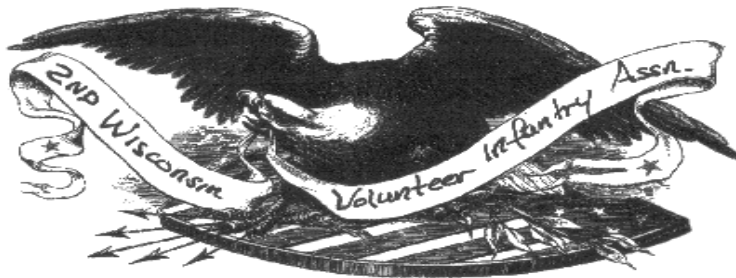


THE FUGELMAN



THE NEWSLETTER OF THE SECOND WISCONSIN VOLUNTEER INFANTRY ASSOCIATION

THE BLACK HAT BRIGADE---THE IRON BRIGADE

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FUGELMAN: A well-drilled soldier placed in front of a military company as a model or guide for others.

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PASS IN REVIEW

From the quill of Lt. Colonel Pete Seielstad



I was invited to partake in a conference call with Federal commanders concerning our hobby of re-enacting the American Civil War. We have marched with these fellows at one time or another, Bob Minton [First Federal Division], Earl Zeckman [125th Ohio], Rob Van 49th Indiana, Darrell Markijohn [USV Brigade], Kevin Harris [6th Ohio Cavalry] and others. I somehow made it on the list and was honored to sit in on the discussion.

The reason for such a dialog is due to the declining participation of re-enactors over the years and notably after the 150th anniversary cycle. The group focused on two issues and how to accomplish them. One: Which events do we go to? Second: How can we support events in the West? Accompanying these questions are goals to be achieved: Attend events with competent leaders; provide events that are bigger & better and maintain steady participant retention.

Following is a brief examination of an issue that accompanies the number of declining quality events: Spectators' loss of interest will result in lost revenue. Continued loss of revenue would have a direct effect on future events. (*Specifically, the definite financial risk to sponsors who underwrite an event.*) Briefly, this cause & effect issue plague most American Civil War events.

To solve issues that face the hobby, the discussion brought to the front two important solutions.

- 1. Cultivate a "Sponsor/Partner" relationship between event organizer and Federal Army leadership that will be strong and supportive of one another.**
- 2. Develop a 5-year plan that will show a true commitment to event sponsors from the rank & file of the re-enacting community.**

Enacting these solutions will be time consuming and difficult but the rewards will be worth the effort. Beyond the future of the hobby, the collateral benefits of honoring the American Civil War soldier and civilian and educating the public about United States history 1860 - 1865 will be most gratifying.

Note: *Future events that were mentioned: Shiloh, Franklin, Chickamauga, Gettysburg, Cedarburg and Antietam.*

I remain, your obedient servant,

Lt. Col. Pete Seielstad

**CAMPAIGN SCHEDULES OF
THE COMPANIES AND
ASSOCIATION**

OCTOBER

7th, 8th, 9th	Perryville National Reenactment (Assoc Max Effort)	Perryville, WI.
7th	Norskedalen School Day (Co.B)	Coon Valley, WI.
8th & 9th	Hoard Museum Living History (Co.K)	Fort Atkinson, WI.
8th & 9th	Norskedalen Reenactment (Co.B, Co.E, Co.K, 6WLA)	Coon Valley, WI.

**PHOTOS FROM THE 2016 WADE HOUSE
EVENT**





THE BATTLE OF PERRYVILLE

EDITORIAL BY JAMES H. DUMKE, CHARLES C. GILBERT, & DON
CARLOS BUELL

Major General Don Carlos Buell, commander of the Army of Ohio (later to be named the Army of the Cumberland) was with his military command in the vicinity of Corinth, Mississippi, during the spring and early summer of 1862. General Buell had been serving under the command of General Henry Halleck and Halleck's second in command, U. S. Grant in what was called the Corinth Campaign. The Corinth Campaign had come to a conclusion, Henry Halleck had been summoned to Washington City to become commander of all the armies, and General Buell had been ordered to move to eastern Tennessee. President Lincoln knew there was a strong pro-Union sentiment in eastern Tennessee. However, the pro-Union population was suffering at the hands of guerillas and regular rebel troops and the President was desperate to free these people of Eastern Tennessee from the depredations of the rebel army, their supporters, and guerillas.

General Buell moved the Army of Ohio north towards Nashville where he intended to concentrate his troops before moving into middle Tennessee. General Buell took steps to fortify Nashville and to secure his lines of communication, which Morgan and Forrest were making very difficult. Numerous troops had to be dispatched to protect the railroad which served as the primary route for supplies to Nashville. This drained numbers of soldiers from the ranks in the event of a battle. Troops were also needed to defend Louisville, Kentucky. General Nelson (who would be murdered by General Davis shortly after these events concluded) was in charge of the defense of Louisville. Thousands of troops had been coming into Louisville, but they were mostly raw recruits and unprepared if General Bragg should turn his army towards Louisville and Cincinnati. The proposed move into middle Tennessee was forestalled when General Braxton Bragg determined to invade the state of Kentucky. General Bragg hoped to gather supplies from the rich lands of Kentucky and to increase his army with what he perceived to be thousands of potential recruits from Kentucky. Bragg brought thousands of weapons to arm these recruits, who never materialized during the campaign. General Buell turned the Army of the Ohio to meet the rebel army and moved to confront the rebels under Bragg's and Kirby Smith's armies.

Smith had been confronting General Morgan's troops in the Cumberland Gap. Smith had turned Morgan's position forcing him to withdraw allowing Smith to move towards Perryville to join his forces with those of General Bragg.

It is important to note that during the summer and early fall of 1862 much of Kentucky was locked in a severe drought. Charles Gilbert mentions it in his description of the campaign, but General Buell's account only alludes to it. Water was the lifeblood of an army and it was an essential element to the fighting around Perryville.

The editor intended to create an article of his own on the battle of Perryville. It just seems that the men who conducted the campaign could tell the story better and in their own words. So that is what I have done.

The following is an article submitted to the *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War, Vol. III, Part I, published by the Century Company 1884-1887*. The article entitled *On the Field of Perryville* was written by Major General Charles C. Gilbert. Major General Gilbert was a Corps commander on the field during the fighting. The article outlines the battle and the roles of the commanders on the field at Perryville.

ON THE FIELD OF PERRYVILLE

BY CHARLES C. GILBERT, MAJOR GENERAL, U.S.V.

As the Army of the Ohio, moving from Bardstown, approached Perryville in the 7th of October, 1862, McCook's corps formed the left, Crittenden's the right, and mine—which was moving on the direct road by way of Springfield, and was ahead of the others—the center. In my column, R. B. Mitchell's division had the lead; Schoepf followed, and Sheridan brought up the rear. Our advance was vigorously resisted by Wheeler's cavalry, forming the rear guard of Hardee's corps, which was retiring before us. About 2 o'clock in the afternoon, when the head of the column was nearing the line of Doctor's Creek, a tributary of the Chaplin River, or more properly the Chaplin Fork of Salt River, the enemy, in force, was observed lining the crest of the ridge on the farther bank, obviously with the intention of disputing the possession of a few pools of water that remained in the water-course, which was otherwise nearly dry. An excessive drought had prevailed for months in this part of Kentucky. At sight of the enemy, orders were given to form Mitchell's division in order of battle across the Springfield road and along some high ground on the right. When Schoepf came up his division was massed in reserve in Mitchell's rear, on the left of the road, and Sheridan, arriving after Wheeler had been dislodged and was being pressed back toward Perryville, was posted in front and to the right of Mitcell. Before daybreak on the 8th, a position was gained that covered the pools in Doctor's Creek, and these formed

our only water-supply for the next two days, or as long as the enemy held the Chaplin River.

During the night General Buell ordered McCook's and Crittenden's corps to march at 3 o'clock in the morning of the 8th, and to form in order of battle on the center corps—my own. The movements of these columns were delayed, and General Buell, apprehensive of an attack while the center was isolated, directed me to select a strong position, and my troops were soon moving out of their camps and taking positions for the main attack, which it was supposed would come on about 10 o'clock. As that hour drew near, I observed, in visiting General Sheridan's ground, that a part of it was vacant, and that one of his brigades was in march on the road to Perryville, and the remainder were preparing to follow. On inquiry it was discovered that this movement was in consequence of some misunderstanding of orders. General Sheridan was directed to recall the brigade, resume his position, and limit himself to its defense until a general advance to attack in force should be ordered. To this order was added the explanation that General Buell was particularly solicitous that nothing be done to bring on a general engagement until after the junction of the flank corps.

General Sheridan lost no time in reestablishing his division on the ground to which he had originally assigned. He had barely accomplished it when he was attacked in force and a fight ensued, in which the loss was severe on both sides. In the meantime the head of General McCook's corps, coming over the Mackville pike, appeared on the high ground marked by Russell's House, due north of Sheridan's position about one mile. This was about 10:30 A.M. Marking out his line of battle, General McCook ordered General Rousseau to form it. Loomis's battery was established on a commanding piece of ground near Russell's house, and to the left of it. General Rousseau had been previously ordered to send a line of skirmishers to the left and front to examine some wood on that quarter, and Captain Wickliffe, with his company of cavalry, was sent to reconnoiter the ground to the left of this line of skirmishers. At this time there was some light skirmishing going on with Sheridan's division, at the head of the center corps, which was still in column, as previously described; but this soon ceased, and General McCook was satisfied that the enemy he found engaging my corps when he arrived had retired from the field.

McCook's corps, as previously related, had been ordered to march at 3 A.M., but it was 2:30 A.M. before the order reached General McCook, and his march began at 5 A.M. McCook had with him then two divisions, Rousseau's and Jackson's. Rousseau's division took the lead on the march, but when it arrived at Perryville only two of the brigades were present—the remaining one, Starkweather's, having been thrown to the rear by the interposition of Jackson's division, which cut it off at Mackville. Without waiting for the arrival of this brigade, General McCook, after giving his assistant adjutant-general particular instructions to post Jackson's two brigades on a commanding piece of ground immediately to the right of the Mackville and Perryville road, and to hold them in column so that they could be moved in any direction as occasion required, turned over the command to General Rousseau and galloped off to report to General Buell at headquarters. Buell was

in my camp, on the Springfield pike about two and a half miles distant from McCook's position on the Mackville pike. At half past 12 the Confederates advanced, and in a few moments the skirmishers and artillery were engaged. The attack fell upon Sheridan's division at the head of my corps and upon the head of McCook's corps, now advancing from its first position at Russell's house down the slope toward Chaplin River.

When General McCook returned to his troops after having reported at headquarters, he found that General Rousseau had advanced the right of the line about eight hundred or a thousand yards, and was occupying a commanding ridge which was to the left of the Mackville and Perryville pike. The enemy was firing on this line from three batteries, and Loomis's and Simmonson's batteries were replying. As there was no Confederate infantry in sight McCook ordered the firing to cease, so as to economize ammunition, and then prepared to make a reconnaissance toward Chaplin River for water, as he had just been ordered to do by General Buell. Riding off to the left, General McCook found a commanding ridge about six hundred yards from the stream and overlooking it. Sending for Generals Jackson and Terrill, he showed them the water, marked his line of battle, and placed a battery on it with strong supports. General Terrill was then ordered to advance a body of skirmishers down the slope to the water as soon as the line was formed. Not being apprehensive of an attack, General McCook then went back to his right. It was now nearly 2 o'clock. At this time the line of left corps stood with its right on the Mackville and Perryville pike near the crossing of Doctor's Creek and its left near Chaplin River, its direction being about due north and south. It was formed of two brigades of Rousseau's division (Lytle's and Harris's) and Terrill's brigade of Jackson's division. Webster's brigade of Jackson's division had not yet come into position, and Starkweather's brigade of Rousseau's division had not yet reached the field.

