



**Autobiography of  
James George Moore**  
1834-1914

Biographical Completion  
By  
Eva F. Kelly (Moore)[Daughter]



Historical Comment and Illustration  
By  
Richard L. Rewalt [Great Great Grandson]

General notes on comments, editorial markings, and illustrations

The document that is presented below was typed from the original handwritten manuscript in the 1950s. The initial work was accomplished by a secretary and it appears that there was an occasional misinterpretation of the handwriting. I remember seeing the original document when I was small and recall that it was a flowing hand and I couldn't make heads or tails of it. I would have only been eight or nine years old at the time. At any rate, the original handwritten document was donated to the Wisconsin State Historical Society and added to their archives. Since then, because there was interest in the family, my Mother, Judith E. Rewalt (Hoffman) [Great Grand Daughter], retyped the transcribed version to make copies. There were, of course, no copy machines in those days and retyping with carbons was the least expensive way to duplicate. I'm not sure whether the document I worked from was the first or second typed version but in 1990 I started scanning it and getting the base document in digital form. Thus, to avoid confusion I'm labeling this version Edition 3, in honor of the original handwritten one, Edition 1, and the transcribed type ones, Edition 2.

It is a doubly unique piece and has long held my interest, admiration and thanks. It is, first of all, a singular documentation of one part of my family history. Of the 16 individuals that represent my direct ancestors from James George Moore's generation, he is the only one that left any real (self written) documentation. It is, second of all, a documentation of a critical time in our history. His experiences in the American Civil War are an unrivaled documentary of a Private in the Northern Militia Cavalry fighting for the Union.

It is my intention to continue to work with this document, preserve its original content, explain its context, and further illustrate it. I will be issuing new editions as new information is discovered and I can incorporate it. As for format, my editorial comments will be added in italics, all illustrations are ones that I have gathered. The basic manuscript was not illustrated. Where I have chosen to add text from other sources to support or add contrast to the original manuscript, it will be added in different font type and size for easy recognition. In particular, I was able to find renditions of the "Battle of Anderson Cross Roads" from several sources and it makes a very interesting "other witness viewpoint" with the manuscript's version.

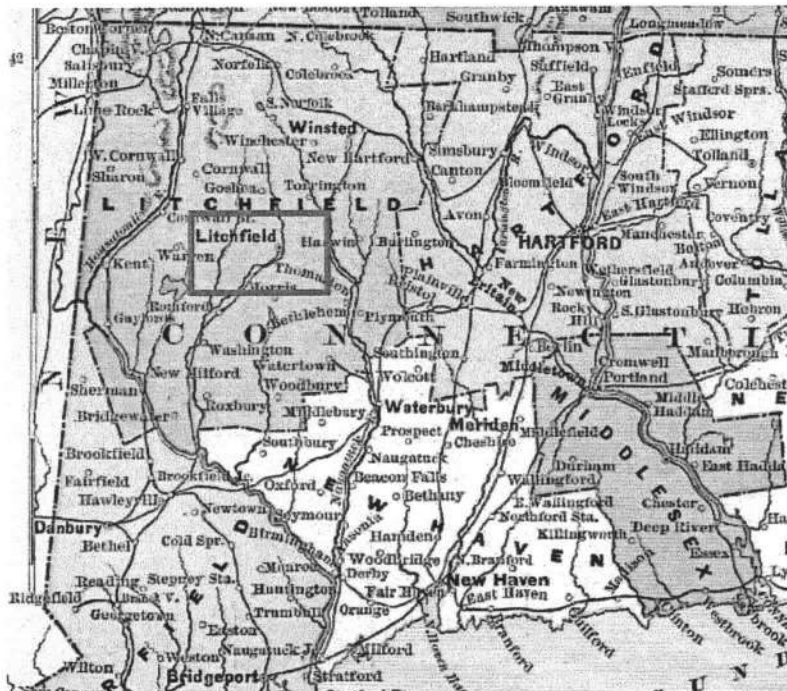
Lastly, because James George Moore started it, and I find it compelling, My Mother and I have continued its dialog. In subsequent volumes we will pick up the story where he and Eva (pronounced with a "short sounding" E) left off, and add what we know of the family experiences down to the present. Perhaps within the coming hundred years another soul from the future family tree will find it interesting and add the next chapters to keep it current. It is a unique legacy.

## Biography of our Grandfather -- James George Moore

Begun about the year 1881 or 1882 and added to from time to time. First portion written by J. George Moore (1834-1914).

My father, David Moore, was born in the village of Litchfield, Connecticut where he grew to man's estate and married Harriot Avery, by whom he had three sons, William Ensign, David Avery, and Edwin Washburn.

He removed his family to the state of New York when Edwin was about three years old. I think none of the children were born in Connecticut, but am not sure. He subsequently married Rebecca Woodworth, by whom he had three children, Horace Johnson, Phebe Electa, and James George, the last named being the writer hereof.

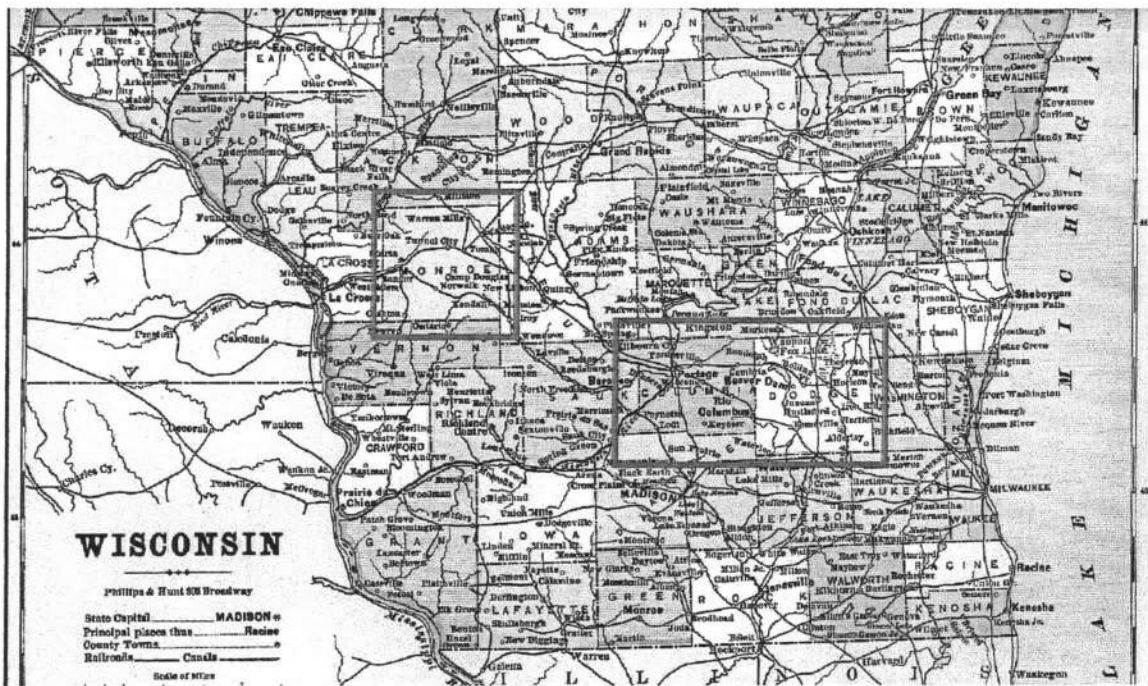


1890 Map of Litchfield Connecticut

My mother's children were born in the Town of Aurillius, Osaga County, New York, *(This appears to be the first misinterpretation of the handwriting. There isn't a ready place name reference for Osaga County anywhere, including New York. The County of Orange is just across the Connecticut line in New York, a possibility.)* my birth occurring on the 14th of January, 1834. In May, 1850, we moved to Wisconsin and settled in the town of Elba, Dodge County where we continued to live until I was nearly 24 years old when I was married to Mary Edna Howes

We were married at the residence of the minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Fox Lake, Dodge County, Wisconsin on Sunday, November 16, 1857. The minister's name was Issac Searls.

My wife's parents were living in the town of Randolph, Columbia County, Wisconsin although we became acquainted in Elba. They, having previously lived there. In connection with my parents and my brother David and his family, we moved the same week we were married to Glendale, Monroe County, Wisconsin where my brother Horace had preceded us a year or more.



### 1890 Map of Wisconsin with Columbia, Dodge, and Monroe Counties noted

David had bought an unimproved farm, engaging me to work for him that winter and the following summer. The winter proved to be one of the hardest I ever experienced in Wisconsin. Snow fell before we got to Glendale, so that David had to leave his wagon and get a sleigh to finish the trip.

I started about a day and a half before the rest of them, driving about ten head of cattle, getting through on the fourth day, which was nearly a week sooner than the others made it.

It continued to snow until there was nearly three feet in the woods, then between Christmas and New Years it turned and rained enough to make a crust on the snow, strong enough to hold a man in the fields and nearly strong enough to bear his weight in the woods.

The cold became intense and lasted without intermission until April. Deer would break through the crust, and it was easy for a man on snowshoes to run them down. Hundreds were killed with hatchet or club. There had been a great many quail, but after that winter they nearly all disappeared and have been very scarce ever since.

I worked for my brothers until after harvest, the forepart of the season going about with a "breaking team" owned by David and Horace. They worked four or five yokes of oxen, and could break from one to two acres a day. This was the year, 1858.

My wife taught the first school ever held in the Town of Glendale, using for a schoolhouse one room of a big hewed-log house that had been built for a hotel, but had been used also as a dwelling and a store. Horace had bought a lot and had built a frame building for a dwelling, using one small room for a store.

The next summer I took a small farm to work "on shares," I to furnish team, tools, and seed. It took all I could scare up to get all these things, and the where-with-all on which to live, while the crop was growing.

I put in 15 or 16 acres of spring wheat, five of oats, and some corn and potatoes. All went well until the wheat got into the blossom, when the Cinch bugs appeared in it in countless myriads, and it could do nothing but die which it proceeded to do, and our hopes for a return for our outlay and labor was completely blighted.

As there was no getting a living in that new country, we packed up and moved to Columbia County where my wife's mother was living, with her second husband, on Portage Prairie. This was an old settled country and their crops escaped total destruction, although they were badly injured by the bugs, especially the late sown wheat.

I worked at whatever I could find to do until the next spring when I took a farm in the Town of Elba, about two miles southeast of Columbia. There we lived two years, and were fairly successful in getting a living as we had good crops both years: but the price of wheat was so low that I only cleared expenses on that. There on the 31st of January, 1860, our first child was born, and we called her Clara Bell.

In 1861, I worked a larger farm situated near the northeast corner of the Town of Elba and owned by an eccentric individual by the name of G. W. Nye, where we did fairly well. Not liking the man or his terms of rental, I declined working his place a second year and took a smaller farm, which joined his on the south.

By this time the slave-holders of the southern states had seceded from the union, which had precipitated a war which was now raging and causing intense excitement through the whole north.

As there were plenty of "loose-footed" men who could go as well as not to make up the quota required from our state, I stayed at home and did my work, being careful to so vote as to sustain the government in it's time of trial.

On the first day of February, 1862, our second child was born, and we called her Eva Francelia.

By the time spring opened in 1862, the war had caused the suspension of special payments and the consequent withdrawal of money from circulation. As a result, there was great depression of prices: in fact, there was nothing to buy with. I had a yoke of oxen, which in the spring was worth \$100 and in the fall only brought \$50 and other things in proportion.

My crops were good, as were crops generally, and I worked hard to save them. Before harvest commenced there was another call for men and thousands volunteered, but in some localities where the foreign element predominated, they were opposed to the war and failed to fill their quotas; so a proclamation was issued ordering a draft, or conscription, in those places that had not filled their quotas by the 15th of August.

There was considerable excitement, and most of the counties offered bounties for recruits. The Town of Elba paid \$25, while the city of Beaver Dam gave \$100, and other places gave more or less as they thought best; but the regulations were each man who enlisted must be credited to the town in which he lived, so that

a man had no choice but to take the local bounty, or to stay out of the army and run the risk of being drafted, and have to go anyway. Besides getting no bounty at all, and being paid smaller wages than the volunteer, the authorities could send him into any branch of the service they saw fit.

I was busy with my farm work, and had no thought of going as a soldier for I did not see how I could get away, under the circumstances. I was cutting my grain with a cradle, as there were but few reapers in use, and they were very expensive. I had my wheat in the shock, and had only about six acres of oats yet to cut, when it began to rain.

