowledge that I felt some irritation at receiving so few letters from home whilst others around me were getting theirs from all points in Kentucky far beyond you. I am somewhat cooler just now, and will try in the future to be more reasonable. But I beg of you to write to me at least once a week, and mail at Cincinnati if possible; let me say, however, send no letter by hand unless you have the utmost confidence in the rectitude and punctuality of the bearer.

We had here, last night, another terrific storm which lasted all night.

“The wind blew as ‘twad blawn its last;  
The rattling showers rose on the blast;  
That night a child might understand,  
The De’il had business on his hand.”

I have not heard of any material damage except the blowing down of the smoke stack of one of our transport fleet, and the crushing in of the frail upper works of the boat. A number of tents were blown down and the occupants had the opportunity to enjoy the luxury of a shower bath without depleting their pockets in payment of it. This time I happened not to be of the number. At our last move before reaching the neighborhood of Vicksburg my tent in the “confusion worse confounded,” of our

Quartermaster's method, was missing, and for a time I had the prospect of being left out in the cold, but on a final adjustment, one found without a name on it was assigned to me, and it has proved to be one of the olden time, carded and spun and woven under the old dynasty when "cotton was king," and it is thoroughly impervious to all the beating storms of wind and rain that come. The other, even when new, leaked like a sieve. The first thing I did after putting it up was to have my name, rank, and regiment, painted on it very conspicuously, so as to prevent any good fellow from putting in a prior claim to it.

The storm kept me awake until near day, when I got an hour or two of troubled sleep, during which time I revisited Burlington and met all my old friends in your ma's parlor. The interview was closed with a little bit of declamation by Cora. "In my mind's eye," I see her now, as I saw her in my sleep. She was dressed in white, with a green sash over her right shoulder, which was fastened on the left side with a pink rosette. Her declamation was in the most graceful style and gave general satisfaction. Kiss the little witch for me.

Our camp is in a grove of pecan trees, and on bright, warm days every bush is alive with feathered songsters. Most noticeable among them all is the mocking bird, which flits from bough to bough, and imitates every sound it hears. It seems as restless in its motions as changeable in its songs. Since the cold snap set in its voice is mute; they having all sought the shelter of the leafy hedges around us. To me they appear very social, and are easily captured. Many of the men constructed traps, and now have imprisoned birds. I hold it to be a great wrong, as they sit and mope away the day without uttering a single note. If captured young and caged they soon learn to imitate all the sounds they hear, but if taken when full grown and confined, they pine, and pine, and mutely die.



I spent an hour this evening with Mrs. Brashear; she is improving very decidedly, and is now able to sit up half the day, and yesterday she rode out for half an hour, her first horse-back exercise since we left Memphis. All who sicken here rally slowly, but I have great pleasure in saying to you that the health of the army is much better than it was two months since.

My health is good. Love to all, with kisses to the children.

Yours truly,

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RICHMOND, LOUISIANA, *April 3, 1863.*

*Dear Wife,*—Yours of the 22d March reached me last evening, and relieved me of fears, which, in spite of all my endeavors, I could not help but entertain.

I had not heard, until you mentioned it in your last, of the death of Mr. Vawter. I was sorry to hear of the loss, as Kentucky can just now ill afford to lose a man whose vote or influence might be relied on in favor of preserving the national life. But God wills, and man must submit.

The papers report Kentucky as likely to be the theatre of military operations again. If so, I trust a little more vigor and force will be displayed in ridding the State of rebels than heretofore. It is a shame and a reproach to the State to permit such a band of plundering miscreants to go unwhipped of justice, as have for months been committing depredations in the eastern portion of the State. The news of to-day is that they have burned Mount Sterling; if this be true, the marauding rascals should be hunted from the earth with unsparing rigor.

Say to Doctor —— for me, that I see here no evidence of demoralization in the army; on the contrary, this branch of the grand army of the Nation was never in

such good fighting trim. The proclamation has not diminished the ardor or the will of any but cowards and renegades. A few such have availed themselves of it as a pretext on which to abandon positions they were unworthy to fill, and their occupancy of which was a stigma and reproach to the army. In getting rid of such men we have had a happy riddance. Allow me to suggest to the Doctor that "the wish was father to the thought."

Our present location is twelve miles from the river. The town is about the size of Burlington, and is the seat of justice of Madison Parish. A citizen who refused to leave his home told me yesterday, that only five families remain in the town, most of the men being in the rebel army. We came out on the first, and the 22d is assigned to duty as Provost Guard. On our way here we passed through a very fertile district with some pleasant residences, and best of all, the owners still occupying them. On the river all are abandoned.

I wish you could see some of the magnificent oaks left standing in the farm-house yards here. They are a different species to any in your latitude, surpass them in size, are perfect in symmetry of outline, and take them altogether, would singly and alone make a picture, a grand picture, which one would never tire in looking at.

I am now "up in the morning early" getting ready to return to the "Bend" to look after some of our sick, left behind in hospital, and whilst my breakfast has been cooking I have been scribbling, but must now close. I can't, by to-day's mail, send answers to Julia's and Willie's letters; give them my thanks for their favors, and say that I will write soon to both of them.

Remember me kindly to enquiring friends not forgetting aunt Lydia and Martha. Love to all.

Yours truly,

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MILLIKEN'S BEND, LOUISIANA, *April 3, 1863.*

*Dear Wife,*—I wrote to you this morning at Richmond, in which letter I mentioned my purpose to visit our sick here during the day. Reaching here early and learning the probable return of Doctor and Mrs. Brashear, North, I write again, and will entrust this to Mrs. B——. The Doctor is constrained to ask a leave of absence because of ill health. I think, notwithstanding some grave symptoms, it only requires relaxation from his onerous duties to restore him to health in a short time.

I requested Mrs. Brashear to visit you on reaching Cincinnati, but she thinks she will not be able to do so, as she has "nothing to wear." Her time, she says, will be wholly occupied in procuring a new outfit, she having lost all her wardrobe, as she declares to me, since coming South. You may rest assured she is in a much more deplorable condition than was ever Flora McFlimsey of poetic renown. As you have been blessed by nature with a fair share of feminine curiosity I know you will avail yourself of the opportunity to see with so little expense a *lusus naturæ*, and so will visit the city when you receive this. Remember, "Beauty unadorned, is adorned the most."

Mrs. B—— will endorse on the envelope where she may be found. After writing the above I handed it to Mrs. Brashear to read, that she might know what would be expected of her, and she consents to all the terms. And now I know you will visit the city, and take with you all the babies.

My sick here are doing well.

The day is glorious with sunshine. The air, laden as it is with the fragrance of the wild rose and the locust—both of them now in full bloom—is balm.

The free denizens of the air, the feathered songsters,



from all the hedge-rows, and groves beside the road, with ceaseless twitter, carol their roundelays of love.

I am now just ready to return to camp.

Love to all.

Yours truly,

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RICHMOND, LOUISIANA, *April 9, 1863.*

*Dear Wife,*—I have just learned that an opportunity, a safe one, will present in the morning to send a letter to the river, and I avail myself of it.

I forwarded yesterday letters to Julia and Willie, and have now but little to say. Long before this reaches you I suppose you will have heard from Sumner and my remittance. The Paymaster is at work again, paying the troops to the first of March. The regiment was paid to-day, and I will be to-morrow, and as I do not desire to keep with me much money, I will send to you by the first opportunity two hundred and fifty dollars.

Mr. Sumner settled for my suit at Memphis, though I have not as yet received it. I have not had a new one since entering the service. The one bought then is much worn, but having been of good material, it has preserved its color, and still looks passably well. My boots present the shabbiest appearance of anything I wear. They are in holes and gray as badgers. My holy boots helped me the other day, or rather the other night, to a conundrum which amused my friends here some, so I will give it you. Why is a pair of old and holy boots, like to *Harper's Magazine*? Do you give it up? Because they are a very good media in which to ventilate one's understandings. It was not made up of premeditation, but was forced into my cranium through my heels by a sharp night wind during one of our recent night marches, and I mean

to treat the feet—mind you, not the brain—on the very first opportunity to a bran splinter new pair of boots for doing brain work. Now I rather think you won't again say I don't write frivolity.

What is doing in Kentucky? We hear that Burnside is driving the rebels before him, but at this distance I know not what to believe. Here great activity prevails; troops are daily passing this place for New Carthage, twenty miles below Vicksburg by the river. The rebels say we can't make the trip in consequence of the flood, and I fear we can't. Grant is, I believe, striking a blow at rebeldom at all available points in his department. I think, however, I have seen evidences of a want of fore-sight displayed by government and commanders, but I will try and not be censorious.

The general health of the troops is just now better than at any time since my connection with the army. My report this morning was five men sick in hospital, three of whom are walking round, and two in quarters. I have the same favorable report to make for other regiments except the new levies, which are suffering still.

Yours truly,

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RICHMOND, LOUISIANA, *April 10, 1863.*

*Dear Delia,*—Your favor of 31st March came to hand this evening, and as it has to be acknowledged, I will at once follow the injunction of one of my Dutch patrons of Boone, who never tired in bringing out his apothegm, nor I in eliciting it. "When a thing has to be did, it had better did at once." Where will you find in the same compass more wisdom? Lay it to heart and be governed by it, and your life, rather your calling in life, will be an assured success. But let me say a thing is hard to "did" without materials out of which to "did" it.

I have nothing to write about, absolutely nothing of interest to you. To say that I am in the midst of a beautiful, fertile country, that is suffering all the hardships of war, is only to repeat what you already know. This village is the seat of justice of Madison Parish; it is twelve miles from the river; and is situated on what is called Roundaway Bayou, which I can describe only by saying:

It runneth north, it runneth south,  
It runneth east, it runneth west,  
It runneth round the cuckoo's nest;

and thence it runneth its way back to its source the "Father of Waters," not very far from its origin. May your life and mine be just as happy in their *termini*, "in the bosom of our father and our God."

I have beside me, a little testimonial of regard from one of the ladies of the town. I was called to vaccinate her children, and declined any remuneration for the service rendered; other than a kiss from the prattling innocents, and the mother in gratitude for the favor sent me this morning a *bouquet* of early blooming flowers done up quite artistically, and with it her compliments in a note, neatly and happily expressed.

Among the ladies of the town are some very bitter talkers, and one of them two days since exhausted all her resources in an effort to force me into a political talk, but I avoided it, by proposing to talk of something about which we could agree. She was from Kentucky twenty years back, and knew Uncle Edward well, and had often sat under his ministry as a member of the church in which he officiated as pastor. I was very careful, however, not to say to her that he sympathized with her in favor of rebellion. After an hour spent in comparing recollections of the dear old State, and when I was about to withdraw, she approached me and said very earnestly that she must shake hands with me on parting. Now was not that better



than holding a heated political colloquy, and then parting displeased, if not angry with each other?

Allow me a word to say in regard to your health. Wear flannel next to your skin constantly; use a flesh brush freely, and a stiff one at that; be much in the open air; take exercise regularly in walking, running, jumping, skipping, dancing, and making merry generally. Eat heartily whatever you can readily digest, and then you will do. There is no propriety in moping out life, a burden to yourself, and a source of solicitude and anxiety to all round you. When you next write I hope to hear you are improving, and that your grandmother, father, mother, and sister are all well. Love to all.

Yours truly,

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RICHMOND, LOUISIANA, *April 11, 1863.*

*Dear Wife,*—Yours of 28th March came to hand this evening, and I will do you the justice to say that in it you have administered one of the neatest reproofs I have ever read, done up in good style, and in the best temper imaginable. I am glad to have drawn it out.

You will have received your second formal note long before this reaches you, but I hope, formal as it was, there was in it something to clear up the countenance of a "sullen, sulky dame," in the way of material aid that will convince you that I care some for "wife, children, and friends."

I visited the "Bend" again yesterday intending to send two hundred and fifty dollars to you by Doctor Brashear, but on reaching the river, I found that he and Mrs. B— had started up the day before. I entrusted the funds to the Adams Express Co., with orders to deposit in bank at Covington. I send their receipt.

I was not aware until your present letter so informed me that ——— had gone down into Dixie in pursuit of

lost rights. I hope he may find them, and in future take good care of them. The death of —— is not at all unexpected to me. In temperament he was impulsive and rash. If there be a God who rules the destinies of man (and I most solemnly believe it) the punishment was needed by some of the black-coated gentry of Boone, who are in a great measure responsible for his death. Anguish and remorse will gnaw at the vitals of their consciences if they are not dead to sensibility. I must close, and go to bed. Love to all, with many kisses to the children and kind greetings to enquiring friends.

Yours truly,

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JAMES PLANTATION, LOUISIANA, }  
*April 20, 1863.* }

*Dear Wife,*—Here we are fifty miles below Vicksburg, by the river, though only thirty-five from Milliken's Bend by the land route we have traveled.

We are executing the strangest military movement, through the strangest country imaginable. The half of Grant's army is now below Vicksburg, and is traveling down into Dixie along a narrow levee, hemmed in with water on each side, and with space barely sufficient to set up tents between the roadway and the water. What it all means I know not, but I fear our communications in the mail line will be cut off. I hope, however, you will give yourself no trouble about my personal safety. I will take the best care of myself possible, and then leave results to Providence.

Yours of the 2nd and 4th both reached me this morning. How cruel of you to write me such a formal note after my ample apology for my business letters. I will remember you for it. You give me very little local news from the

county. I think you might afford me a letter every day filled with little incidents about home. Give Cora a kiss for me for every one she throws from her finger ends at my "counterfeit presentment." Would to God I could do so myself, but that, you know, I can't without I disgrace myself by teaching and preaching treason, rather than which I would welcome death.

I wrote to you from the Holmes plantation, where we paused a day after leaving Richmond, and whilst there I visited, in company with Major Worthington, one of the most beautiful flower gardens and lawns that I have ever seen anywhere. It is on the Dawson plantation, and is very extensive. Sauntering through the walks and grounds, admiring the flowers and the shrubbery and the stately shade trees, I was made witness to the digging up of a monster gun, unlike anything I had before seen, by a private of the 6th Missouri Infantry. I gave the man six dollars for his prize, and reported it at regimental, brigade and division headquarters, and was by all authorized to retain it. I will send it home by the first safe opportunity.

I am sorry now that I called for a box of supplies, as I have no thought of receiving it. Sumner may reach the Bend with it, but he will be compelled to leave it there and that will be the last of it.

Health good. Love to all.

Yours truly,

CAMPAIGN IN REAR OF VICKSBURG, }  
 BIG SANDY, MISSISSIPPI, }  
 May 8, 1863. }

*Dear Wife,*—Yours of the 18th April reached me a few minutes since, and I answer at once as we are expecting orders to move. I wrote to you last on the 26th



April, from the Perkins plantation on the west side of the river, which camp we left on the 27th, and were marched down the levee to a point nearly opposite to Grand Gulf, where the troops were halted for some hours to witness a grand artillery duel between the rebel works and our gunboats, eight in number.

The day was beautifully clear, and at ten and a half the boats under command of Captain Porter, steamed down and were ranged in pistol shot distance of the batteries, when the ball opened, and for four and a half hours an incessant cannonading was kept up on both sides. It was a grand exhibition of pluck and endurance on the part of the boats, but they failed to silence the rebel batteries, and at three and a half p. m. they drew off, not very materially damaged. The infantry continued their march down the river the same evening. The gunboats with six transports ran the blockade after night; two of the latter being pretty thoroughly cut up. We made the east side of the river fifteen miles below Grand Gulf, at Hard Times at eleven a. m. on the 30th. At three p. m. our march was resumed, to get in the rear of the works at the Gulf, and by this route, in the rear of Vicksburg. The rebels, aware of Grant's movements, blew up their magazines, spiked their guns, and falling back from the Gulf, attempted to arrest our onward march, which was continued throughout the night. Cannon firing commenced about twelve midnight, and was kept up at intervals until near daylight. The first rebel shot was intended to enfilade our line when in a deep cut in the road, but fortunately for the 22nd the gun was not sufficiently depressed to rake us; the missiles passed harmlessly, just over our heads, and the battery was driven from its position immediately. The troops lay down to rest at four and a half, and were called up at six o'clock. Many of the men did not close their eyes; I certainly did not mine. At eight in

the morning, May 1st, commenced a battle which raged all day, but ended with the going down of the sun, in a decided triumph to our arms. Grant took during the day, every battery the enemy had on the field but one, and drove them from their chosen positions with great loss and demoralization to their troops engaged. A thousand prisoners were captured, of whom the officers seem to be extremely bitter in feeling.

Look to your map ; we are here some twenty miles from Jackson, the capital of the State, and twenty-five from Vicksburg. Both parties are gathering strength for another blow, which must come soon—in a day or two—and if we are successful, Vicksburg is ours. I give that as my judgment ; and after that I will see you if I have to resign to do so.

When we left the Perkins plantation, on the other side of the river, all officers under the grade of Brigadier-General were dismounted and compelled to leave horses, traps, and every thing but what they could carry on their backs, and foot it to this point. Yesterday my horse reached me, and to-day the traps of all the field and staff of our regiment but mine, came up. I fear I will never see them again, as there seems to be inextricable confusion in the Quartermaster's department. If they be lost I will soon have to put myself in Tom Benton's brigade of "rough, ragged, and ready boys." I have slept every night since reaching this side of the river in the open air, without tent, and during that time we have had one blustering, stormy night, but with my great-coat and gum cape I managed to keep dry.

This is quite a hilly region, and I have been surprised to find growing here, side by side, the beech, the elm, the maple, the sugar tree, the oak, the sycamore, and the pine. The soil is rather thin and poor, but the country is one of much beauty, and, if I were to recast my fortune in the

South, I would much prefer a location here in the hills to one on the river.

On the morning of the battle I picked up a contraband, nineteen or twenty years old, and pressed him into my service. My servant, a trusty fellow, I left behind in charge of my horse and traps. My great-coat, gum cape, and other indispensables, I had found the night before quite a burden to me. In addition I had my case of instruments, all making more than I was willing longer to care for; so I strapped my case of instruments to my contraband and ordered him to accompany me during the day. Just after breakfast surgeons Pomerene, Witt, and myself, were detailed to select grounds for hospital purposes, and whilst we were conferring on the subject, in the yard at Thompson's House, a masked rebel battery, not a fourth of a mile off, opened on us with shell and grape. The shot flew thick and fast all around us, and we left without standing on the order of our going. My contraband, with my instruments, did not put in an appearance again until after the battle was "lost and won," when I said to him: "You rascal! where have you been hiding all day?" His response was: "Oh, massa, we niggers can't stand shootin' at like you white folks no how." Now the fun of the thing is, we all ran.

Love to all and kisses to the children.

Yours truly,

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[The army here was subsisting on the resources of the country. General Grant threw his force to the East side of the river with only two or three days' rations. As a result, officers who had to provide for themselves were often reduced to short commons. Two days after the date of my last letter I handed my contraband a couple of dollars, just after breakfast, and told him to go out among his friends and lay in a supply for my larder; noon passed without his putting in an appearance, and so for the supper hour, when I invited myself to a vacant seat at Major Worthington's mess



table. I had just finished a hearty repast when he appeared with two fine, fat young hens, well-cooked, and a huge "pone" of corn bread. I said to him that he was too late, and that I did not just then want his supplies, and ordered him to my quarters.

At breakfast next morning I found only coffee and some scraps of corn bread. On asking for the fowls, he said: "Oh, I eat him up." "What! not two whole fowls and all that bread?" "Yes, massa, I tot you say you no want him, and dis nigger did, and I eat him all up." I felt myself unequal to the occasion, and only said that he must seek service where the exchequer and the larder would be found more in accordance with his gastronomic capacity. I never saw him after that morning.

After the battle fought on Thompson's hill the army was moved North of Port Gibson to its position on the Big Sandy. On the route I amused myself one day in observing the excited gesticulation and in listening to the extravagant language of the negro population, assembled on the roadside as we passed. An old woman, apparently of seventy, gave exultant expression to her emotions by clapping her hands and exclaiming: "Bless de Lord, I didn't tink der was so many men in all de world. *De 'Federacy* am done gone up, bless de Lord." Pausing to talk with this same old woman, I asked who owned the property? "Master Smith, massa." "B. B. Smith," said I, "formerly, of Georgetown, Ky?" "Yes, massa." "And did you ever live there?" "Oh yes, massa, all my life till I comed down here twenty years ago." Then, giving my name, I said: "You know all my family? I was raised there and the family before me." "Bless de Lord, massa, I knowed dem all; knowed your mamma when she was a gal." She called up all her descendants of three generations to introduce them to Massa Stevenson, from Georgetown, Ky.