Just previously to this the enemy, in pursuance of his plan of attack, had begun to engage Sheridan's division, the head of the center corps. Mitchell's division was at that time closing up to take position within supporting distance of Sheridan. Caldwell's and Carlin's brigades of this division were to the right and rear, under cover, and Gooding's brigade was north of Doctor's Creek, near the stream. In this position the latter covered Sheridan's left, and watched the interval between the two corps so long as the left corps remained in its place in line of battle, and before it advanced to the front. As Mitchell came into his position on the second line, the enemy appeared on his right in force and engaged Carlin's brigade, but were repulsed. It was now nearing half past 2, and the enemy's entire line, from his left, where the attack began on Sheridan, to his right, where it fell in heaviest force on Rousseau, was in full progress, carrying everything before it. When Sheridan's assailants reached his main line he gave them a reception, cool, effective, and disastrous, and when their repulse was complete a brigade from the second line (Carlin's), which had been called up to assist in the defense, pursued the enemy to Perryville, thus turning his left and establishing itself on his rear. General Sheridan's action was according to the sound principles of the profession, and, as he was amply and promptly supported, the operations on this part of the field, in which he had the lead, were

fully successful, and his conduct here foreshadowed the exceptionally successful career that lay before him.

General McCook was assailed by greatly superior numbers. His brigades, which General Rousseau had put in motion to the front in his absence, were surprised on the march by General Bragg's attack, and were taken in the act of forming and on ground favorable to the attacking party. Rousseau's right brigade, the extreme right of the left corps, was attacked with great severity and pertinacity. Terrill's brigade on the left, and Starkweather's, which had now arrived, were in turn heavily assailed. Being composed of entirely raw troops, Terrill's brigade in a few moments gave way in confusion, losing Parson's battery of eight Napoleon guns. General Jackson, who was with this brigade, was killed in the first fire. General Terrill did all in his power to steady his men, but in vain. An hour and a half later, while still striving to rally his broken troops, he was mortally wounded. Starkweather's brigade and Stone's and Bush's batteries were on the extreme left and rear of Terrill's brigade, and checked the attack.

General McCook, perceiving that he was assailed by at least three times his number, sent an aide-de-camp, Lieutenant L. M. Hosea, to General Sheridan, requesting him to look to the right of his line and see that it was not turned. Just at this time Sheridan had his attention fully occupied with his own right, where two opposing batteries were in position, and troops were massing behind them to attack him front and flank. About half an hour later McCook sent Captain H. N. Fisher, of his staff, to General Schoepf, commanding the reserve of my corps, with an urgent request for reinforcement, reporting that his reserves were all exhausted and his corps upon the point of being compromised. General Schoepf was at that time on the march to the front with two brigades (Walker's and Steedman's), and although desirous of rendering assistance, he declined to take responsibility of changing his line of march. He referred the officer to me, but I was at the time at General Buell's headquarters, where I had been since noon.

Owing to the conformation of the ground and to the limited use of artillery on both sides, no sounds of the battle had been heard at General Buell's headquarters until the attack reached General Sheridan's position, which was about half-past 3 o'clock. Then the cannon firing became so continuous and so well sustained and so different from the irregular shots, at wide intervals, which had characterized the "shelling of the woods" earlier in the day, that it was readily recognized as a battle. It was near 4 o'clock when there came up the valley of Doctor's Creek the sound of rapid artillery firing. It was too heavy and too well sustained to come from merely "shelling the woods". Listening attentively for a moment, General Buell said to me, "That is something more than shelling the woods; it sounds like a fight". I at once mounted and set off at a rapid pace down the road in the direction of the firing. Within a mile I met Captain Fisher coming at full speed and bearing General McCook's message. Instead of sending Captain Fisher back to General McCook with my answer to his appeal for help, I advised him to continue on and bear to General Buell the astounding news, and at once sent orders to General Schoepf to go to the interval between the two corps,—on the left of Sheridan,—and to Mitchell to close

toward Sheridan's right and support him. Directing my course toward the left, I found Gooding's brigade of Mitchell's division still standing on the left of Doctor's Creek, and at once put it in motion to the right to join the main body of the division and be nearer Sheridan, who had just reported that he was hard pressed in front and that the enemy was driving our left wing. General Schoepf was now on the ground with his leading brigade (Walker's). This he was ordered to deploy, to replace Gooding. In the midst of these movements, another staff officer, Captain W. T. Hoblitzell, came from the left corps for help, with the information that the troops, though fighting stubbornly, were falling back everywhere, and that if assistance was not speedily afforded they must soon be driven from the field.

Up to this moment the fighting with Sheridan had been growing in intensity, and judging from the sound that it must soon culminate, I detained Captain Hoblitzell to await the issue. It was soon perceived that the firing was diminishing, and there were no signs of defeat on our side, I turned to Walker's brigade to send it over to the left wing, when I discovered it had not yet deployed, and, moreover, did not seem to be sufficiently familiar with the tactics to make the simplest movements with promptness and intelligence. Accordingly I sent my adjutant-general, Captain J. E. Stacy, to recall Gooding and order him to proceed under the guidance of Captain Hoblitzell to report to General McCook. Gooding took with him Pinney's Wisconsin battery. Within twenty minutes after receiving the orders, Gooding made himself felt on the flank of the Confederates, who had thus far been steadily driving Rousseau's troops back toward the Russell House. Within a few minutes after this brigade had started, Sheridan, having repulsed his assailants, turned his guns and opened fire across the valley of Doctor's Creek on Rousseau's assailants, who, in their advance, had come to present their flank within easy range, and from his commanding position he delivered a fire so effective as to force back the enemy in his part of the field, to the great relief of the right of General McCook's line. Just after Sheridan's artillery opened, General Steedman came up with his brigade of Schoepf's division and kept on his course down Doctor's Creek. The enemy had now been so far driven from McCook's front that they were beyond the reach of Steedman's infantry; but, passing under the fire of Sheridan's guns, Steedman halted and opened to the left with Smith's battery of his brigade.

Viewed from the Confederate stand-point, the battle of Perryville appears to have consisted of an attempt to turn the left flank of the Union line, in which, for the distance of a thousand or twelve hundred yards, the assailants drove all before them. At this juncture, after a fierce fight, the attack came to a stand, having expended its force, and the left of the Confederate line was now itself driven and turned, and its line of retreat threatened. This last the Confederates supposed had been effected by a fresh corps arriving on the field from the direction of Lebanon. In abandoning the battle-ground the Confederates, although obliged to leave their wounded behind, moved without any sense of humiliation, for they had made a good fight, and appeared only to be withdrawing from the presence of a greatly superior force.

From the Union side, the battle takes this appearance: The center corps, arriving on the ground alone on the afternoon of the 7th, met with considerable opposition on establishing itself in position. The opposition continued with only a brief interval till about 11 o'clock on the 8th, when the flank corps began to arrive on the line abreast of the center. After the lapse of about an hour four brigades from the left wing started to the front in quest of water. This movement coincided with the advance of the Confederates in full force to turn the left of the Union army. Those brigades were accordingly met and overpowered and driven back to their places in line, and some of them beyond it. But they made a most obstinate resistance. In the center corps the detachments thrown out to watch the approaches to the position held by the leading division were driven in, and that division was attacked in strong force and with great determination. But the assailants were repulsed and driven from the field, and then the center corps contributed about one-third of its effective force to the relief of the left wing and saved it from destruction.

MAJOR GENERAL DON CARLOS BUELL'S REPORT ON THE BATTLE OF PERRYVILLE

BY MAJOR GENERAL DON CARLOS BUELL AS FOUND IN THE OFFICIAL REPORTS OF THE WAR
OF THE REBELLION, CHAPTER XVI, PART I, BEGINNING AT PAGE 1022

The following report was not the battle report prepared by General Buell following the fight at Perryville. Congress was investigating the battle and leadership and Buell had been asked to file a report from his perspective.

The original plan was for a combined movement into middle Tennessee for the recovery of Nashville. The invasion of Kentucky was at first probably not thought of at all, or at least only as a later possibility. But as Bragg could not be ready to cross the river from Chattanooga for about two weeks after his arrival, it was arranged that in the meantime Kirby Smith with his troops should attack and capture Morgan at Cumberland Gap. The strength of Morgan's fortified position, however, with 8,000 good troops to defend it, was upon consideration deemed to preclude the attempt. The alternative was to invest him on the south side with 9,000 men under Stevenson, while Smith with 12,000 should seize and hold his communications on the north; by which means, not being strong enough to break his way out on either side, Morgan, upon the exhaustion of his supplies, would be compelled to surrender. This plan being adopted, Smith commenced his movement through Roger's and Big Creek Gaps on the 14th of August, and reached Morgan's rear at Barbourville on the 18th.

Once General Morgan had moved into Roger's and Big Creek Gaps, Kirby Smith realized that he could not remain long in the area. Supplies in the ravaged area were insufficient to maintain his army there for long. Smith had two possible alternatives. The first would be to advance into

middle Tennessee or to go into the rich in provisions areas of Kentucky. The decision was clarified when Bragg and his army decided to invade Kentucky.

The plan of my movement was to force the enemy's left back and compel him to concentrate as far as possible from any convenient line of retreat, while at the same time making a strong demonstration against his right, so as to mislead him as to the real point of attack, and to prevent him from moving upon my left flank and rear. With that object General Sill, commanding a division in McCook's Corps, was ordered to move boldly toward Frankfort through Shelbyville, followed temporarily by the division of raw troops under Dumont which had been organized as a guard for Louisville. McCook with his two remaining divisions moved upon Taylorsville, where he halted the second night on a position which pointed to either flank. The other two corps moved respectively through Shepherdsville and Mt. Washington, to converge upon Bardstown, and halted the second night at Salt River. The enemy's pockets were encountered on all of the roads with a few miles of the city, increasing in strength as the movement progressed, and opposing a sharp opposition at Bardstown and Shelbyville. Polk withdrew his army from Bardstown on the night of the 3rd, going through Springfield, and Sill, against a considerable resistance, pushed back the force in front of him toward Frankfort. These measures brought to a hurried completion to the inauguration of Provisional Governor Hawes at Frankfort on the 4th, under the supervision of General Bragg. Polk, on his part, was pressed so closely that Hardee, who was bringing up his rear, was compelled to make a stand at Perryville and call for assistance. Assuming that Smith was the object of my attack, and that my right and rear would thereby be exposed to Polk at Bardstown, Bragg ordered Polk on the 2nd to attack in that manner, while Smith should attack my left, and that view of my design was persisted in; so that only one of the two divisions which were being pressed forward to reinforce Smith was returned to assist Hardee at Perryville on the night of the 7th.