It rained so hard during the night that the ground was pretty muddy, so, having a chance to ride to town with Russell Goff, my wife's uncle by marriage, I concluded to go to the city and get some things needed in the house.

I had not heard there was a recruiting officer there, and was astonished when I arrived and found the place full of excited men, who were ready to volunteer to serve their country, and so escape the draft. For it was the 14th of August, and the threatened draft was to start after the 15th. (This would be in 1862)

There was a lieutenant and a sergeant of the first Wisconsin Cavalry there, hard at work, getting recruits to fill the depleted ranks, although they had been only about six months in the field. *(The 1<sup>st</sup> Wisconsin Cavalry was organized at Ripon and Kenosha, Wisconsin, from September 1 1861 until February 2, 1862. It was then mustered as a force on March 10, 1862. It left the state on March 17, 1862 and was posted to Benton Barracks Missouri until April 28, 1862 when it was moved to Camp Girardeau, Missouri. There its Headquarters stayed until James caught up with it. The unit was part of the Cavalry Brigade, District of Southeast Missouri, Dept of Missouri for the first months of its operation.)*

I mixed with the crowd and heard the talk, and finding a neighbor there, John Briggs by name, who was red-hot for the service, I decided to go too. So I went up to the office and made known my determination, was weighed and measured and taken into an adjoining room, where I stripped off all my clothes, and was examined by a surgeon, (whose name was Babcock), who remarked while putting his hands on my shoulders, "why if you should hit a man, you'd knock h--l out of him wouldn't you."

He pronounced me sound in wind and limb, and I was ready to take the oath; however, in talking with the lieutenant, he advised me to wait and bring my wife and bed to town, and try to go on the quota for the city, and so get \$100 instead of \$25, which the town of Elba was giving. I did so but it would not work so I was enrolled and placed to the credit of my own town. No words of mine can tell of the astonishment and grief of my wife, when I returned home and told her I was going as a soldier, and would have to report for duty on the eighteenth. That left me but a short time to arrange my affairs, to be gone at least three years, or duration of the war, (unless sooner killed, as the boys would put it, after they had got somewhat hardened) and perhaps never to return.

The 18th came all too soon, and there was a general rush to Beaver Dam. Every recruit was accompanied by one of more (generally more) friends, and the town was full. Some enthusiastic fellows from the eastern part of the county brought along a fife and drum band, and there was no end of racket. Shortly before train time, the lieutenant took us out on a vacant lot, and tried to put us through our paces; but we were perfectly green as far as military evolution was concerned, and

owing to the crowd and excitement, there was none of us that became very proficient. He soon gave it up and put us in motion for the railroad station, accompanied by wives, sweethearts, and friends.

There was plenty of weeping, and it was not all done by the women either. The train soon came, and we were forced to tear ourselves away. Many of them, never to look on homes or friends again in this world.

It was nearly night when the train stopped at the station in Madison. We got into line somehow and marched to Camp Randall where we were turned loose, and as we had no blankets, the prospect was not very encouraging for our comfort. Some of the boys, who had plenty of money, solved the problem by skipping out to town and sleeping, and getting their meals at a hotel.

But some good people went around and borrowed quilts for us, so we made out to roost in the old barracks which were not already occupied, for the 20th Wisconsin Infantry was there, preparing to be killed I suppose.

We were put into a "mess" with the convalescents from the hospital, and as there was only one man to do the cooking, there were men detailed from the recruits to assist him. I remember that three of us were detailed one morning as assistant cooks and the boss, who was a soldier, and a convalescent, and a German set us to picking over beans: and such beans as they were; at least one-half of them were poor, totally unfit for use.

Of course we were particular to pick out all of the poor beans, but when the cook discovered what we were doing, he called a halt declaring that would never do as there would not be enough to go around. This was our introduction to the life of a soldier. It was not many months before we would have been glad to get those beans, regardless of lack of care in sorting.

We remained at Camp Randall six days, putting in the time watching the Infantry boys drill, looking at the sick in the hospital (some of whom were Rebs, taken prisoner at Fort Donaldson), and going to the city, which was an easy thing to do as we were in citizen's clothes. Some of us took long rambles around the lakes, which were beautiful. Madison, at that time was a handsome little town, and now, nearly thirty years later it must be a beauty.

I found that, although harvesting was hard work, being dropped there with nothing to do was harder. So we were not sorry when the news came that we were to leave that evening for Cape Girardeau, Missouri, which was the headquarters of our regiment. But before this, when we had been in camp a few days, we were taken before a board of surgeons, stripped and closely examined. My impression is that every one of the 85 men, and boys (for quite a number were only boys) passed the examination. And that was made to do duty for a muster and was the only one we ever got. Also before we got marching orders, a lot of the boys from Beaver Dam and vicinity determined to go home on Saturday night, and return Sunday night so they would be on hand for roll call Monday morning. They accordingly hired a livery team and made the trip; but I refused to go, having parted from wife and babies once and having no desire to go through it again. They all returned in time, and it caused no trouble with the authorities.

Well, just before train time one night--I think it was August 24--we were marched to the Quartermasters establishment and received a blanket and

haversack each, and I believe a canteen, and ours was filled with crackers and cheese, and that was expected to do us for the three days we were to be on the route.



**Standard Issue Civil War Blanket, Haversack, and Canteen**

We left Madison about sundown, changed cars once or twice in the night; and at one place, I think it was Janesville, we waited quite awhile. We arrived in Chicago not far from 8:00 A.M. I think we marched about a mile to the depot of the Illinois Central road and left immediately for Cairo. At one place where we stopped for dinner, I think it was Centralia, I was accosted by a young soldier in Infantry uniform with a Corporal's chevrons on his sleeves. He called me by name and shook hands very cordially, but I could not recall him and had to ask his name. He had formerly lived in Elba but had moved to Michigan several years before. At the beginning of the war, he had enlisted for three-months service, I think; and after being discharged, he re-enlisted and was again discharged; then he went to Illinois and enlisted in a new regiment as a veteran and was wearing enlistment stripes when I saw Him.

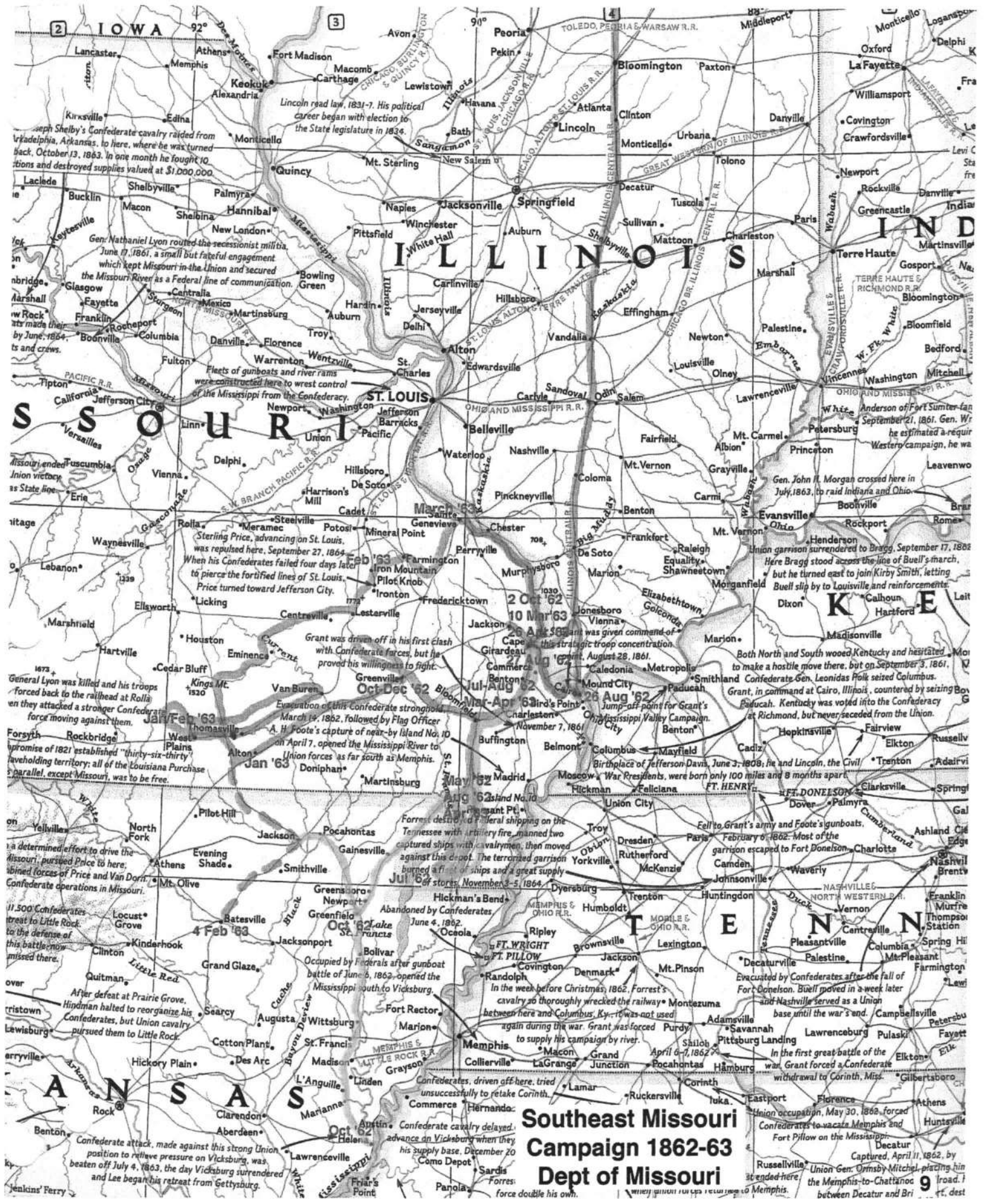
We were all day and until near morning getting to Cairo and remained in the cars until daylight. Then as we had to wait until a boat came down the Ohio, we took possession of a lumberyard on the levee and made ourselves as comfortable as possible in the shade of the lumber and our blankets. It was a hot day and there was no other chance to get in the shade as there were no trees of any kind in the place. But there was an all-pervading, nasty smell in the atmosphere that made it



an excellent place to leave. I don't know if the perfume in the air had anything to do with urging General Grant to attack Forts Henry and Donaldson; but I should think they might have been a great incentive to activity.

About ten o'clock in the evening a boat (*Example Civil War era river boat to left*) arrived from up river, and we were routed out and marched aboard. We stretched ourselves out on the deck, as that was the only accommodations they had for privates, not-with-standing we were just from home and still in citizens' clothes.





## Southeast Missouri Campaign 1862-63 Dept of Missouri

Gen. Shelby's Confederate cavalry raided from Arkadelphia, Arkansas, to here, where he was turned back, October 13, 1863. In one month he fought 10 battles and destroyed supplies valued at \$1,000,000.

Gen. Nathaniel Lyon routed the secessionist militia, June 17, 1861, a small but fateful engagement which kept Missouri in the Union and secured the Missouri River as a Federal line of communication.

Missouri ended Union victory as State line.

General Lyon was killed and his troops forced back to the railroad at Rolla when they attacked a stronger Confederate force moving against them.

A determined effort to drive the Missouri, pursued Price to here, combined forces of Price and Van Dorn.

11,500 Confederates treat to Little Rock to the defense of this battle, now missed there.

After defeat at Prairie Grove, Hindman halted to reorganize his Confederates, but Union cavalry pursued them to Little Rock.

Confederate attack, made against this strong Union position to relieve pressure on Vicksburg, was beaten off July 4, 1863, the day Vicksburg surrendered and Lee began his retreat from Gettysburg.

Lincoln road law, 1831-7. His political career began with election to the State legislature in 1836.

Fleets of gunboats and river rams were constructed here to wrest control of the Mississippi from the Confederacy.

Stirling Price, advancing on St. Louis, was repulsed here, September 27, 1864. When his Confederates failed four days later to pierce the fortified lines of St. Louis, Price turned toward Jefferson City.

Grant was driven off in his first clash with Confederate forces, but he proved his willingness to fight.

Evacuation of this Confederate stronghold, March 14, 1862, followed by Flag Officer A. H. Foote's capture of near-by Island No. 10 on April 7, opened the Mississippi River to Union forces as far south as Memphis.