I was assigned for duty during the day as Superintendent of Sanitary Supplies, with instructions to see that ample supplies of soup should be held in readiness for the emergencies of battle. Capt. Patterson with his company was directed to report to me. We found running at large a herd of hundreds of fat cattle, and I ordered him to pitch in, kill and deliver at quarters twenty-five bullocks, which was accomplished and distributed to the different brigade quarters by 11 A. M., and for one battle the wounded of our entire force engaged was amply supplied with needed subsistence.

At three P. M. I learned that Lieutenant F. C. Robb, of Company C, was wounded, and, borrowing a horse of Surgeon Pomerene, I rode out to the field. Major Worthington, in command of Companies B and C, had been directed to support the 1st Michigan battery, and here the Lieutenant was wounded. There, learning that one of our men on the skirmish line between the opposing batteries was severely wounded, I secured a stretcher and with a file of soldiers I went out on the line for him. Whilst bearing him back to his company, General Grant, attended by a single orderly, came across us, making his way to Osterhaus' part of the line. He paused a moment and asked a question or two, when I suggested to him to bear a little to the right to avoid the ravine from which we had brought the wounded soldier, and which he would have found somewhat difficult to cross on horseback.

We remained, watching the General mount the opposite hill, and listening to the prolonged cheering with which he was received; and a minute later we saw Osterhaus' troops pour along the ridge with a yell, and capture the last gun the enemy still held on the field, and the battle was won.

This was my second and last sight of General Grant; and it has always been with me a matter of surprise to see the General-in-Chief of a large army riding from wing to wing, accompanied by a single orderly only. Half an hour earlier in the day it would have been attended with the danger that befell the soldier we were bearing back to his company.\*]

EXTRACT FROM GENERAL M'CLERNAND'S REPORT.

BATTLE OF CHAMPION HILL, MAY 16TH.

"In front of my center, as well as my right, the enemy appeared in great numbers. Garrard's brigade was hard pressed, and General Osterhaus requested that it should be supported. All of Lawler's Brigade, of Carr's division, except a reserve of one regiment, also advanced to support Lindsey's, who had pushed a charge near

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\*In "Camp and Field," a work by Private T. D. Wolbach, of Company E, 16th Ohio, I find the statement that the attendant on General Grant on this occasion was no less a personage than Governor Yeates, of Illinois.

The surviving officers and soldiers of the 16th Ohio owe it to themselves, to the regiment, and to their comrade, to put in permanent form his "Camp and Field." It is brim full of facts.

the mouth of a battery. Lawler's brigade here cast the trembling balance in our favor. Himself narrowly escaping the effect of a shell, his men joined Lindsey, and both dashed forward, shooting down the enemy's battery horses, driving away his gunners, and capturing two pieces of cannon. \* \* \* The enemy, thus beaten at all points, fled in confusion, the main body along the road leading to Vicksburg, a fragment to the left of that road. General Carr's Division, taking the advance, hotly pressed the former, and Lindsey's and Burbridge's brigades the latter, until night closed in, each taking many prisoners."

## EXTRACT FROM GENERAL OSTERHAUS' REPORT.

## BATTLE OF BIG BLACK RIVER BRIDGE, MAY 17TH.

"In order to secure my flank and co-operate with General Smith I ordered Col. Lindsey, with the two remaining regiments of his brigade, 16th Ohio and 22 Ky., to take position in the edge of the timber and open fire against the enemy's position. \* \* \* I refer to the Colonel's report, and take great pleasure in commending the action of this meritorious officer. \* \* \* Thousands of the enemy were found scattered everywhere, and fell into our hands as prisoners of war. Col. Lindsey, with the 16th Ohio and 22d Ky. alone, took more prisoners than the whole numbers of his brigade combined." \* \* \*

IN HOSPITAL, IN REAR OF VICKSBURG, }  
 May 23, 1863. }

*Dear Wife*,—I have not, for more than two weeks, had an opportunity to write to you. New events have trod so rapidly on the heels of the old, that I have had no time for any thing but my official duties.

Since my last we have passed through an exceedingly active period; on some part of our extended line a battle has been fought almost every day, and some days two or three. The conflict is determined and desperate, but I think we will ultimately win. We have been in our present position here four days, and the rattle of musketry and the roar of cannon have been unceasing during all that



time. Our missiles occasionally go over the hills, on which the rebel works are erected, and into the city, on which the gun and mortar boats are pouring a ceaseless storm of shot and shell. I see no prospect of cessation short of exhaustion, as we have all staked on success.

The 22nd has been engaged for three days, and suffered severely in wounded men yesterday. During the evening I amputated a leg for three of our boys above the knee and one below the knee, and four days before I did the same at Champion Hills for two of our men, and for one man of an Indiana regiment. In the same period I resected the upper third of the arm (Humerus) for two 22nd men, and for one of the 42nd Ohio, and I have seen any amount of minor surgery. I am surfeited, sick, and tired of witnessing bloodshed, but nothing short of it would satisfy the insane men who would overthrow the government. I now think they have enough of it. In addition to our wounded of yesterday we had two men slain on the field.

Since reaching this side of the river, Grant's army has captured seventy-one cannon of all calibres, most of them brass field pieces. On the 17th twenty-two pieces were taken "at one fell swoop" at the crossing of Black river. In good time you will find in the papers full details of the operations of this army, so I will say nothing more, than that on a field where there was anything like equal numbers we have whipped, and under like circumstances will continue to whip the rebels.

The defenses of the city are formidable and may require a regular siege, in which event we shall be here for some time to come. I fear you will charge me with thinking of nothing but sieges, and battles, and bloodshed, but surrounded as I am with such scenes, what else have I to think of? The weather here has been the most propitious for our operations possible. The wounded get on as finely

as I have ever witnessed with wounded men anywhere. We have an occasional shower during the day which mitigates the heat, and the nights are cool enough.

I am worked up to my utmost capacity, but this you know I never object to. Love to all, with kisses to the children, and say that I soon hope to see them. Remember me kindly to enquiring friends.

Yours truly,

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IN HOSPITAL, IN REAR OF VICKSBURG, }  
May 29, 1863. }

*Dear Wife*,—Yours of the 8th, and Kate's of the 18th, reached me this afternoon, and I am much gratified to learn that you are all well.

I have written but little of late, for various reasons; 1st, my time has been constantly engrossed with my official duties, and 2d, I have no paper, and none is to be procured here, as you may judge from my using this miserably soiled half sheet, yet it is the best I can do at present.

I am here in charge of the 9th division hospital, and am acting senior surgeon of the division, and am detailed as chief operator for the same. I hope you are satisfied with my share of the honors; I am so much more than satisfied that I am extremely anxious to get back to regimental duties in the field, which are vastly more congenial to my feelings and not half so perplexing. The hospital is in the rear of our troops, and out of range of most of the enemy's guns, but near enough for the benefit of the wounded.

I suppose I may now safely say our beleaguerment of the place can in the future be regarded only as a siege; and that no further attempt will be made to take the works by assault. In this view of the case we may be here for some weeks to come. General Grant has a line of twelve to fourteen miles to guard, so you see at once the necessity for a large army.

Cannonading and bombarding go on without intermission. This morning at daylight the order was given for the opening out of all our great guns along the entire line, and such a din and uproar so long as it lasted, some two hours, language is inadequate to express. What were its results are as yet unknown. But amid all this uproar, trenching and mining, unseen by the foe, go silently and ceaselessly on, and ere long, unless a surrender anticipates it, a mine will be sprung, and a crater will open a path to the center of the rebel works.

Our only danger is from heavy forces in our rear, yet I hope Hooker and Hunter, Banks and Rosecrans will give the rebels as much to do as they can manage, and if so, Vicksburg falls, and with it the hopes of the rebellion.

I am still without my trunk, and, until to-day, since leaving the other side of the river, I have been without a change—except when I borrowed an extra change of shirt and drawers until mine could be washed and dried. One of the results of this delectable condition is that gray-backs are more abundant with me just now than greenbacks.

“And thereby hangs a tale.”

My friend, Dr. Winnie, surgeon of one of the Illinois regiments, called at my quarters to-day to write a letter to his family, and whilst so engaged he felt a titillating sensation on the back of his neck, and putting up his fingers he drew forth a little “crawlin’ ferlie.” Not to be outdone in my own quarters, I drew on my resources in the same line, and had the draft honored. The doctor dotted the incident down and read it over to me, when I begged him to present my respects to his lady, and say to her that I do not permit any of my professional brethren to beat me in my own quarters at any game.

I hope our “bonnie spouses” may have no nearer acquaintance with—

“Ye ugly, creepin, blastit wonner,  
Detested, shunned by saunt and sinner.”



Our better halves will of course be the saints; here, if we were all simmered down to one great resulting compound, I think enough of good could not be found by all the doctors of the canon law to make one good saint; though canon law, proclaimed from wide-open mouths, and with tongues of flame, just now dominates over all here.

The days are moderately warm, the nights decidedly cool. My health is good, though I am always glad when night comes, as by that time I am thoroughly fatigued.

Love to all, with kisses to the children.

Yours truly,

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#### INVESTMENT AND ASSAULT OF VICKSBURG.

##### EXTRACT FROM GENERAL M'CLERNAND'S REPORT.

“Col. Lindsey's brigade followed the forward movement under orders to support and strengthen any part of Gen. A. L. Lee's line if necessary.

At two o'clock all the batteries fired three volleys (the signal for the assault) and the Infantry began the advance. They climbed the steep hills before them in the most brilliant style, and marched over the brow of the ridge through a raking fire. The extremely irregular ground, and the situation of the objects of attack made the direction of the advance of the 1st brigade bear to the left, and of course it created a gap in the line of attack between my command and that of General Smith, on my right. Under my orders, Colonel Lindsey at once inserted his brigade into this opening, and the whole division now advanced steadily and gallantly against a most fearful fire from the enemy's rifle pits and batteries, which commanded, mostly by cross fire, every hill, every ravine, gully, and gorge, leading to the fortifications. \* \* \*

May 20th, 21st. Our skirmishers advanced over the difficult ground slowly but steadily, so that on the evening of May 21st they were at no place more than 500 yards from the enemy's works.

At six P. M. of the 21st an order from headquarters advised me officially of a general assault to be made on the next morning at ten o'clock by the whole line. \* \* \*



The hospital over which I preside is a bivouac in the yard of a retired Vicksburg merchant; a man of northern Massachusetts birth and education, but withal a rebel in feeling and sentiment. He does not hesitate to say to those who talk with him that he hopes to witness our repulse. I hold no intercourse with him further than formal courtesy demands. A member of his family applied to me a few days since for permission to purchase supplies for their table from the hospital allowance, alleging that they were prohibited from going beyond our lines for such a purpose. Having no authority to act in the premises, I was compelled to refuse the permission asked, but referred him to the commissary department. I compromised with my feelings on the subject by making a pretty fair division of your supplies with the family. Inclosed you have the acknowledgment of a member of the family. I hope you are satisfied with the disposition made of your good things. I can make out very well on what the boys call hard-tack, and was more than gratified to soften the inevitable rigors of war to the female members of the family, whom I can only commiserate.

I sent North this week by Col. John Cradlebaugh, my only trophy, the monster gun mentioned in one of my former letters. He will leave it with Dr. Wood. Let it remain with him until my return home.

My health is good as usual, and the condition of the wounded admirable. They are in the open air, under arbors, made by laying poles from fork to fork set in the ground, and then roofing with cane or fishing reed. The protection from the sun is perfect, and the ventilation thorough, but when a hard shower of rain comes on they have to take it, as they have only their rubber spreads as a shelter; but they are doing much better than they possibly could on crowded hospital boats.

Much love, and many kisses to the children.

Yours truly, \_\_\_\_\_



HEADQUARTERS 13TH ARMY CORPS, NEAR VICKSBURG, }  
*June 5, 1863.* }

*Governor*,—I have the honor to inform you that there are two general officers and three regiments, the 7th, 19th and 22d Kentucky, in the 13th Army Corps, Department of the Tennessee, under my command who crossed the Mississippi river with me at Bruinsburg, below Grand Gulf, on the 30th day of April, and who took part in the battles of Thompson's Hill, on the 1st of May; Champion Hills on the 16th; Big Black Bridge on the 17th of May; and at Vicksburg, beginning on the 19th of May and continuing up to the present time. \*

I am most happy, sir, to congratulate you, and, through you, your noble State, for the victories won by the common efforts of her brave sons with those of sister States; and to bear testimony to the gallantry, bravery and good conduct of her officers and men in all these bloody struggles. They bore themselves with the unflinching steadiness of veterans, both under galling fires of artillery and musketry, and in making charges upon fortified lines.

They have shown themselves compeers and fit companions in arms with brave men of sister States in a series of battles, in which it has become impossible to make particular mention of those who distinguished themselves without mentioning individually, both officers and men.

Your most obedient servant,

JOHN A. McCCLERNAND,

Major Gen. Com. 13th Army Corps, Dept. of the Tenn.

HIS EXCELLENCY, JAMES F. ROBINSON,

Governor of Kentucky.

IN HOSPITAL, IN REAR OF VICKSBURG, MISSISSIPPI, }  
*June 12, 1863.* }

*Dear Wife*,—My natal day has come and gone again, and I have entered on my fifty-second year. Yesterday

was my birthday. Amid all the desolations of war I have much to be grateful for, certainly for health preserved. Not more than half the medical officers of the army with whom I became acquainted at Memphis last fall are now at their posts. Some have died, some resigned in consequence of ill health, and many have been furloughed home for the same cause. If I can't manage to get up a little sick of some sort after the fall of Vicksburg, I may have difficulty in getting home, as leaves of absence and resignations are granted and accepted only on such grounds. The rule, I hope, will be relaxed after the accomplishment of the great work in which we are engaged.

Our operations are simply those of siege and we are not receiving much injury from the enemy, though a good deal of infantry firing is all the day in progress, and nightly the siege guns open out and keep up a continuous roar all night long. The enemy do very little firing, and we hope they are running short of ammunition. A negro man was arrested three days since attempting to make his way through our lines with a hundred thousand percussion caps for the rebels; and two days since a young lady from Vicksburg was captured in her effort to get out with a most urgent call from General Pemberton to General Johnston for help, saying he must be relieved or he would be compelled to surrender in a week. I tell the tale just as it was told to me at corps headquarters by Col. Scatts.

-I hope nobody will feel much solicitude in regard to the situation here. Grant's rear is now impregnable to any force the rebels can bring up and subsist, and the fall of Vicksburg is as sure and certain as the lapse of time.

I am still retained in charge of division hospital, very much against my inclinations, and, somewhat in violation of regulations, but there are so many absentees and vacancies I endeavor to submit patiently to more than my due share of labor for the present. Did I ever say to you

that a Second Assistant Surgeon to the 22d reached us at Richmond, Louisiana? He was attacked with diarrhœa in a week after joining the regiment, and three days since he was furloughed north. It was necessary to do so to preserve his life. This may have some influence in preventing my obtaining a leave of absence. Manfred also is far from being well. I do hope the regiment will be ordered North on the fall of Vicksburg.

Love to all with kisses to the children.

Yours truly,

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IN HOSPITAL IN REAR OF VICKSBURG, MISSISSIPPI, }  
*June 14, 1863.* }

*Dear Wife,*—I wrote to you two nights since, but this evening found the letter in one of my pockets. My duties here are so perplexing and exacting that I would not be much surprised at a total forgetfulness of friends and home.

Did you see in a recent number of the *Cincinnati Commercial*, the death of Surgeon Stevenson of one of the Illinois regiments announced? I have not seen it, but Mr. Sumner said to me this morning that he had just read it. I feared you would think there had been a mistake, and that I was the unfortunate man. I protest solemnly "before all the world and the rest of mankind," that I am not only alive, but kicking most lustily. The fated sisters three have not clipped the silver cord for me. Charon "phantom grim" has not ferried me over the gloomy Styx. This is not indited in the happy Elysian fields where—

"The melancholy ghosts of dead renown,  
 Whispering faint echoes of the world's applause,  
 With penitential aspect as they pass,  
 All point to earth, and hiss at human pride  
 The wisdom of the wise, and prancings of the great;"



but rather on this mundane "bank and shoal of time," amid the resounding roar of cannon, the hurtling shriek of shells, and the sullen boom of "bombs bursting in air," and with most abundant evidences of man's mortality all round me.

Our operations go on in the quiet ceaseless manner mentioned in former letters; relieved, however, occasionally by a sudden outburst of cannonading which wakes us all up with a start.

One such has been going on for three or four hours past; what it means I know not. But this I do know, our men are not getting hurt, as not one wounded man has been brought in from our division during the day. We are anxiously expecting Pemberton to send out a flag with propositions of surrender; he will have it to do, and the dictates of humanity demand the arrest of a useless struggle.

I can only repeat what I have before said. Grant's rear is impregnable to any force the enemy can bring and subsist here, and before the means can be organized by the rebels to transport subsistence for a large army the town must surrender or starve. Less than a hundred thousand men in our rear would I think, have no affect in dislodging Grant; so, viewed every way, I consider the position safe.

In a former letter I said our hospital is a bivouac in the yard of a retired Vicksburg merchant. It is a beautiful location in a grove of stately beech and mulberry trees. The garden is a model of beauty; situated on a south hill side, and graded in squares, and the descent from terrace to terrace, is by successive flights of steps. The walks are wide, well graded and graveled and lined on each side with hedges of *arbor vitæ* trimmed in the most artistic fashion. The squares are all large, and in the center of each is a cluster of roses, honeysuckle, crape myrtle, cape jasmine and other flowering plants to me unknown and unnamable.

The season for the blackberry has almost passed, but that of the peach and fig is just setting in. I will try to eat enough of both fruits for all of you, just as I always indulge in fruit, from a sense of duty, not that I am particularly fond of it.

I enclose a little official document returned to me this evening, which I hope you will keep as a memento for the future. One name among them, like the fly in amber, may be preserved by the imperishable media in which it is embalmed.

Love to all, with many kisses.

Yours truly,

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SMITH HOSPITAL, *June 13, 1863.*

LIEUT.-COL. W. B. SCATTS,

*A. A. G. 13th Army Corps.*

*Sir*,—Michael Hannegan, a captured rebel prisoner and an inmate of the 9th division hospital, wishes to take the oath of allegiance to the government of the United States; and be permitted to go North. What shall I do with him?

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

B. F. STEVENSON,

Surgeon, in charge of hospital.

HEADQUARTERS 13th ARMY CORPS, *June 13, 1863.*

Respectfully referred to Department headquarters for instructions.

JOHN A. McCLERNAND,  
Major General Com'ding.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE TENNESSEE, NEAR VICKSBURG, }  
*June 14, 1863.* }

Under instructions from the Secretary of War, the oath of allegiance cannot be administered to prisoners of war.

All persons captured as prisoners of war must be sent North as such.

By order of Major-General Grant,

JNO. A. RAWLINS,  
A. A. G.

HEADQUARTERS 22D KENTUCKY INFANTRY, }  
NEAR VICKSBURG, *June 22, 1863.* }

*Dear Wife,*—Since my last bivouac hospital for the 9th Division has been broken up. The well were returned to their regiments; the convalescent to other hospitals in the neighborhood, and the sick and wounded by boat to General Hospital, at Memphis.

It engrossed all my time for two days to secure from company officers, of the different regiments represented in hospital, *descriptive lists* to accompany their men, and after every effort in my power, numbers were sent to boat without the proper papers. But the order to clear the grounds was imperative, and had to be obeyed. We were three days engaged forwarding the sick and wounded to the boats in the Yazoo River, a distance of fourteen miles.

I believe I have not before said to you that among my wounded were Major Findley, of the 69th Indiana, and Captain Barber, of the 42d Ohio. The former was shot through the right lung, and the latter had a Minie ball to crash its way through one of his ankle joints, shattering bones very much, and requiring amputation. Both of them wounded on the 22d of May. Feeling much solicitude for the safe conveyance of both of them, I accompanied the train of ambulances the day they were forwarded to boat. And thus I had the opportunity to pass over the ground fought over and baptized with the blood of our boys on the 29th of December last. I took with me my field glass, and overlooked the field of battle from every available standpoint. The network of fallen timber was so



intricate that no body of troops could assault in column. To have attempted such a thing on the road constructed by the enemy, and which was thoroughly commanded by their batteries, would simply have been walking into a nicely set rebel trap; nor could any deployed line of troops have reached the objective points on concurring time. The repulse was inevitable.