The strength of the opposition to Sill and the continued on Kirby Smith about Frankfort pointed to a concentration in that direction, at least north of Perryville; but on the 6th the information was that Smith was moving on Danville. McCook, who had been halted momentarily at Bloomfield until the question should be developed, was therefore directed on Harrodsburg, and Sill was ordered to join him by forced marches. During the night the information was that Smith was contradicted, and the expectation of a concentration at or north of Perryville was confirmed. McCook was therefore promptly turned upon Perryville, and Sill was ordered to follow him. Under a stubborn resistance from Polk, during the 7th, the center corps halted in the evening about three and a half miles from Perryville without water, of which it had but little since morning, and the corps was put in order of battle. It appeared now that the enemy was virtually concentrated in our front. Orders were therefore dispatched to McCook, who was supposed to be about seven miles back, on the left, and to Thomas, who had been ordered to halt the right corps (Crittenden's) for the night at Haysville, about four miles in rear, on the road from Lebanon to Perryville. They were to march precisely at 3 o'clock in the morning,

prepared in every respect for battle, and arriving at certain designated points were to be formed in order of battle on the left and right respectively, of the center corps. They were then to be made as comfortable as possible, but not to leave ranks. A reconnaissance was to be made to ascertain the position of the enemy, and as soon as that was done Thomas and McCook were to report at headquarters for further orders. I expected that these objects would be accomplished by 7 o'clock on the morning.

During the night it was ascertained that there were some pools of water in the bed of Doctor's Fork, which crossed the road in front of us, and which the enemy's rear-guard held possession. Colonel Daniel McCook, commanding a brigade in Sheridan's division, was selected to attack the enemy and got possession of the water, which he did in a handsome manner at day dawn. Very soon the enemy attempted to the lost position, but Sheridan's and Mitchell's divisions were moved to the front and defeated the design. From that time a desultory cannonade was kept up between the two lines until it merged into battle, which suddenly burst forth fiercely at 2 o'clock. The arrival of McCook's corps is dated from half past 10 o'clock, but for the bulk of the corps it was later. He reported to me at half past 12, and I hastened his return to his command; for though the time had passed when I had somewhat apprehended an attack, while the center corps was alone, yet the occasion was critical, and he had reconnoitered his front. Thomas had not reported, and no final instructions for attack could be given. When McCook reached his corps, it had materially changed its ground and was not in position. Artillery guns were exchanging distant shots, but evidently no one on our side was expecting an attack. It came about 2 o'clock, while a line was moving forward to take possession of the water which could be discerned in the bed of Chapin river, behind which the enemy were formed for the assault.

It turned out that Polk with three divisions, with cavalry on both flanks, had determined to fight a "defensive-offensive" battle; but as the morning wore away without the attack, which was awaited, Bragg came upon the ground and ordered an assault. It was delivered mainly upon McCook, but also fell heavily upon Sheridan, who repelled it handsomely on his side. McCook fought bravely, and by Gilbert's order was reinforced with Gooding's brigade from Mitchell's division; but he was steadily driven back for a mile, until the enemy's pursuing line came within the enfilading fire of Sheridan's artillery, which was delivered with great effect across the intervening valley of Doctor's Fork. At 4 o'clock Captain Fisher of McCook's staff arrived and reported to me that the left corps had been sustaining a severe conflict for a considerable time, and was being driven back. I was astonished. Not a sound of musketry had been heard, and my staff officers had been at the front until dinner time. I had noticed a sudden increase of cannonading at 2 o'clock, and General Gilbert, who had come in from his lines and was getting his dinner with me, immediately proceeded to his command; but as the firing as suddenly subsided, and no report came to me, I had ceased to think of the occurrence.

Reenforcements were immediately ordered to McCook from Schoepf's division, which was in reserve, and a staff officer was dispatched to Thomas with orders to move the

right corps forward vigorously and attack the enemy's left. Thomas could not be found until about 6 o'clock, and owing to the lateness of the hour the advance was not made; but McCook was relieved by the succor sent to him and the battle ceased about night-fall. Further orders were sent to Thomas at 6:30 P.M.:

OCTOBER 8th, 1862, 6:30 P.M. GENERAL THOMAS, Second in command: The First Corps (McCook's) on our left has been very heavily engaged. The left and center of this corps gained ground, but the right of it yielded a little. Press your lines forward as far as possible tonight, and get into position to make a vigorous attack in the morning at daylight. If you have got your troops into a position which you deem advantageous it will not be advisable to make a change for the purpose of complying with the general's instructions for you sent by Captain Mack. It may be as well to halt the division ordered to the center and let it wait where it is for further orders. The general desires to see you in person as soon as to-night as your duties will permit you to come over. Respectfully, JAMES B. FRY, Colonel and chief of staff.

McCook had 12,500 men in battle, and lost on killed and wounded about 3000—nearly one-quarter; Gilbert lost on killed and wounded nearly 900, all of which belonged to Sheridan's division and one of Mitchell's brigades; and about 450 in all were taken prisoner; total loss 4348. The force actually engaged on the Union side numbered about 22,000, though more came into position for battle near the close. All of the force had a good number of new regiments. One of McCook's divisions was composed entirely of new regiments with one exception. Its division commander, Jackson, and its two brigade commanders, Terril and Webster, were killed. The enemy claims to have fought the battle, according to Bragg's report, with 16,000 men. His loss is reported at 3396, of which 251 were prisoners. He captured some artillery that he did not carry off, though he exchanged some of his pieces for better ones.

Not long before the commencement of this partial but fierce contest, a staff-officer arrived from General Thomas and reported two divisions of the right corps up—the last had not yet arrived. The enemy was in front, and Thomas thought it not advisable to leave to report in person. The want of definite information from both flanks, the failure of a meeting of the two commanders at my headquarters for explanations and final orders, and the lateness of the hour for effecting these preliminaries for the great battle which was to be fought, precluded the idea of bringing it on that evening. The conclusion had, indeed, been rendered probably unavoidable at the time of McCook's arrival at my headquarters, by two dispatches that had been received from Thomas during the morning: One dated the 7th, 6 o'clock P.M., at Haysville, saying that finding no water at that point he would march the right corps to the Rolling Fork for a camp; and the other dated on the Rolling Fork October 8th, 3 o'clock A. M., reporting that my order to march at 3 o'clock had been received, that the corps had reached that place at 11 o'clock at night, and was then camping, the trains not being all up yet, and that he would be in front of Perryville as soon as possible. The staff officer was, therefore, was started back a few minutes before 2

o'clock with some minor instructions to General Thomas, and a desire that he should report in person after night-fall.

Thomas, McCook, and Gilbert met at my headquarters after dark, and after conversation upon the events of the day, orders were given for battle the following morning. Crittenden's corps on the right was to move forward at 6 o'clock and engage the enemy, and the center was to do likewise as soon as they were abreast. McCook was to close in and remain in reserve. In fact, only one of his divisions (Rousseau's) was in a condition to fight as a distinct body. At that hour not a man in the army who had any knowledge beyond the limit of his own vision doubted that the whole Confederate army was in our front, and that the battle was to be renewed in the morning.

The right corps did not commence the movement until 9 o'clock, owing, as was afterward explained, to Thomas's message to Crittenden by signal, from my camp, only specifying that he should be ready to advance at 6 o'clock; so that the orders to advance had to be repeated when it was discovered that the movement had not commenced. It was ascertained that the enemy had withdrawn, and that only three of his divisions had been present. The battle had enabled him to perfect his junction with Kirby Smith at Harrodsburg, as originally intended, and I did not hesitate to await the arrival of Sill's division before precipitating the anticipated battle. In the meantime, the army was put in position for any emergency, and reconnoissances were actively employed to gain information of the movements of the enemy.

We had repelled the enemy's fierce attack when it was supposed his whole force was in front of us. My official report stated succinctly the causes which prevented from winning a more fruitful success, namely, the difficulties which prevented the troops from getting on the ground simultaneously, and the fact that I was not apprised early enough of the condition of affairs on my left ("Official Records," Vol. XVI, Part I, page 1031). When the orders in anticipation of battle were given on the evening of the 7th, McCook's exact position was not known. He was supposed to be about seven miles in rear. The orders did not reach him until 2:30 o'clock, and he marched at 5. It was 10:30 when the head of his column arrived. The road was hilly and rough, the march was understood to be made in the vicinity of the enemy. It was therefore properly conducted with prudence, and was of course slow. The right corps had been ordered to halt for the night at Haysville, not more than four miles to the rear. But on arriving at that point, finding no water, General Thomas, who was conducting the corps, determined to go to the Rolling Fork to encamp. He was told the distance was two and a half miles off to the right, but he did not arrive until 11 o'clock, after five hours of marching. The courier did not find him until 3 o'clock in the morning, at which hour he was camping, his trains being not all up yet. It is evident from his dispatches that he did not realize the gravity of the occasion. It was impossible, under the circumstances, that marches should be regulated with reference to water. The center corps marched with no assurance of finding it, halted on the evening of the 7th without it, and only obtained it the next morning by wresting it from the hands of the enemy. Had the right corps been found at Haysville, it should have been in position for

battle by 7 o'clock, and, whatever else may have happened, would have been in such connection with headquarters by signals, as the other corps were, that the orders of 4 o'clock for it to attack would have been delivered immediately, and would have given fully two hours of daylight for action.

On the other hand, had the battle on the left been reported at 2 o'clock, when it commenced, the succor which was ordered from the reserve at 4 would have come in the form of reinforcements two hours earlier; and the orders which were sent at the same time to the right corps would have at least that much more time for execution. O make no prediction of all the consequences that might have flowed from these conditions. It would have much depended upon the action of the right corps. They ought to have been of a very decisive character. For the rest, the reports show that the left corps was not fully prepared for the heavy blow that fell upon it, but the reverse which it sustained was largely due to the rawness of the troops. Fully one-half of the two divisions was made up of new regiments.

While the battle was in progress at Perryville, Kirby Smith, still thinking that my movement was upon his front, had prepared for a battle at or near Lawrenceburg. His cavalry attacked Sill at that point on that day, and the next day on the march, but Sill extricated himself skillfully, and continued his march, joining his corps at Perryville on the 11th. Smith now discovered his mistake, and dispatched Bragg on the 9th that he would join him immediately at Harrodsburg, which he accomplished partly on the 9th and fully on the 10th. On the latter day a strong reconnoissance found him in line of battle about four miles south of Harrodsburg. He withdrew entirely on the 11th, followed by my cavalry toward Camp Dick Robinson where Bragg's whole force now took position, sheltered in front and on his right flank by the perpendicular cliffs of Dick's River and the Kentucky. I was moving on the 12th and 13th to turn his position and attack him on the left, when I learned he was withdrawing. General Bragg states in his report that he was ready and desirous for battle at this point and previously after Perryville, and I have no doubt that was true, if he could have had his own terms. His order for withdrawal was announced on the 13th.

The pursuit was taken up that night, under the supervision of Thomas, with Crittenden's corps, followed by the other corps. The details afford no interesting or important fact, except that the retreating army was pressed into difficulties which involved it in great hardship and temporary disorganization. The pursuit was continued in that manner as far as London, and then, about the 20th, my several columns were turned by the most direct routes toward the ground on Tennessee and Alabama from which they had started six weeks before, and where it was foreseen the enemy would soon again be encountered. The repair of the railroad had been pushed forward with energy, and the army was arriving at Glasgow and Bowling Green on its route, when on the 30th of October I turned over command to General Rosencrans, on obedience to orders from Washington.

There weren't many significant impacts from the battle. Bragg would withdraw in good order and turn south to reorganize and refit his army.

General Buell would pursue Bragg for several days, but eventually broke off the pursuit and turned back towards Louisville. It turns out that the most significant outcome of the battle was its impact on the two leaders of the rival armies. General Buell, despite the victory at Perryville, would be replaced as commander of the army. Washington was displeased because of Buell's failure to destroy Bragg's army and sacked him. In the case of General Bragg, the fact that he withdrew from the field of battle angered some of his subordinates and began the process of disintegration of respect for Bragg that would plague his command for the remainder of his tenure as army commander. The problems which settled over Bragg's command would hamper the effectiveness of the Army of Tennessee for the rest of his tenure as the commander of that army.