Forrest destroyed Federal shipping on the Tennessee with artillery fire, manned two captured ships with cavalrymen, then moved against this depot. The terrified garrison burned a fleet of ships and a great supply.

Abandoned by Confederates June 4, 1862.

Occupied by Federals after gunboat battle of June 5, 1862, opened the Mississippi south to Vicksburg.

Confederates, driven off here, tried unsuccessfully to retake Corinth.

Confederate cavalry delayed advance on Vicksburg when they hit his supply base, December 20.

Forrest's force double his own.

Grant was given command of this strategic troop concentration, August 28, 1861.

Grant's strategic troop concentration, August 28, 1861.

Jump-off point for Grant's Ohio Mississippi Valley Campaign.

Birthplace of Jefferson Davis, June 3, 1809; he and Lincoln, the Civil War Presidents, were born only 100 miles and 8 months apart.

Fell to Grant's army and Foote's gunboats, February 6, 1862. Most of the garrison escaped to Fort Donelson, Charlotte.

Evacuated by Confederates after the fall of Fort Donelson. Buell moved in a week later and Nashville served as a Union base until the war's end.

In the week before Christmas, 1862, Forrest's cavalry so thoroughly wrecked the railway between here and Columbus, Ky., it was not used again during the war. Grant was forced to supply his campaign by river.

April 6-7, 1862.

In the first great battle of the war, Grant forced a Confederate withdrawal to Corinth, Miss.

Union occupation, May 30, 1863, forced Confederates to vacate Memphis and Fort Pillow on the Mississippi.

Gen. John H. Morgan crossed here in July, 1863, to raid Indiana and Ohio.

Union garrison surrendered to Bragg, September 17, 1862. Here Bragg stood across the line of Buell's march, but he turned east to join Kirby Smith, letting Buell slip by to Louisville and reinforcements.

Both North and South wooed Kentucky and hesitated to make a hostile move there, but on September 3, 1861, Confederate Gen. Leonidas Polk seized Columbus.

Grant, in command at Cairo, Illinois, countered by seizing Paducah. Kentucky was voted into the Confederacy at Richmond, but never seceded from the Union.

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We arrived at Cape Girardeau, Missouri soon after sunrise the next morning; we were marched up the bluff and a short distance out to the outskirts of the town to a small earthwork called Fort A. It included forty square rods of ground, enclosed by a shallow ditch with dirt thrown up on its inner edge, making an embankment four or five feet high.

There were five or six big guns, 18 pounders, and a company of Infantry. I have forgotten to which regiment they belonged, but I know the officers and men were German and some of them were a few convalescents of our regiment just back from the hospital; this group formed the garrison. Our regiment was at Helena, Arkansas, but the Cape was their Headquarters.



Well, we were furnished with four Sibley tents (*Sketch at left*), a few camp kettles and mess-pans, and some "grub," and we set up housekeeping for ourselves. In the afternoon we were marched down town to the Quartermasters establishment and received our uniforms, consisting of Government jackets and pants which differed from those of the Infantry in that they were Re-enforced--that is double in the part most likely to come in contact with the saddle. Also we received a pair of blue woolen shirts, cotton flannel undershirts and drawers and two pair of coarse woolen socks. They issued an overcoat apiece, and hip boots, and army blankets to those who needed them.



Standard issue Cavalry fatigue field clothing

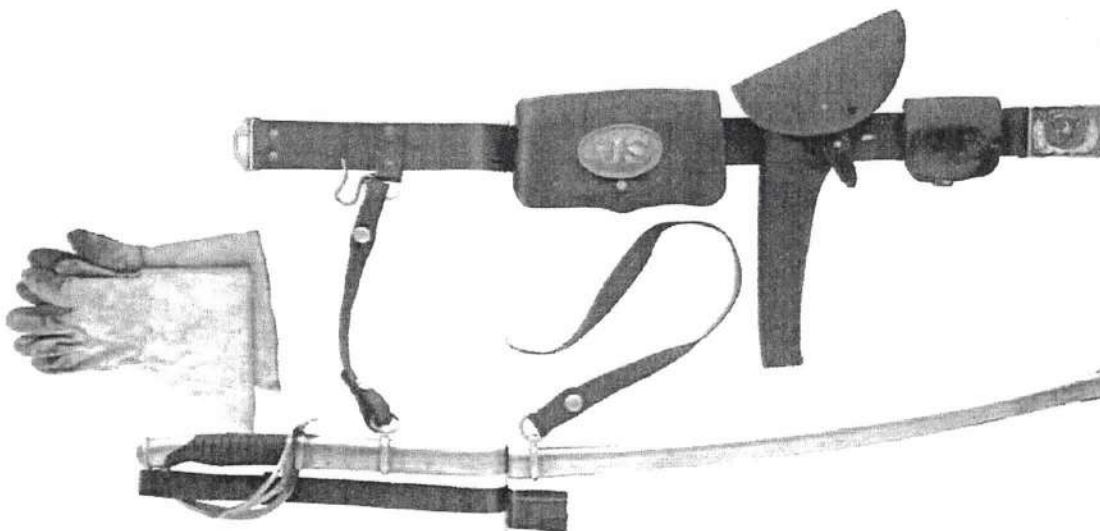


**Standard issue Cavalry undershirts, shirts, and boots**

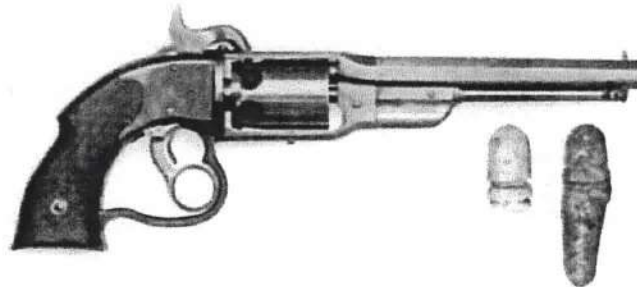
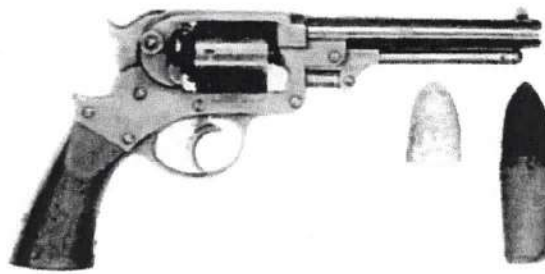
As there were no commissioned officers there, we were left in the charge of the easy-going quartermaster sergeant, who had accompanied us from home; and as long as we were on hand to answer to our names at roll call, morning and evening, we went where we pleased between times. As the weather was tremendously hot, we stayed in the shade in the middle of the day and doing our looking around when it was cooler. The discipline was very much relaxed at the post, there being no guards or picket kept on the roads in the daytime. But, just at night, there would be a detail made from the convenient cavalymen to picket the road through the night.

Some of our new recruits asked to go in place of some of the old fellows, and from that they took to calling for volunteers from our party so that soon there were some of us on picket every night. Doing picket duty even then was quite exciting to us, only just out of the harvest field.

One night after we had been there several weeks, we were ordered down town, and horses were issued to us--also sabers and revolvers, or old Belgian rifles, as there were not enough revolvers to go around.



**Standard issue Union Cavalry belt with Saber and Gloves**



**.44 cal. Star revolver top and .36 cal. Savage Navy revolver bottom**



**.69 cal. Belgium rifle**

*(Arms ownership was a fairly loose concept for the Civil War soldier. Often units were issued a mixed bag and expected to straighten out the compliment by trading, private purchase, or scavenging the battlefield. What was carried was also often driven by what ammunition was available. In the case of the 1<sup>st</sup> Wisconsin Cavalry, they were initially issued the Savage Navy revolver and later acquired the Starr revolver. The Starr being a considerably better weapon. The old imported Belgium rifle was totally unsuited for the cavalry. It was a muzzleloader and reloading on horseback would have been nearly impossible. These would have only been useful in dismounted action or for guard duty. Sometime later the unit picked up breach loading carbines in addition to the sabers and pistols.)*

There was a lieutenant of our regiment in command of us, and we started out on the Blockfield road and marched the rest of the night and all of the next day. We went into camp or bivouac; in the morning we turned around and marched back to the Cape, arriving there just at night. The only thing accomplished, that I could see, was to tire the man.

*(Cavalry Private Moore would have looked like this with his new clothes & arms.)*

After a while we moved out of town about a mile, into a grove, and after a week or so the regiment came up from Arkansas and settled down in the grove with us. The grove had been occupied before, and was called Camp Strong. Soon after the



recruits were formed into line, and assigned to the different companies, 25 or 30 of us going into Company K.



Now we had officers (*note example Cavalry Officer on the left*) till we couldn't rest, and were divided into squads and set to drilling four hours a day. We had been in camp only a few days, when I came in contact with some poison ivy, and was tremendously poisoned, my eyes swelling shut. I reported to the doctor at Surgeons call, and he excused me from duty, and gave me a bottle of stuff to wash with; I used it and dried up the eruption, or drove it in, and made me very sick. Next morning the doctor said I had the yellow jaundice, and I was sick for nearly a month, just able to crawl around but not bad enough off to send to the hospital.

But in the meantime, all of the regiment that was fit for duty was sent off to Greenville and Patterson, fifty or sixty miles in the interior. I think it was October before I was fit for duty and then we rejoined our companies at Patterson, being a part of the army of S. E. Missouri, with Brigadier General Davison commanding.

*(Probably another transcribing error. It should be General Davidson. There were no Union General Officers with the name Davison)*



*(The following is a short biography of Brigadier Gen John Wynn Davidson:*

***Born: August 18 1824, Fairfax City VA***

***Died: June 26 1881, St Paul MN***

***Pre-War Profession: Graduated West Point 1845, frontier duty, Mexican war, fought Indians.***

***War Service: August 1861 Capt. in 1st US Cavalry, Maj. in 2nd US Cavalry, served in Washington defenses, February 1862 appointed Brig. Gen. of Volunteers, commanded 3rd Bde/2nd Divn/VI Corps in Peninsula campaign, commanded the Dist. of St Louis, commanded armies in Missouri and Arkansas, chief of cavalry in Dept. of West Mississippi.***

***Post War Career: Army service in inspector general's department, professor of military science.***

***Notes: Died following injuries when a horse fell on him.)***

From that time until we were transferred from that army, we never lacked for something to do. We were either on camp guard, Headquarters guard, picket, out line picket, patrol, foraging, or on drill. He put us through for all we were worth: we marched here and there, but mostly toward Arkansas, but I never saw an armed rebel all the winter through.

Some time in February, I think, we were brought up in what was known as West Plains, Missouri, a little huddle, and known as the County Seat of some County whose name I have forgotten. (*West Plains is the county seat for Howell County*) While we were there, there came a fall of snow. of a few inches depth, and the weather was cold enough so that it lasted several days, and made it very disagreeable soldiering, especially for those who, like myself, were in need of boots.

My boots were the ones I wore from Wisconsin and were so badly worn that my toes stuck out and were on the ground. One morning we were ordered to saddle up and get into line for a scout. After we were mounted, our Captain (whose name was A. Seaton) rode along our front inspecting men, arms, and equipment; when he saw my boots, he ordered me to back out and go and unsaddle, which I did. I had only just got into the tent, when the Orderly Sergeant came along and ordered me to saddle up and go on picket.

There was no use kicking, so I went, and the next morning our post was relieved, and instead of being allowed to go to camp, we were marched through camp and put on picket on the other side, making a 48-hour trick of it.

There was a party of the best-dressed men and the best horses, under the command of Major Mars of our regiment, sent to Batesville, Arkansas with a flag of truce; why I never knew, and doubt whether anyone else did. We fooled around there until we were reduced to quarter rations, when we took the back track over the mountains for Iron Mountain and some grub. *(The question of "What happened at Batesville?" is still unknown, but the regimental history notes that the unit was there on February 2<sup>nd</sup> 1863.)*

Our horses and the mules of our wagon train had become very much reduced by hard work and lack of proper feeding; so before we arrived at the railroad, a large number of men were afoot, their horses being used up and left along the way.

I remember one morning Co. K was detailed to act as rear guard of the regiment; our duty was to watch for enemies, and to keep everything ahead of us and especially to help the wagon train along. And we found enough to do that day. The road, which was little better than a trail, skirted a swift mountain stream, and as it was a very rough country, we frequently found hills over which our mules could not drag the wagons; then we would get out a picket line, used for tying the horses when in camp, and long enough for a whole company to get hold; this we would fasten to the wagon tongue and all hands get hold and pull, and sweat, and when the first wagon was up, we would return to the bottom of the hill and help the next one, so on until the whole fifteen or twenty were up.