The mention of Captain Barber leads me on to tell what occurred two days after his misfortune. Dr. Pomerene, of the 42d Ohio, is senior surgeon of the division, and he was then on duty. Some call took him twelve miles in the rear the same evening, when, being next in rank, the charge of the hospital devolved on me. The next day but one after his departure I saw the medical director of the 13th Army Corps coming to my quarters. I met him at the gate, and was introduced to Colonel Summers, medical inspector of the U. S. A. The day we amputated poor Barber's leg, Pomerene dropped out of the window (we occupied one room of the house) the boot we cut off his foot, where it had been permitted to remain. Summers, with stentorian voice, addressing me, asked, "Are you senior surgeon?" I said, "I am not senior surgeon of the division, but, in his absence, I am just now in charge." "Then, sir, I understand you are in charge now." "Yes, sir," was my response. "I have been, sir," said he, "a surgeon for sixteen years in the army of the United States, and I never permitted such a thing as that about my hospital," pointing to the boot taken from Barber's foot; and that was the key-note to all he said and did in my grounds. The bunks for sick and wounded were made by driving forks into the ground, and then laying short poles from fork to fork, head and foot, and then laying cane lengthwise, over which a layer of cotton was spread, and over the cotton the boys' blankets were spread. The beds were soft, springy, elastic, and every way most admirable for ex-

temporized beds. But the wind picked up flocks of cotton and blew them all over the ground, and for this I was rebuked in the presence of my men in gross style. He found some of the men had secreted crackers about their beds, and for this I was berated still more rudely. Whilst he was hectoring me, Dr. Madison Mills, Medical Director of the 13th Army Corps, and who is a gentleman, whispered to me to let him have full swing; and not to notice it; but I must say it required all my sense of official decorum, and all my forbearance to restrain me from cursing him openly, as curse him I did in my heart. After all this he had the grace to say my grounds were in better condition than others he had seen.

He closed his lecture by asking me if I had any cases of interest to show him. I had a case where I had some hours previously amputated an arm for a shattered humerus and a lacerated artery. The man was of the hemorrhagic diathesis. I had applied over twenty ligatures and yet the stump would bleed. Bandaging did not control it and on the advice of all the surgeons at hand it was thrown open and treated simply with cold water dressings. He saw it, heard the history, and said he could make a prescription that would arrest the bleeding. He had learned it of *Dr. George B. McClellan, the father of General McClellan, when he was his student at Philadelphia*. I handed him my memorandum book, and said I would thankfully receive his prescription. And such a perscription, "Ye Gods and little fishes," for such a purpose! An emulsion of castile soap in spirits of turpentine and sulphuric ether: applied to the cut surface. I bethought me at once of the Popinjay who said:

"The sov'reignest thing on earth  
Was parmaceti, for an inward bruise."

He is just as much a charlatan professionally, as he is a blackguard, braggart, and bully, officially. In bearing he

was arrogant and supercilious; in language, impudent and insolent. I understand General Grant has ordered him to report at Washington. On his departure from my grounds, my men, who knew I had done for them all that was in my power to do, expressed great disgust toward him.

The 22d has been called out of the trenches and are now here four miles in the rear of our line, guarding high bridge, a trestle work structure, spanning a narrow stream, but rather wide valley. Here I have little to do but kick up my heels and scribble, as there are two of us and but few sick.

The following did not reach in time for insertion at its proper place, but is introduced here.

VISALIA, KENTON COUNTY, KY., *April 11, 1884.*

GENERAL WM. T. SHERMAN,

*St. Louis, Mo.*

*Dear Sir,*—I was for two and a half years, during the rebellion, surgeon to the 22d Kentucky Infantry. In that period I was twice under your command.

First, in the expedition against Chickasaw Bluffs, and afterward in the campaign against Jackson, Mississippi, after the fall of Vicksburg. I am preparing a memoir of the regiment during my period of service, from a non-combatant standpoint. I know nothing of tactics, strategy, or the science of war. The staple of the book will be made up principally of letters addressed to my family during my period of service. \* \* \*

I have observed that the educated military officer always displays a good degree of *esprit de corps* in behalf of the organization to which he may happen to be attached. The feeling, in due subordination to justice, is commendable, and, I think, equally so with the officers called from the walks of civil life, and who is surrounded by the



sons of his neighbors and friends; all looking to him for protection in their rights or vindication against wrong.

In your memoirs (page 291) you arraign DeCoursey's brigade as derelict in duty at the assault at Chickasaw Bluffs, on the 29th of December, 1862. I think you did the brigade a wrong. My regiment belonged to the brigade, and from a sense of duty to regiment and brigade alike, I have attempted to combat the "wrong." Whilst my first duty is to my regiment, I also feel that I owe a duty to you, and that is, that you shall be privileged to see all that I have to say on the subject before it is given to the public, and the opportunity be allowed you—if you choose to avail yourself of it—to have the antidote to the bane incorporated with and appear side by side on the leaves of the book.

You may think I have written with some feeling. I acknowledge it; I have it, but, at the same time, I entertain and have ever entertained the highest opinions of your personal prowess and of your military achievements.

I send roll of proof slips of what I had to say on the "mooted point." Should you conclude to say anything in rejoinder, please drop me a short note saying so, that the printer may have due notice; but should you decline, please return the proof slips to me.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

B. F. STEVENSON.

April 17th. The returned proof slips reached me this day, with the accompanying pithy and characteristic endorsement on them by General Sherman:

"Frank Blair, T. C. Fletcher, and Fred. Steel were my authorities—I was close up—All right—pitch in.

W. T. S."

The morning reports contain the highest evidence known in military law. They may not be questioned; they bear on their fronts the signature and seal of death, which even a military court of enquiry could not invalidate; and which an act of Congress—until it restore the dead to life—could not abrogate.

Frank Blair, T. C. Fletcher, and Fred. Steel, were all of them honorable men, but not a whit more so than General G. W. Morgan, J. F. DeCoursey, and Wm. J. Worthington; and the statements of the latter officers, corroborated and sustained as they are by the morning reports, must by all candid and just men be regarded as the more reliable testimony.

General Sherman when writing his memoirs was the General in command of the army; the records of the War Department were at his command, and subject to his inspection. If the arraignment of DeCoursey's brigade was written without knowing the facts, he committed an almost inexcusable blunder; if written after an examination and with full knowledge of all the facts, then was he guilty of an unpardonable wrong. I also say, "pitch in."

HEADQUARTERS 22D KENTUCKY INFANTRY,  
BLACK RIVER BRIDGE, MISSISSIPPI, }  
June, 27, 1863. }

"Our army swore terribly in Flanders" said Uncle Toby; armies swear terribly everywhere: but that genial benignant old gentleman said nothing about the gambling propensity of the army with which he served. Gambling with us is as prevalent as drinking or swearing.

To-day we had a death in camp, resulting from a game of cards. William F. Walls, private in Co. A, whilst engaged in a losing game, grabbed the stake, twenty dollars, and ran with it. The winner grasped his musket and pursued. Walls finding himself hard pressed turned at

bay, and just at the moment the charge was fired. The ball passed into the abdomen, severing the great abdominal aorta, shattered the spine, and, passing out of the body, it struck and passed through the glutei muscles of William Wilson, also of Co. A, thence through the gastrocnemius muscles of a private of Co. E; and thence into the ground, from whence it was grabbed by a soldier. A court martial found it a case of accidental shooting.\*

\*At a later period in the war the newspapers of the day reported the wounding of a Major General and two privates by the same ball; not, however, with such fatal result as that in the 22d regiment. The General and the privates mentioned were soon ready for duty, and to stand in their proper rank at morning call.

BLACK RIVER BRIDGE, MISSISSIPPI, *July 2, 1863.*

*Dear Wife,*—Yours of the 17th June reached me two hours since, and I was glad to learn the continued welfare of the family.

The enclosed letter from Dr. Wood shows me that I am *done out* of the only trophy I have to this time secured in the army. The gun the Doctor mentions as presented to him by me was not captured on the bluffs of Vicksburg, but in a beautiful flower garden in Louisiana. I witnessed the digging of it out of the ground, where its former rebel owner had secreted it. I gave the man who found it six dollars for his prize, and had been at some expense and much trouble to get it along until we reached Vicksburg. I believe I told you all this in a former letter.

Col. Cradlebaugh, of the 114th Ohio, was wounded in the face during the assault on the enemy's works on the 22d of May and fell under my care, while I had charge of the 9th division hospital, and when leaving for the North he expressed himself as under great obligations to me, and as anxious to do me any service in his power. I at once requested him to take charge of the gun, and have it deliv-



ered to Dr. Wood to be kept until called for. At the same time I wrote to the Doctor by mail explaining all this, and saying if the gun gave him any trouble he might leave it with some hardware merchant in the city engaged in the sale of arms, who, I had no doubt, would gladly give it a prominent place in his show window as a trophy worth seeing.

The Doctor got the gun, but did not receive my letter, and I will not now dampen his feelings of gratification by reclaiming it.\* I had intended at some future time to lodge it in the State Armory at Frankfort. Say nothing of all this outside the family.

I hear from you only at what I think long intervals; and you, judging from your writing to Dr. Wood to inquire after me, do not get all my letters. I think I have written regularly, at least once a week, except during the early days of May. Then it was march and fight every day, and at night attend to the sick and wounded, so there was but little time for any thing else.

Our present position is twelve miles from the city, and we know almost as little what is doing there as you can. At intervals during the day we hear the booming of cannon and the bursting of shells, and at night the roar is almost continuous; the firing at night being in consequence of the intense heat of the days.

There is getting to be much sickness here in our camps. The 22d I think as healthy as any regiment in the service here, and we have about one man in seven on sick list. Remittent and intermittent fevers are the prevailing forms of disease. I earnestly hope, for the good of all concerned, that the struggle at this point may soon terminate.

Has Kate written to me recently? I gave her a rebuke two days since for neglecting me, which I will regret if she has written regularly. My health is still fair, though I

can't say what effect the warm relaxing weather of this climate will have on me. \* \* \*

I sent to Bank at Covington one day last week two hundred and fifty dollars in care of the Adams Express Co. I hope you will acknowledge its receipt.

Some of your rebel friends in Boone, it seems, are finding treason a hard road to travel. I think it is well enough that they should be made to feel it, as there was never, since governments were first organized among men, so causeless and wanton a rebellion.

If the aspect of the State is not too stormy, I hope you will go to Georgetown this fall, as I think the visit will be kindly received. I am sorry not to be with you if you do go. You will of course remember me kindly to every one and give many kisses to the children. Love to all.

Yours truly,

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\*My letter reached the Doctor and the gun was reclaimed, and delivered to Governor Bramlette at Frankfort for perservation in the State Armory. After-events occasioned regrets at the disposition made of my trophy.

Col. King, a generous and gallant soldier, who commanded a Kentucky regiment in Sherman's March down to the Sea, had the opportunity to preserve from destruction a series of ancient and valuable maps, picked up in an abandoned rebel camp in Georgia, which he placed in the archives of the State at Frankfort. At a subsequent meeting of the legislature of the State, one Read, a rebel member of that body, attempted to affix on the memory of Col. King the infamous stigma of "theft," King then being in his grave. A more scandalous and wanton proceeding was never introduced into a legislative body.

Col. Worthington, who was present when I bought my gun, was then a member of the Senate of Kentucky, and I wrote to him at once to "steal" the gun from the armory and return it to me. But his associations in the legislature had so improved his morals that he declined to be a second time *particeps criminis* to a "theft." And so I have since felt that my "pearls were cast before swine."

BLACK RIVER BRIDGE, MISSISSIPPI, }  
July 5, 1863. }

*Dear Wife,*—I wrote to you two days since, but write again to-day to congratulate you on the fall of Vicksburg. Our forces went in and took possession yesterday. Most auspicious day! that of the birth of the nation; and it will now be sanctified to the lovers of freedom as the day of a second deliverance of the land from a danger greater, more potent and more to be dreaded than any our British progenitors threatened us with. Would to God the great event could have been telegraphed to the assembled thousands congregated all over the land to do honor to the revolutionary worthies who first made it a day of days in the calendar of time. Henceforth it will be observed as a day for rejoicing with still more fervor than formerly.

Immediately on reception of the news that our troops had possession of the town, I made out my papers asking a leave of absence. You must not calculate too certainly on my receiving it. Not less than ten thousand leaves will be asked for, and not half of them can be granted. There is a general "order" that leaves shall not be granted unless the application contains the averment that it is necessary to save life or prevent permanent disability of the applicant, that he should go North. My application contains no such declaration, and it may on that ground be rejected. I was examined by a medical board which made me just comfortably sick, but the extreme degree of the "orders" I begged them for your sake not to inflict on me, as I thought you not quite ready to become a doleful widow. What ought I to have done? If they do not let me get through pretty soon I will kick out of the traces and probably be dismissed for insubordination. I will say, however, that I have better grounds for leave of absence than many to whom such favors are granted, but I won't whine and cringe to superior officers if I am de-



tained until the close of the war, or of my term of service.

If I get home I will take with me the horse I bought at Memphis. He is in many respects a most admirable one, and would suit your mother as a carriage horse. He is the most docile, gentle creature in the world, but at the same time he is proud in carriage, and spirited in his gaits. He is rather too heavy for a first class saddle horse, yet I prefer to ride him rather than any horse I have backed in the army.

I send express receipts for my last remittance, and also the receipt for a sum of money of deceased soldiers entrusted to my care and forwarded by express to Frankfort, Ky. The latter you will please preserve.

Love to all, with many kisses to the children, and regards to all the outside world worthy of regards.

Yours truly,

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IN CAMP NEAR JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI, }  
July 12, 1863. }

*Dear Wife*,—Yours of the 28th June reached me this evening, and I am glad to learn you are still well.

My last was written on the 5th. In it I gave you a brief account of the surrender of Vicksburg, and of my efforts made immediately after that event—to procure a leave of absence with permission to go North.

Before my papers could go through the necessary formalities, orders came for a goodly portion of the army to commence its march on this point. We were engaged and under march on the 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th. The weather has been most intensely hot, and quite a number of cases of sunstroke occurred on the route. On the evening of the 6th, the day we left Black River Bridge, my thermometer (Fahrenheit's) suspended from the limb of a beech tree, in a dense shady forest, gave on the scale one hundred and

two degrees of heat. We crossed the bridge at four P. M. and before night I had to send the ambulance back with three of our men prostrated by heat; and I found other regiments suffering just as much as ours.

Jackson was reached and invested on the ninth, at noon, and we have been holding it in a state of siege, so far as such a thing can be done with the river side open to the escape of the enemy. If you will look to your map you will find the town on the west side of Pearl River. What is exactly the nature of the defenses I can't say further than that the rebels have extensive rifle pits connecting earth works in which they have batteries of artillery. Cannonading and the sharp rattle of the musketry have been almost unceasing since we sat down before the works, but up to this time there has been but a limited number of casualties; the surgeons of our division having as yet but little to do.

The rebels are under command of General Jos. E. Johnston, with General J. C. Breckenridge as second. Our troops are under command of General Wm. T. Sherman, with McPherson and Blair as subordinates, Grant remaining at Vicksburg. The struggle here, I think, will be sanguinary, because, if driven from this position, the rebels will have, necessarily, to surrender the entire State. In this view of the case, it is with me a matter of regret that Grant is not commanding in person, as a repulse will be laid to his charge. The troops—whether justly or unjustly, I will not say—have not that degree of confidence in the discretion of Sherman that leads on to victory. But this I will say, a more gallant man does not live, and I trust, most sincerely, that the results of this expedition will re-instate him in the confidence and affections of the army and of the American people.

Much sickness prevails among all the troops, nor could any observer of affairs expect it to be otherwise. To have

men exposed from ten to twelve hours daily, to a degree of heat you very rarely have in your latitude, and then at night to have them sleep on the grass wet with dew, without tents, is more than most men can endure without contracting disease. Fortunately for me, I am under tent, and am getting on as well as usual, though the relaxing effect of the climate begins to make me feel feeble.

I have just heard of the fall of Port Hudson. I hope this time the news may be true, and by the same mail news of the repulse of Price and Holmes in their attack on Helena, Arkansas. The latter I may say I know to be true, as I have it in a letter from General Garrard, who was on the spot, and he never romances.

I trust in God every department is sending to you the same cheering news that greets you from this, and if so, we will soon see the end. Love to all, with very many kisses to the children. Yours truly,

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July 7th, 1863. Resumed march at an early hour. General Jos. E. Johnston commanding rebel force in front of us, and falling back slowly. At noon halted for rest and dinner, such as we could make out. Fields of green corn are in the milk stage, and our boys are luxuriating on it. Whilst at our camp-fire roasting our corn, a bird of rare plumage joined us and proposed to roast his corn with us, to which we assented.

A man of Falstaffian proportions. His dome of thought was covered with a low-crowned, broad-brimmed sombrero; his coat was the undress blue blouse, "in longitude sorely scanty;" waistcoat he had none; his shirt was colored, and without collar or necktie; his nether garment was the light blue double-seated cavalryman's breeches, tight-fitting and short in the legs; he wore the brogan shoe of the soldiery; and a cavalryman's broad sword, with iron scabbard, was dangling from his side, and jingling spurs protruded from his heels. His shoulders were Atlantean in breadth, with gastric and abdominal proportions to correspond;



and his nates, they were big enough, broad enough, ponderous enough for a battering ram.

This *rara avis* was no other personage than Brigadier-General Michael Lawler, of U. S. Volunteers.

When he made his appearance among us I thought him a private cavalryman, and a slovenly one at that. In the war with Mexico he rose to the rank of Captain of Volunteers, and on the outbreak of the rebellion he was commissioned as Colonel of an Illinois regiment. He is of Irish birth, and at Donnelson with the characteristic gallantry of his nationality he led his regiment into the thickest of the fight and won by merit and bravery his Brigadier's commission.

Resumed march at two P. M., and at four and one-half halted for the day. Called at General Osterhaus' Quarters, and whilst there a Sergeant attended by a countryman brought a soldier before the General, who is the most approachable of men. Rations still short and the "bummer boys" did a little outside foraging. A fine fat young heifer running at large along our line of march was killed. Complaint was made and the owner appeared to demand redress. The soldier admitted the killing, and pleaded in justification, that the paroled rebel prisoners had raided our subsistence train, and that he and his mess were without rations, and further, *sub rosa*, that he had left the liver with the General's cook. "Ah, dat is it, dat is it? Well den you always brings me de livers and den I never knows notin about de *killin* of de *animales*." And turning to the countryman, with a grand and graceful bow he said, "Dat is all I havs to say, sir." "Bully for you," was the soldier's response.

8th. Off again after an early breakfast. Rebel cavalry a little demonstrative. At eleven A. M. halted, and at three o'clock long-roll beat. A young German, a lieutenant in a colored regiment, attached to General Osterhaus' staff, out half a mile in advance, was captured by a squad of Texas cavalry, and learning from him his regiment, half a dozen of the dastardly rascals emptied the contents of their revolvers in his body, and then fled. He lived long enough to be brought in, and to detail the manner of his death. I was requested by General Osterhaus to see him, but found him dead. How long, O Lord, how long, will such wanton violations of the laws of war go "unwhipped of justice?"

11th. I had just eaten an early dinner when I received an order from Colonel Lindsey to call at regimental headquarters. On my

way up a sharp fusilade of all arms suddenly opened out, and, putting spur to my horse, I galloped up to see what the racket meant. At the Colonel's tent I learned that he was out on the skirmish line, deploying his men. I rode forward, and reached him just in time to witness a repulse to our troops on the right, in which several hundred men were lost in killed, wounded, and captured. I found Colonel Lindsey in the open field, and in very short range of both ordnance and musketry. In the minute or two that I was beside him a solid shot ricocheted almost under the heels of our horses, and two shrapnels went shrieking uncomfortably near, over our heads. I thought a rebel battery was making him a special target for their practice. He took it all with the utmost coolness. His order, he said, did not require my presence on the field, and he directed me to retire, and my going was hastened by a couple more shells before getting out of range.

IN CAMP NEAR JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI, }  
July 17, 1863. }

*Dear Wife,*—When I last wrote to you I expressed the opinion that Jackson would hold out some time, and that we would have here a sanguinary struggle. I had scarcely opened my eyes this morning when I heard our boys asserting that the rebels had abandoned the town, and the talk grew longer and louder until by breakfast time hope had settled into conviction.

After dispatching my morning's work, I accompanied the field and staff officers of the 22d Ky. and the 16th Ohio into the town and through the defensive works. As a strategic point, or as one of any great military importance or strength, I was not favorably impressed.

The town is situated on Pearl River, and in its palmy days it certainly was a very pretty little city, but war has left it but the *debris* of what it was.

When Sherman captured the town early in May it suffered severely. The penitentiary and the work shops connected with it had been converted into establishments for manufacturing military accoutrements and implements of

war, and they were all burned. The rebels last night, before leaving, fired four or five of the largest buildings in the center of the town, in which their commissary supplies were stored, and the flames spread, and so by the time we reached the scene there was presented only a great mass of smouldering ruins. Full one-fourth of the town, comprising the best business houses, has been burned, and what the rebels have spared I fear our troops will destroy.