REGIMENTAL DISPATCHES



REENACTOR ITEMS FOR SALE

The Fugelman received the following communication from former Captain Craig Mickelson offering for sale some of his civil war gear. Craig was one of the original members of Company K. The editor has known Craig for 14 years. He was the recruiter when Frank Medina and the editor first joined Company K. The editor remembers going to Craig's home and spending over 2 hours learning about the hobby and the uniform and equipment we would need to reenact. His advice was valuable and saved us money and errors in buying our own gear. The editor can attest that his gear meets authenticity requirements and was well taken care of by the owner.

If you see anything here that you need or want to add to your personal kit, Craig lives in Fall River and works on Madison's east side. He would be happy to arrange a meeting to deliver items. Or he would mail them to buyers for the specific cost of the mailing. You can reach Craig on his cell phone at (920) 319-9068

The following is a list of items for sale:

- 1. Jarnagin, Navy Blue wool Trousers, size W32, I33 in very good shape, small hole in right leg repaired, (perfect for the Antietam look), \$20.**
- 2. One piece, .58 cal. musket cleaning rod, with barrel cap, wood handle, metal shaft, with 2 bore scrapers,\$5.**
- 3. Enfield lock-plate screws, 2 used, 1 new, \$1/each.**
- 4. Jarnagin, Sky Blue wool Trousers, size W 32, I33, good shape, v. small patch rear left leg, \$16.**
- 5. Tee shirt, WIS Vets Museum, black, "Dam Black Hats", large, excellent shape \$3.**
- 6. Sweatshirt, Navy blue, 2nd Wis. Inf. Vols. Iron Brigade embroidered, medium, excellent shape \$6.**

I live in Fall River (near Columbus) and work on the Eastside of Madison, if you are interested in something let me know and we could meet? I can also mail items to your home, you pay only actual U.S. Postal Service shipping cost. Thanks.

**Craig S. Mickelson
Cell (920) 319-9068**

ATTENTION TO ORDERS

A REMINDER

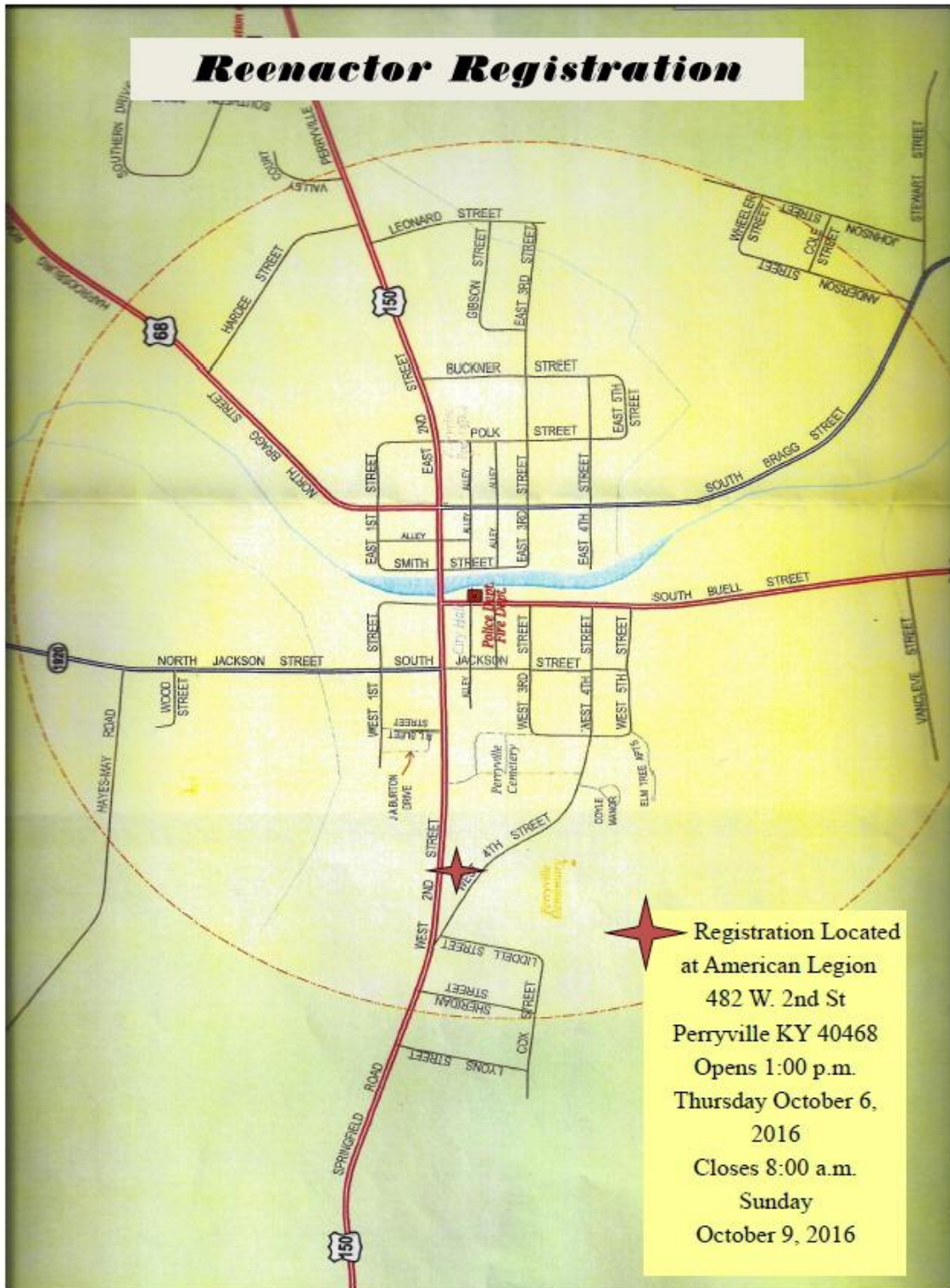
Although the Norskedalen event appears on the schedule of Association schedule above, this event has been cancelled this year because of the conflict with the previously set date for the event and the Perryville National event.

LAST MINUTE DETAILS FOR THE PERRYVILLE NATIONAL EVENT

It has been announced that reenactors attending the National event at Perryville, Kentucky, must register before arriving at the site to set up camps for the event. The registration site is in downtown Perryville. At registration passes and other documents will be issued to the reenactors. No one will be admitted to the camps without the requisite passes.

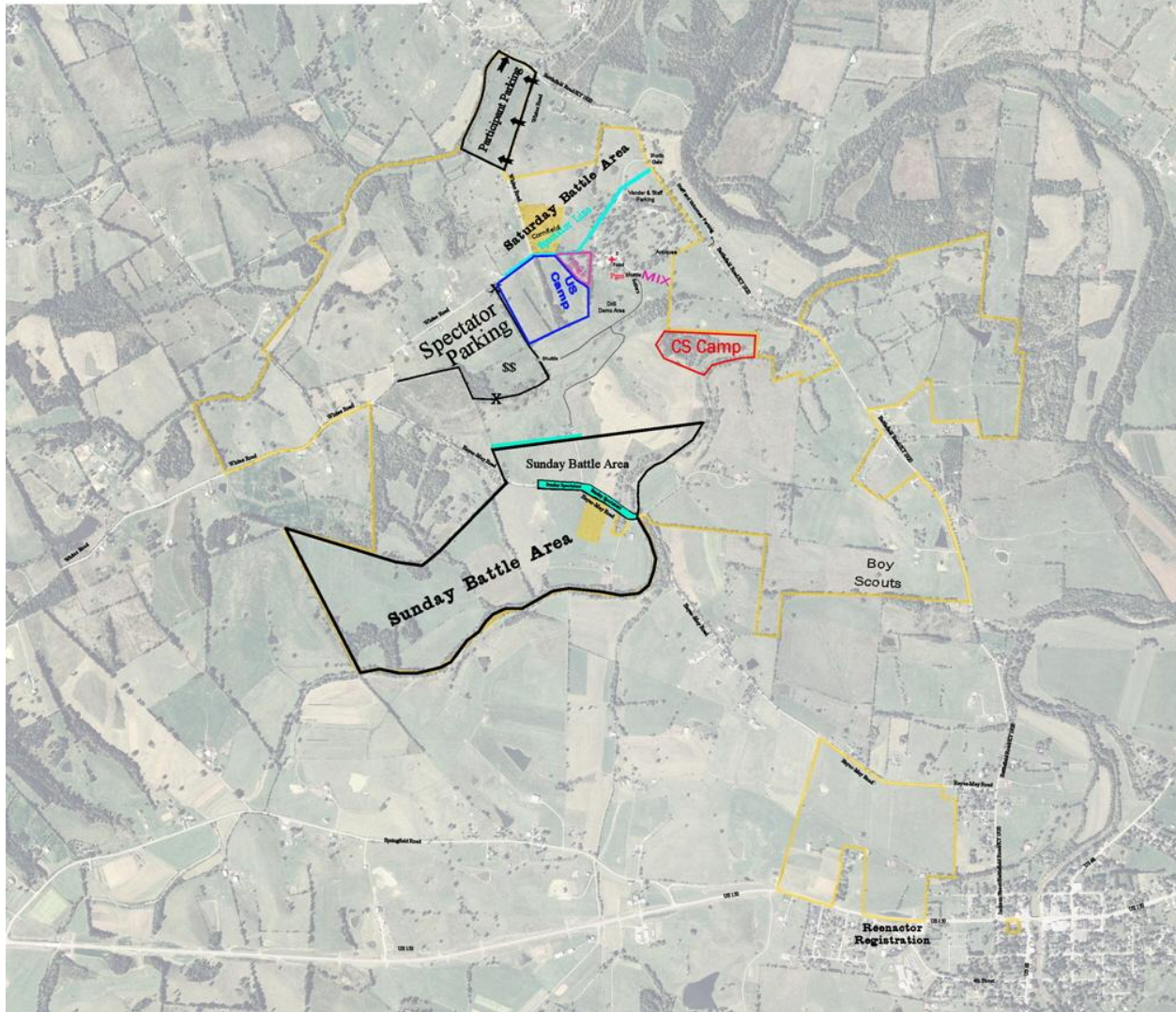
Below find a map to the location for registration for the Perryville event.

Reenactor Registration



Below please find a map of the locations to be used for the event.

2016 General Layout



We want to send off our comrades to the Perryville event with our best wishes. We know they will do the Second Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry proud with their drill and aplomb on the field. Enjoy the event and be safe! We look forward to your stories and sharing the highlights of this event when you return!

**FROM THE CAMPS OF THE
COMPANIES OF THE SECOND
WISCONSIN**

INFANTRY

COMPANY E

“Lord Laudanum”

Dear Sally,

I hope this letter finds you and the family well. I hold fast to me charmd life despyt the tumult round about me. Our company once again has found itself in the throes of yet another fray. We were orderd to protect a regimental field hospital near a small sqawler of a town namd Old Falls. This is the sort of detail one is relegatd to after bein’ spankd in recent battle.

We of course are mindful of the fact that where there is a hospital there is laudanum. Bein’ of Irish, Scot and German persuashun, we are keenly aware of the base solvent in the tincture of laudanum. If it can be sayd that knowledge is power, we then weeld the sword of Lord Laudanum.

Nearby was a detachment of dismountd cavalry and rumor was, sent to guard all hospital stores from the likes of us – truely a forlorn hope! Of course the assemblage would not be complete without a high rankn esquire so grand as to inspire the lads. Thus enterd the general and his staffer Skippy who so gallantly led the charge to the rear at Newton. If ever so movd was one to break into song, Dixie would ring loud and clear!