At one place the road was shelving toward the river, some thirty or more feet below, it being a bare rock. there were some wagons in the stream belonging to some organization ahead of us. We hitched ropes to the upper side of some of our wagons, while the boys clung by their hands to the upper side of the others, and thus prevented any loss to our regiment.

At the top of one of those barren hills, we found a County Seat called Eminance, which consisted of one log dwelling house and a log court house. It was said that the contractor who built the latter, being unable to get his pay for building it, had put an attachment on it and offered it for sale, the amount was fifty dollars.

A short distance from the village of Eminance we came to the ford of the river we had been following. It was called the Current River. Where we crossed, it was perhaps ten rods wide and about two and one-half feet deep, and exceedingly swift. The source of the river was said to be about two miles above, and that where it issued from the mountain it was about the same size that it was where we forded it.

Our train crossed safely, though we thought at one time that one team was a goner. When the lead mules got into the swiftest of the stream, the driver was

unable to keep them going across, but they turned down the stream in spite of him. Some of the boys who were already across, waded in, and while one of them took the nearest mule by the bits, the rest joined hands and formed a line to the bank, and so got the whole thing out.

I have forgotten about the rest of the march, but in due time we arrived at Arcadia, a little town about two miles from Iron Mountain, which was an isolated, conical peak, said to be composed entirely of iron ore. There was a scattering village of the same name, which was the terminal of the St. Louis & Iron Mountain Railroad.

We camped at Arcadia, and I was detailed for camp guard. When I went on duty the first time, I relieved a man from another company, and asked - as was usual - what were his instructions. "Oh, leave no one go out that don't want to," said he. I found that was about what his instruction amounted to, as they were to let no one pass outside, unless he wanted wood or water.

The next day we marched over and interviewed the Paymaster for the first time, so far as the recruits were concerned. We received a fraction of two-months pay, and if I am not very much mistaken, they were the first greenbacks I had ever seen. As we did not have to settle our clothing bill, we had rather more than enough to square up with the sutler.



US currency during the Civil War

In a few days we were moved to Iron Mountain, and camped there until they shipped out horses enough to remount the whole outfit. I remember that I had a rather long legged sorrel horse that I had exchanged another for at the government stables at the Cape. When I got him, he was as shy as a hawk to handle. I could hardly get the saddle onto him. But by kindness, I soon got him tamed so that I could handle him all right, and he proved to be an excellent animal. He never gave out, and was the easiest riding horse I ever had.

But he had become so poor that I was ordered to turn him over and take another. The one I got proved to be an old trooper. When we went on drill, I

found he knew the bugle calls, and could keep his place on the wheel, if he had to gallop to do it, and he was the best jumper in the company.

After a few days we marched to St. Genevieve, on the Mississippi river, where we remained a few days, and then took boats and proceeded down to the Cape, where we put in our time drilling. I can't say just when, but come time during the winter our regiment was brigaded with the fourth Missouri Cavalry, and some time later the second cavalry was added to the brigade, also a Missouri battery of artillery.

Most of the officers and men of the fourth were German, but the Colonel was a native American. He commanded the whole Brigade. When we left West Plains we left General Davidson behind. When we got to the Cape, or soon after, we had a General O'Neal-- or Niel-- (*It was General John McNeil*) I have forgotten which - in command. He was the first Colonel of the second Missouri State Militia, known as the fighting second, and composed of men from the southeast counties of Missouri who were Union men from the start.



*(The following is a short biography of Brigadier Gen John MCNEIL*

*Born: February 4 1813, Halifax, Nova Scotia*

*Died: June 8 1891, St Louis MO*

*Pre-War Profession: Hatter, politician, insurance company president.*

*War Service: May 1861 Col. of 3rd Missouri, June 1862 Col. of 2nd Missouri State Militia Cavalry, November 1862 appointed Brig. Gen. of Volunteers, served in Missouri, fought against Sterling Price in his Missouri raid, relieved of command at the battle of Westport by Pleasanton for not attacking when ordered, commanded the Dist. of Central Missouri.*

*Post War Career: County court clerk, county sheriff, commissioner of Centennial Exhibition, inspector of the Indian service, postal official.)*

They had been persecuted for their political opinions, and were forced to go into the army to save their lives. So all the love they had for their rebel neighbors you could put in your eye, and with excellent reason too, for to be a Union man was all that was needed to make them a candidate for the halter. I was shown where an old man, way past his fighting days, was hanged with the halter from his own horse, for nothing but his Union sentiments.

At one place where we camped, in the vicinity of Bloomfield, there was a white-oak tree, which bent over, and was only ten or twelve feet from the ground, on which three Union men had been hanged at one time, and then buried right under it.

Well, these "bloody seconds", when they got into their uniforms, and got arms in their hands, proceeded to make it sultry for their old rebel friends. It was not long before that part of the state was much more healthful for Union men than it was at first.

It was said the General O'Neal swore that where a Union man could not live, a Reb should not. When they were forced to take a prisoner they would do so, but they generally had reason to think they could escape, and would try to do it. But before they got far, a bullet would stop them, and there would be no further use for guards.

There is a county belonging to Missouri, which lies between the state of Arkansas and the Mississippi river, the name of which I have forgotten. I should



think it is as large as the state of Rhode Island, perhaps larger. The name of the county seat was Kenneth or Kennet, I am not sure which. (*It is actually Kennett and the County is Dunklin*)

We had not been at the Cape long before we received marching orders. By this time it was April, 1863, I think. We took up our line of march for Bloomfield, a little town about 33 or 35 miles back from the river, which was also a county seat minus the courthouse, as was the case with a great many of them.

After being there awhile, Companies A & K of our regiment, and a company of the second Missouri were sent down into the southeast county to force the Rebs to behave themselves or take the consequences. Our Co. K went to Kenneth, but Co. A stopped some 18 miles nearer Bloomfield, while the Missouri boys went about twenty miles beyond us.

In going we crossed a swamp, not less than a mile wide, filled with heavy cypress timber, and water that was nearly belly deep to the horses. It was called Taylor's slew. On the farther side of it, we found a log and sand fort, which had been erected by the Rebs. We proceeded to demolish the thing, and then went on to Kenneth and went in to camp in the village.

We were not more than fifty men, and were 24 hours on picket, and the next day were off on scout, but another man and myself were then camp cooks and had no scouting or guard duty to do. The scouts would find people who were disloyal, and would take their horses or mules, or both, and tell them "you come to camp tomorrow and take the oath of allegiance to the U.S. government, and you will receive your property back together with protection papers.

So there was a stream of men, and at least one woman, who came in and took the oath. The scouts when they found a good crib of corn, or a smoke house full of hams, would order the owner to bring in some for our use, and it was always brought.

We could buy eggs for eight cents a dozen, and we lived on the top shelf; so much so that the boys were ready to quarrel with Cass, (who cooked the meat, while I made the coffee) unless he would give them lean ham all the time.

But one bright night Sam Miller, who was second relief stable guard, was called up by the first relief about 1:00 a.m. to stand his trick. He buckled on his arms, then went to the stables, a few rods from the tents, to see if the Captain's horse was all right, and there was no horse. He went and told the Captain, and then we were all routed out and ordered to saddle up. We remained up and ready the rest of the night, but there was no alarm.

In the morning a few men were sent to find the trail of the robber, or robbers, which was easily done. They followed it a few miles and found where they had taken the shoes off the horse, and then had gone into the swamp. A sergeant and few of us men were sent to the place of a rebel lieutenant and took possession of his horse which had been sent home to be recruited up. Our orders were to say nothing about it, and that was what we said.

But I have gotten ahead of my story. Still if I should undertake to write everyday happenings, it would require more time, and paper, than I have at my disposal; even if I could recall everything.

*(The following account is rare in that it isn't supported by at least location and/or time in the regimental history. The regimental history does mention action against "Greene's Guerrillas" which sounds like an activity match but the History indicates that it would have happened in October and November 1862 rather than February 1863. Another possibility is that this type raid and Union reaction was fairly common and it was an exhausting effort for the men but empty of success or failure and just not recorded anywhere else.)*

We made a forced march in February of this first year that is worth writing about. We learned after the thing was done, that a gang of Rebs from Arkansas had raided the village of Rolla, Missouri, and had pillaged it, and lit out for Arkansas again. We were sent to try to intercept them, we being at the time near Van Buren. A part of our regiment was left at Van Buren, they being on picket duty.

We commence the march at noon, the weather being very warm, so much so that we rode with our jackets off. I remember that the pigeons were flying in great numbers. We rode at a gallop for a mile or more, then we would dismount and lead our horses for a while, then remount and push on again: we kept it up until after dark when we stopped and fed and got our supper. We halted only about two hours and I was on picket most of the time and got no sleep.

We marched all night and until after daylight, then stopped and made coffee and went on until about noon when we reached our destination, which was a stretch of country called Hutton Valley. After feeding and resting an hour or two, our Captain selected the best men and horses of our company and went on to find someone who was running horses and cattle off to Arkansas for the rebel armies, and the benefit of their own pockets, as they were not at all apt to pay anything for them.

After we had gone a few miles, we came to a piece of pine woods, and just there we came across a native, mounted on a sorrel colt and armed with the longest old flintlock rifle that I ever saw; it must have been all of six feet long, and heavy in proportion.

When he saw us he made a beak for the woods and we broke after him; but our Orderly brought him to with a shot from his revolver, although he did not hit him. Our guide knew him and advised the hanging of him by the neck, which Captain Seaton did not consider good advice. But he disarmed him, detailed a guard for him, and we proceeded on our way.

We had to go through thick woods, and it was long after dark before we reached the place which appeared to be a deep ravine amidst heavily wooded hills and a decidedly pockerish place. But there was no one there to welcome us, at least not that we could find, so we took the back track, hungry, tired, and sleepy.

We got back to our prisoner's place between two and three in the morning and proceeded to rout out the women and set them to cooking for us. But my tribulations were not yet over for I was detailed for camp guard, which answered for pickets also. The Captain said we would be relieved at the end of half an hour, but the Corporal got to sleep and left me on an hour and a half, so I only had time to get a little to eat before we marched. By that time it was raining.

We got back to were the rest of the regiment was by the middle of the forenoon, and when we come to count up the distance that we - Co. K - had marched in the last 48 hours; we made it fully one hundred and twenty-five miles.

I had not had an hour's good sleep since we started. I unsaddled and put my saddle blanket on the ground for a bed, with my saddle for a pillow, a woolen blanket and a rubber *(In this case the rubber would have been a rubberize blanket and would have been waterproof. A picture of such a blanket is at left.)* over me and went to sleep in the rain. I slept perhaps two hours when I was ordered up, and after having some coffee, we took up our line of march for Van Buren. When we halted that night our company rode into a barnyard, hitched our horses to the fence, and put ourselves, and our baggage, under a shed - made by the projecting roof of the barn - where we were out of the storm.



Again was I detailed for picket, but as I was on second relief, I got some sleep before having to go out. There was no disturbance by the Rebs, as they had returned another way. In the morning we resumed our march - in the rain until mid-afternoon - when it became too cold to rain. We obtained for our horses that night some oats in the bundle. I had enough for night and morning, so used some for a bed. But we had no tents.

I slept tremendously all night, and when I woke and removed the blanket from over my head, I found about three inches of snow. That night the wind blew a gale from the northwest, and we camped on the side of a hill where we got the full benefit of it. Our fire was made alongside of a big pine log, and was built of pitch-pine rails, so we had no trouble keeping a fire.

But to return to Kenneth; *(Kennett)* we were there about a week when we received into the Company a young fellow by the name of James Bodine, who was a native of the south and had been in the rebel service a year or more, when he was captured and sent to Alton, Illinois. He became tired of prison life so he took the oath of allegiance, and managed to get back home.

But his rebel friends would not let him alone, promised to come and kill him, so for the sake of peace he went to war in an active regiment. There were two others in our company who had been in the same company as Bodine, but they were northern born and happened to be in the south when the war began. They thought it would be all over in six months; but they decided after they had been in a year that they were on the wrong side, so they deserted and after awhile enlisted with us. They served their three months, and one Sam Miller, was the last Orderly Sergeant of the company.