The State House is, externally, a fine looking building, though constructed of crumbling bad stone.

I found the commissary department already in possession of its interior, and permission to pass through it denied without a pass from the Provost Marshal, which I did not feel interest enough to procure.

The early abandonment of the position took me quite by surprise, as I believe it did commanding officers; as we certainly are not prepared for a vigorous pursuit. The entire army has been for several days on very short rations; our regiment this morning consumed their last cracker and last grain of coffee, and for a week we have had nothing else. Notwithstanding all of this, pursuit was ordered by a portion of the army, and I have at intervals for the last four hours heard the distant booming of cannon showing that the work of destruction and carnage still goes on.

A flag of truce was sent out day before yesterday, asking a cessation of the conflict, as generally understood, that the rebels might pay funeral honors to some officer of distinction, and for four hours "our bugles sang truce" during which time the privates of both armies fraternized most kindly, exchanging greetings, and coffee for tobacco and displayed not the smallest degree of personal animosity; indeed some of the rebel soldiers said to our boys that there would be a revolution against rebellion if the war were not soon arrested. This is the grand *finale* to which I have long been looking as an inevitable result.



The air is thick and murky with rumors of battles fought and victories won. I hope when the bulletins come they will confirm the hopes of the most sanguine. The hotter the fight the sooner the battle is over. If Meade has thoroughly whipped Lee, the last vestige of hope for the rebellion is gone, and gone for a hundred years to come. The sufferings and hardships of war, together with the atrocities of the reckless and unprincipled, will live in the memories of the present generation, and be handed down from father to son, as a warning to deter those least scrupulous in the future from inaugurating such a wanton and criminal waste of life. The guilty originators have had the "poisoned chalice" returned to their own lips sooner than they listed. Twice within the last ninety days has Jackson been occupied by national troops, and now the official mansion of Governor Pettis of this State—who at Vicksburg fired the first gun of the war—is occupied by General Frank Blair, whilst His Excellency is an exile from his home. I believe I may say the rebels of this region are heartily, thoroughly tired of war, and anxious to re-establish our ancient relations, if the bad men who hold usurped rule over them would permit.

The surroundings of Jackson are beautiful. Rural cottage houses, embowered in groves of native forest trees, interspersed with flowering shrubs, and vines and plants, it only requires peace, with its arts and industries, to make an earthly paradise where now tumult and wrong prevail.

I have heard nothing from my leave of absence papers yet. General Osterhaus told me he had recommended the granting of the leave strongly, and he thinks they will turn up all right. He is a thorough German and a magnificent fellow, who is much liked by the soldiers. He never says "go, boys," but, "follow me." Brave to a fault. I have felt better to-day than at any time since I took charge of the hospital in the rear of Vicksburg. Love to all with kisses to the children.

Yours truly,

[Monday evening July 20th orders received to be in readiness to march at six A. M. to-morrow 21st. Off on time. Weather still very hot. Went into camp after a march of ten or twelve miles. Marched 22d and 23d about same distance each day; 24th halted at noon for lunch and rest. 22d Ky. turned into an enclosure beside the road; a smooth, well-sodded lawn, with a farm house two hundred yards from the gate. I rode nearer the house than any of the staff to secure shade. A gentleman met me as I dismounted and asked for a guard to protect his garden and fowls. I accompanied him to Col. Lindsey's quarters, who ordered the guard. The gentleman gave me his name as Wm. F. Davis; and he courteously asked me to dine with him. A Virginian by birth and a believer in the right of secession from education. He alone of all the men of the South with whom I talked acknowledged that he had voted in favor of the ordinance of secession. But now he regards it as a failure, and wishes the war to close and the Union re-established. He has three hundred bales of cotton hidden away from the highway and under shelter. I suggested to him to apply to General Sherman for transportation for it to Vicksburg, saying to him that five hundred empty wagons were going in. His response was that if he were to do such a thing, his neighbors would assemble in one hour after the army left and would hang him to the first convenient tree. Champion's Hill, where the great fight of Vicksburg campaign was fought, is within a mile or two of Davis' house; and General Tighlman, who was killed in that engagement, was buried by Davis and on his farm. Tighlman commanded the rebel artillery in the fight and not fancying the handling of his gun by one of his subordinates he levelled and sighted it himself, and just as he rose to the upright position a solid shot from one of our guns struck him at the waist and cut him literally in two. \* \* \*

At dinner Mrs. Davis said she had not seen a grain of tea or coffee for a year and a half. I had on hand a pound of the best black tea that I ever tasted, and I said to her that if she would send Mr. Davis with me I would make a fair divide of it with her. "I'll do it," she said "and then just as soon as you *fellows* get out of the way, I will call all my neighbor women around me and we will have a grand old time of it." "Please to remember me kindly in all of your imbibings," said I. "We will, we will."—That was the only pleasant social time I spent in Mississippi.

Resumed march at three P. M.; at four passed Edwards Station, and found a large warehouse, said to contain four thousand bales

of cotton, in flames. At five my papers asking for a furlough were returned to me granting a leave of four weeks.

At six P.M. was called on by Surgeon Pomerene to ask who among all the assistant surgeons he should detail to accompany a train of fifty wagons, with five hundred sick, that he was ordered to send to Black River bridge during the night. I at once said: "Assign me to the duty. I have just an hour since received my papers granting me a furlough, and the night ride will put me in Vicksburg one day sooner than if I remain with the regiment." The sun was down before the train was ready to start. The distance was reported to be twenty miles, and the opinion was expressed that we would get in by one o'clock next morning. There was no man from my regiment, and I did not know one of them all. With a couple of canteens of whiskey slung to the pommel of my saddle, I could only ride back and forth along the train and give the sufferers a little whiskey; and instead of getting in at one A.M. we did not reach the hospital until after six; and then I found three dead men in my charge. I never passed so unpleasant a night.

Took a plunge in Black River whilst my breakfast was cooking, and my horse taking his rations.

At eleven A. M. reached Vicksburg and rode at once to Major Markland's quarters to make enquiries for his brother Mathew, private of the 22d, who was captured at Chickasaw. Met with, and was introduced to, General Ord on the balcony, and after ordinary courtesies with my usual facility put my foot in thoroughly by remarking to the General that I was sorry to see yesterday afternoon, as we passed Edwards Station that the scalliwags of the army had set fire to the great ware-house there, burning up four thousand bales of cotton.

General Ord, with some acerbity: "I'll let you know sir, that building was set fire to at my order." I found myself in for it, and had to fight out.

Myself: "Well, General, if there was a military necessity for the burning, I, of course, have not a word to say."

Ord: "If every bale of cotton in the South had been burned on the first of January, 1860, we would not now have a rebellion."

Myself: "I am not disposed to question that, General, but as they were not burned and we have a rebellion, and the world is suffering because of the great scarcity of the staple; and we had captured and had the means to take it to market, I still think it should have been brought in."



At this stage of the colloquy Major Markland appeared with a glass of wine for each of us, and this ended our controversy. "Much virtue in If." \*

A steamboat whistle gave me notice to be at the wharf, and I took leave at once.

Took passage on the steamboat Charles Heilman, and after settling fare to Cairo for myself and horse I asked for a state-room at once. I had been for thirty-six out of forty hours in the saddle, without a wink of sleep and was fatigued. Every state-room was taken before leaving New Orleans; the clerk, however, allowed me to occupy his bunk in the office for rest and sleep.

I was roused by the ringing of the supper bell, and found that during my sleep I had been robbed of the "last red" I had with me, \$162.00. The clerk supposed some of the "dam'd negro waiters on the boat had stolen the money when he was at dinner." "Thinks I to myself." "The woman gave to me and I did eat," and that was the last of it.]

\*The author still thinks that four thousand bales of cotton, worth in the market at that day more than a million of dollars, were well worth saving; and they might have been easily taken to Vicksburg without damage or detriment to the army.

MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE, *Sept. 7, 1863.*

*Dear Wife,*—Our boat, The Hope, reached this place last evening, making the distance of two hundred and forty miles—from Cairo here—in the remarkably *short time* of seventy-two hours. We were on a sand bank twelve hours of the time, and we lay at anchor in the middle of the stream regularly at night. The boat was hot as a furnace.

After tea yesterday evening I called on Mrs. John W. Coleman, and found her well, but, as I thought, a little saddened by the results of the war, and the recent death of the last and only child of Mrs. Preston, the friend with whom she makes her home. Preston was slain at Shilo, at the head of a rebel Tennessee regiment, and since then, both of his children have died, and thus it is Mrs. Preston's cup of bitterness is filled to the brim. Mrs. Coleman desires to be remembered to her Kentucky friends in Burlington. You will please to deliver the message.

I have not yet learned the present whereabouts of the 22d, but my best information is that it is in the vicinity of New Orleans, for which point I take boat this evening.

Love to all, and kisses to the children.

Yours truly,

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VICKSBURG, MISSISSIPPI, *Sept.* 10, 1863.

*Dear Wife,*—We reached here at ten last night, and are now detained unloading post supplies, and to obtain papers for the further South.

I undressed myself last night for the first time since leaving home. The boats have been so much crowded, that I very much preferred to take a blanket and my great-coat and roll myself up on the hurricane deck, rather than attempt to sleep in the social hall, in an atmosphere reeking with the fumes of tobacco, whiskey and every offensive odor that could be engendered by a promiscuous, and I must say, rather filthy crowd.

At these headquarters I have to-day witnessed scenes which are, I doubt not, exceedingly annoying to a high spirited people. Heads of families reporting weekly at the commissary department to draw supplies to subsist themselves and their children, from a government they vainly attempted to overthrow, and now hate. But it is that or starve. I found in the crowd a number of lady-like looking women, and was told by officials that some of them occupy high social position, and are the wives of men now in the rebel army. Where under the wide cope of high heaven is there to be found another government so benign as to care for and sustain the wives, the sons, and daughters of men stabbing at its vitals?

I have learned here that the 22d is still with the 13th Army Corps, and under command of General Ord and now

in camp on the shore of Lake Ponchartrain, some eight miles from New Orleans.

Our boat leaves port at noon, and will reach New Orleans in two days, from which point you will next hear from me. Health all right. Love to all.

Yours truly,

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CARROLLTON, LOUISIANA, *Sept.* 12, 1863.

*Dear Wife*,—I reached this place at daylight this morning and imposed myself on the hospitality of Capt. Wm. F. Patterson, a citizen of Kentucky and a Cumberland Gap chum. He is in command of the Pioneers of the 13th Army Corps.

The 22d is now at Brashear City, which is eighty miles north-west from New Orleans, and connected with it by railroad. I will start for the regiment to-morrow morning, but purpose a visit of an hour or two to the city this evening, which is seven miles below, with railroad communication every hour in the day. Love to all, with kisses to the children.

Yours truly,

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ST. CHARLES HOTEL, NEW ORLEANS, }  
*Sept.* 12, 1863. }

*Dear Wife*,—I wrote to you a few lines this morning from Captain Patterson's quarters, informing you of my arrival at Carrollton, but I said nothing of my future destination, because I knew only that the regiment had gone to Brashear City. From all I can learn here I think the future field of operations of the 13th Army Corps will be Texas, and I judge Galveston will be the point first struck at. This, however, is only my surmise.

My trip down the river was tardy, and would have been



on that account all the more agreeable, but for the intense heat of the weather; this, though, was very much relieved after we got within the influence of the gulf breeze.

I have seen nothing of the city except whilst passing in the cars; and, leaving at five in the morning, I will have but little opportunity to do more than run around to the most prominent objects of interest. I find more of stir and bustle, than I had expected, after all the papers have said of the silence that reigns here. A few months more of free navigation of the "Father of Waters" will put the city on the road to prosperity again, which it so unfortunately threw away by joining in rebellion. Her full tide of business and wealth will not, however, return until the great staple of the South is cultivated as heretofore; and every day's observation convinces me that will not be for years to come.

The chief feature of interest in approaching the city was the suburban homes, embowered in shade and shrubbery as almost all of them are. The style of architecture is plain and unpretending, but to me all the more agreeable from that fact.

I found Colonel Monroe here, somewhat indisposed, but I think he will accompany me to the regiment to-morrow. I write in his room. I will not write again until I reach my regiment. Love to all.

Yours truly,

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BRASHEAR CITY, LOUISIANA, *Sept.* 15, 1863.

*Dear Daughter,*—This town is eighty miles north-west from New Orleans, and is situated on Berwick Bay, an arm of the Gulf of Mexico, and a grand sheet of water; sufficient to afford safe anchorage for all the navies of the world if they could be assembled here. I reached here at twelve m. yesterday, and during the afternoon, I for the

first time in my life enjoyed the luxury of sea-water bathing; and a real luxury it was, after a ride of five hours' duration, with the sun blazing with almost tropical heat. I propose to avail myself of the privilege of a plunge every day of our stay in this camp. We are also having such creature comforts as fresh oysters, crabs, and fish of every kind; together with oranges, lemons, bananas, etc., and but for the extreme hot weather, we have nothing of which a soldier could justly complain.

New Orleans I found one of the prettiest, and certainly the cleanliest city I have ever entered. This I have been told, is due to the wise sanitary measures enforced by General Butler when he first occupied it, and which General Banks still keeps up. Previous to its occupation by national troops it was as notorious for its generally filthy condition as now for its cleanliness; and then it was subjected to an annual visitation from "Yellow Jack," and the havoc always and everywhere accompanying him. Now, however, after two summers of army occupation of the city, the cowardly rascal has not dared to make his appearance. He is averse to the daily ablutions, the scrubbing, and sweepings, and dustings, constantly in progress, and so he keeps a most respectful distance. Will you believe it? a tornado through the streets could not get up a respectable dust. Don't you think the good ladies of the city ought to feel under great obligations to the "Beast" for teaching them, not alone civility to strangers, but cleanliness also? But your wayward sisters heap on him only anathemas.

General Banks commands in this department; and the prevalent opinion here is that he will forward into Texas, as rapidly as possible, all the force under his charge that can be safely spared, to meet an apprehended invasion of that State, by the French from Mexico. If in our present distracted condition, a war with France is in store for us, it

will try the patriotism of every man, woman, and child who owes allegiance to the government and enjoys its protection. I trust in God no one in Kentucky will falter in such an emergency, whatever they may have thought of the rebellion.

I ought here to acknowledge the receipt of yours of July 7th with H——'s enclosed. I found also on rejoining my regiment, letters from your mother of the 9th and 28th July.

You may not hear from me as often as formerly, as by each remove my distance from you will be increased, and the difficulties of communication multiplied. But whether you receive letters from me, or do not receive them, write, as I always will be anxious to hear from you.

I enclose a photograph of Mrs. Brashear. Give my regards to enquiring friends. Much love to your mother and the children.

Yours truly,

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BRASHEAR CITY, LOUISIANA, *Sept.* 16, 1863.  
SURGEON B. F. STEVENSON,  
*22d Ky. Infantry.*

*Sir*,—You will report to General M. Lawler, commanding 4th Brigade, 1st Division, 13th Army Corps as Brigade Surgeon.

Very respectfully,

B. B. BRASHEAR,  
Senior Surgeon 1st Division, 13th A. C.

Reporting to General Lawler, I found my "*Rara Avis*" of the Jackson campaign.

I said to him, "My mess arrangements are with my own regiment. I hope it will answer for me to make my daily reports to your Adjutant, and still keep my tent where it is." His response was: "I am entitled to a Surgeon on my Staff, and the regulations say that his tent shall be just there [pointing to the spot], and there I shall expect to find it." And there I pitched it.



HEADQUARTERS 22D KY. INFANTRY, BRASHEAR CITY, }  
 Sept. 17, 1863. }

B. B. BRASHEAR, Senior Surgeon,  
 1st Division, 13th Army Corps.

*Sir*,—I desire to draw your attention to the fact that but one regiment of the 4th Brigade was furnished with transportation for hospital tents and supplies, when the 13th Army Corps was ordered to this place from Carrollton.

The 16th, the 42d, and the 114th Ohio regiments of infantry, and the 54th Indiana are all of them here without tents for their sick, and with but scant supplies for their proper treatment.

Troops on the march and in camp, under the fervid sun of this climate, must sicken; and the economy that withholds ample transportation for their comfort, is not only a mistaken, but a most wasteful economy of the most costly material of an army—human life.

I am very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

B. F. STEVENSON,

Surg. 22d Ky. Inf'y and Sen. Surg. Brigade.

Sept. 17, 1863.

Respectfully forwarded.

B. B. BRASHEAR,

Sen. Surg. 1st Div. 13th Army Corps.

HEADQUARTERS 1st DIVISION, 13th ARMY CORPS, }  
 BRASHEAR CITY, Sept. 17, 1863. }

Respectfully returned. The regiments named within have ample transportation. If any of the supplies named are scant it does not arise from cause named.

By order of Major-General C. C. Washburne,

W. H. MORGAN,

Major and A. A. G.

BRASHEAR CITY, LOUISIANA, *Sept.* 25, 1863.

*Dear Wife*,—I delayed writing during the last week indulging in the hope from day to day that I might hear from you, but all in vain. I have heard nothing from home since I left there. \* \* \* We are on the wing this morning and cross Berwick Bay to commence our march into Texas. I judge you will not hear from me as often as formerly, as the mail facilities are limited and our communications will probably be interfered with.

I was in hopes to send you some funds before leaving this point, but during my absence at home the regiment was paid off, and another pay-day will not occur for a month to come, and then there may be such obstructions in the way as to prevent sending money. You shall have it, however, at the first opportunity.

I am here as Senior Surgeon of my brigade, and I send you an official letter returned to me under peculiar circumstances, some days since. \* \* \* I talked the matter over with Dr. Brashear, Senior Surgeon of the Division, when he said it would be best to put the matter in official form and send it to Division Headquarters. After writing it out, I handed it to him, when he at once endorsed and forwarded it to the A. A. G.'s tent, which is only twenty yards off, and before I left the Doctor's quarters it was returned with its official response to my complaint. I have the best reasons to know that General Washburne did not see my communication. Surgeons are held responsible for the general sanitary condition of the men under their charge, and in this instance, where I certainly had a right to expect an examination into the truth of my statements, and they are absolutely true, a subordinate stifles it with a direct denial of the material allegations. Preserve this official note also. Love to all.

Yours truly,

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[BERWICK CITY, LOUISIANA, *Oct. 7, 1863.* Brigade Inspection to-day; Lawler may be very gallant, but to my mind displays great ignorance of the *technique* of military drill. General Ord commanding 13th Army Corps reached the Brigade at eleven A. M. He greeted me very cordially, kindly enquiring after my health since we parted at Vicksburg.]

BERWICK CITY, LOUISIANA, *Oct. 3, 9 A. M. 1863.*

*Dear Wife,*—I have waited and waited, until the last moment, hoping to hear from you, but all in vain. Our troops are now under way, and are two miles ahead of me, so you must put up with a few lines now, and the hope of more in the future.

The regiment was paid off last night, and I will send to you by the first safe opportunity four hundred dollars. I had another horse to buy, but as I got him cheap (he cost me only sixty dollars) I don't regret leaving Charley with you.

We have had a week of storms, but it cleared up day before yesterday, and we are now having a glorious day. My health is perfect, and I have nothing to complain of just now but the unfavorable reports from Rosecrans' operations. Love to all, with kisses to the children.

Yours truly,

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[Reached the vicinity of Franklin at six P. M. Rain during the day, and found ground selected for camp covered with pools of standing water.

A man of one of the Illinois regiments gathered a number of fragments of board to protect him from the moist earth. The General's orderly attempted to take them, when an altercation ensued ending in blows. The General rushed from his tent flourishing his sword and screaming at the top of his voice "Kill the damned rascal!" His action and language were most violent and unseemly.]



VERMILLIONVILLE, LOUISIANA, Oct. 10, 1863.

*Dear Wife*,—I send by the Adams Express Co. four hundred and fifty dollars to deposit in bank at Covington to your credit. The express and insurance charges amount to nine dollars, which I have requested the bank to pay; your credit will be four forty-one.

Our force is moving slowly in the direction of Texas, and in strength sufficient to take good care of ourselves, and I hope to render a good account of the rebels in this region should we encounter them. Our route from Berwick City was up the Atchafalaya River, some four miles, and thence up the Bayou Teche, through the towns of Pattersonville, Franklin, New Iberia, St. Martinsville, and thence to this place, leaving the Bayou at the latter named town.

General Banks has with him the 13th and the 19th Army Corps; the former under General Ord, and the latter under General Franklin. The 19th had the advance until this morning; when the 13th took the lead. We passed the Headquarters of the 19th whilst Banks, Franklin, and their staffs were at breakfast under the outspread branches of a great China tree. We were halted for a time just opposite their quarters, and I drew on them my field glass, and found a well supplied table with an ample spread of silver plate. The full, well-developed persons of the feeders, with all the evidences of luxury present, led me to question if this were making war in earnest.