We was lyn about our camp and qyt content with life until the distant sound of rolln thunder had us scurryn. The picket post was under attack as we was dubl quikd there. A squad of dismountd compokes, with ther six shooters blazn, were tryn to hold a fence line from advancn reb infantry. It was like a covey of quail before the fox and leadn the flyt was the Newton generale and staff cryn; “save the day, save the day!” Sally, imagin the sort of row if you placd one pint of ale on a table surrounded by thirsty Irishmen, the brawl commencd in earnest! When the rebs was finally turnd away with many offerd up unto the alter of Lord Laudanum, the general returnd to reap the laurels of victory by visiting any wounded at the hospital. My squad remaind at the fence as pickets.

The glorius pomp of the general's arrival must have cawt the rebs attenshun. With plenty of fyt left in 'em and ther dander up, they recrossd the creek and chargd across the field toward us. Our war ardor, like our Enfields, were ablaze as we stood undawntd. Tho ther boldness was admirable, they were no match for the defenders of Lord Laudanum's Keep. We felled them like wheat before the tempest. Ther retreat left the field litterd with the falln. When we went forth to check on the wounded I found a reb sgt whos face I recalld, it was one Sgt Fallinbrook, Tho the old fellas wounds were minor, it forwarded him a free pass to Lord Laudanum's chambers.

It had bin several months since we could savor a victory and the nyt was a spree with craythor and croonin'. There was a lively debate between Sgt McHugh and Pvt Maclaren regardin the matin' rituals of the hedgehog. Before the clamor of the orashun turnd to brandishd claymores and a clash of the clans, 1st Sgt Schwandt, clad in a giddy pair of woolen knickers, settld the matter. Self proclaim his experience in animalistic husbandry he left no dawt that a golden shower to softn the quills was necessary before hanky panky of the north American cawquaws could commence.

Defender of Lord Laudanum's Keep

*Your Brother,
Stephan*

COMPANY K

HOARD MUSEUM EVENT IN FORT ATKINSON

If you are a member of Company K and are not on the field for the Perryville national event in Kaintucky you are invited to participate in a special one day event to be held at the Hoard Museum in Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin. The museum is located at 407 Merchants Avenue, in Fort Atkinson.

This is a one day event focused on living history. The event is scheduled for Saturday, October 8th, inst., and will run from 10:00 a.m. until 4:30 p.m. The schedule of the day's activities appears below.

Infantrymen should bring their field kit and rifle. There will be no firings so you won't need cartridges for the event. The men are requested to

bring their tents to set up a company street for the day. This event is being promoted by one of our own and a good turn out would be much appreciated. There aren't events held in this area and it could bide well for a good turnout by visitors to the event! The organizer, Josh Juarez, is also looking for men who might want to read letters from soldiers during the event. If you are interested in assisting with this duty you can contact Josh on the Company K facebook page or you can message him.

EVENT SCHEDULE

Saturday, October 8, 10 am - 4 pm: A full day of the Civil War! Come meet Abraham Lincoln, celebrate W.D. Hoard's 180th birthday, and learn more about Wisconsin's experiences in battle and the home front during the Civil War.

Don't miss out on the opportunity to have Lunch with Lincoln! Join Old Abe at *noon* for lunch, laughter and Lincoln Lore. Lunch boxes are catered by Steel Away Café. Tickets for "Lunch with Lincoln" are \$15 per person Call the Museum to reserve your place at the special luncheon. (*Member Perk! Tickets are \$12 per person for Members of the Museum!*)

Scheduled programs:

10 am: "W.D. Hoard: From Farmer to Governor" presented by Museum Director Merrilee Lee

11 am & 3 pm: Abraham Lincoln portrayed by Randy Duncan

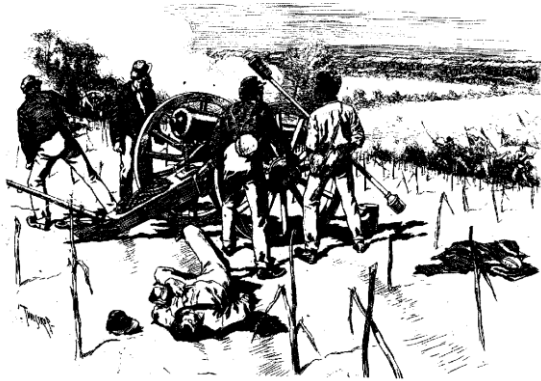
2 pm: Civil War Letters from the Hoard Museum Archives

Ongoing events:

Reenactors from the Second Wisconsin, Company K Voluntary Infantry will be at the Museum!

Scheduled programs are free and open to the public. Civil War reenactors will be on the museum's grounds all day as well. Come and find out about the Civil War and Wisconsin's role in it!

ARTILLERY



Photos from Lyle Laufenberg taken at the Wade House event





**2ND WISCONSIN
REGIMENTAL FIELD
HOSPITAL**

**HISTORY
Of
AMERICAN CIVIL WAR
HOSPITAL FLAGS**

Until the American Civil War, a 5' x 8' blood red hospital flag was used for identifying hospital locations. Smaller triangular flags were used to indicate routes to hospitals. Use of these flags ended after First Manassas.

The South noticed their First National flag appeared like the North's flag. The South's rebel battle flag with its white outlined blue St Andrew's cross and standard hospital flag appeared identical when hanging limp. Both Northern and Southern hospitals were mistakenly bombarded by friendly and unfriendly artillery. On March 24, 1862 the Army of the Potomac responded to complaints by ordering use of plain yellow flags.

General Order # 102, Headquarters, Army of the Potomac stated

"...hospitals will be distinguished by a yellow flag. The subsistence depots will be designated by a green flag. These flags will be attached to a portable staff 14 feet long, in two joints and will be habitually displayed in front of the tent or from some prominent part of the house or vessel occupied as the headquarters which they designate, and on the march shall be carried near the person of the officer commanding the corps, division, brigade, or regiment it is intended to designate. The Quartermaster's Department will take immediate measures to supply the flags upon regulations approved by division commanders."

However, by June 1862, a plain yellow flag was ordered for most, if not all, Northern hospitals in the East. Circular # 16, Headquarters Department of the Rappahannock, Manassas, VA June 19, 1862 reaffirmed requirements outlined in General Orders # 102.

General Order # 9, January 4, 1864 established additional requirements:

"...hospital and ambulance flags of the Army are established as follows: For General Hospitals, yellow bunting 9 by 5 feet with the letter H 24 inches long, of green bunting, in center. For ambulances and guidons to make the way to Field Hospitals, yellow bunting 14 by 28 inches, with a border, one inch deep.

Regulations were often perceived as guidelines. One Northern surgeon had his Coat of Arms on his hospital flag. United States Sanitary Commissions was spelled out on some hospital flags. Red shirts were used as hospital flags. In one reported instance, a lady's drawers was used as a hospital flag.

Forrest's Expedition into West Tennessee and Kentucky July 4, 1863, # 1, Reports of Brigadier General Mason Brayman, United States Army, Commanding District of Cairo reported:

“I raised a red flag as a sign of a hospital.”

Southern requirements varied with those from the North and within their own armies. Remember, the North had an established army and volunteer units from States. The South had several armies.

General Orders # 3 Headquarters Army of the Mississippi, Jackson, Tennessee, March 14, 1862

“The ambulance depot to which the wounded are to be carried or directed for immediate treatment, should be established at the most convenient building nearest the field of battle. A red flag marks the place and way to it.”

General Orders # 41 Headquarters 14th Army Corps, Department of the Cumberland, Nashville, Tennessee, December 19, 1862 established another set of requirements:

“Hospitals and ambulances-a light yellow flag, 3 feet square, for the hospitals and for the principal ambulance depot on a field of battle, 2 feet square for the lesser ones....All of these flags will be attached to a portable staff, 14 feet long, made in two joints, and will be habitually displayed in front of the tent, or flown from some predominant part of the house or vessel occupied by the officer , whose headquarters they are intended to designate and on the march will be carried near this person..”

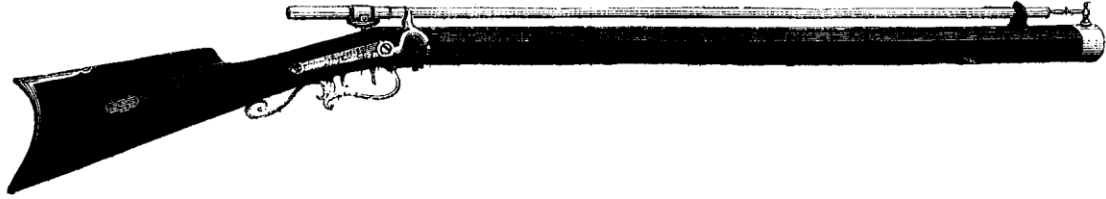
While yellow flags universally represented quarantined areas for at least a century prior to the American Civil War, requirements for hospital flags changed twice during the American Civil War.

Red flags signified hospital care 1861-1863.

Yellow flags were flown 1864-1865.

**Gleaned from Society of Civil War Surgeons, Inc, Journal
January/February/March 2001, pages 13-15**

SKIRMISHERS



MARKSMANSHIP TEAM LORENZ MUSKETS

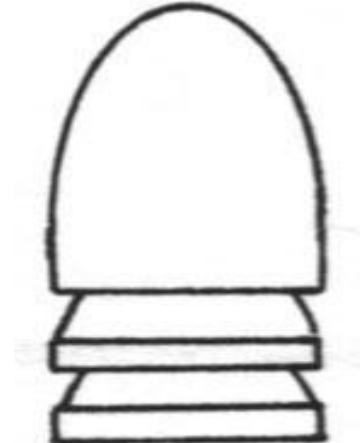
GARY VAN KAUWENBERGH

The 2nd Wisconsin Marksmanship Team's quest for Lorenz muskets is progressing nicely, and six members took the field with them at the skirmish near Rhinelander last Labor Day weekend. Pictured (L to R) are: Ben Hoffman, Jan Buck, Randy Boyce, Bren Buck, Dan Graff, and Gary Van Kauwenbergh.



Another member not pictured, Mike Young, also owns one that is nearly ready. Gary actually owns two, so all together the team now has eight

Lorenz muskets. All the Lorenz Rifled Muskets are fully functional, and used in our marksmanship competitions. All are originals except for one, which was built by Gary Van Kauwenbergh from a Rifle Shoppe kit. This shows a huge commitment by the marksmanship team members, quite an accomplishment, and a real tribute to the original 2nd Wisconsin volunteers we represent.



You can find narratives complaining about Lorenz muskets, but my speculation is those complaints come from soldiers who used ones made by cottage industry makers before Austria consolidated production, or later production when Austrian was cobbling together muskets out of parts in stock for foreign sales. The ones made by the Austrian Armory were well-liked, and accurate. Shown here is a 50 yard, five-shot group from a bench rest using a .54 Wilkinson flat-bottomed bullet. The five-shot group measures about one inch.

The question about whether the 2nd Wisconsin used Model 1854 Type 1 or Type 2s continues. The only difference between a Type 1 and Type 2 Lorenz is the rear sight. Type 1 Lorenz muskets have block rear sights, and Type 2s have the ladder sights. There are only a few pictures of 2nd Wisconsin soldiers holding their muskets that you can see the rear sights, but every one of them show the Type 2 ladder sights. I have not found a single picture of a 2nd Wisconsin soldier holding a Type 1 Lorenz, but they consistently reported having Type 1s in their Quarterly inventories. Notice they do not report having any Type 2s. Their photographic evidence is small, but there's no dispute that Type 2s were there, so my speculation is that they misidentified their Type 2 M1854 Lorenz rifle muskets as Type 1s.