We rejoined the regiment at Bloomfield, marched, then counter-marched until some time in May when we found ourselves maneuvering in front of General Marmaduke's Cavalry, *(General Marmaduke's picture is at left. This appears to be the first time that James came under fire. These operations took place between April 17<sup>th</sup> and May 2<sup>nd</sup> 1863. He has been in the field for 7 months.)* who were headed for Cape Girardeau and Uncle Sam's army supplies which had accumulated there. But our brigade, composed of the first Wisconsin Cavalry, the Fourth Missouri Cavalry, and the Second Missouri State Militia Cavalry, and also a battery of six guns, and some more Missouri troops whose number I have forgotten, were between them and their hopes and remained there until they abandoned their purpose and took the back track.

We kept falling back, just keeping out of their way, until we reached Jacksonville - a little village ten miles from the Cape - when the rest of the force went on to the Cape leaving our company there as an outlying picket.

In the meantime, Company E of our regiment, had been sent to guard a bridge across the White Water River, 14 miles from the Cape on the Bloomfield road. We were not molested by the Rebs, but an hour before sundown a courier arrived from the Cape with the news that they had been attacked by 300 Texans, and all cut to pieces, and ordering Captain Seaton to bring his company to the Cape immediately, and to bring along the telegraph operator and his traps.

We loaded our stuff into our wagon and were ready to go as soon as the operator and the pickets arrived, which was not until after sundown. It was warm, and a moonlight night, and we had a good turnpike road, so when we got the word "trot march," we started at a trot and kept it up until we had gone six miles.

The reason for our hurry was that there was a road from the Bloomfield road that intersected the Jacksonville road four miles from the Cape, and we thought we would hurry and pass the place before the Rebs got there and made trouble. We did so, and our picket reported the Rebs in sight when they were withdrawn.

We found that Company E had not been so badly used as had been reported. They took up the bridge and built a barricade there and as the river was not fordable there, the Rebs had to halt. They kept our boys busy there, while they sent some Texans to another crossing and so to Company K's rear. But when Captain Shipman (*This is probably a miss-transcription of Capt Seaton's name*) found what had been done, he called in his pickets, mounted his men, and moved out in columns of fours, then drew sabers and charged straight for the Rebs. They gave way right and left to avoid our sabers, then, fired on our men. The captain was shot through the thigh, one private was killed and one wounded, also eight or ten captured.

The wounded were captured and paroled, and I think all the prisoners were paroled, (*by paroled, he means that they were disarmed, held for some short period and then let go. Often when the invading force was in unfriendly territory and had to move fast, the prisoners, especially the wounded, were just too large a burden and were simply abandoned.*) but the rest made their way to the Cape. In a few days the Rebs made their appearance before the Cape and demanded the surrender of the post. All the troops there at the Cape was our brigade of cavalry, the first Nebraska Infantry, an Iowa regiment, and one or two companies of some Wisconsin regiment of Infantry, who were acting as heavy artillery, and manning the Forts, only one of which was available.

To the best of my memory it was several days from the time we reached the Cape, before hostilities commenced. Each morning we were routed out before daylight, and had to saddle up, get into line, and stay so until sunrise. During the day we would be marched out onto some of the roads leading from town, until some one moved us to some other place.

As our General (whose name was O'Neal or McNeal) did not answer the demand for the surrender of the place, the Rebs began Sunday morning to throw shells into the town. The most of the women had been sent away in boats, to be out of danger.

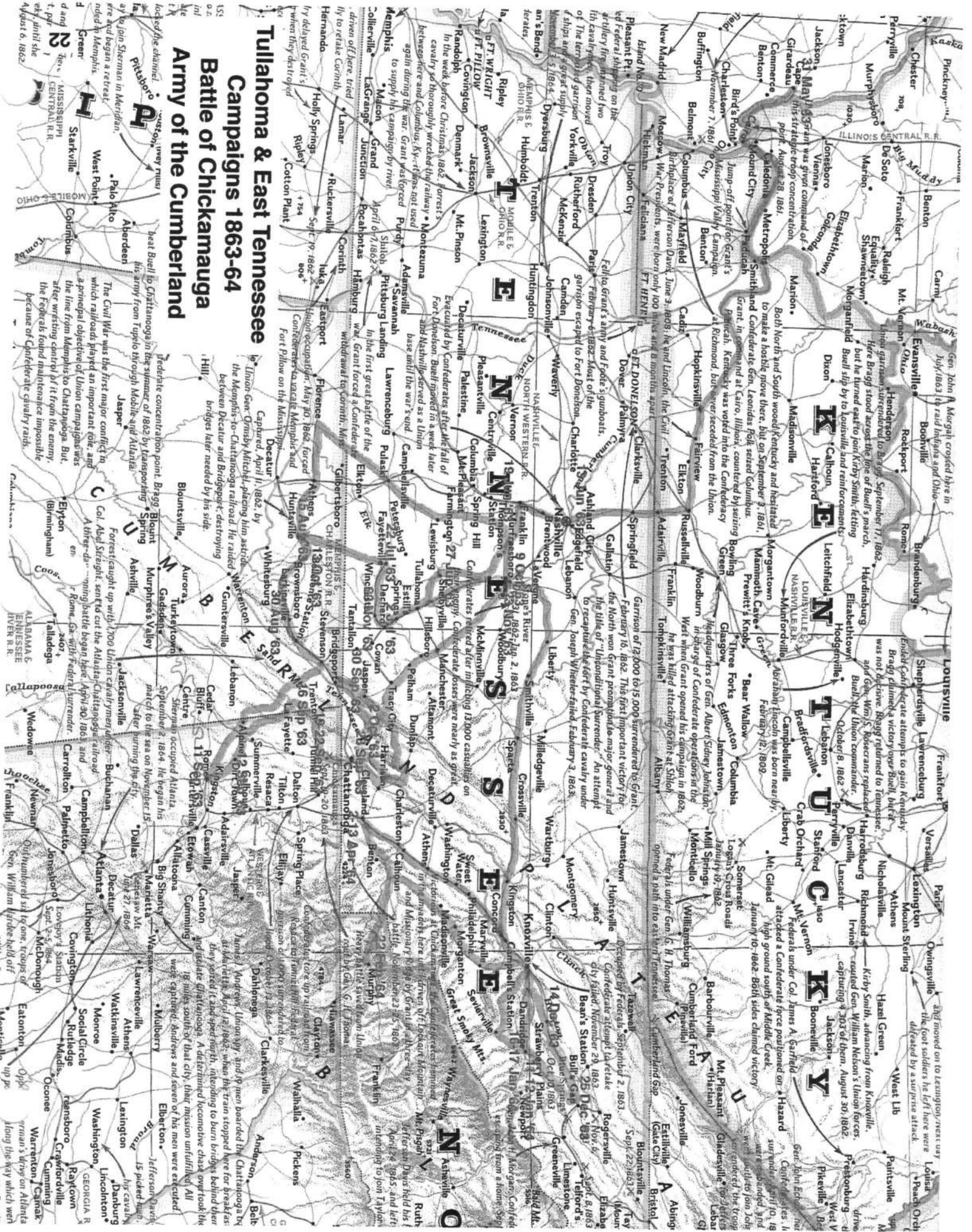
The rebel fire was returned from one of the forts with two 18 pounders, and our battery of 20 pounders took a hand. The first Nebraska boys were out as skirmishers. We were not moved out until nine o'clock or later, and before we started I saw John F. Briggs, of my Company--who was acting as Orderly at Headquarters-- go by carrying a white flannel cloth on a short stick, which proved to be a flag of truce. He rode into the rebel lines under fire from both sides, and delivered our General's reply. This was in regard to the demand for the surrender of the place, and got back without any damage.

The action continued for some time, with little loss to our side, but pretty heavy to theirs. Our battalion was dismounted and moved up to reinforce the skirmishers, but did not become engaged. I was number four, so when we dismounted, I with the rest of the fours had to sit on my saddle and hold the horses of my set of fours. It was my first fight, and all I could do was to sit there and hear the rebel shot and shell go through the trees over our heads.

Our skirmishers were on a hill, where they could see the Rebs, while we were in their rear and somewhat lower than they, and could see nothing of the enemy. I fairly ached to climb that hill; but I did not see a Reb that day, and never did see any--except as prisoners-- while we were in that state. We learned later that a small brigade of Union Cavalry came up in the rear of the Rebs from the interior of the state; and when the Rebs found themselves between two fires, they withdrew.

Shortly before night our regiment was sent out toward Jackson to ascertain what the enemy was doing. As Company K had the advance, we had to serve as advance guard and flanking skirmishers; the latter being under command of a sergeant--a squad on each side of the road. I was one of the flankers on the left, as was Tom Ryan of our company. When we had gotten as near as they wanted us to come, they fired a few shots from a cannon and Tom was terribly frightened; "Oh Mac," said he, "Don't go any further." We went no farther, not because Tom was frightened, but because the object for which we were there was accomplished, i.e. to find the enemy.

In the morning we started in pursuit, but after we reached the White River, Company K was ordered back to the Cape to relieve Company E for courier duty. The enemy had destroyed the telegraph line in the rear of the Cape, so in order to communicate with St. Louis, dispatches had to be sent by courier to the Illinois Central Railroad some 18 miles from the Cape. One half the company went over into Illinois and rest stayed in Missouri. *(This ends the 1<sup>st</sup> Wisconsin Cavalry's participation with the Department of Missouri. They now become members of the Army of the Cumberland. In this early period of the War, the Union wasn't particularly effective in the use of its cavalry. As in James' case, they were often only used for reconnaissance and outlying picket duty. When used in a fray, they often were dismounted and used as infantry. The 1<sup>st</sup> Wisconsin was gaining experience but apparently not quite trusted to be part of the main force in any action. Perhaps because of their poor arms rather than due to inexperience or leadership they were usually held in reserve during the major fights. This circumstance probably saved James' life.)*



# Tullahoma & East Tennessee Campaigns 1863-64

## Battle of Chickamauga

### Army of the Cumberland

**A** Gen. Sherman's army moved to join Sherman in Meridian and began a retreat.

**B** The Army of the Cumberland was reorganized in Memphis.

**C** The Army of the Cumberland was reorganized in Memphis.

**D** The Army of the Cumberland was reorganized in Memphis.

**E** The Army of the Cumberland was reorganized in Memphis.

**F** The Army of the Cumberland was reorganized in Memphis.

**G** The Army of the Cumberland was reorganized in Memphis.

**H** The Army of the Cumberland was reorganized in Memphis.

**I** The Army of the Cumberland was reorganized in Memphis.

**J** The Army of the Cumberland was reorganized in Memphis.

**K** The Army of the Cumberland was reorganized in Memphis.

**L** The Army of the Cumberland was reorganized in Memphis.

**M** The Army of the Cumberland was reorganized in Memphis.

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**O** The Army of the Cumberland was reorganized in Memphis.

**P** The Army of the Cumberland was reorganized in Memphis.

**Q** The Army of the Cumberland was reorganized in Memphis.

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**V** The Army of the Cumberland was reorganized in Memphis.

**W** The Army of the Cumberland was reorganized in Memphis.

**X** The Army of the Cumberland was reorganized in Memphis.

**Y** The Army of the Cumberland was reorganized in Memphis.

**Z** The Army of the Cumberland was reorganized in Memphis.

Shortly after the fight at the Cape, our regiment was loaded into a boat, bag and baggage, taken down the Mississippi to the mouth of the Ohio and up that stream as far as Eddyville, Kentucky where an account of low water, we disembarked and, after a few days, proceeded to hoof it to Nashville, Tennessee.

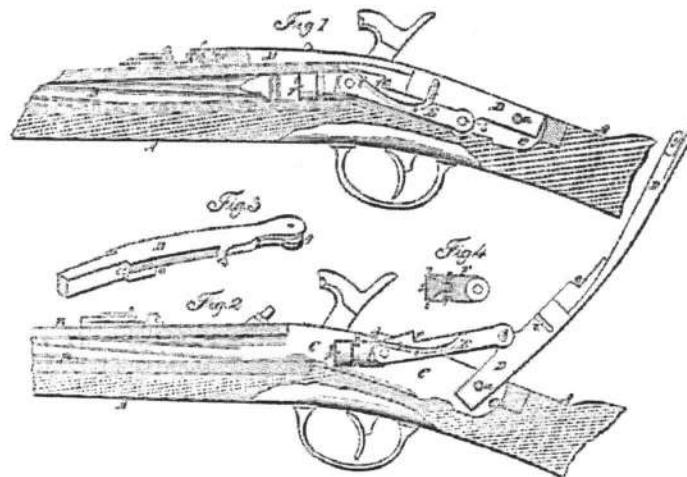


At Eddyville, which is on the Cumberland river, we received our tents--of the "pup" pattern-- we having previously had the big Libbys; and they were a decided improvement over the big ones. Before that we had company cooks, but afterward we cooked our own rations and we fared decidedly better.