To me it looked, with their florid faces, more like painted warriors on a painted canvass than real warfare.

The old adage has it, "They that dance must pay the fiddler;" but I doubt whether the feasters here came down with their own tin in payment for the plate.

The weather has been balmy and delicious as May and the country is a paradise, but for the ravages of war.

Brownsville, Texas, opposite to Matamoros, is understood to be our objective point; and the general belief is that

Dick Taylor has not force enough seriously to impede our march. I have no time for more as a call to Division Headquarters has just reached me.

Love to all.

Yours truly,

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[We reached camp just before sundown. A drizzling rain had accompanied us all day. While pitching our tents, a drunken man, gun in hand, straggled along up near us and stopping in twenty feet of General Lawler, said: "You are the man who wanted to kill my brother at Franklin; now, G—— d—— you, I'll kill you!" and suiting the action to his words, brought his gun to the aim, and exploded the cap, but the charge did not ignite. He was disarmed at once and sent under guard to his regiment, with orders to keep him under guard until sober; the General declining to prefer a charge. Huzza! say I for General Lawler, forever. Under a rough exterior and with crude manners he carries in his breast the heart of a hero.]

At this point Colonel Lindsey took leave of the regiment; he having been appointed by the Governor of Kentucky, Adjutant-General of the State.

CAMP BAYOU, VERMILLIONVILLE, *Oct. 14, 1863.*

The following preamble and resolutions were adopted by acclamation by regiment in full, assembled at Headquarters.

WHEREAS, The 22d Regiment Kentucky Volunteers have heard with unfeigned regret the decision that our highly esteemed commander, Colonel D. W. Lindsey, has determined to relinquish his command, and to accept an important trust tendered to him by the Executive of the Commonwealth:

*Resolved*, That we shall ever entertain for him sentiments of esteem, not only for his ability to administer the perplexing business of the regiment in Camp, but also for his gallantry upon the field, in the various and perilous vicissitudes of our history, on the Big Sandy, at Cumberland Gap, and during the siege of Vicksburg.

*Resolved,* That we shall ever cherish, with grateful memories, his undeviating urbanity, not to his officers only, but to all his men, who have ever found in him a ready friend to counsel them in their trials, to redress their grievances, and faithfully to fulfil his promises made when elected by their choice to conduct their uncertain fortunes.

*Resolved,* That in his quiet and steady patriotism, and attachment to the Government, firmly upholding the administration, and promptly obeying its behests, even when the wisdom of its policy was doubted, justly entitled him to be considered a valuable friend of his country, amid its misfortunes, and a conservator of the public interest, punishing rebellion, by law or by military necessity, without creating indiscriminate misery in the general license to destroy and to pillage property, irrespective of its connection with the rebellion.

*Resolved,* That in whatever field in the public service he may be called to occupy, his command wish for him a bright and useful career, and trust that, not only the honors due to a capable and faithful officer await him, but that happiness and usefulness which he may attain beyond the rugged paths of war, when our beloved country shall once more enter the flowery paths of peace and prosperity.

*Resolved,* That a copy of these resolutions be furnished to the Frankfort Commonwealth for publication.

W. J. WORTHINGTON, Major 22d Ky.  
JOHN HUGHES, Captain 22d Ky.  
JOHN L. GODMAN, Captain 22d Ky.  
B. F. STEVENSON, Surgeon 22d Ky.  
HENRY MANFRED, Ass't Surgeon 22d Ky.  
F. C. ROBB, Adjutant 22d Ky.  
J. W. BARBEE, A. Q. M. 22d Ky.  
CHARLES GUTIG, Captain Co. K. 22d Ky.  
WM. K. GRAY, Captain 22d Ky.  
CHARLES G. SHANKS, 1st. Lieut. 22d Ky.  
DAN'L W. STEELE, 2d Lt. Co. B. 22d Ky.  
S. S. SUMNER, Chaplain 22d Ky.  
JACOB SWIGERT, Jr., 2d Lt. 22d Ky.  
W. W. BACON, Captain Co. F. 22d Ky.  
GEO. W. MONROE, Lt. Col. 22d Ky.



VERMILLIONVILLE, LOUISIANA, Oct. 15, 1863.

*Dear Delia,*—I wrote to you, as I did also to your mother and every member of my family down even to the “wee bit lassie,” before leaving Berwick City, for a plunge into the wide, wide world of grass and sunshine that holds undisputed sway over this portion of the national domain.

Before reaching this locality we pursued the valley of the Teche (pronounced Tesh), if valley it may be called, which is only a vast plain, with a deep canal scooped out by the facile hands of nature in a serpentine path, thus giving fertility to the soil and affording most abundant means for the exchange of its surplus sweets for the grain and pork, the hardware and upholstery of the North.

This region is the most productive of all Louisiana, and is much celebrated for its beautiful prairies, and the sweet rural villages which dot its plains, and, I must say, justly so. The chief products for exportation are sugar and molasses.

With me the country has an added interest from the fact that here are found the descendants of the Acadians, the story of whose wrongs and wanderings Longfellow has so well embalmed in song. They lead pastoral lives, grazing their flocks and herds over the boundless prairies of this region. The present generation know only through tradition of the wrongs and sorrows of their progenitors. Many of them have accumulated wealth and have intermarried with the aristocratic families of the State.

Longfellow in his severe poetic justice following the history of the expulsion of that feeble colony from their chosen homes, made them exiles and wanderers over the wide expanse of territory between the Ohio River and the Gulf of Mexico, and the Atlantic Ocean and the Sabine River. But time revenges itself on man. On the bleak shores of their northern island home the Gallic blood of the tribe would have frozen out long before this, and the world would have lost a song of tenderness and beauty.

Here, however, under a genial sun, and in a fruitful happy clime they have grown and expanded into stately stems, which like the grand old oaks of this region, give support and protection to all the clinging tendrils that single them out for shelter. They are bland, courteous, and hospital to excess.

The Teche is covered with a lotus, or water lily, concealing, sometimes for miles, the surface of the stream from view; and as we dragged our slow length along its margin, the occasional ripple of the surface by sporting finny denizens of the stream reminded me that Evangeline, in the long, long hours of almost hopeless solitude, paddled her canoe over the same surface, enquiring of all chance comers for the whereabouts of Gabriel the Blacksmith's son. It required but little stretch of imagination to suppose the shade of the faithful heroine was still paddling a phantom boat, impalpable to mortal eyesight in pursuit of her wandering *quasi* lover.

It is, however, more in accordance with human reason and Christian faith to hope as they were both of them good members of "Old Mother Church," that the many masses said for the repose of their souls has wrought its perfect work, and that they are now at rest from their wanderings and their labors, and in the land of endless bliss.

I did hope, before getting out of the busy world of information, to hear from my home, and from you, but in this I have been disappointed. Other men have been receiving letters from all sections of Kentucky, but since I left home on the second of last month I have not heard a word, and it is bootless now to complain, as all my grumbling will not grease Uncle Sam's coach wheels, and so I will save pen, ink, and paper, and best of all, my bottled-up wrath to be expended on some future occasion to more practical benefit.

The weather is bland as May; and the atmosphere is burdened with the ever variable song of the mocking bird, and with the fragrance of wild roses, and innumerable, and to me nameless flowers. Love to all.

Yours truly,

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OPELOUSAS, LOUISIANA, *Oct. 26, 1863.*

*Dear Wife,*—I wrote to you after leaving home from Cairo, Memphis, Vicksburg, and since from every point where the regiment has made a pause, but as yet I have not received a scrape of a pen from Burlington except Charley's letter. What does it mean?

In other letters I have said what I thought of the Teche region, and will now only repeat that it is a grand country, and fertile beyond my highest conceptions of it before seeing it. In midsummer it is quite warm, but just now the weather is genial and balmy as May in your latitude.

The army finds here an abundance of forage for our stock, and also a bountiful supply of beef cattle and hogs. We had therefore to transport rations of bread, sugar, tea, and coffee only. Quartermaster's certificates are given for everything consumed by the army; and thus the feelings and interests of the community are enlisted in behalf of the stability of the government.

As yet we have had only slight skirmishes with the enemy. When we left Berwick they were reported to be at Franklin; reaching that point we were told we would certainly encounter them at New Iberia; and so on at Vermillionville, and at this place, which was reported to be strongly fortified. We have nowhere found any defensive works, and I am of opinion they will not make a stand in this State.



The country from Berwick to this place is prairie, with a fringe of timber along the streams. The cultivation of cotton and sugar is about played out just now, as most of the field hands have been sent west into Texas, or have freed themselves.

Whilst at Vermillionville I took a ride to look at the plantation of Governor Mouton, and finding a number of negroes on the place I asked an old man if he belonged to the Governor; his response was: "I did belong to Governor Mouton, but I don't know as he owns any-body now." "Then," said I, "what are you doing here?" "The family wants somebody to look after the farm and the stock, and they pays me monthly wages to do so," was his curt reply. Thus you see what is befalling the leaders of the rebellion in all the South. Before the war Governor Mouton owned five hundred slaves—so said the same old man—and I have seen four large plantations, each said to contain a thousand acres, enclosed, and all reported to be his. To him belongs the questionable honor of having presided over the rebel convention that passed the ordinance of secession for Louisiana. Since the capture of New Orleans he has been a prisoner and under military *surveillance*, though just now on parol, and at his home in attendance on a sick family.

You have heard of the "northers" that sweep across the great plains of this region. They are not always accompanied with rain, but frequently are. The night before we left Vermillionville one set in attended with rain, but the order to move had been issued and go we must. In less than half an hour after getting under way the clothes of all were saturated, the driving sluice penetrating almost instantly. The men could barely keep comfortable when in motion, but in the first four hours it was safe to say they were standing at halt half the time. We had in advance of the column five hundred wagons and ambulances, and

the arrest of one arrested all in rear of it. Every man with whom I talked said it was the most miserable day of his life. But I am glad now to say we are having delightful weather. \* \* \* I have a call to regimental headquarters and pause. \* \* \*

Ten and a half P. M. "The best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft a-glee." My call to the regimental headquarters was to notify me to be ready early in the morning to "Gae back the gate we cam again," to the point of departure, from whence I understand this army corps will be sent to Texas by the way of Gulf. And this is making war with a—

"Hey, diddle diddle,  
The cat and the fiddle;  
The cow jumped over the moon;  
The little dog laughed,  
To see such sport,  
And the dish ran away with the spoon."

Love to all. Good night, good night.  
Yours truly,

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NEW IBERIA, LOUISIANA, Nov. 1st, 1863.

*Dear Daughter*,—I received, day before yesterday, a letter from Delia, which had been forwarded to Burlington for proper direction. You appended a "postscript" which is all I have received from you or your mother since I left home, now more than two months gone. If your letters to which you allude ever come to hand your questions shall all be answered. Mrs. Brashear's photograph I sent you from Berwick City. I do not remember to have promised one of General Osterhaus, but be that as it may, I can't now supply one, as he is at present with Rosecrans.

Opelousas was the *ultima thule* of our northward and westward march in this State. We commenced our retro-

grade movement on the 29th, and reached this place on the 30th Oct. in the midst of a furious driving nor'-west wind and rain storm. It cleared off just before sunset and we had a cool night of it, requiring all our coats, overcoats and blankets to keep us warm throughout the night. I believe the enervating influence of this climate occasions as much suffering from the degree of cold that prevails here as results from that of the more frigid North.

The Teche region is a beautiful, most beautiful country, but it is suffering just now, from the hardships of hostile armies roaming over and feeding at will from its bountiful table. Beef cattle, hogs, and corn, are here in sufficient quantity to feed all the rebel hosts, if they could only secure them. But thank God, our control of the Mississippi River prevents that, at the present and for all the future.

My present information is that we will march to Berwick Bay, and there embark on transports for western Texas. If the programme is carried out I will yet before reaching home have an opportunity to hear old ocean roar, and see its surging billows roll.

You failed to mention your sister Julia. Has she returned to her school at Georgetown?

Love to all, with kisses to the children.

Yours truly,

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NEW IBERIA, LOUISIANA, *Nov. 6, 1863.*

*Dear Wife,*— I received this evening Kate's letter of Oct. 3d, yours of the 11th, and J. Kirkpatrick's of the 6th. The last I have answered, and Kate's and yours I propose to answer in one, and now. In reference to Col. Wilson, I will say that whilst lying at Young's Point last winter I formed the acquaintance of a gentleman of that name who was in command of a cavalry regiment from Illinois, I think. I know nothing of Mrs. Wilson. The matter may, how-



ever, be susceptible of easy solution. There was in the army at the time we were round Vicksburg a Surgeon B. F. Stephenson of an Illinois regiment. I did not at any time have the pleasure to meet him. If this does not explain the mystery it is beyond my ken.

I have written so frequently and freely of late that I have nothing new or interesting to say. We are at present on ground from which I wrote to you before we went to Opelousas and we are now on the *qui vive*, expecting an attack from the rebels who have of late shown considerable boldness, they having two days since surprised Burbridge's brigade, and handled it pretty roughly. The story in the papers to which you allude, of a fight at Brashear City was all bosh, as it did not come off. It was but a re-hash of a previous fight, or rather of a shameful surrender without a fight, of a vast amount of public property, for which some one in the future should be held responsible. The present rumor may be a device of the enemy to prevent the ordering of the 13th or 19th Corps to Chattanooga.

The papers keep you better informed of operations on the Gulf than anything I can say. I know only that Gen. Banks has gone to Texas by the Gulf, but what he is doing there, or doing elsewhere, I can't say. I see a New Orleans paper occasionally, but they rarely contain anything of interest to me. You mention a former letter; I assure you this of Oct. 11th, is the first I have received from you since I left home.

Love to all, with many kisses to the children.

Yours truly,

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BERWICK CITY, LOUISIANA, Nov. 13, 1863.

*Dear Wife*,—Yours of the 17th October reached me yesterday and I am glad to learn that you are all well.

On the 9th inst. the 13th Army Corps received orders to

take up its line of march for this place, a distance of fifty-five miles, which was accomplished in two days, and that, let me tell you, is good marching for men burdened with knapsack, and blanket and all the accoutrements of the soldier.

We still hear that our destination is Western Texas, where it is understood that General Banks has made a landing with a few thousand troops. A portion of our division were started yesterday by way of the Gulf for the same point, and as rapidly as vessels can be supplied, the remaining regiments will be hurried to the same point.

Kate applied for photographs of General Osterhaus and others. I explained in a former letter why I could not furnish them, but I send now pictures of Col. John F. DeCoursey, Col. D. W. Lindsey, and Lieut.-Col. G. W. Monroe. Lindsey's picture is badly taken, and in the future I hope to procure a better one.

You have not acknowledged the receipt of four hundred and fifty dollars forwarded from Vermillionville. I sent last week by same conveyance (Adams Express Co.) two hundred and fifty dollars, making in all seven hundred dollars, less express and insurance charges. I hope both sums will have reached you before this comes to your hands.

I cut a slip from your last letter for explanation; you say, "I am afraid your day being put off so long you will suffer some inconvenience from it as you did not have a very large amount to start with." What day? That of my return home or my death? Whilst I am looking anxiously for the former, I am equally anxious for the latter to be "put off" indefinitely. You also say you would "send me some," if you could meet with a safe opportunity. Thank you. I need "some" patience, "some" forbearance, "some" prudence, and "some" of many other qualities of which I feel myself sadly at times in want. But whether these wants make up the "sum" of what you pro-

pose to send, I must wait for your future explanations to unriddle.

The result of the elections in the North reached us by telegraph long before your letter, but I get little of the details; the grand *finale*, however, is sufficient to almost provoke a hurrah "under the ribs of death," and is of more worth to the country at large than a brilliant victory in the field.

With the exception of a "norther" about one day in the week, we are having delicious weather; the days warm as May with you, and the nights just cool enough to make one draw his blankets round him when he lies down to sleep. Julia will be very anxious to see all of you by the Christmas holidays, and I hope you will gratify her if she can secure proper company home.

I am looking forward to much pleasure on the rolling deep which we will encounter in a day or two.

Love to all with kisses to the children.

Yours truly,

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On the afternoon of the 17th Col. Sheldon's Brigade was ordered across Berwick Bay. The 22d in advance; we were marched to the water's edge for embarkation, which was for the time arrested in consequence of the presence of a herd of Texas fat cattle (eight hundred, said the herders) which had just come up for passage. They were driven to the shore and forced into the water and swam the Bay, a full half mile wide. Numbers of them were refractory, and were with much difficulty forced to take water, and one of the herd became thoroughly uncontrollable. And on a wide field we witnessed a bull fight that would have done no discredit to a Spanish amphitheatre. One horse was overthrown, and his rider rolled in the dust; without, however, any material damage done.

One of the regiments in camp, was out on inspection, and during the excitement of the moment, the big, bellowing bovine monster got the enfilading shute on the regiment and went for it with a mighty rush, and,

"Sich a gittin' down stairs I never did see."



The last man of them all was taken with a leaving. "It was God for us all, but the devil take the hindmost." The doughty warriors, however, had their revenge before set of sun.

The Texas brave was shot,  
And soon was brought to pot;  
The ready stampeders,  
Were greedy dam-feeders:  
And like the bloody Hun,  
These brave sons of a gun,  
Devour'd both liver and heart,  
To brace up the weak part,  
Where honor and valor doth dwell.

'Twas not exactly a Bull Run stampede, but some punster called it a Bull-ox stampede, and it was made the occasion of much jest and merriment for the day. In consequence of the delay caused by the crossing cattle, the regiment was ordered to camp again; and was called up at three A. M. 18th, to take boat for Brashear City; and again at twelve midnight to take cars *en-route* for Plaquemine, which was thought to be menaced by Dick Taylor.

PLAQUEMINE, LOUISIANA, *Nov. 24, 1863.*

*Dear Wife,*—I wrote to you from Berwick City on the 17th inst., and I received Julia's last with your *addendum* the same evening. The next morning, the 18th, we were at three o'clock ordered across Berwick Bay, and again that night at twelve to take up the line of march for this position, which was understood to be menaced by a portion of Dick Taylor's command. From Brashear City to Donaldsonville, a distance of eighty miles, was accomplished in two and a half days. Twenty miles by rail, the balance of the road we footed it along the bank of Bayou LaFourche, which looks very much more like a work of man than one of nature's conduits.

The district passed through along the Bayou LaFourche has been less subjected to the ravages of war than any portion of the South I have yet visited. And here we found large sugar plantations, well cultivated, with the boiling establishments in full operation; many of them turning out

from eight hundred to a thousand hogsheads of sugar each, with twice or thrice that number of barrels of molasses. I found here, also, much genuine loyalty to the government. One man with whom I conversed—and he is one of the most extensive planters of this section—said to me he wished earnestly to see the government succeed in thoroughly overthrowing the rebellion, though it should sweep from him all his slaves. Forty of his field hands have already abandoned him, but he still has over a hundred remaining with him. To use his own language: “The government is worth more to me and mine than slavery.” This is the highest evidence of pure patriotism I have yet met with in the South; coming squarely up to my position at the beginning of the war. Lord, Lord, what a specimen of egotism, but I hope it will be tolerated in a domestic epistle!

I have now passed through the two wealthiest parishes of Louisiana—not including that of New Orleans—St. Mary’s, on the Teche, and Assumption, on Bayou LaFourche, and I have no hesitation in saying that Western Louisiana could supply, for an indefinite time, nay, for all time, the entire batch of rebel states with all the prime necessaries of life, embracing bread, beef, and sugar. This simple statement shows the important blow struck at the rebellion in securing and now maintaining exclusive control over the navigation of the “Father of Waters.”

It was a great disappointment to our boys to be diverted from Texas, as most of them had fixed their hearts on the expedition into that state. But now we have been long enough in the service to go without murmur wherever the powers that be think the best results can be obtained from our presence. I would very much have preferred the free and easy life of the plains of Western Texas to being cooped up in a miserable town, abandoned by God and deserted by man, doing garrison duty.

On our march to Donaldsonville I made frequent enquiries for the Bartholomew family, and, fortunately, I met with an old schoolmate of Edward's. He is married, and is now living quietly on his farm, having taken neither lot nor part in the rebellion. His Boone friends will be glad to learn this much, and more than this I can't say.

I would have written sooner after our arrival, but have been waiting for an upward bound boat. Guerillas are very active between here and Memphis, and transport boats have to wait on the movements of the ironclads.

The news you communicate of the death of ——and —— does not surprise me. They have paid the dearest of all penalties in their search after lost rights. Whilst I had but little reason to esteem either of them, I did hope to find them prisoners in our hands, and to be able to render them some service. But, having paid the last great debt due to nature, peace be to their ashes.