The Quarterly Ordnance Reports reflect the following regarding the 2nd. Notice in the 3rd quarter of 1863, they also misidentify their arms as Jägers. All the pictures below clearly show M1854 Lorenz Type 2s.

Quarter	Weapon	Caliber	Number/Comment
4th, 1862	Muster 1854, Type I	.54 and .55	199 (18 Stores in charge. 9 companies reporting)
1st, 1863	Muster 1854, Type I	.54 and .55	260 (10 companies reporting)
2nd, 1863	Muster 1854, Type I	.54 and .55	227 (10 companies reporting)
3rd, 1863	Muster 1854 Jäger	.54	6 (3 Stores in charge. 10 companies reporting)
4th, 1863	Muster 1854, Type I	.54 and .55	2 (9 companies reporting)
1st, 1864	Muster 1854, Type I	.54 and .55	2 (10 companies reporting)





Model 1854 vs. Model 1860 Lorenz Muskets: If you're in the market for a Lorenz, you should be aware there are two different models. The lock plates of the Model 1854 used by the 2nd Wisconsin have a notch in it around the bolster. Pictured below is a M1854 lock plate on top and a M1860 below.



CIVIL WAR MILESTONES

OCTOBER

- Oct. 8, 1838** **John Hay, one of President Lincoln's personal secretaries & biographers, born**
- Oct. 15, 1818** **Irvin McDowell, US, born 1818**
- Oct. 18, 1818** **Edward O. C. Ord, USA, born**
- Oct. 19, 1863** **Lucius Fairchild promoted to Brigadier General**

Oct. 19, 1864

Battle of Cedar Creek

Oct. 20, 1819

Gen. Daniel E. Sickles, USA, born

Oct. 21, 1861

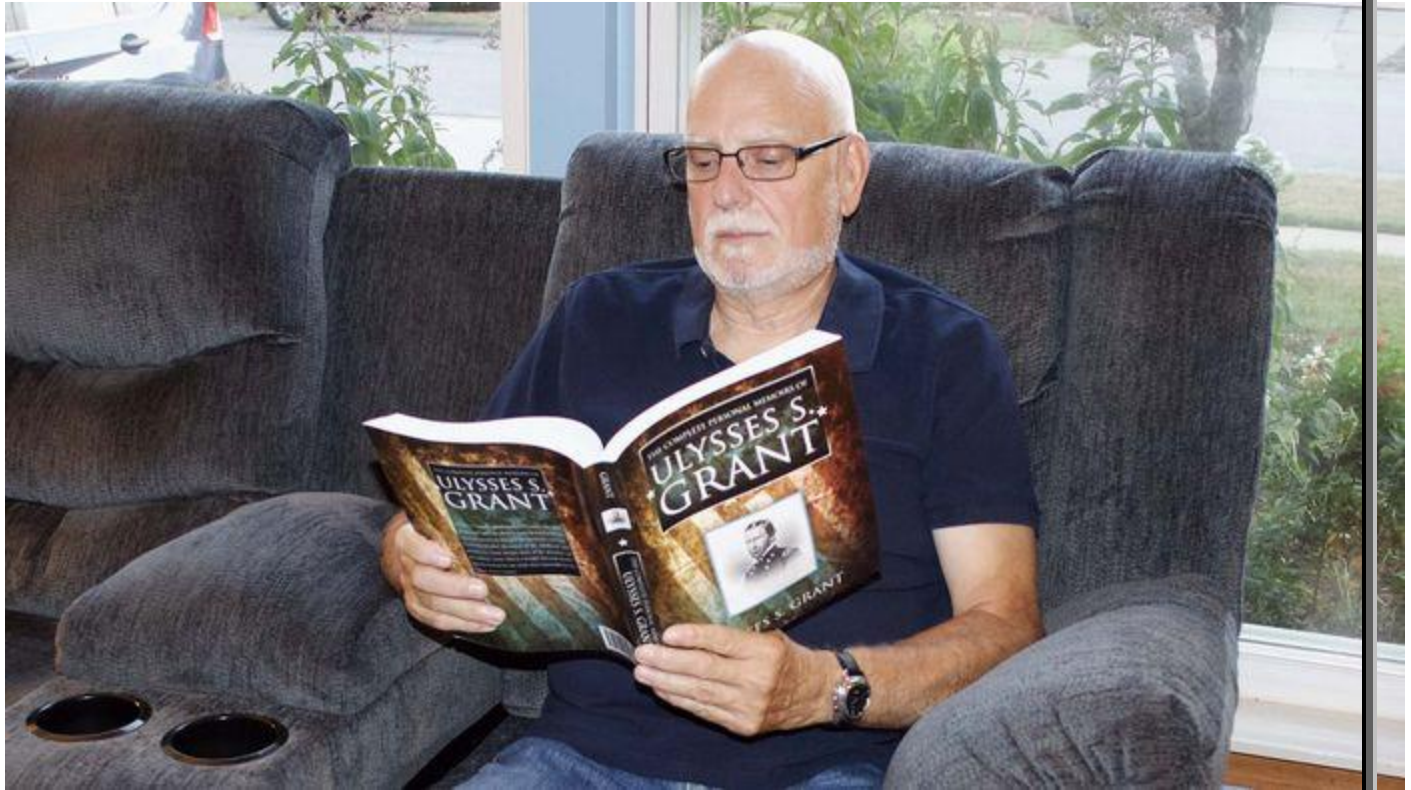
Battle of Ball's Bluff

Oct. 21, 1948

Surgeon Jim Dumke, USA, born—Just checking to see if you are awake and paying attention!

LATE-BLOOMING DAD JUST NOW GETTING INTO CIVIL WAR HISTORY

A satirical article from "The Onion" for your reading pleasure!



Members of the Reeves family say their dad now spends a considerable amount of time alone in his bedroom looking at graphic material about the conflict.

BETHESDA, MD—Admitting they had begun to think it might never happen, the family of local 57-year-old Doug Reeves told reporters Wednesday the late-blooming dad is just now getting into American Civil War history.

Relatives said that Reeves, who for most of his fatherhood seemed to pay little attention to the Civil War, has started to come into his own this year, expressing a newfound curiosity toward the decisive battles, weaponry, and underlying causes of the mid-19th-century conflict.

“It took a while, but I’ve finally noticed Dad starting to show a lot of interest in the major Confederate military figures,” said his daughter, Julie Reeves, 22, who added that while she never wished to shame or ostracize her father, most of his friends had become obsessed with generals such as Stonewall Jackson and J.E.B. Stuart at a much younger age. “He never cared much about that stuff until recently, and now all of a sudden it seems like it’s the only thing he ever thinks about.”

“It’s as if one day, there was this whole world out there he’d never even noticed before,” she continued, “and the next day, he couldn’t stop talking about the Battle of Antietam.”

Though Reeves has quickly become enamored with historians of the era, such as James McPherson and Shelby Foote, family members indicated that for years he appeared to mostly ignore the many television programs about the Civil War that he passed each night while flipping through the channels. Reeves' family confirmed they once went so far as to give him a copy of *The Complete Personal Memoirs Of Ulysses S. Grant* in the hopes of piquing his interest in the war, but the book went unread by their father, who until lately was known to fall silent anytime someone brought up subjects such as Sherman's March to the Sea or the nation's first battle between ironclad warships.

Now, according to sources, Reeves appears completely comfortable sharing his feelings about the Civil War and has even adorned his office wall with a framed map illustrating all the conflict's major battlefields and campaign movements. His wife, Debra Reeves, admitted she had begun to wonder if something might be wrong with her husband during the years when he appeared totally disinterested in the historical period. She said she was almost relieved after the family computer's internet search history revealed he had made several late-night searches for lithographs of the Vicksburg Campaign.

Reflecting on the drastic shift in his father's enthusiasm for Civil War history, 26-year-old son Brian Reeves recalled a recent family road trip during which he spotted his father blatantly gaping at a road sign for the Gettysburg National Military Park.

"It may have taken longer than we expected, but he really seems to be making up for lost time," said Debra, who last month reportedly walked in on her husband while he was watching "A Very Bloody Affair," episode two of Ken Burns' *Civil War* documentary series. "Everyone grows at their own pace, and I'm just happy to see him beginning this new stage of his life."

She added, "And he knows that if he ever has any questions about this stuff, he can always ask his dad."

<http://www.theonion.com/article/late-blooming-dad-just-now-getting-civil-war-histo-53486>

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, TRUE CRIME WRITER

**WHILE PRACTICING LAW IN ILLINOIS, ABRAHAM LINCOLN DEFENDED A MAN IN A
HIGHLY UNUSUAL CASE AND LATER RECOUNTED THE MYSTERY AS A SHORT
STORY**



Abraham Lincoln was a rail splitter, a riverboat hand, an inventor, a poet and importantly, a lawyer. Lincoln also knew how to tell a good story. In 1841, he defended William Traylor, one of three brothers on trial for murder, in a case that surprised everyone in the courtroom. A few years later, Lincoln published the following short story based on the strange case. Lincoln dramatized the facts a bit to abide by the conventions of the true crime genre, but the story as he told it here fits well with the facts of the case.

"In the year 1841, there resided, at different points in the State of Illinois, three brothers by the name of Traylor. Their Christian names were William, Henry and Archibald. Archibald resided at Springfield, then as now the Seat of Government of the State. He was a sober, retiring and industrious man, of about thirty years of age; a carpenter by trade, and a bachelor, boarding with his partner in business—a Mr. Myers. Henry, a year or two older, was a man of like retiring and industrious habits; had a family and resided with it on a farm at Clary's Grove, about twenty miles distant from Springfield in a North-westerly direction. William, still older, and with similar habits, resided on a farm in Warren county, distant from Springfield something more than a hundred miles in the same North-westerly direction. He was a widower, with several children.

"In the neighborhood of William's residence, there was, and had been for several years, a man by the name of Fisher, who was somewhat above the age of fifty; had no family, and no settled home; but who boarded and lodged a while here and a while there, with the persons for whom he did little jobs of work. His habits were remarkably economical, so that an impression got about that he had accumulated a considerable amount of money.

"In the latter part of May in the year mentioned, William formed the purpose of visiting his brothers at Clary's Grove, and Springfield; and Fisher, at the time having his temporary residence at his house, resolved to accompany him. They set out together in a buggy with a single horse. On Sunday Evening they reached Henry's residence, and staid over night. On Monday Morning, being the first Monday of June, they started on to Springfield, Henry accompanying them on horseback. They reached town about noon, met Archibald, went with him to his boarding house, and there took up their lodgings for the time they should remain.

"After dinner, the three Trailors and Fisher left the boarding house in company, for the avowed purpose of spending the evening together in looking about the town. At supper, the Trailors had all returned, but Fisher was missing, and some inquiry was made about him. After supper, the Trailors went out professedly in search of him. One by one they returned, the last coming in after late tea time, and each stating that he had been unable to discover any thing of Fisher. The next day, both before and after breakfast, they went professedly in search again, and returned at noon, still unsuccessful. Dinner again being had, William and Henry expressed a determination to give up the search and start for their homes. This was remonstrated against by some of the boarders about the house, on the ground that Fisher was somewhere in the vicinity, and would be left without any conveyance, as he and William had come in the same buggy. The remonstrance was disregarded, and they departed for their homes respectively.

"Up to this time, the knowledge of Fisher's mysterious disappearance, had spread very little beyond the few boarders at Myers', and excited no considerable interest. After the lapse of three or four days, Henry returned to Springfield, for the ostensible purpose of making further search for Fisher. Procuring some of the boarders, he, together with them and Archibald, spent another day in ineffectual search, when it was again abandoned, and he returned home. No general interest was yet excited.