During the row at the Cape our company, and some others were armed with the old-fashioned North carbines; before that we had only sabers and revolvers. After getting to Nashville, we turned in the old style carbines and drew some of more modern make. *(The 1<sup>st</sup> Wisconsin Cavalry were issued Merrill carbines at this time. These weren't the most successful of the Cavalry arms (Sharps being the desired carbine) but they were breach loaders, fairly durable, and could be reloaded while mounted. The reloading mechanism is also illustrated below.)*



**.54 cal. Merrill Carbine**



**Merrill breach load mechanism**

After scouting a few days, we were marched out to Triune and brigaded with the Second and Fourth Indiana Cavalry, and the Seventh Kentucky Cavalry which

was then commanded by Colonel Ed McCook of the Second Indiana Cavalry; but after a few months became the celebrated La Grange Brigade--McCook being promoted to command the division and after awhile made Brigadier General.



*(There were four General McCooks, three who were brothers, and one who was a cousin. All were from Ohio. Edward was a Federal officer versus a State Militia Officer and thus was augmenting the Indiana unit. His biography is noted here.*

**Name:** MCCOOK, Edward Moody

**Born:** June 15 1833, Steubenville OH

**Died:** September 9 1909, Chicago IL

**Pre-War Profession:** Settler in Colorado, politician, lawyer.

**War Service May 1861:** Lt. in US Cavalry, Maj. in 2nd Indiana Cavalry, Lt. Col., April 1862 Col., commanded a 2<sup>nd</sup> Bde/1st Cavalry Division at Perryville, commanded a cavalry division at Chickamauga, April 1864 appointed Brig. Gen. Of Volunteers, commanded 2nd Bde/1st Divn/Cavalry Corps in Atlanta campaign, commanded 1st Divn in Cavalry Corps in Franklin and Nashville campaign, Wilson's raid, Selma.

**Post War Career:** US minister to Hawaii, territorial governor of Colorado, businessman.)

We were now part and parcel of the Army of the Cumberland, Major General Rosencrans commanding. Very soon after joining the brigade, known as the first brigade of the second division cavalry, Army of the Cumberland, the movement began that forced Bragg (*Confederate General Braxton Bragg's photo is below that of Gen Rosencrans*) and his army out of Tennessee.



*(General Rosencrans was soon to fall out of favor for his failure to defeat Bragg at Chickamauga and getting caught as a subject of a siege in Chattanooga. His biography is provided below.*

**Name:** ROSECRANS, William Starke "Old Rosy"

**Born:** September 6 1819, Delaware City OH

**Died:** March 11 1898, Redondo CA

**Pre-War Profession:** Graduated West Point 1842, engineer duty, resigned US Army 1854, architect, civil engineer.

**War Service:** April 1861 Col. of Engineers on McClellan's staff, June 1861 Col. in 23rd Ohio Infantry, May 1861 Brig. Gen. in Regular Army, commanded a brigade at Rich Mountain, May 1862 directed left wing of Army of the Mississippi at Corinth, commanded Army of the Mississippi, luka, Corinth, March 1862 promoted Maj. Gen. of Volunteers, October 1862 appointed to command of Army of the Cumberland, Murfeesboro, defeated at Chickamauga, replaced by Grant in October 1863, 1864 commanded Department of Missouri until war's end.

**Post War Career:** Army service, resigned 1867 after not receiving a command for 2 years, minister to Mexico, US congressman, register of the Treasury.)



We, of the cavalry, moved out on the road leading to the huddle called Middleton. Our brigade had the advance and our regiment the advance in the brigade, while our company was flanking skirmishers on the left of the road. My impression is that there were others with us as flankers. Anyway, we found it a hard job to get thorough the red cedars whose branches reached clear to the ground.



After a few miles we found the rebel picket who fell back before us and kept out of our way. When we emerged from the cedars, we found a large field, or clearing, in the midst of which was Middleton, only a few houses and the Rebs in small force beyond the field in a partial clearing.

Our battalion was dismounted, along with some others of our brigade. There were also some from a brigade of mounted infantry, which was armed with revolving rifles. *(The colt revolving rifle was a larger version of the famous colt army pistol. It gave a quantum leap in fire power to its unit over single shot muzzle loaders but it was dangerous to the owner too. Too often a single firing would discharge all six rounds with the loss of hand or fingers the result.)* They marched in column off to the right, which was the rebel left, and we deployed as skirmishers advancing directly across the field. After getting fairly started the charge was sounded, and we took a double-quick, running and yelling until we were out of breath, which was soon, for it was clay we were crossing; in had been raining so our feet were soon loaded, and it was hard to lift them and impossible to run.



**.56 cal. Colt revolving rifle**

The Rebs left when they saw us coming but went only a short distance. A line of mounted men were deployed on a ridge in our front and amused themselves by skirmishing with the Rebs at long range. There were no casualties on either side so far as I know; and the only sign of a fight to be found afterwards was a horse shot through the body by a cannon.

We secured corn for our horses, and after dark took the back track, but not to Triune. We marched till nearly or quite midnight, and then went into camp in a partially cleared field, which, being level, was covered with puddles of water, for the rain had been coming down in sheets most of the day and night.

After arriving in Tennessee, our company wagons were turned over to the Quartermasters, department, and we were allowed only one wagon to a regiment, and that was for Headquarters. The morning of the day they were turned over, when we broke camp, our officers ordered us to put our tents in the wagons, thinking they would be on hand at night; but we never saw them again, and were without our tents until late in December of that year.

This was the fore part of July and warm weather, but it rained three-fourths of the time, and for three weeks we were constantly wet. One half of each division of cavalry had to be in the saddle each alternate twelve hours, so that when we had a chance to build fires and dry up, we would no sooner get dry and than our turn would come to saddle up again.

After it stopped raining, we did not care for the loss of our tents, as we could sleep anywhere until it came on cold weather. I don't remember that our brigade was under fire again until the battle of Chickamauga; but our cavalry took the town of Selbyville, and our brigade was along, but in reserve all day.

The loss of my diary makes it impossible for me to put in the dates of and occurrences, as I have a poor memory for such things. So I cannot say how long after we joined our brigade, before we took Selbyville. At one time we were camped at a railroad station--Dechard, or Dekard--(*Correctly spelled Decherd and is in southern middle Tennessee*) on the fourth of July, and went foraging for horse feed. We found some oats not yet thoroughly ripe, and had a meeting with a thunder shower, and got wet. I remember one or more batteries fired salutes in honor of the day, so the taking of Selbyville must have been in the early summer. (*It was actually the days around June 27<sup>th</sup> 1863*)

One night, while yet in that camp, we were routed out in the middle of the night by an explosion not far off; we humped around and got our arms, but did not move out. In the morning we learned that the explosion was caused by a torpedo, or torpedoes, placed under the railroad tracks, so as to be exploded by a train passing over. I think an engine was blown up, but am not sure.

Dechard was the nearest station to Winchester-- some two and one-half miles away I believe. We were camped near Winchester for awhile, and it was there that I found a man of Co. K asleep on his post, when I went to relieve him in the middle of the night. His name was John Moore. He had dismounted and set down at the foot of a tree, and supposed he was holding his horse. I discovered him sitting there, fast asleep, and woke him up and asked him where his horse was. "Why, he was here a minute ago" said he. Quite likely he had slept an hour.

While we were there in camp, a wagon train came in loaded with supplies for our regiment. But before that, an officer came and inspected the horses and condemned a great many of the poorest. The men who were thus dismounted were sent to Nashville to bring out more horses, under the command of Major William Torrey of the First Wisconsin Regiment. Now the Major was a terror when he felt like it, and he most generally did feel like it.

They got some new, green, six-mule teams, and some green drivers also, and the Major was in good fighting form from the word go. The non-commissioned officer (which we shortened to non-coms) who went from our company was Corporal Pardon B. Lamoreux who, by the way, is now warden of the state prison at Waupun, Wisconsin. He was appointed quartermaster of the detachment to issue the rations as well as to be in command of the boys from our company.

One day, on the way back, it was Company K's turn to serve as rear guard and keep things up. The road was rough and hilly, and stony on the hills, and the teams got strung out considerably. One team got stuck and couldn't take the load up the hill. There was a mule hitched behind the wagon with a strap around his neck and a mule chain with which to tie him. Of course he hung back, and Lamoreux and another man went and tried to unhitch him from the wagon. As soon as they went near his head, he would pull back, mule fashion.

The Major came tearing back to see what was the matter, and when he got there he could see the mule's performance. He yelled out, "Untie that mule." "that is what we are trying to do Major," said Lamoreux. With that the Major whipped out his saber and started for Lamoreux, swearing and yelling that he would "learn him to do his duty".

Lamoreux stepped back and put his hand on his revolver and remarked, "You, don't you strike me." With that the Major put back his cheese-knife and

ordered Jim Bodine to go to the wagon ahead and get a rope. He ordered some of the others to take Lamoreux's arms, and to tie him up, remarking with much profanity that he would learn him to do his duty. Lamoreux gave up his arms without any fuss, but told the Major that he had always done his duty, and that he--the Major--must not strike him.

When Bodine returned he was dragging a picket rope three or four feet long--enough to tie the horses of the whole regiment. Then the Major turned his batteries on Jim, presented him with the compliments of the season, or words to that effect, and told him that if he did not get a rope to tie that man up he would tie him up, etc. Finally they got Lamoreux tied, with his hands crossed at the wrist, to the back of the wagon, with about four feet of swing.

Like the other mule whose place he had taken, Lamoreux hung back, and the road being rough and stony, he was jerked around pretty rough. After going a few rods, the Major, who was riding along looking on, called a halt. Untie that man and give him his arms; I'll attend to him when we get to camp. And that was the last of it. Lamoreux being a non-com, Torrey had no right to tie him up; all he had a right to do, in case Lamoreux did wrong, was to put him under arrest and have him court-marshaled.

Well, three of those wagons were loaded with supplies for our regiment and came directly to our camp and unloaded. It had got to be after dark when the Orderly Sergeant came and ordered me to saddle my horse and go over to the town with those teams, and show them where the rest of the train was parked. There was a small river between our camp and town, which was crossed on a wooden bridge 15 or 20 feet above the water, but did not reach nearly to the top of the hill on the side toward town.

When we got to the bridge I halted the two hind teams and told them to stay there until I returned; I went on to where the rest were parked to help keep the mules in place, and when I got back I found wagon no. 2 bows down in the river and the mules partly in also and things decidedly gone wrong.

We succeeded in unhitching the mules and getting them up the bank onto the road; then I sent that driver to camp with my blessing and then crossed the river in search of driver no. 3. I found him at the top of the hill not far from where I left him with his near mule and wheel of the wagon in a deep ditch; I got the mule unhitched, and by keeping on the near side of the team, got them across the river and into camp without further accident. I thought I wouldn't stop to report to anyone in authority but make the best time possible back to camp, ready to sleep the sleep of the successful.

Since the writing the foregoing, the better part of a year has passed, and I am at a loss whether to commence again or to stop altogether. But, being laid up with a lame back, I can think of no better way of passing the time than to continue these reminiscences; but it is more than thirty years since the close of the war, and my memory is poor, especially for dates; so I can't tell what we did next. *(This would make the late 1890s as the time that the manuscript was written. While James complains of not remembering dates well, he actually does very well. He doesn't forget any of the activities documented in the regimental history.)*

However, some time after we left Winchester we moved toward the south, and when we received the news of the surrender of Vicksburg, and Lee's defeat at

Gettysburg, we were encamped at what was called Round Pond. We were marched up to headquarters about sundown one evening to hear the dispatch read, announcing the afore said victories, and that there were no gray-jackets north of the Tennessee river. Of course we all rejoiced and were glad.