I can say nothing as to the probable time we may remain here; having been diverted from Texas, I would not be surprised any morning to find us transferred to the Army of the Cumberland. These things all depend on events which a day or an hour may bring forth.

Love to all, with kisses to the children.

Yours truly,  
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PLAQUEMINE, LOUISIANA, *Nov.* 30, 1863.

*Dear Daughter,*—I received yesterday your mother's letters of Oct. 28th and Nov. 7th, and yours of Dec. 3d, with Delia's enclosed; so you see still, "When it rains it pours."

In a previous letter to your mother I apprised her of our arrival at this point. We have here the 42d and 120th Ohio, and the 7th and 22d Kentucky regiments of Infantry, one company of cavalry and a section of artillery; enough in all to make a pretty good fight if the rebels as-



sail us; and if they will only hold off a few days, and give us the opportunity to complete the earthworks commenced the day after our arrival, to punish them for the temerity of an attack.

Col. Sheldon, of the 42d Ohio, is in command, and he said to me to-day that we would probably all be retained here during the winter. To me this is a source of dissatisfaction, as I would much prefer Texas to this miserable town.

Your mother reports your health as impaired, but I hope to hear soon that you are well. I fear it results from your own wrong doing. When I was at home she requested me to give you a word of warning against the pernicious vice of lacing. The desire of young girls to contract their waists like wasps is not only ridiculous, but positively hurtful to general health, and will, if persisted in, render their minds as waspish as their bodies. I most sincerely hope you are not guilty of the vice.

I wish I had the opportunity to send you a box or two of oranges. We have them here larger and finer than I have ever found them North; very sweet, and bought at two and a half cents each. The only eatables in all this country to be procured at reasonable rates are oranges, sweet potatoes, pecans, and peanuts. Potatoes, twenty-five cents per bushel; pecans and peanuts, fifty cents per peck. Ducks, one dollar and fifty cents per pair; chickens, one dollar each; eggs, seventy five cents per dozen; butter, same per pound. You will take but little interest in these details, but I have written them in the absence of anything of moment to impart.

The two last nights have made ice a full half inch thick each night, and yesterday was cold from the rising to the going down of the sun. You are, I presume, having a cold winter in the North.

I am quartered in one of the best houses in the suburbs of the town, and am entirely comfortable.

Love, and kisses to the children.

Yours truly,

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PLAQUEMINE, LOUISIANA, *Dec. 7, 1863.*

*Dear Wife,*—Your letter of the 15th Nov., under cover to Major Worthington, reached me two days since, and I have delayed a response to the present time, because our regular mail goes out in the morning, and I concluded to wait until the last moment.

The death of poor Thomas I was very sorry to learn; but I must say I have for some time been trying to prepare myself for such an event. The excitements and anxieties of the past five years, acting on his peculiarly sensitive and susceptible mental and physical organization, all portended to me an early close of his life. When the facts are known I presume it will turn out that he had brain trouble rather than rheumatism, which you assign as the cause of his death.

He had capacities for usefulness to society which were all frittered away and rendered of no avail, by his insatiate craving for political distinction. If I wanted to read anyone a homily on the treacherous character of political men, I could do no better than give Tom's history. In the days of his prosperity he was feasted and caressed by political aspirants, but when he most needed their confidence and support he was cast off and neglected by them. It is but just, however, to say, he had not been true to himself and to the capacities with which nature had endowed him. The great master of English thought never uttered a truer sentiment than when he said:

“This above all—to thine own self be true;  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou can'st not then be false to any man.”

The deplorable political complications of the day occasioned a degree of estrangement between us. I certainly have felt no bitterness toward him, and I am equally sure he entertained none to me; but, taking directly antagonistic grounds, and both of us being somewhat positive in our views, there could not be any cordiality on which to base a correspondence, and therefore it was, by a kind of mutual consent, dropped. I hope it has all been for the best, because in the contact between flint and steel, some sparks of heat are sure to be emitted. When you write to Sarah please remember me kindly, and in the future let me know whether they purpose to remain in Maysville or expect to seek a home elsewhere.

The proofs thicken that our stay here will be protracted, unless some unforeseen disaster occurs to call us to the relief of other imperiled forces; and one of the proofs that we are to remain is that our boys have been set to the construction of a large earthwork fort, which will require two months time to complete.

Yesterday and to-day we have been receiving news of Grant's triumph over Bragg. I hope as the details come in they will grow greater. This, with the overthrow of Lee in Virginia, will give assurance of the inevitable rout of rebellion.

During the last four nights we have been on the *qui vive* in anticipation of an attack on our position from a portion of Dick Taylor's command, which has been hovering in striking distance of us for some days, but the information of to-day is that they have turned their faces hitherward. If they had assailed us immediately after our arrival here, they might have effected some purpose, but now our defensive works are in such forwardness as to afford great protection to our men and make the rebels rue the attack, if attempted.

The sugar-making season is now in full operation, and



the boiling establishments are in full blast. I rode out one day last week to witness the process, as conducted at two of the mills three miles from town. One of the establishments has the capacity to make thirty-three hogsheads of sugar daily, with an average of fourteen hundred pounds to the hogshead, and two barrels of molasses to the hogshead; and this amount has been made every day for the past two weeks. The boiling is done in copper and by steam, and without danger of scorching the syrup. I witnessed the filling of the large tank in which the syrup is reduced to the granulating stage, and in just nine minutes of time enough syrup to make four barrels of sugar was turned into the granulating vats, and in less than ten minutes additional time all the vats were covered with granulated sugar. The process was to me quite interesting.

I will close, wishing you a very merry Christmas and a happy New Year, as this will probably reach you about that time. Love to all.

Yours truly,  
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PLAQUEMINE, LOUISIANA, *Dec.* 20, 1863.

*Dear Daughter,*—Your welcome favor of 30th November came to hand yesterday. Allow me to congratulate on your improvement in “pen-womanship” displayed in this last epistle; and now, having shown that you are capable, I hope you will not stop short of at least a good degree of excellence in that necessary, but much neglected, branch of education.

I am now using a pretty little article, the gift of a gentleman and fellow-soldier, made to me under peculiar circumstances, which I have a mind to promise you.

I was called on yesterday to write the last will and testament of Capt. Evan D. Thomas, late of the 22d Kentucky Infantry, who died at six this morning. His money he

gave to his relatives; his sword to one friend; his pistol to another, and his meerschaum pipe to yet another; his blankets he gave to a female friend in Kentucky, and when all thought every thing had been disposed of, then came this bequest: "My gold pen and my writing implements I give to my friend, Surgeon B. F. Stevenson."

Capt. Thomas was a most excellent officer, and had more of personal and official pride than any line officer of the regiment; and, as a result therefrom, all his official acts were in strict accordance with regulations.

He was at the first taking of Cumberland Gap, in the capacity of staff officer. At the battle of Champion Hills, in the rear of Vicksburg, he was frightfully burned by the premature explosion of a quantity of buried rebel ammunition he was ordered to destroy. He was sent North, and recovering from his burns was just in time to accept an invitation from Col. John F. DeCoursey to take a place on his staff, as he was preparing for a second march on Cumberland Gap; and thus he a second time witnessed the capture of that strong-hold by national troops. During all this time he was barely able to sit on his horse, but his earnest desire to be of service drove him to exertions which hastened his death. I say hastened, because he had a fatal malady, contracted in the army, which was all the time gnawing at his vitals, and which, by and by, would have done the work for him without his recent fatigue and exposure. He rejoined the regiment at New Iberia as we came down the Teche, and has been a member of my mess since then, and up to the period of his death.

Now do you think you will merit to be the recipient of such a memento of his regard for me? In the hope that you may, I will use it no more, until after my return home, and if, in the meantime an opportunity presents, I will send it to you.

I am now for the first time since joining the army behind with my correspondence, and it all grows out of the fact—believe it or not as you like—that I have nothing to do, and I do it like a good fellow. When I am worked hard it keeps me thinking, and then I write better, at least with more ease to myself.

I have good quarters in a fine house in the suburbs of the town, and have nothing to grumble at but the high price of eatables. Eggs, six bits a dozen; butter, same per pound; you may, at your leisure, work out what these articles would cost in rebel currency, when I tell you one greenback dollar in this community will buy a peck, scriptural measure, heaped up, pressed down, running over, of the worthless trash.

Love to all, with kisses to the children.

Yours truly,

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PLAQUEMINE, LOUISIANA, *Dec.* 22, 1863.

*Dear Delia,*—I received two days since your favor of the 24th November, under cover of one from Kate of the 30th.

You have learned from other sources that, instead of careering over the plains of Texas, the 22d is now engaged in garrison duty at this place. To me the change has been anything but agreeable, as I had long desired to visit the great prairie state of the South, but as the authorities have decided otherwise I have endeavored like a good soldier to submit without a murmur.

Here I am in the midst of the sugar-making season, and in a region of the State where the establishments have not been ruined by the havoc of war, as all were on the Teche. I have paid a couple of visits to the mills to witness the active operations, and was much interested with all I saw.



One of the establishments was making thirty-three hogsheads of sugar daily, and twice that number of barrels of molasses; each hogshead dripping two barrels of the sweet stuff, and I think the process just about the nastiest affair I have anywhere witnessed. I will never again be able to take a spoonful of sugar-house molasses without thinking "rat," and having visions of extract of the filthy creatures floating through my memory, as I found them floating through the sweet mass; the living, struggling and crawling over the dead and dying animals. You may charge me with bad taste in trying to deprive you of a pleasure in the future, but what is a poor body to do? I have to hammer out a letter to you, and can only do so by telling what I see. If, however, you want to "lick 'lasses and swing on a gate," go it whilst you are young, but if you live to be as old as I am and happen to see just such sights as I have seen you will "look twice before you leap."

The death of your uncle Thomas is a sad loss to all of us. "What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue." Whose prospects were brighter in the spring time of life? Whose sun went down behind a darker cloud? He had abilities which in early manhood he cultivated assiduously; yet he reaped not where he had sown. He had social and colloquial powers which ought to have maintained him in the highest position, and which were all thrown away at the shrine of political or partisan advancement. Had he pursued, steadily and without turning to the right or left, any single course in life, he might have chosen where to stand. His errors and his faults let us all endeavor to forget; his virtues, which were many, let us cherish in our memories, and embalm in our hearts.

You will have passed your Christmas holidays before this reaches you, and I think, from all they write to me

from home, you will have had Kate with you, where I hope you may all have passed a pleasant time. Love to all, with kind regards to enquiring friends.

Yours truly,  
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PLAQUEMINE, LOUISIANA, *Jan. 1, 1864.*

*Dear Wife,*—I am two letters in your debt; yours of 19th November and 5th December came safe to hand; the latter a week since. I wrote on Saturday last to Charley, and so concluded to postpone payment to you. I have, however, another and a passably fair apology for my silence. You know I am always busy at the close of the month in making out my usual monthly report, but the close of the year more than doubles my monthly labors, as I have then to make out an account current of all medical and hospital supplies received during the year, the disposition made of them, and what remains on hand. This is an important report to the surgeon, because if not made he stands charged on the books of the Department for all supplies not accounted for, and his pay is withheld until proper return is made. I rather think you would prefer to wait a week longer for a letter than miss your chance for a grab at Uncle Sam's greenbacks. What say you? I will be governed by your slightest wish. You know I am a monument of meekness.

You do me wrong in your November letter. I did not say you had let two months pass without writing to me. The letter of which you complain was written just two months after I left home, and up to that time I had received nothing from you, and I asked if you had permitted all that time to pass without writing to me.

I am glad to learn from your last that I am capable of saying something to make you all merry as it is vastly bet-

ter to enact the laughing than the weeping philosopher. You charge me, however, by implication, with a most heinous crime, that of garbling your letter, and that too with the slip containing what you said before you. Now are you not ashamed of yourself? You are caught *flagrante delicto* in the commission of a *felo de se*. Am I not very learned? It is only lawyer's or dog Latin, whichsoever you may choose to call it. I permit you to make peace between us by kissing baby bunting, kiss her and kiss her again for me and I will forgive you.

I have to thank you for your photograph, which came with mine in your last. Yours is admirably taken. I have never seen one truer to nature. I will take the best possible care of it in our rough-and-tumble life.

You speak of my seeking a new location. I have seriously thought of doing so, but at this distance from home I can say nothing definite. What would you say to New Orleans? By and by it will fill up rapidly, and at present property can be bought there cheap. I had thought some of a home on the Iowa land. The action of President Lincoln in selecting Council Bluffs as the eastern terminus of the north branch of the great Pacific Railroad will add greatly to its value, and hasten very much settlements in that section. But the cold climate deters me. Can't you find some one to buy the Burlington property? If it were off my hands that would go far to settle the question for the future. If the Doctors who have moved in during my absence are worth any thing some one of them might buy to get me out of the way.

For the last four days we have had rumors of a speedy removal of the troops here to Texas, and Matagorda Bay is the point named, and these rumors are all traceable to officers returning from New Orleans, where they pick up scraps of news about headquarters. I will not be surprised at any thing.



What has Calvert done with my horse? You never mention him. If he were here now I could sell him for twice the amount he cost me, as good horses here command very high prices. My new purchase I like very much; he is well gaited, sprightly and neat, swift and sure of foot, carries a high head, is a gentle worker, and withal, he has but two faults. The first: he is very fretful when bridling him; and the second—a grave one, but he can't help it—he is a flea-bitten gray. Is it not "horrible, most horrible?"

Now that I have to-day finished up all my reports until the end of the month, I promise to kick up my heels generally and be as merry as possible; but don't charge me with having "imbibed" too freely, because it is New Years day and I have written with levity. I declare in all candor that I have drank during the holidays but one single glass of egg-nog—this and nothing more; and if that is not a temperate enjoyment of the good things of a holiday week where will you go to find it? I write nonsense to you from a sheer lack of any other sense to write. I can't imagine things, and this miserable town is barren of any interest to me.

Heaven bless you all with health, content, happiness, and the joyful return of many, very many, New Years mornings. Remember me kindly to enquiring friends and kiss the children for me.

Yours truly,

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PLAQUEMINE, LOUISIANA, *Jan. 4, 1864.*

*Dear Wife,*—Yours of 16th December came to hand yesterday. \* \* \* And so Charley has received notice to hold himself in readiness for the draft. I think he ought not to feel a particle of solicitude on the subject. His condition is so well and generally known there will be no

difficulty in establishing the fact of his deafness throughout his whole life ; and withal, the degree of deafness is such as entirely to disqualify him for military duty. No surgeon in the army, cognizant of his condition, would hesitate an instant to sign a certificate of disability. I will yet to-night write to Dr. Henderson in reference to Charley's case, tho' I think he knows all about it.

I presume from your mention of the Doctor in the connection you did, he is examining surgeon of the district. Whilst I do not advise Charley to volunteer, I say to him, if the worst comes to the worst, and he happens to be drafted, meet the event like a true man, and let no rebel or rebel sympathizer imagine for a moment that he shrinks from duty.

Previous to Colonel Lindsey's resignation I had some thought of tendering my own, and since have entertained the same feelings, but have delayed to do so because of a promise the Colonel voluntarily made to me, that if, on his return to Kentucky he found the position of Surgeon-General of the State vacant—and he believed it to be so—he would make the effort to procure the appointment for me. It would be an honorable manner of retiring from active service and grateful to my feelings. I have not mentioned this before, because I did not wish to create hopes which might not be fulfilled. I have heard nothing direct from the Colonel but have written to him and am in daily expectation of a letter from him on the subject. Now I have said all this, only to say further, that if the appointment is tendered me I will not accept until I know the result in Charley's case, and if he is not exempted, and should be drafted, I may then be able to secure him a situation as clerk in the Adjutant's office, or in an emergency secure his appointment as orderly to regimental headquarters—in the event that he selects the 22d as his regiment. The first position would only give him desk work,

which he could very well do; the latter would keep him a good deal in the saddle, but is an easy position for a soldier. But allow me to repeat, I do not entertain a doubt of his unquestionable right to exemption.

Love to all.

Yours truly,

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PLAQUEMINE, LOUISIANA, *Jan.* 9, 1864.

*Dear Wife*,—I received yours of December 18th just now, and am in such good humor over the very high compliment you pay my epistolary efforts that I can't resist the inclination to lather away and say something at the first opportunity.

And so you could find nothing in all my letters to condemn except my instructions to you to direct yours "*via*" (by way of) New Orleans. Well, if it were before me I doubt not I could pick a dozen flaws much graver than that. But as you seem willing to take it as you took me "for better and for worser," I don't know that I have much right to complain on that score.

As we are engaged in a little critical excursion, allow me to draw your attention to one word in the English language which you abuse most unmercifully, so much so that I feel compelled, as a true Knight to enter the lists in its defence. I allude to that "that" that you keep all the time on the nib of your pen, that you may press it into this service, that service, and every service that that miserable conjunction can be made to perform. I know but one apology for you; you are naturally inclined to conjunctions of the conjunctive mood or order—at least they slip from your pen much more glibly than the disjunctive order. I know that you will profit by my suggestions, and I will feel much hurt if you do not make due acknowledgments; *that* much I feel *that* I am entitled to.



As I promised in my last, I wrote to Dr. Henderson in reference to Charley's case, but I learn from your last he is not examining surgeon for drafted men for the district. I don't know who is, but I suppose the Doctor will hand him my letter.

Orders came yesterday evening to Col. Sheldon to hold two of the regiments here in readiness to be forwarded to New Orleans, some say to be used there as provost guard, others, to be mounted as cavalry and sent to Texas. We do not yet know which of the regiments will certainly be selected, but the 7th Kentucky will be one and the choice for the other lies between the 120th Ohio, and the 22d Kentucky. Sheldon's regiment, the 42d Ohio, will of course remain so long as he retains command of the post.

I feel decided repugnance to going to a large city. At such points troops always dissipate so much that it doubles a surgeon's duties, and with our armies there seems to be no method to restrain the men. I much prefer Texas to New Orleans; notwithstanding it would take me much further from home. But if the regiment is mounted and sent out as cavalry you may look for me home soon. That service is much more laborious than the infantry, and I am not willing to submit to it, nor do I think government has any just right to require me to act as a cavalry officer after commissioning me in the infantry. If the lot falls on the 22d you shall have notice at the earliest possible moment.

Tell me in the future who in Boone are the skulkers, and who have gone over the border. They ought to be impaled and held up to the scorn and contempt of the country.

Dr. Manfred is now making an effort for a furlough; if he succeeds I will send by him the gold pen I promised to Kate. Love to all with kisses to the children.

Yours truly,

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PLAQUEMINE, LOUISIANA, *Jan. 14, 1864.*

*Dear Wife,*—A mail came in this morning, but nothing for me, not even a newspaper. I, however, ought not to complain, as recently letters have come pretty regularly, if not as speedily as desired.

Thus far the winter here has been the coldest experienced since 1823; so say the oldest citizens. Snow fell during the holidays which lay on the ground for a full week and each morning we had ice almost firm enough to bear my weight. The orange and banana trees are believed to be all killed by the cold snap. The latter can be replaced in two years, but the former will require ten or twelve years to bring them to the fruit-bearing age. All the tender flowering shrubs and vines have shared the same fate; among which are the oleanders and japonicas, a loss only inferior to that of the delicious fruits named.

I said to you in my last that we would probably be ordered from this point soon, and now to show you the uncertainty of military life Col. Sheldon this morning received notice from department headquarters that he might rest easy, and that all the regiments here would be retained during the winter. But since I began my letter at eight P. M. the regiment has orders to be in readiness to take boat at a minute's notice. We understand Baton Rouge to be our destination, as some threatening demonstrations have been made against it. I have but to say that in my judgment it is a false alarm, and amounts only to a scare. If we go this will be left behind to be mailed, and wherever and whenever we sit down you shall have early notice.

Worthington and Manfred are both in New Orleans seeking leaves of absence for Kentucky. The former in consequence of the death of his wife's father, who was in the Colonel's absence managing his farm. He was home in August last, and I doubt his obtaining the leave.

I sent to Willie last week several numbers of the *Picket Post*, a little paper gotten up by the printer boys of the 22d Kentucky. I furnished an article for each number for publication, which I marked in the numbers sent, and will do so in the future if we remain. The number for this week has a well matured article from the pen of Col. Sheldon. Read it.

The weariness of long days and nights in a post like this you can't realize. Soldiers can't carry many books with them because of their weight, and I don't relish much the games at cards or chess. I have a copy of Shakespeare, but the print is too fine for night reading, so I am debarred that pleasure, and I still have the bible which I took with me from home when I entered the service, but that also is in fine print. You have known me as a rather bad bible reader, but now I am prepared to say that the bible and Shakespeare grow better the more they are read. Newspapers I get about three times a week, but they are a costly luxury. I bought to-day one number of the *New York Times*, and two numbers of the *Army and Navy Gazette*, the three costing me sixty cents. My newspapers cost me about one dollar fifty cents per week, but I can't do without them, dear as they are.