"On the Friday, week after Fisher's disappearance, the Postmaster at Springfield received a letter from the Postmaster nearest William's residence in Warren county, stating that William had returned home

without Fisher, and was saying, rather boastfully, that Fisher was dead, and had willed him his money, and that he had got about fifteen hundred dollars by it. The letter further stated that William's story and conduct seemed strange; and desired the Postmaster at Springfield to ascertain and write what was the truth in the matter. The Postmaster at Springfield made the letter public, and at once, excitement became universal and intense. Springfield, at that time had a population of about 3500, with a city organization. The Attorney General of the State resided there. A purpose was forthwith formed to ferret out the mystery, in putting which into execution, the Mayor of the city, and the Attorney General took the lead. To make search for, and, if possible, find the body of the man supposed to be murdered, was resolved on as the first step. In pursuance of this, men were formed into large parties, and marched abreast, in all directions, so as to let no inch of ground in the vicinity, remain unsearched.

"Examinations were made of cellars, wells, and pits of all descriptions, where it was thought possible the body might be concealed. All the fresh, or tolerably fresh graves at the grave-yard were pried into, and dead horses and dead dogs were disintered, where, in some instances, they had been buried by their partial masters. This search, as has appeared, commenced on Friday. It continued until Saturday afternoon without success, when it was determined to dispatch officers to arrest William and Henry at their residences respectively. The officers started on Sunday Morning, meanwhile, the search for the body was continued, and rumors got afloat of the Trailors having passed, at different times and places, several gold pieces, which were readily supposed to have belonged to Fisher.

"On Monday, the officers sent for Henry, having arrested him, arrived with him. The Mayor and Attorney Gen'l took charge of him, and set their wits to work to elicit a discovery from him. He denied, and denied, and persisted in denying. They still plied him in every conceivable way, till Wednesday, when, protesting his own innocence, he stated that his brothers, William and Archibald had murdered Fisher; that they had killed him, without his (Henry's) knowledge at the time, and made a temporary concealment of his body; that immediately preceding his and William's departure from Springfield for home, on Tuesday, the day after Fisher's disappearance, William and Archibald communicated the fact to him, and engaged his assistance in making a permanent concealment of the body; that at the time he and William left professedly for home, they did not take the road directly, but meandering their way through the streets, entered the woods at the North West of the city, two or three hundred yards to the right of where the road where they should have travelled entered them; that penetrating the woods some few hundred yards, they halted and Archibald came a somewhat different route, on foot, and joined them; that William and

Archibald then stationed him (Henry) on an old and disused road that ran near by, as a sentinel, to give warning of the approach of any intruder; that William and Archibald then removed the buggy to the edge of a dense brush thicket, about forty yards distant from his (Henry's) position, where, leaving the buggy, they entered the thicket, and in a few minutes returned with the body and placed it in the buggy; that from his station, he could and did distinctly see that the object placed in the buggy was a dead man, of the general appearance and size of Fisher; that William and Archibald then moved off with the buggy in the direction of Hickox's mill pond, and after an absence of half an hour returned, saying they had put him in a safe place; that Archibald then left for town, and he and William found their way to the road, and made for their homes. At this disclosure, all lingering credulity was broken down, and excitement rose to an almost inconceivable height.

"Up to this time, the well known character of Archibald had repelled and put down all suspicions as to him. Till then, those who were ready to swear that a murder had been committed, were almost as confident that Archibald had had no part in it. But now, he was seized and thrown into jail; and, indeed, his personal security rendered it by no means objectionable to him. And now came the search for the brush thicket, and the search of the mill pond. The thicket was found, and the buggy tracks at the point indicated. At a point within the thicket the signs of a struggle were discovered, and a trail from thence to the buggy track was traced. In attempting to follow the track of the buggy from the thicket, it was found to proceed in the direction of the mill pond, but could not be traced all the way. At the pond, however, it was found that a buggy had been backed down to, and partially into the water's edge. Search was now to be made in the pond; and it was made in every imaginable way.

"Hundreds and hundreds were engaged in raking, fishing, and draining. After much fruitless effort in this way, on Thursday Morning, the mill dam was cut down, and the water of the pond partially drawn off, and the same processes of search again gone through with.

"About noon of this day, the officer sent for William, returned having him in custody; and a man calling himself Dr. Gilmore, came in company with them. It seems that the officer arrested William at his own house early in the day on Tuesday, and started to Springfield with him; that after dark awhile, they reached Lewiston in Fulton county, where they stopped for the night; that late in the night this Dr. Gilmore arrived, stating that Fisher was alive at his house; and that he had followed on to give the information, so

that William might be released without further trouble; that the officer, distrusting Dr. Gilmore, refused to release William, but brought him on to Springfield, and the Dr. accompanied them. On reaching Springfield, the Dr. re-asserted that Fisher was alive, and at his house.

"At this the multitude for a time, were utterly confounded. Gilmore's story was communicated to Henry Traylor, who, without faltering, reaffirmed his own story about Fisher's murder. Henry's adherence to his own story was communicated to the crowd, and at once the idea started, and became nearly, if not quite universal that Gilmore was a confederate of the Trailors, and had invented the tale he was telling, to secure their release and escape. Excitement was again at its zenith. About 3 o'clock the same evening, Myers, Archibald's partner, started with a two horse carriage, for the purpose of ascertaining whether Fisher was alive, as stated by Gilmore, and if so, of bringing him back to Springfield with him.

"On Friday a legal examination was gone into before two Justices, on the charge of murder against William and Archibald. Henry was introduced as a witness by the prosecution, and on oath, re-affirmed his statements, as heretofore detailed; and, at the end of which, he bore a thorough and rigid cross-examination without faltering or exposure. The prosecution also proved by a respectable lady, that on the Monday evening of Fisher's disappearance, she saw Archibald, whom she well knew, and another man whom she did not then know, but whom she believed at the time of testifying to be William, (then present;) and still another, answering the description of Fisher, all enter the timber at the North West of town, (the point indicated by Henry,) and after one or two hours, saw William and Archibald return without Fisher. Several other witnesses testified, that on Tuesday, at the time William and Henry professedly gave up the search for Fisher's body and started for home, they did not take the road directly, but did go into the woods as stated by Henry. By others also, it was proved, that since Fisher's disappearance, William and Archibald had passed rather an unusual number of gold pieces.

"The statements heretofore made about the thicket, the signs of a struggle, the buggy tracks, &c., were fully proven by numerous witnesses. At this the prosecution rested. Dr. Gilmore was then introduced by the defendants. He stated that he resided in Warren county about seven miles distant from William's residence; that on the morning of William's arrest, he was out from home and heard of the arrest, and of its being on a charge of the murder of Fisher; that on returning to his own house, he found Fisher there; that Fisher was in very feeble health, and could give no rational account as to where he had been during his absence; that he (Gilmore) then started in pursuit of the officer as before stated, and that he should have taken Fisher with him only that the state of his health did not permit. Gilmore also stated that he had known Fisher for several years, and that he had understood he was subject to temporary derangement of mind, owing to an injury about his head received in early life. There was about Dr. Gilmore so much of the air and manner of truth, that his statement prevailed in the minds of the audience and of the court, and the Trailors were discharged; although they attempted no explanation of the circumstances proven by the other witnesses.

"On the next Monday, Myers arrived in Springfield, bringing with him the now famed Fisher, in full life and proper person. Thus ended this strange affair; and while it is readily conceived that a writer of novels could bring a story to a more perfect climax, it may well be doubted, whether a stranger affair ever really occurred. Much of the matter remains in mystery to this day. The going into the woods with Fisher, and returning without him, by the Trailors; their going into the woods at the same place the next day, after they professed to have given up the search; the signs of a struggle in the thicket, the buggy tracks at the edge of it; and the location of the thicket and the signs about it, corresponding precisely with Henry's story, are circumstances that have never been explained.

"William and Archibald have both died since—William in less than a year, and Archibald in about two years after the supposed murder. Henry is still living, but never speaks of the subject.

"It is not the object of the writer of this, to enter into the many curious speculations that might be indulged upon the facts of this narrative; yet he can scarcely forbear a remark upon what would, almost certainly have been the fate of William and Archibald, had Fisher not been found alive. It seems he had wandered away in mental derangement, and, had he died in this condition, and his body been found in the vicinity, it is difficult to conceive what could have saved the Trailors from the consequence of having murdered him. Or, if he had died, and his body never found, the case against them, would have been quite as bad, for, although it is a principle of law that a conviction for murder shall not be had, unless the body of the deceased be discovered, it is to be remembered, that Henry testified he saw Fisher's dead body."

(Special Thanks to the Abraham Lincoln Association for the excerpt)

Lincoln wrote another version of the story in a letter to his friend Joshua Speed shortly after the case concluded. Lincoln's sense of humor is apparent in the letter, especially in his observation of the courtroom's reaction to the conclusion of the case:

"Thus stands this curious affair. When the doctor's story was first made public, it was amusing to scan and contemplate the countenances and hear the remarks of those who had been actively in search for the dead body: some looked quizzical, some melancholy, and some furiously angry. Porter, who had been very active, swore he always knew the man was not dead, and that he had not stirred an inch to hunt for him; Langford, who had taken the lead in cutting down Hickox's mill-dam, and wanted to hang Hickox for objecting, looked most awfully woebegone: he seemed the "victim of unrequited affection," as represented in the comic almanacs we used to laugh over; and Hart, the little drayman that hauled Molly home once, said it was too damned bad to have so much trouble, and no hanging after all."

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FIFTEEN MONTHS IN DIXIE,

OR

MY PERSONAL EXPERIENCE

IN REBEL PRISONS.

BY W. W. DAY.

CHAPTER IX.

THE RAIDERS.

**“There must be government in all society—
Bees have their Queen, and stag herds have their leader;
Rome had her Consuls, Athens had her Archons,
And we, sir, have our Managing Committee.”**

In the southern portion of the prison, bordering the swamp, there was domiciled the worst specimens of humanity I ever knew. An acquaintance with them would almost convince any thinking man that there was something in Darwin’s theory of the development of species. If that theory is tenable, then I should argue these men had been developed from hyenas, and not very far, or well developed either. They wore the outward semblance of men, but retained the cowardly, blood-thirsty, sneaking, thievish nature of the hyena. These were the Andersonville “Raiders;” and a worse set of men never lived,—in America, at least.

These men were from the slums of New York City and Brooklyn. I never knew what their record as soldiers was, but as prisoners they were the terror of all decent men. They congregated together, were organized into semi-military organization, had their officers from captains down, and in squads made their raids upon the peaceable prisoners, who were possessed of anything which excited their cupidity.

The Plymouth Pilgrims furnished a rich harvest for these miscreants, who spotted them, marking their sleeping places, and in the dead hour of the

night robbed them of whatever they possessed; or if any of the Pilgrims ventured into their haunts by day, they were knocked down and robbed by daylight.

While the raiders were constantly at war with others, they were not always at peace among themselves. Their favorite weapon with others was a stick; but they settled their difficulties of a domestic character with their fists.

Sometimes one of the small fry among these Raiders, would venture out on his own hook, and pilfer any little article he could find in a sick man's tent. One day a member of my mess caught one of these fellows stealing a tin cup from a sick man; he immediately gave chase and caught him, then we held a drumhead court martial and sentenced him to have his head shaved.

Now I do not suppose there was a razor among the thirty-three thousand men that were in Andersonville at the time; notwithstanding this drawback, the sentence of the court was carried out with a pocket knife. It made the fellow scowl some, but the executioner managed to saw his hair off after a fashion.