While "old Rosy" was getting ready for his advance on Chattanooga, his cavalry was kept in motion here and there. Our division moved south and took possession of Fayetteville, Tennessee, and our battalion was provost-guard for the few days we stayed there. *(This means they served as the police force for the occupation.)*

I remember there was a family of colored children that used to play near our quarters. They were noted chiefly for their color and shades of color, as they shaded from very black to very white and all brothers and sisters.

We went from there to Huntersville, Alabama, *(This should be Huntsville Alabama)* and it was the most handsome place I saw in the south. The whole division was there, and when we marched through town, the "contrabands" (Negroes)--and their name was legion--were out in full force to see us. The streets were lined, and the remarks they made were original and edifying--some of them.

One old fellow walked beside our company for awhile, talking. Said he, "Cown meal is wuff five dollars a bushel now; what'll it be wuff when all dese hosses is fed?" I noticed an old, very fat mammy who would have weighed 300 pounds probably--so fat that she shook and quivered like a mass of jelly. Just as I was admiring her fair - and fairly - proportions, she rolled up her eyes and lifted her hands with a gesture of surprise and exclaimed, "Wha du all come from?"

While we were camped there, a colored man of middle age came to camp to sell some vegetables. I noticed he had lost most of the fingers from his right hand, and asked him how he had lost them; "cut'm off suh," said he. Being pressed a little, he said, "Cut'm off a puppus suh." I finally got him to tell. He said he had an "antipity" for picking cotton, and took that way to get out of it.

It was late enough in the season so we fed the horses on new corn, and there was plenty of it just right for roasting; we did some scouting and went one day to the Tennessee river, south of town, moving several miles of the way with flanking skirmishers out. Our regiment was on the right flank, and I well remember the sweat I got throwing down fences. We had no fight, but it was said in camp that some of our men talked with the Rebs across the river.

We were there at Huntersville the better part of a week, and when we left, we took back between three and four hundred able bodied darkys to be drafted into the army, for they were forming colored regiments at Nashville, and wanted all they could get.

When we left Huntersville that time, I think we went to Larkinsville. Which is - or was - a small station on the Memphis and Charlestown railroad. *(This is correct. The regimental history indicates they were at Larkinsville Alabama on 31 August 1863 and departed from there for a reconnaissance to Rome Georgia and then to the Chickamauga battle.)* At any rate we were there about six weeks, while preparations were being made for our advance on Bragg's forces, which resulted in the Battle of Chickamauga, and the capture of Chattanooga.

While on the march one day, our regiment was rear guard; I don't remember how long it took us, but I think it was only one day's march between the two places.

At any rate we followed the railroad the most of the way, and when it had become dark, and we were a few miles from Larkinsville, the wagon road passed over a spur of the mountain, while the railroad cut through it, leaving the wagon road fifteen or twenty feet above the railroad.

Just as our wagons were going over the spur, the advance was fired on, just a shot or two; enough to stir up some excitement. Word came back from the front for us to pass the wagons and come on. There was room for only one horse to pass at a time, and that on the side next to the cut, so that a misstep would send horse and rider to the railroad tracks below.

But, as it was a moonlight night, we got by without serious trouble, but before we reached the scene of the attack the Rebs had skedaddled, and our orders were to close up and come on into camp; which we did, leaving some other force with the train, which stayed there until morning.

And so we arrived at Larkinsville, which at that time was only a small way-station on the railroad. I don't remember that there were any troops there, except our division, and perhaps not all of that. At any rate, it was dull enough for me, as I was one of the camp cooks and did no scouting, picketing, or guard duty. My principal duty was to make coffee, and I had to carry all the water from a spring, which was a small part of a small river come to the surface for a few rods and then disappeared under ground again.

I think the railroad had been repaired from our camp to Bridgeport, which was our depot of supplies. Some of our horses had been condemned or had given out, so quite a lot of the boys were dismounted again. Soon after reaching camp the dismounted men were sent to Nashville with Major Tory for a supply of horses.

When Old Rosy had gotten things fixed to suit him, he took up the line of march to make it sultry for General Bragg. Our division was attached to Major General McCook's Corps, which was known as the twenty-first. *(This is a confusing part of the manuscript. This is a second McCook. In this case Alexander McCook, image at left below, who was the only McCook to command a Corps. His Corps was the 20<sup>th</sup> and not the 21<sup>st</sup>. The 21<sup>st</sup> Corps, also at Chickamauga, was commanded by Tomas L. Crittenden, who is not to be confused with his brother who was a confederate General. Finding out exactly the organization that contained the 1<sup>st</sup> Wisconsin Cavalry remains elusive. The Biographic data on Major General Alexander McCook is given below. After this short biography, is a Cavalry Corps organization that was in effect at the Battle of Chickamauga, complete with casualty figures. This would list the 1<sup>st</sup> Wisconsin under a General Robert Mitchell, a Cavalry Corps Commander)*



**Name:** MCCOOK, Alexander McDowell

**Born:** April 22 1831, Columbiana Cty OH

**Died:** June 12 1903, Dayton OH

**Pre-War Profession:** Graduated West Point 1852, frontier duty, instructor at West Point.

**War Service:** April 1861 Col. of 1st Ohio, First Bull Run, September 1861 appointed Brig. Gen. of Volunteers, commanded 2nd Divn at Shiloh, advance on Corinth, July 1862 promoted Maj. Gen. of Volunteers, commanded I Corps at Perryville, commanded XIV Corps at Stone's River, Tullahoma, commanded XX Corps at Chickamauga, did not command again until November 1864.

**Post War Career:** Army service, commanded cavalry and infantry schools at Ft Leavenworth, retired 1895.

**Cavalry Corps Brig. General Robert B. Mitchell****First Division Colonel Edward M. McCook****First Brigade Colonel Archibald Campbell**

2nd Mich. Major Leonidas S. Scranton

9th Pa. Lieut. Colonel Roswell M. Russell

1st Tenn. Lieut. Colonel James P. Brownlow

**Brigade loss: 2 killed, 6 wounded, 7 missing, total: 15****Second Brigade Colonel Daniel M. Ray**

2nd Ind. Major Joseph B. Presdee

4th Ind. Lieut. Colonel John T. Deweese

2nd Tenn. Lieut. Colonel William R. Cook

1st Wis. Colonel Oscar H. La Grange

D 1st Ohio Artillery (2) Lieutenant Nathanel M. Newell

**Brigade loss: 2 killed, 10 wounded, 11 missing, total: 23****Third Brigade Colonel Louis D. Watkins**

4th Ky. Colonel Wickliffe Cooper

5th Ky. Lieut. Colonel William T. Hoblitzell

6th Ky. Major Louis A. Gratz

**Brigade loss: 2 killed, 8 wounded, 236 missing, total: 246**

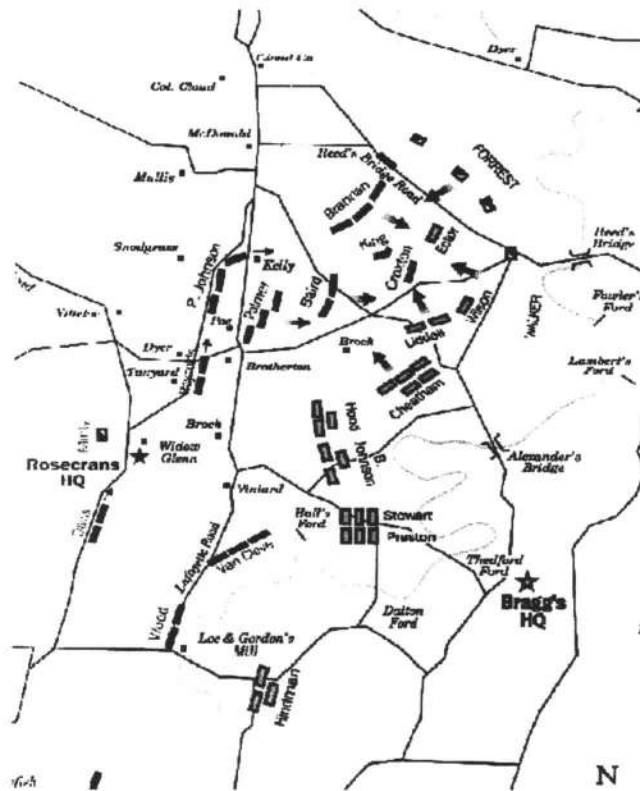
We crossed the Tennessee river on a pontoon bridge at Stephson and moved south, and in a week or two were pretty well down toward Rome, Georgia. But we must have retrograded considerably, for on the 16th of September we were in what was called Little Will Valley, Alabama.

Sometime in the middle of the day we set out, and climbed a pretty steep, high, mountain. I remember what a joke some of the boys played on me. I started out with my canteen full of water, but it was hot, and there was no water to be had on the route; so when we halted I went along the column to find water. I found a canteen hanging on Oscar Brown's saddle, so thinking of course it was water, I asked him if I might have a drink. He said he had no water, but finally said I might have some. I took a mouthful, but before I could swallow it I discovered it was whiskey; the regular rifled forty-rod rotgut, such as the toppers of the company got from the inhabitants, and which in these days is called "moonshine". I discharged it suddenly, and then needed some water worse than ever. Some of the boys made lots of sport because Moore got some whiskey and spit it out.

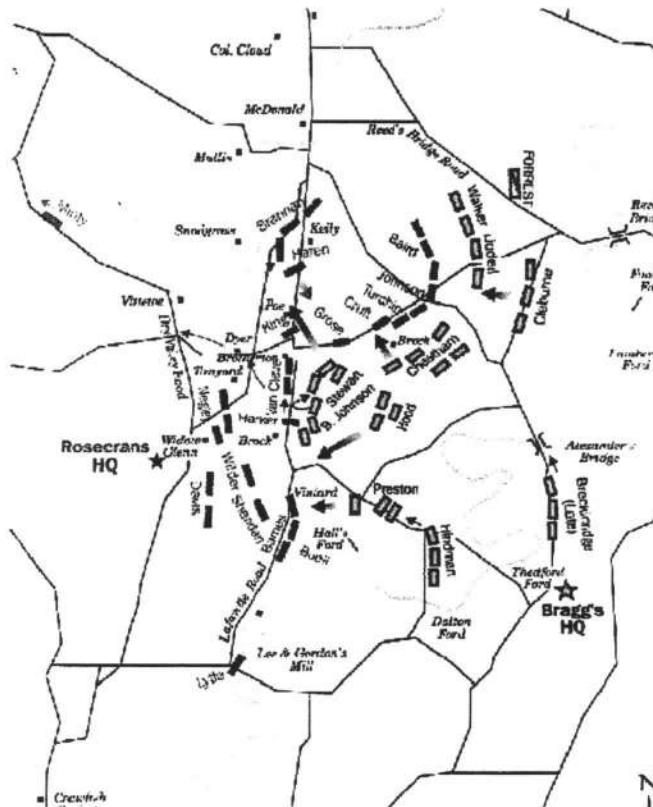
We kept along on the top of the mountain, and it was dark before our regiment got across to the place where we were to descend. It was so rocky, and there were so many places for a horse to fall, that we dismounted and led our horses, going in file. Someone who rode a gray horse toward the right of our company, got out of the road and into the bushes on the side of the mountain, and the next man followed his file leader, and the first thing we knew, we were struggling around in the brush. After hunting awhile we regained the road and succeeded in getting to the bottom.

There was heavy growth of timber on each side of the road, which made it very dark; but we had to close up the column ahead, so we mounted and spurred

our tired horses to a gallop, and kept it, it seemed to me, for two miles. Then we turned into the shrubs, hitched our horses to the trees, spread our blankets on the ground, and went to sleep. I wish I could get such sleep as that now.