It seems you permitted Julia to return home at Christmas all alone: it is more than you would have done at her age. Did Kate go to Georgetown as she expected to do? I really think she might write to me. It is now almost four and a half months since I left home and in that time I have received from her but two letters. I will stop or you will think me very blue, as I have only complaints to make. After our cold snap it set in to rain, and it seemed as if the bottom had been knocked out of the clouds for the last five days, and the murky, misty, foggy, sloppy, gloomy, sunless weather and muddy roads, confining me to quarters, have probably soured my temper.

Love to all, with kisses to the children.

Yours truly,

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BATON ROUGE, LOUISIANA, *Jan. 16, 1864.*

*Dear Wife,*—We reached this post at eight o'clock last evening and quartered during the night in the city theater. We are now at ten A. M. waiting the coming up of our tents, on ground in the suburbs of the city. The change is to me most agreeable, as we left a locality of swamp and mud for one that is high and dry.

The day is brilliant with sunshine, which after two weeks of cloud and rain and slop and fog, makes one enjoy it all the more. I am now sitting out in the open air in the midst of an active bustling scene, witnessing the pitching of the tents of the regiment, and waiting for the coming up of mine. I took a stroll this morning through the camps of some New York regiments, and was met by the Colonel of one of them, and invited to his tent; introduced to his mess and staff and treated with much courtesy and hospitality; all of which made me relish the change still more. \* \* \* My pencil writes so badly, I will stop and resume in the future. \* \* \*

*Monday Morning, 18th.*

I stopped my writing Saturday because I had nothing to say worth saying, and further because I wanted to enjoy the genial warmth of the sun unvexed with any epistolary cares. And so having delayed I concluded to wait for the mail due last evening. It came, but in it nothing for me. The disappointment is always great when I find letters from all portions of Kentucky except Burlington.

I have here for the first time since entering the service, met New York and Massachusetts troops, and I have been treated with more courtesy by them, than I have elsewhere, and from other troops received. I mean by officers. They may have been more courteous from the fact that our regiments, 7th and 22d, are the first Kentucky troops they have met. The eastern beat western troops a long way in

fixing up comfortably in their tents. All the western troops with whom we have heretofore met have been engaged in active campaigning, marching and fighting, and they have had but little time to devote to comfort, but here I find one Massachusetts regiment that has been stationary for near twelve months, and a New York regiment almost as long.

Baton Rouge had the reputation before the war of being the prettiest little city in the State, but I am disappointed with it. The State has in its limits much finer towns. Franklin, on the Teche, is in my judgment much its superior. We have, however, reached here at the most unfavorable period of the year for the display of its most attractive features.

I told you in my last the cost of my indulgence in the daily papers. I have now to tell you what Sumner thinks a good thing in that connection. On our way here from Plaquemine I said to him I would have to curtail some in that line of expense, when he said to me: "I never hear you complain of the cost of food for your stomach, and I think you should not for the cost of food for your brain." Now for what he thinks the cream of the joke. On our way up I met with a Dr. Stone of Pennsylvania, *en-route* to Fort Hudson to take position as a contract surgeon, and I found him a pleasant social gentleman. Whilst Colonel Monroe was making his report to General Cook, I proposed to the Doctor a stroll through the town, and after we had passed over most of the business portion of the town, and when returning to the boat I asked him to step into a saloon and have a glass of wine with me. It was supplied in the smallest stem glasses I ever saw, so small that a single glass barely tasted and I ordered a second for each, and expecting to pay forty cents for all, I laid a dollar bill on the counter, when the bar tender dropped the amount in the till with the remark "all right." Now Sumner says if I can pay a dollar for such a momentary gratification I can still afford to take the papers, and I will have to submit.

The city is situated on a bluff of moderate elevation, but above any floods in the river, and begins to look dilapidated, as most of the houses are built of wood, and have not been repaired or repainted since the war began. The State Capitol and the State Lunatic Asylum are both located here, and were in external appearance stately looking edifices, but the former was burned in 1862, leaving only the bare walls standing, and the latter has been appropriated to use as a military hospital, and the neglect and abuse incident to its present use have impaired its appearance some. The Surgeon in charge informed me that the building is badly constructed and every way unsuited for its original purpose, and a dangerous fire trap withal.

Love to all with kisses to the children.

Yours truly,

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BATON ROUGE, LOUISIANA, *Jan. 25, 1864.*

*Dear Wife,*—I received by the mail of Friday night your letter of the 30th December, together with one from Kate with Mr. Lewis' note enclosed. Theirs has been answered and now a word to you. \* \* \* I was sorry to learn of your continued illness, and on receipt of your letter I commenced action at once tendering a resignation. The letter prepared I have withheld, under the advice of the Senior Surgeon of the post, until one of the assistant surgeons of the regiment can reach here. Dr. Manfred is now in Kentucky on sick-leave, and Dr. Davidson is on duty with the 16th Ohio in Texas. An official order from Col. Monroe has gone on to Davidson directing him to rejoin his regiment immediately, and as soon as he reaches us I will send my papers through.

If an important military move were about to commence when my papers reach headquarters, they would be retained until after its close. And indeed I have been so



decided in condemning officers for tendering resignations just on the eve of active operations, that I would feel great reluctance to drop out of line at such a time. You see I am candid with you and anxious to have you understand any probable or possible grounds on which I may be detained.

The last four or five days have been glorious, balmy, sunshiny, all that any one could ask or desire in winter. Clear, brilliant days, with beautiful moon-light nights, just cool enough to prevent the too early expansion of the fruit buds and the flowers.

I hope to receive letters from you frequently, and to have a better report as to the state of your health, but in any event my decision is made. My tendered resignation shall go through, and I am of opinion my case is so clear as to warrant me in saying that in a brief period I will be out of service. Love to all, with kisses to the children.

Yours truly,

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BATON ROUGE, LOUISIANA, *Jan.* 29, 1864.

*Dear Wife,*—I have the opportunity to send you a few lines and but few, as the boat is just ready to leave for New Orleans, and this I send by private hands to be mailed at that point.

I wrote to you four days since on the reception of Kate's last, in which I said what action I had taken. 'Tis the last straw that breaks the camel's back. You know that for six months I have desired to retire from service, but the emergencies of the regiment have prevented my doing so, but now all considerations must give way before your failing health.

I will keep you advised of the progress of affairs, and let you know at the earliest moment the conclusions

reached. Many kisses to the children, and my unfailing regards to yourself. Remember me to enquiring friends.

Yours truly,

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BATON ROUGE, LOUISIANA, *Feb. 3, 1864.*

*Dear Daughter,*—Yours of the 10th January came to hand yesterday, and I must compliment you on your improvement in "pen-womanship." You have laid aside all your flourishes, and now, he who runs may read. You say you think the flourishes the prettiest part of your writing, but if you get to be as old as I am, you will desire to have everything made as plain as possible. Johnny may fancy such things; young men are apt to appreciate the flourishes of their lady-loves at a higher rate than old fogies like me, or than the world at large.

My first papers tendering a resignation were returned to me yesterday "Disapproved," but with permission to renew the tender "In form." You may think me very dull when after twenty-eight months' service I have not learned the proper "form" for doing such a thing; this, however, was my first essay in that line.

Commanders of departments control details in these matters, and changes in department regulations so frequently occur, that it is somewhat difficult to catch up, and keep up with them. I sometimes think them made without reference to the public good, but to render resignations more difficult, and thus deter men from tendering them. The return of my papers will not, however, delay my case a day, as there is ample time between this and the first of March for the authorities to act, and that is the earliest date at which I could get out with justice to the regiment and myself. The close of this month completes another pay period. I suppose the two last months' pay will be

withheld until my accounts are overhauled at Washington and it may be years before it will be settled.

My tent here is pitched under a large magnolia tree, and its spreading branches, clothed in verdure, gives shelter to a number of birds, and among them a pair of mocking birds that make night vocal with their songs. On moonlight nights there is scarce any intermission. An hour before dawn seems to be their only time for sleep.

If they are now having their honeymoon, and are getting ready for the period of incubation, I would suggest to them, could I make them understand my lingo only as well as I understand theirs, some lines from Poet Cowper:

“Misses! the tale that I relate  
This lesson seems to carry—  
Choose not alone a proper mate,  
But proper time to marry.”

With your letter came one from Julia also; written in Georgetown Jan. 16th, and reaching me in less time by several days than any previous communication from Kentucky. It augurs well. Ere long the “Father of Waters” will be permitted to pursue his course to the sea unvexed by the rage of man. Commerce and the mails will resume their wonted regularity soon, and by and by prosperity and happiness will again revisit this distracted region.

I will not write again to your mother until I hear from her, which I certainly expect to do by our next mail. You say but little of her condition which I think a good indication that she is better than when you wrote before. I doubt the propriety of your addressing any letters to me in the South after the reception of this; the private letters for me reaching the regiment will be forwarded to me in Kentucky.

The weather here continued vernal, almost summer-like, during the past ten days, but last night a cold snap came on with a norther, which makes everybody feel it acutely.



When we reached Baton Rouge, officers generally sought houses, many being at that time vacant, but families have since been pouring in and reclaiming their homes, so that now all of us have betaken ourselves to tents. Many of the houses have but a single flue and fire-place, and I slept for two nights in a room without fire before fleeing to my tent, but with a fire-place I find my tent much the more comfortable home. Warm as the days have been, it was still too cold at night to be without fire.

I gave you the price of eatables at Plaquemine. I do the same for this place. Beef—very poor and lean—thirty cents per pound; hams, same price; butter, seventy-five cents per pound; eggs, same per dozen; milk, twenty cents per quart; potatoes—Irish—eight and a third cents per pound; turnips, three for a dime; cabbage, one dime a head—and small heads at that; no chickens; hens, one dollar each; turkeys, three to five dollars each, according to size and quality.

Government, however, supplies the substantial of life cheap enough, and it is wonderful to find how limited our real wants are.

Much love and many kisses to the children.

Yours truly,  
\_\_\_\_\_

BATON ROUGE, LOUISIANA, *Feb. 8, 1864.*

*Dear Wife,*—Yours of 18th January reached me this morning, and I am sorry to find you still so apprehensive in regard to your health. My former letters will have explained before this reaches you my action as soon as I found how serious your fears are.

In consequence of the absence of Dr. Manfred, I could not, consistently with my duty to the regiment, propose to retire before he had notice of my intention to do so, and had an opportunity to reach the regiment and assume my

place. Nor would a resignation tendered immediately and absolutely have hastened my arrival at home more than ten days or two weeks at the very best, and then at great inconvenience in the subsequent settlement of my accounts.

\* \* \* I hope when I reach home to find you much better than your fears would lead one to expect.

If my horse has not been sold, forbid the sale, as I would have to buy another, and probably at a higher price than you mentioned as offered for him, and then not secure one to suit me so well as he does.

Papers from the North come laden with dismal stories of the cold of the present winter. I have in former letters mentioned the cold weather of this section, but it has been nothing to compare with the cold of your latitude. There has been no time here that one could not be entirely comfortable in tents with fire-places in them; indeed, they make decidedly comfortable houses if gotten up inside with taste and an eye to convenience.

The weather just now is grand; all we could ask it to be; just cool enough to require a little fire during the day, and at night, with the closing up of my tent and a rousing fire, I lack nothing but the presence of wife, children, and friends, to make me cheerful and happy.

You mentioned Edward Parrish in your last letter. Where is he now, and how engaged? I have heard nothing definite from him since we parted in the neighborhood of Vicksburg, twelve months since. Though I need not to have asked these questions, as I will be at home before an answer to them could possibly reach me here.\*

Love to all, and say to Cora for me, that I will have the tip off her tongue when I get home, and then she will be able to say how much she loves me; tell her also that papa has not forgotten the shells and other pretty things promised to her.

\*Kind regards to enquiring friends.

Yours truly,

—————

\* Poor fellow, no sadder fate befell any one of the hosts of men who consented to peril life, and perchance lay it down, than the nation might live, than he. In the summer of 1861, then in his nineteenth year, he dropped from the head of his college classes, abandoned a home of affluence and ease, and enlisted as a private soldier in the 1st Kentucky Cavalry. The close of the war found him in command of his Company, a position won alone by his sterling worth and merit.

He fell a victim to the private cupidity or criminal indifference to the sanctity of human life of some Quartermaster at Vicksburg, who, in the summer of 1865, after the last rebel army had surrendered, crowded on the ill-fated steamer, "The Sultana," thrice the number of men it had the capacity to bear. He was engaged from first to last in forty skirmishes and battles, and passed through them all unscathed by shot, shell, or sabre. The boat sank at the wharf with three or four hundred men on board, most of whom perished, he among them. He was brim full of the genius of common sense.

BATON ROUGE, LOUISIANA, *Feb. 17, 1864.*

*Dear Delia,*—Yours of January 28th came to hand yesterday, by way of Burlington. I owe you an apology for not having given you my address before this time. I hope you will pardon the oversight. Regiments in the field are generally so constantly on the pad, that like Paddy's flea, when you go to put your finger on them they are "not thar." Allow me, however, to suggest that I usually do head my letters with the then present camp, but I understand the difficulty; you are so eager to "gobble up"—that is the military phrase—the delectable contents of my most ravishing epistles, that you have no eye for the headings. Therefore I say here in the body of this one that I am in the City of Baton Rouge, State of Louisiana, and where, sure enough, your response will not find me, because, unlike the aforesaid flea, it is not possible for me to be in two places at the same time. Nay, nay, but I am such a flea, that before your answer can possibly reach me here, I will



flee away, and the place that knoweth me now will probably know me no more again forever.

For the past two months all the letters received by me from Burlington have concurred in representing the health of your aunt Lida as so precarious, that I have felt it a duty to my family to tender a resignation. Now don't go into ecstasies at the thought that I am to be entirely out of service. With my views of duty, every citizen in this grave crisis of the country, should do all that in him lies to aid the government; therefore, I can't reconcile it to myself to remain at home unless the condition of my family imperatively demands me to do so.

Each day's observation but strengthens and deepens the convictions of my mind that there is no safety, or repose, or truce, or peace for this vast country against desolating and perpetually recurring wars, short of the utter and thorough extirpation of rebellion, root and branch, bud and flower, so that no seminal germ of it may ever sprout again. There you have in epitome my whole view of the contest, and the duty of loyal men, and I am not disposed to enforce on others a duty from which I will myself shrink.

Baton Rouge, before the war, had the credit of being the prettiest city in the State, and it was generally characterized as the "City of Groves." I can very well understand why the people south of it were partial to it. It is built on the first high land from the mouth of the Mississippi River. You may readily conceive how tired the eye becomes in constantly looking on a level blank of water and plain, and with how much rapture they first behold "a city set upon a hill," and then, too, the magnificent groves of magnolias, which embowered it in shade, aided in the pleasing optical effect. But the contending hosts have swept them all away. The protection they afforded the rebel army in their attack on the town in 1862, came very near occasioning its capture; they, therefore, fell before a

military necessity. And it will require fifty years of peace, with all its arts, and labors, and expenditures, to restore the city to its primal beauty.

You ask how I spend my time. Well, I will give you an outline of daily duties, and one day with another is pretty much the same. I am on light duty at present as there is but little sickness in camp. The first duty of the day is to attend what in military parlance is known as "surgeons' call," which we have at six in the morning. To-day twenty-two men were examined and prescribed for. The next duty is to make out the morning report for the Adjutant of the regiment, and a copy of the same for the Senior Surgeon of the post. These duties are generally through with before breakfast; after which a walk through the grounds to see that they are properly policed and free from garbage. Surgeons have no right to give an order outside their hospitals, yet they are held responsible for the proper sanitary condition of camp grounds, but a notice to the officer of the day of any wrong exonerates them from censure. At noon at the office to see if all prescriptions have been properly filled.

I generally find an hour in the morning to read the papers of the day. During the afternoons I take my daily ride, and this I am pretty apt to do, rain or shine, and if it be rain, the ride is all the harder for it. Reports out of regular order I make when the demand for them arises.

After night I attend to my miscellaneous correspondence. I write six or seven letters a week. My general reading is confined to the bible, Shakespeare, and Webster's Dictionary. You can have no idea how much trouble I have with my spelling, nor how much you are under obligation to me for writing, when it is so much labor for me to do so. And then having filled my sheet with twaddle and nonsense, I gaze through my double eyes into the fire and indulge in "*reveries*;" see fiery spirits dance and skip

among the glowing coals; build fantastic castles in imagination; revel in mystic dreams of future bliss, but by and by have it all dashed to the ground by catching a glimpse over my media of second sight when, whew! I find I am only a gray-bearded, gray-headed, wrinkled old codger who had probably much better been stowed comfortably away at home

“Safe by an ingle bleezing finely”

than to be thus engaged inditing nonsense to you.

Love to all.

Yours truly,

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P. S. I forgot in the body of my letter to say that I am well, but I will manage on this free margin to say it for fear you will think I have a sickly imagination. Well, well, I am just as well as an “old feller” can well afford to be living on Cod fish and potatoes, pickled beef and army bread, and if that well is not well enough for you, you may sink your own wells, “deep as plummet ever sounded,” and thus may you ever have in your heart a perennial well-spring of joy and gladness: which endeth the chapter on wells.

BATON ROUGE, LOUISIANA, *Feb.* 21, 1864.

*Dear Wife*,—Yours of the 30th January reached me on the 17th inst., and I would have responded sooner, but there has been no opportunity to forward a letter, and will not be until to-morrow morning, and so I concluded to wait until the last moment.

In a former letter I expressed my convictions that your first impressions in regard to your case were wrong, and all my subsequent reflections have but deepened those convictions, and your last set the matter at rest. Polypus formations are unpleasant enough certainly, but they do



not necessarily imply a greatly depraved condition of the system, and are not to be regarded as indicative of malignant or fatal malady. I hope you will try to preserve your cheerfulness and equanimity of feeling, and take your usual amount of exercise out of doors, as I think that necessary to your health and general welfare.

I have not yet heard officially from my papers, but learned yesterday, through a private source, that they had been forwarded to Texas for approval by the Corps Commander, which satisfactorily explains the delay. There are some things in the routine of army official life I expect never to become familiar with. Weeks since an order was read on dress parade assigning the 22d to duty with the 19th Army Corps; yet all resignations, discharges, and official business, except the mere daily duty of drawing rations, has to go to Texas for approval by the commander of the 13th Army Corps, and perhaps the latter would also but for the fact that a regiment would thus be starved. All this red-tape-ism perplexes those not familiar with details, and renders the service unpopular.

I adhere still to my previously expressed intention to return home by New York. I think your condition is not so urgent that a week or ten days' longer stay from home will be any disadvantage to you; and I trust you will be pleased to have me enjoy this little self-indulgence.

I suppose I shall not remain long enough here to receive a letter from you after the reception of this. I will be glad, however, to hear from you on my way home. You may direct to me at the "Atlantic Post Office," in care of the man in the moon, as I will be sure to meet the old fellow on my way home through his dominions at the period of spring tide in the vernal equinox.

I have in my mind a little scheme, which I will impart to you in confidence. There is a breed of dogs in Boone that will be improved by a cross, and when I meet with the

old codger who presides over the tides and brews storms, I purpose, if he does not get me down in our tussle, to steal his dog. Now din-na ye be tellin' the old-grey-beard loon what I be after, or he will cut loose the puckering strings of Æolus' wind-bags, and stir the sea into such a rage that it will sweep us clean off "Besouth Magellan," and then you will have less prospect of my speedy return home than if I had entered the "Veteran Reserve Corps."

There is still another breed of dogs in Boone that would be improved by any cross. I allude to the dogs in black. But I know of no stock from which to graft a cross, unless it be that limned by the great master of English Epic Poetry in the *Paradise Lost*. They are the dogs engaged in guarding the gates of Hell; and I really have not affection enough for the canine tribe to undertake a journey into the dominions of his sable majesty for their especial benefit. It is, however, a subject for comfortable reflection to know that they are all of them on the right road to meet by and by, with the ancient head of all their house. Of the kinship and paternity of the tribes I think there cannot be the smallest doubt. The natural history of the severed branches develops a characteristic trait which out-crops in all the progeny. It is that of emboweling themselves and preying on the vitals of their dam, and with horrible howlings at every alarm, and this trait is so characteristic of the many-headed monster, that one cannot resist the conviction of unity of race. I hope I won't be thought extremely uncharitable in wishing the progeny a speedy re-union with their great progenitors.