Another of these Raiders got his just punishment while trying to rob a half-breed Indian, a member of the Massachusetts Heavy Artillery. The raider attempted to steal the Indian's boots from under his head, when the descendant of King Phillip plunged a knife into the hoodlum, killing him dead on the spot.

A number of murders had been committed by these Raiders, and robberies innumerable, when matters were brought to a focus one day in the early part of July, by Lieutenant Davis, then in command of the Prison vice Wirz who was sick, declaring that no more rations would be issued until these men were given up.

He had no need to threaten us;—we were willing to give them up;—we had no earthly use for them. Give them up? yes; and pay boot, to get rid of them. But it required a man of nerve to lead in the arrest of these desperadoes. It was no child's play, as there were between four and five hundred of them, and to arrest the leaders meant "business." That man was found in the person of Sergeant Leroy L. Key, of the 16th Illinois Cavalry, who was ably seconded by a tall, lithe, young fellow known as "Limber Jim," a member of the 67th Illinois.

To the efforts of these two men, the prisoners at Andersonville were indebted, more than any other men, for the comparative peace and security of the prison after the 11th of July.

Key was the head, and furnished the brains, of the organization known, at first, as the "Regulators," afterward as the "Prison Police." Limber Jim was second in command, and first in a fight.

These two men organized a force of men in the southwest corner of the stockade, from the best material which could be found. It needed strong brave men for the work in hand; for these Raiders were strong, athletic

men, and desperate characters, and the Regulators must need face the lion in his den.

On the 3d of July Key at the head of the Regulators, armed with clubs, made a charge on the Raiders, who had been expecting the attack and were prepared. I was standing on the north side of the swamp, and was in good position to see the fight.

Key, followed by Limber Jim, led the charge; for a few minutes the spectators could tell nothing of how the Regulators were faring. The air was filled with clubs, which were descending on men's heads, shoulders and arms. The fighting mass surged, and swayed, and finally the Raiders broke and ran; and then the spectators set up such a shout as must have cheered Key and his brave men.

That day and the next, the Regulators arrested one hundred and twenty-five of the worst characters among the Raiders. Davis gave Key the use of the small stockade at the north gate, as a prison in which to hold them for trial.

He then organized a Court Martial, consisting of thirteen sergeants, selected from among the latest arrivals, in order to guard against bias. The trial was conducted as fairly as was possible, considering their ignorance of law. Technicalities counted for naught, facts, well attested, influenced that court.

The trial resulted in finding six men guilty of murder; and the sentence

was hanging.

The names of the six condemned men were, John Sarsfield, William Collins, alias "Mosby," Charles Curtis, Patrick Delaney, A. Muir and Terrence Sullivan.

These men were heavily ironed, and closely guarded, while the remaining one hundred and nineteen were returned to the prison, and compelled to run a gauntlet of men armed with clubs and fists, who belabored them unmercifully, as they were passed through one by one.

The sentence of the court martial was executed on these six men on the 11th of July. A gallows was erected in the street leading from the south gate, and the culprits marched in under a Confederate guard, to a hollow square which surrounded the scaffold, and was formed by Key's brave Regulators, where they were turned over to Limber Jim.

These desperadoes were terribly surprised when they found they were to be hung. They imagined the court martial was a farce, intended to scare them. Imagine their disappointment when they were marched to the gallows, and turned over to the cool, but resolute and firm Key, and the fiery Limber Jim, whose brother had been murdered by one of the number. They found that it was no farce but real genuine tragedy, in which they were to act an important part.

When they realized this, they began to beg for mercy, but they had shown no mercy, and now they were to receive no mercy. They then called upon

the priest, who attended them, to speak in their behalf; but the prisoners would have none of it, but called out "hang them."

When they found there was no mercy in that crowd of men whom they had maltreated and robbed, and whose comrades and friends they had murdered,

they resigned themselves to their fate; all but Curtis who broke from the guard of Regulators and ran through the crowd, over tents, and across Dead-run into the swamp where he was recaptured and taken back.

They were then placed upon the platform, their arms pinioned, meal sacks were tied over their heads, the ropes adjusted around their necks, and, at a signal given by Key, the trap was sprung and they were launched into eternity, all but Mosby, who being a heavy man broke his rope. He begged for his life, but it was of no avail. Limber Jim caught him around the waist and passed him up to another man; again the noose was adjusted and he, too, received his reward for evil doing.

The execution of these men was witnessed by all the prisoners who were able to get out of their tents, and it is needless to add, was approved by them, all except the Raiders. Besides the prisoners, all the rebels who were on duty outside, found a position where they could witness the scene. The Confederate officers, apprehensive of a stampede of the prisoners, took the precaution to keep their men under arms, and the guns in the forts were loaded, the fuses inserted in the vents and No. 4 stood with lanyard in hand ready to suppress an outbreak.

The hanging of these men had a very salutary effect upon the other evil

doers in the prison.

Heretofore we had had no organization; we were a mob of thirty-three thousand men, without law, and without officers. Each mess had its own laws and each man punished those who had offended him; that is, if he could. But now this band of thugs was broken up and their leaders hanged. The Regulators were turned into a police force, with the gallant Limber Jim as chief, and henceforth order prevailed among the prisoners at Andersonville.

The reader will readily see, from reading what I have written in this chapter, that our sufferings did not all proceed from the rebels.

Almost twenty-five years have elapsed since those scenes were enacted, the hot passion engendered by the cruelties of prison life, have measurably cooled, and as I am writing this story, I am determined to "hew to the line let the chips fall where they will," and with a full understanding of what I say, I affirm that many of the prisoners suffered more cruelly, at the hands of their comrades, than they did from the rebels themselves.

There was among the Pilgrims, a fiend by the name of McClellan, a member of the 12th New York cavalry, who kicked, and abused, and maltreated the poor weak prisoners who got in his way in a manner which deserved the punishment meted out to the six Raiders. He had charge of delivering the rations inside of the prison, and if some poor starved boy, looking for a crumb got in his way he would lift him clear off from the ground with

the toe of his huge boot.

One day while the bread wagon was unloading, I saw a boy not more than eighteen years old who had become so weak from starvation, and so crippled by scurvy that he could not walk, but crawled around on his hands and knees, trying to pick up some crumbs which had fallen from the bread; he happened to get in McClellan's way, when that brute drew back his foot and gave the poor fellow a kick which sent him several feet, and with a monstrous oath, told him to keep out of his way. This was only one instance among thousands of his brutality, yet with all his meanness I never heard him charged with dishonesty.

The rebels had a way of punishing negroes, which was most exquisite torture. From my quarters in the prison I witnessed the punishment of a negro by this method one day. He was stripped naked and then laid on the ground face downward, his limbs extended to their full length, then his hands and feet were tied to stakes. A burly fellow then took a paddle board full of holes, and applied it to that part of the human anatomy in which our mothers used to appear to be so much interested, when they affectionately drew us across their knee, and pulled off their slipper.

The executioner was an artist in his way, and he applied that paddle with a will born of a determination to excel, and the way that poor darkey howled and yelled was enough to soften a heart of stone.

This mode of punishment was adopted by the prison police afterward, in cases of petty larceny, and I do not think the patient ever needed a

second dose of that medicine, for there was a blister left to represent every separate hole in the paddle, and the patient was obliged for several days, like the Dutchman's hen, to sit standing.

I would recommend this treatment to the medical fraternity, as a substitute for cupping; as the cupping and scarifying are combined in one operation, and I think there is no patent on it.

The battle of Atlanta was fought on the 22d day of July, and we received the news of the victory in a few days afterward from prisoners who were captured on that day. Our hopes began to revive from this time. We thought we could begin to see the "beginning of the end." Besides this we had a hope that Sherman would send a Corps of Cavalry down to rescue us. The rebels seem to have some such thoughts running through their minds, as the following copy of an order, issued by General Winder, testifies.

"Headquarters Military Prison,

Andersonville, Ga., July 27, 1864.

The officers on duty and in charge of the Battery of Florida Artillery at the time will, upon receiving notice that the enemy has approached within seven miles of this post, open upon the stockade with grape shot, without reference to the situation beyond the line of defense.

JOHN H. WINDER.

Brigadier General Commanding.”

This order was issued at the time Gen. Stoneman with his cavalry was trying to capture Macon. Winder, in his cowardice, supposed he might attempt to rescue the prisoners at Andersonville.

This order, when interpreted, means that when the officers in the forts which guarded the prison, should hear that any of the Federal troops were approaching within seven miles of the prison, they were to open on us with grape shot. A simple rumor by some scared native would have precipitated that catastrophe.

Just think of it, twenty-four cannons loaded with grape shot opened on sick defenseless men, not for any offense they had committed, but because Winder would rather see us slaughtered than rescued.

Further, the order says, “without reference to the situation beyond these lines of defense.” This simply means that they were to pay no attention to the attacking party, but to slaughter us.

If the records of the Infernal Regions could be procured, I do not believe a more hellish order could be found on file.

We heard of Stoneman’s raid and hoped, and yet feared, that he would come. We knew that the foregoing order had been issued, and yet we hoped the artillerymen would not find time to carry it out.

We would have liked, O so much, to have got hold of Winder and Wirz, and that Georgia Militia, there would have been no need of a stockade to hold them.

O, how weary we became of waiting. It seemed to us that home, and friends, and the comforts, and necessities of life, were getting further, and further away, instead of nearer, that we could not stand this waiting, and sickness, and misery, and living death much longer.

The more we thought of these things, the more discouraged we became, and I believe these sad discouraging thoughts helped to prostrate many a poor fellow, and unfit him to resist the effects of his situation and surroundings, and hastened, if it was not the immediate cause of death.

Chaplain McCabe, who was a prisoner in Libby Prison, has a lecture entitled "The bright side of Prison life." If there was a bright side to Andersonville, I want some particular funny fellow, who was confined there for five or six months, to come around and tell me where it was, for I never found it, until I found the OUTside of it.

We heard of the fall of Atlanta, which occurred on the 2d of September, and had we known the song then, we would have sang those cheering words written and composed by Lieutenant S. H. M. Byers, while confined in a rebel prison at Columbia, South Carolina.

I.

**"Our camp-fire shone bright on the mountains
That frowned on the river below,
While we stood by our guns in the morning
And eagerly watched for the foe;**

**When a rider came out from the darkness,
That hung over mountain and tree,
And shouted "boys up and be ready,
For Sherman will march to the Sea."**

II.

**Then cheer upon cheer, for bold Sherman
Went up from each valley and glen,
And the bugles re-echoed the music
That came from the lips of the men;
For we knew that the Stars on our banner
More bright in their splendor would be,
And that blessings from North-land would greet us
When Sherman marched down to the sea.**

III.

**Then forward, boys, forward to battle
We marched on our wearisome way,
And we stormed the wild hills of Resaca
God bless those who fell on that day:
Then Kenesaw, dark in its glory,
Frowned down on the flag of the free;
But the East and the West bore our standards,
And Sherman marched on to the sea.**

IV.

**Still onward we pressed, till our banner
Swept out from Atlanta's grim walls,
And the blood of the patriot dampened
The soil where the traitor flag falls:
But we paused not to weep for the fallen,
Who slept by each river and tree,
Yet we twined them a wreath of the laurel
As Sherman marched down to the sea.**

V.

**Oh, proud was our army that morning,
That stood where the pine proudly towers,
When Sherman said, "boys you are weary;
This day fair Savannah is ours!"
Then sang we a song for our chieftain,
That echoed o'er river and lea,
And the stars in our banner grew brighter
When Sherman marched down to the sea."**