But enough with all this badinage. I am comfortably well, and hope these few lines will find you enjoying the same blessing.

We have had another cold snap, lasting five days, but just now the weather is mild as May. Love to all, with kisses to the young "uns."

Yours truly, \_\_\_\_\_

BATON ROUGE, LOUISIANA, *Feb. 24, 1864.*

*Dear Wife,*—I received yesterday evening an answer to my tendered resignation. It is accepted, and at noon on Tuesday next I will be honorably discharged from the service and again a citizen.

There seems to be some hitch in the monetary affairs of this department. The troops here have not been paid for four months, and I learned yesterday that the military treasury at New Orleans is just now empty. This, I very much fear, will interfere with my design to return North by sea. I retained at the last pay day what I thought a sufficiently liberal allowance for any reasonable demands, but the extension of the pay period from two to four months, together with the loan of twenty dollars to a brother officer, has reduced my purse to almost nothing. I made an inventory of its contents this morning and found two two-dollar bills and one five-cent piece; this and nothing more; and this, with a distance of a thousand miles between myself and my home, looks a little blue. I have, however, one resource which will supply me with sufficient means to get up the river. My horse, saddle and bridle will very well pay my way up the Mississippi, but it compels me to forego a much cherished pleasure—a ride on the great deep.

I will have to go to New Orleans to settle my accounts with the government, which will, I suppose, detain me several days. From this to that point and thence to Cairo, I am entitled to transportation from government, but the transport steamers are all of them in such bad condition and travel so slowly, I will take a regular packet at my own charges. It is altogether impossible for me just now to say when I may reach home, as I know not how long I may be kept waiting in the city, and then, with all the contingencies of travel, it would not be prudent to set any time.



Weather warm, almost as June with you. Love to all, with many kisses to the children.

Yours truly,

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NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA, *March 2, 1864.*

*Dear Wife,*—I have, a couple of hours since, had a settlement with the Paymaster. My accounts and vouchers all being satisfactory, and so, all things concurring, I return home by sea. I will not make an effort to get off until after the 4th, as I am anxious to witness the inauguration of a loyal governor of Louisiana.

I take a draft on New York instead of burthening myself with a great roll of greenbacks. I was paid all in small bills, and I could not possibly conceal or safely carry the amount on my person.

I have not forgotten Cora's shells. Love to all.

Yours truly,

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LOVEJOY'S HOTEL, NEW YORK, *March 17, 1864.*

*Dear Wife,*—I reached this city at noon to-day, "St. Pathrick's Day, all in the morning," just in time to witness the grandest procession I ever saw. The authorities at New Orleans assigned me transportation on the screw-propeller Charles Thompson, which left that port at noon on the 5th inst.

On the 4th I witnessed the inauguration of Michael Hahn, of New Orleans, as civil governor of Louisiana, in presence of a large, and, as it seemed to me, an earnest and enthusiastic assemblage of citizens.

Early on the morning of the 5th I made my way to the boat, but found it already crowded with soldiers. The 11th Indiana Infantry, four hundred strong, under command of Col. McCauley, were on their way home, taking

the respite usually granted to re-enlisting regiments. Brigadier-General McGinnis, a former commander of the regiment, was also on board, on furlough home.

At Key West we were detained two days until the authorities there could make proper provision to take care of a case of small-pox, which had been smuggled on the ship at New Orleans. Availing myself of the detention, and accompanied by a gentleman from Maine, we footed the island in all its length and breadth, and I must say I would not relish a home on it. It is barely redeemed from the sea, and to me it seemed that at some time a high rolling wave might submerge the entire island.

Fort Taylor, a casemated brick structure of large dimensions, was some years since built out of the sea on an artificial foundation constructed by the government. It commands both town and harbor, and is connected with the island by a causeway constructed at the same time, which serves the double purpose of causeway and breakwater, to protect the town and harbor from the surging waves of the Gulf of Mexico.

General Woodbury, of the regular army, we found in command of the post, and General McGinnis sent in his card and in return was invited, with the officers of the regiment, to visit the post, and Gen. McGinnis was kind enough to ask me to accompany them. I had detailed to me whilst in the fort a little incident which interested me very much. When secession began, Fort Taylor was under command of an officer loyal to the nation. And when Florida passed her ordinance of secession, and the telegrams announced the fact to the citizens of Key West, all the sympathizers with secession—and almost all of them were so—unfurled rebel flags and hoisted them on their houses. The commandant of the fort promptly notified the municipal authorities of the town, that if, at the end of two hours' time, one single rebel flag was visible, he would turn the guns of

the fort on it. It is hardly necessary to say that since that day such a thing has not been openly displayed in the town.

The weather most of the time, from Key West to this city, was serene and clear, and the sea calm. Off Cape Hatteras, however, it was a little boisterous, but not enough so to drive me to the cabin, and morning and evening of each day I took my seat at the bow for a swing, which I found positively exhilarating. Gen. McGinnis, however, was sea-sick all the way round, and declared that no considerations should ever again tempt him out of sight of land. As far as I could learn, I alone of all the "land lubbers" failed to pay tribute to the Trident; but morning, noon and night I dispatched my full allowance of "grub" without any squeamishness.

Last night we lay thumping, thumping, thumping, at anchor off Sandy Hook, in a fog bank thick enough and black enough—

"To bottle up and sell as Tyrean dye."

At every surge of the sea, the noise overhead sounded like the pattering of a hundred men with muffled feet running from side to side of the boat.

The morning opened out grandly, and we made our way through the narrows and to our position in the harbor on a day of most brilliant sunshine, and in full view of a panorama rarely equalled, and I think not to be surpassed on the globe.

I will remain here until Monday or Tuesday next; thence to Philadelphia for two days; to Baltimore for one day; to Washington for three or four days, and from there home by the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. I hope to see you during the first week of April.

Love to all, and kisses to the children.

Yours truly,

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The end draweth nigh, and in approaching it I cannot forbear to quote the closing paragraph of General Lindsey's final report as Adjutant General of the State of Kentucky. As applicable to military operations everywhere, it is a gem of thought and of philosophy of enduring worth:

"While I am more than gratified to have been able to place the record of our soldiery during the war in this permanent and lasting form, and convenient of access to all, I am more than proud of the honor reflected upon the loyalty, patriotism and glory of our State by the record. For when we reflect that the officer, as well as the soldier, is almost powerless to choose his place or opportunity; that the merit of having done one's whole duty to brother soldiers and comrades, and to the Nation; of having held one's command in such a State, that if at any given moment it was not performing some brilliant achievement, it might have been, is that substantial triumph which every faithful soldier should desire, that the obscurer duty may be the more substantial honor. There are few exceptions to the fact that our noble State furnished true soldiers and reliable officers, not surpassed by any."

THE END.

Man in the abstract, however relatively great he may have been, and man in the aggregate, all of them, North, South, East and West, engaged in the mighty conflict through which the Nation was called to struggle up into the light of liberty, of justice, and of right, were but blind, unconscious agents and instrumentalities of

"That God which ever lives and loves,  
One God, one law, one element,  
And one far-off divine event  
To which the whole creation moves."

## APPENDIX.

MT. VERNON, OHIO, *May 8, 1884.*

*Dear Sir,*—During my absence from home in the latter part of January last, a letter was received from you, which I find filed away with other papers. I am not able to refer you to any report in which the 22d Ky. was specially named. I have always regarded the 22d Ky. as one of the best drilled and disciplined volunteer regiments in the service. On every occasion it proved to be worthy of the flag under which it marched and fought. Colonel D. W. Lindsey was an officer of skill and courage, and at Post Arkansas his command rendered distinguished service. It was his guns which enfiladed the enemy's trenches and filled them with dead, and it was the same guns which destroyed the Confederate light battery, which had caused us the loss of many valuable lives.

I cherish the memory of the 22d Kentucky, and indeed of all the Kentucky troops which served with me. They were good soldiers and deserve the gratitude of the country.

You are fresh in my memory, and I cordially salute you.

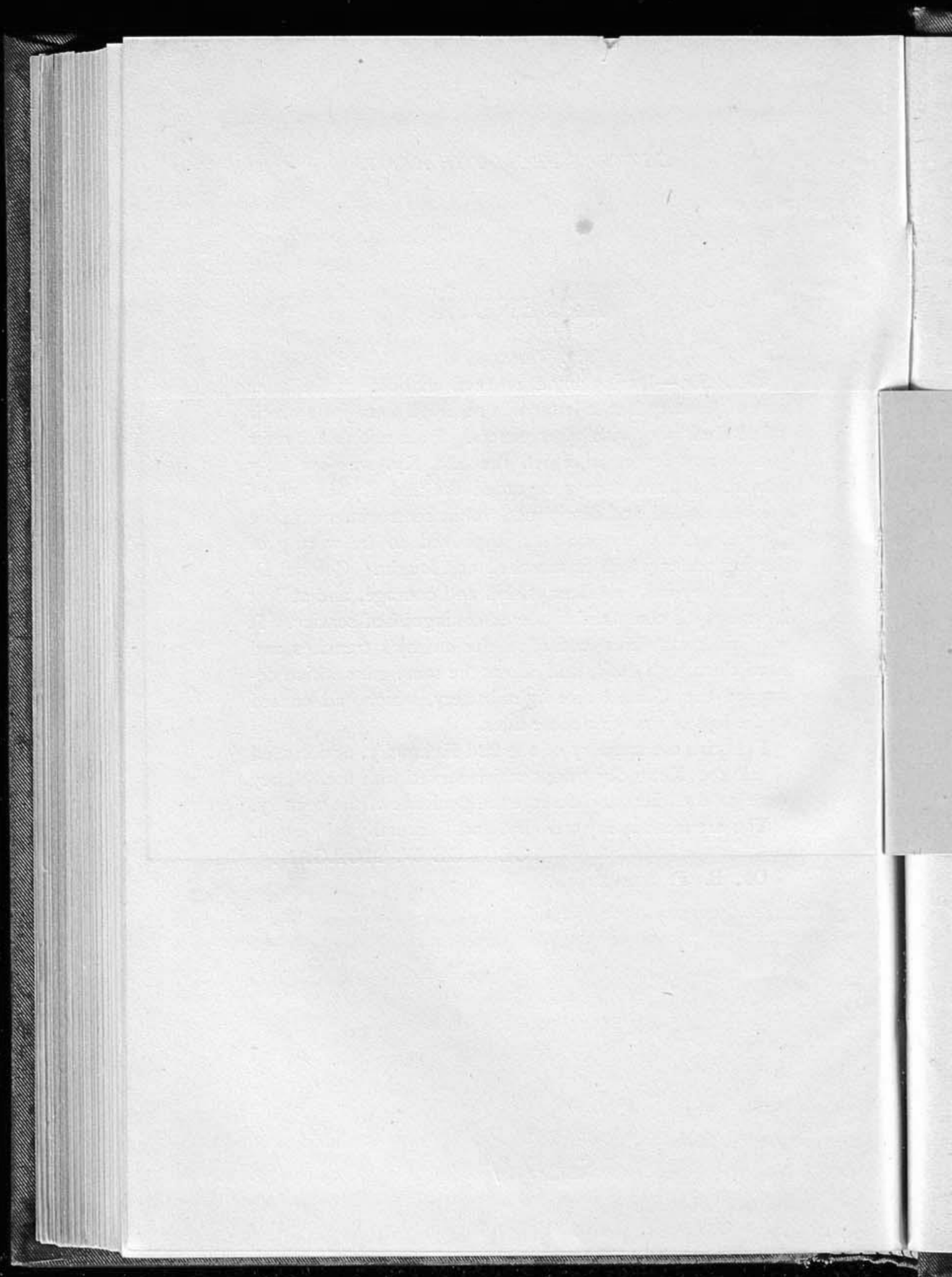
GEORGE W. MORGAN.

DR. B. F. STEVENSON.

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## ERRATA.

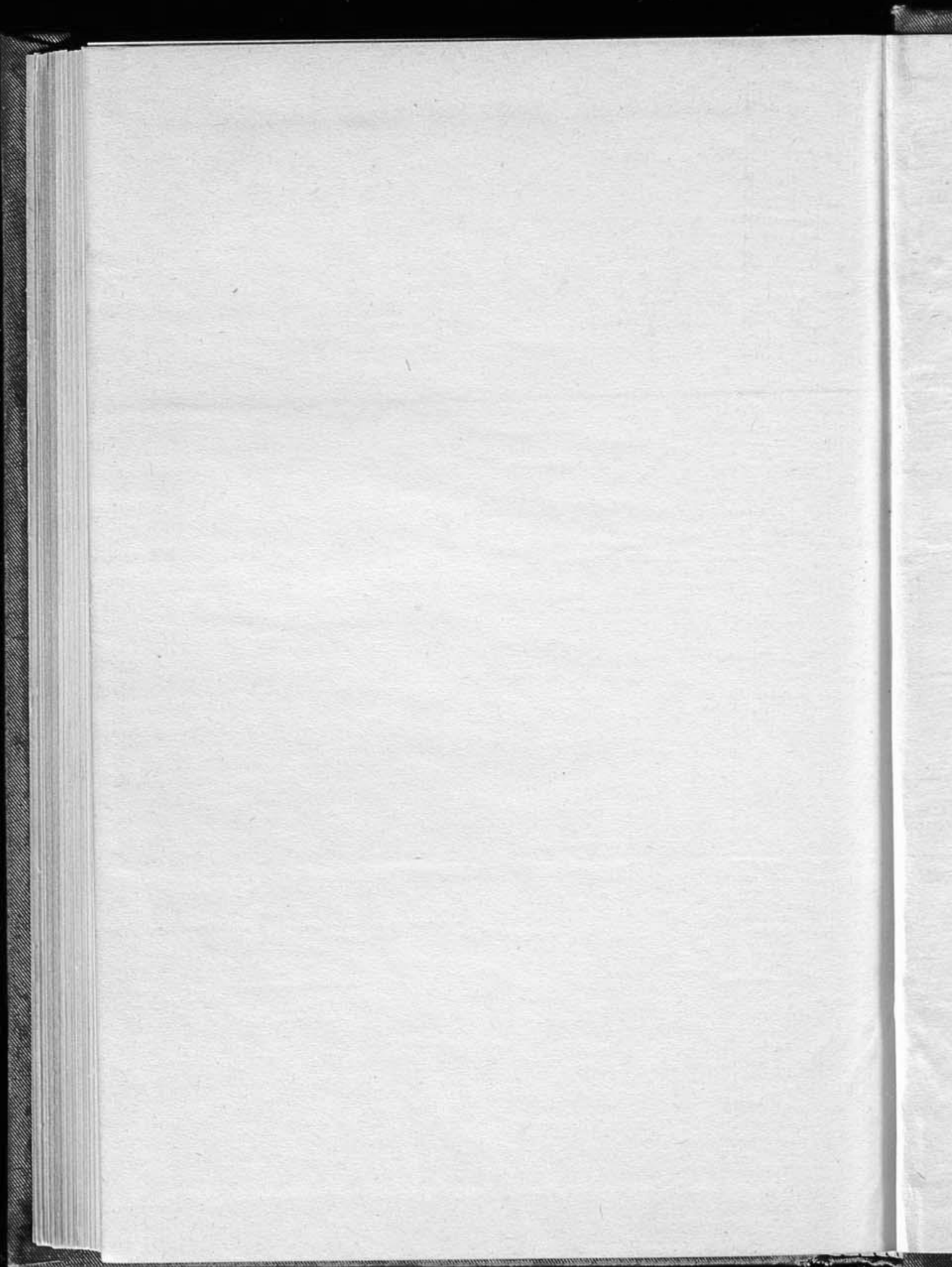
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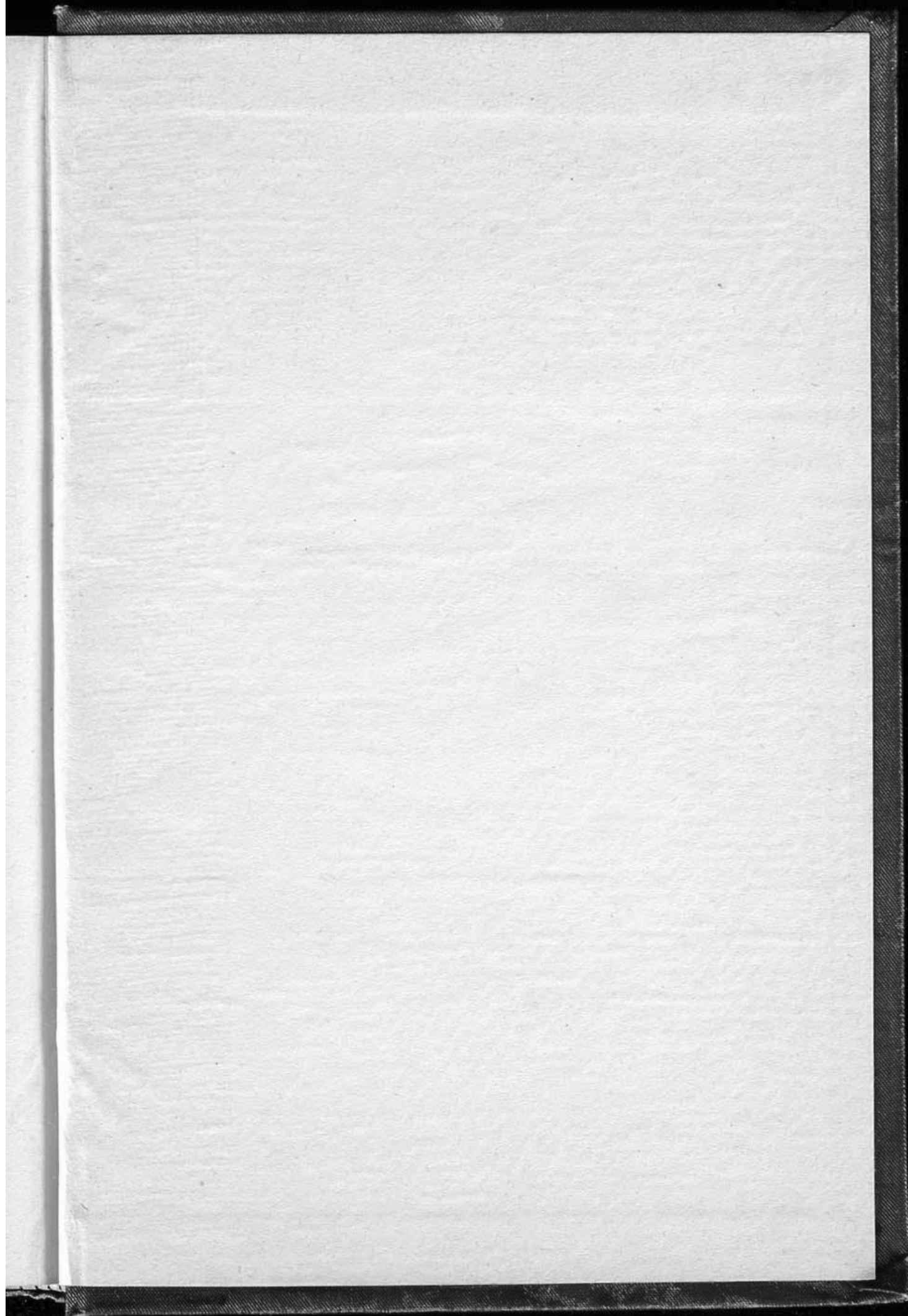
On p. 118, in last line of letter, for "except," read "accept."

On p. 134, third paragraph, for "surprising," read "surpassing."

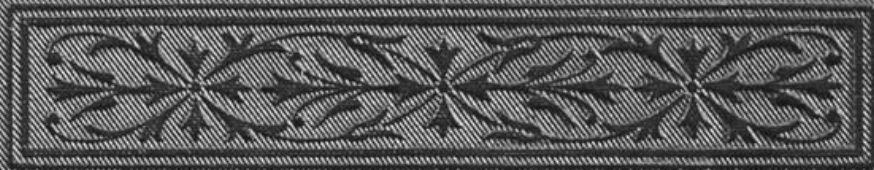
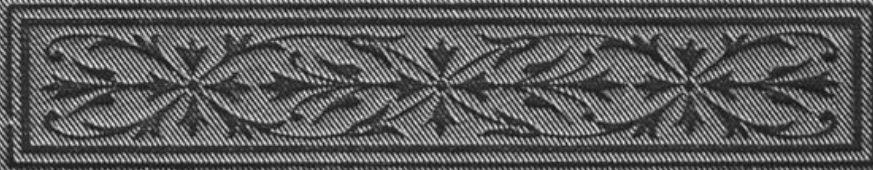
On p. 226, fifth line from top, for "canon," read "cannon."

On p. 266 fifth line from top, for "hospital," read "hospitable."









STH