**Positions at the start of September 19th**

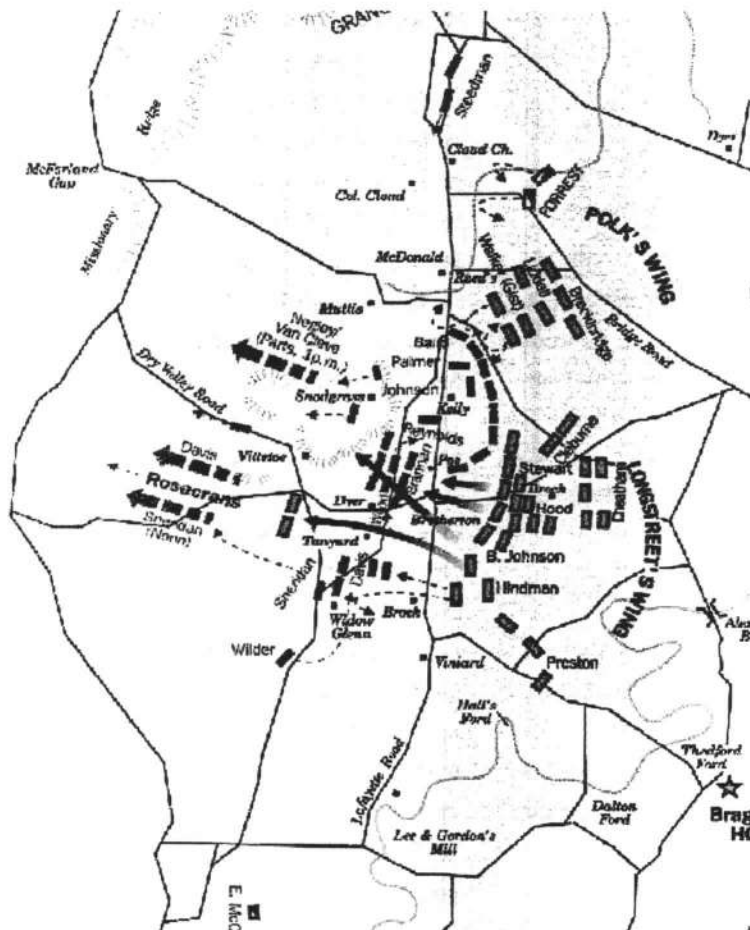


**End of September 19 - Day 1 of the Battle of Chickamauga**

As soon as it was light we saddled up and went where the Colonel had found some corn for our horses, and some potatoes for the men, and we filled up some. Saturday evening, the 19th of September, 1863, we went into camp near Crawford Springs, Georgia (*This would have been Crawfish Springs*) near where the first days' fighting of the Battle of Chickamauga took place. There was a large brick house on the farm, near the spring, which was used as a hospital; also a number of large tents in the grove near the house, and all filled with wounded men.

While we were on the march that day, with our pack train in the rear, the Rebs suddenly attacked the train. There was a regular stampede of pack-mules and those that had them in charge, for the front and safety. While we were waiting for orders, the rebels got one or more cannons within a half-mile of us, and threw a number of shells at us. Their skirmishers were near enough to us to throw lead over our heads, for I could hear the zip of the bullets, and hear them go through the limbs of the trees.

But our brigade commander soon came back with the head of the column, and we went for the "Johnnies". Our regiment was dismounted and sent as skirmishers, but as soon as the Rebs saw the boys coming they got out of there lively. We were not allowed to unsaddle our horses, nor to take our blankets off the saddles; but were obliged to hold the horses; each set of fours to hold their own horses. As it was a frosty night there was very little sleep for us, as blankets were necessary for comfort. We kept up large fires of rails, and thus wore the night away.



(End of September 20<sup>th</sup> - Day 2 of the Battle of Chickamauga)



The next day was cloudless and very hot for the time of the year. To the best of my recollection, the fighting did not begin until about 9:00 a.m. Then it begun in earnest. We were moved out toward the fighting and formed in line of battle, less than a mile from the spring and the brick house that was used for a hospital.

I think the hard fighting was from one to two miles from our position but not in sight. A cloud of smoke and dust showed us where the lines were, and a continuous roar like the heaviest thunder, showed how terrible the fighting was; and the ambulances constantly passing us to the rear, and loaded with the wounded, showed us it was no sham battle.

There were a great many men going to the rear on foot, who were not badly enough hurt to need to be carried. The most of the time from 9:00 a.m. until nearly sundown, we were sitting in our saddles expecting any minute to be ordered into the fight; I remember that we dismounted a few times, and threw down fences then climbed back into our saddles. Occasionally we would change front slightly, but there was no forward move and no talking, or laughing, but all were as solemn as could be desired.

It was the longest Sunday I ever spent. I suppose we were there to watch the rebel cavalry, to prevent them from getting to the rear of our army. I don't remember whether it was just La Grange's brigade, or if the whole division was there, but I do remember that we moved out in the direction of Chattanooga.

I think it was reported through our regiment that our boys had got the worst of it and were falling back. I don't recollect seeing any of our infantry, nor any of the Rebs; but while we were passing the brick house, and the hospital, I saw a great many blanket covered mounds just outside, lying on the ground, evidently dead men waiting to be buried. In a room of the house I saw a table, through the open door, on which was lying the dressed carcass of a sheep, and a man's leg from the thigh down, and there was a boot on the foot. It struck me as being a queer combination.

We kept moving until the middle of the night, and then stopped in what had been a cornfield. I think we unsaddled, at any rate I slept some.

*(Day 3 of the Battle of Chickamauga)*

In the morning we were marched back toward the battlefield, until we found the rebel cavalry, when we pitched into them and had quite a little skirmish. We were fighting on foot, as there were too many trees and bushes to get around in with horses. We forced the Rebs back out of the woods, until we came to a cleared field, and along the front of our battalion a partially cleared field, on the farther side of which were two or three log buildings.

The Rebs were in and around the buildings, and their lines extending to right and left along the woods, just outside the field. We stopped at the fence, on our side of the field, and had quite an animated dispute with them, the lead flying lively from both sides. As we were not ordered any further, the firing soon stopped.

I should have said before, that the left of the company, which was the left side of the regiment, came out to a road; I don't remember that there was any fighting done beyond our left; anyway there were none of our boys in sight. While the fighting was in progress I noticed that there were one or more Rebs firing from the bushes, across the road and not more than halfway from our position to their lines.

I Could not get sight of him, or them, from where I was, so after he had fired I crossed the road to see if I could see him from there. I could not, so after he had fired again I came slowly back, and just as I stepped in the road, zip came a ball over my head from the gentleman. If I had been a little taller, I wouldn't be here writing today.

After the firing was over a while, some of the boys sat down with their backs to the fence, and others lay on the ground, and soon the most of them were asleep. I had found a book that some one had thrown down, and becoming interested in it, I stood by the fence with my carbine by my side, laid the book on the rail and proceeded to read. As I was interested I might just as well have been asleep too, so far as watching for the Rebs was concerned; all of a sudden there was a shot fired on our left, followed soon by several others. I dropped my book, picked up my carbine, and then looked around to find out what it all meant; all I could see was a cloud of dust up the road toward the rebel position.

I heard the lieutenant yell "rally on the horses boys", but didn't pay much attention, as just then I caught sight of one of our company, named Huntington, about halfway across the field, coming our way with his revolver in one hand and his hat in the other, looking as though he had seen a ghost. Then I looked around to see what the rest were doing and there was not one of in sight; they had all skipped into the bushes. I started after them, but met them coming back laughing.

Then I found what had caused the row was a small party of Rebs who came down the road, apparently looking for the Yanks. Huntington went over to the buildings the Rebs had occupied, and finding no one there had started back, and when about halfway, saw ten or fifteen Rebs coming down the road only a few rods from him; the only cover near him was a small clump of bushes, behind which he crouched. As it happened one man on the left of the rebel squad got a glimpse of him and stopped, and reined his horse in toward him to investigate. But the shot fired from our company by Dewitt Clauson quelled his spirit of investigation, and he skipped to whence he came with the rest of his squad.

Soon after this a party of mounted men from our side, went out, but failed to stir up any Rebs. At night we were moved back a short distance and laid down in line of battle, and we slept 'til morning. That is what was called sleeping on our arms.

*(Day 4 Retreat to Chattanooga)*

In the morning we were withdrawn, and marched to end through Chattanooga. The Rebs came near cutting us off, but we succeeded in getting there, and found the Infantry hard at work building breastworks. We cavalymen went through town, only stopping long enough to get a box of hardtack (*Hardtack was a thick cracker. I was not easy to eat outright and often fried with bacon grease to soften up. It was a durable field ration.*) for our company, as we had had none for a day or two.

We moved up the river a couple of miles and forded the Tennessee where it was more that one-half mile wide. While crossing, a rebel battery threw shells at us from above, but hit no one. Just as our company was starting to cross the river, a lot of our infantry came running down to us. They had been out burning bridges, and the rebel cavalry had made it sultry for them. Some of the boys chaffed them, and they retorted in language more forceful than polite. Although the Rebs had the best of the fighting, the battle left them in such bad shape that they could not pursue

us soon enough to interfere with our occupying Chattanooga, and that was what we were fighting for.

*(About this time, General Rosecrans had his staff make a survey of the status of his forces. The inspection report for the 1<sup>st</sup> Wisconsin Cavalry is provided here.)*

On September 24, Captain Chris Beck reported on his inspection of the 2nd and 4th Indiana and 1st Wisconsin, forming the Second Brigade of the First (Edward McCook's) Division of the Cavalry Corps. It is probably safe to assume that Captain Beck's findings in these three regiments held good for the corps as a whole. The brigade, with an effective force of 1,068 officers and men, plus an amazingly small number of 58 dismounted men, was not, in the captain's opinion, "in a very efficient condition," owing to "the arduous duties" it had recently performed. "The horses are very much run down principally from a want of forage, which, under the circumstances, could not be had. Quite a large number of the men reported [fit] for duty are hardly so, but which a little rest and medical attention will soon remedy. The arms are in serviceable condition, and the command is fully supplied with ammunition . . . but is very much in need of clothing, especially boots."

A year or more has passed since I last wrote in this book, and again I am too lame to work, so will try to recall some of the incidents of my service as a soldier. I left the narrative at the crossing of the Tennessee river, a mile or more above Chattanooga. After crossing we went into camp on the heights directly opposite the city.

Every morning while we stayed there, we were routed out very early by a terrible racket across the river. There was a tremendous firing of artillery and musketry for a short time, and then all would be still. Camp rumor had it that the Rebs attacked the breastworks and were repulsed with great loss; but in all my reading on the subject since the war, I have seen no reference to the matter, and that leads me to think there was no such fighting.



*1865 picture of Chattanooga Tenn, South looking North*

While we remained there we were engaged in scouring the country, gathering up corn, for the use of the troops that were holding the city I suppose. I remember one day we visited a summer resort, and gathered the corn we found

there. Another day we spent fording the river to an island, and carrying back corn at the rate of about 100 ears at a time, on our horses, of course.

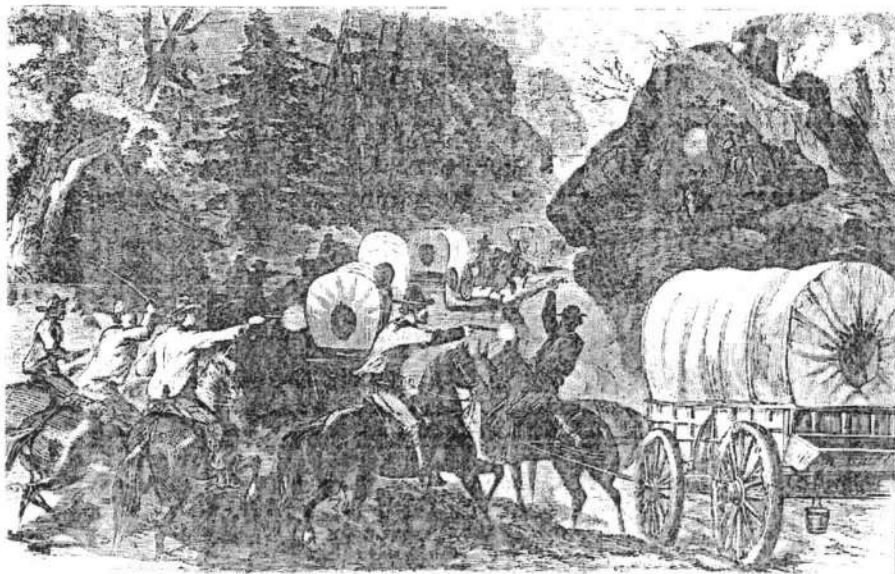
As the water was nearly three feet deep and very swift, and the bottom was rocky and slippery, it required careful work to keep the horses in the path; a slight deviation from the "narrow way" was sure to end in a dunking for the man, and the chance of losing his horse and equipment.

After gathering all the corn that we could find, one morning we took up the line of march, over a mountain 52 miles from valley to valley. There was a climb of about three miles before we reached the top, which we found quite level, and a tolerable farming country, though it was mostly wild land. We crossed a number of quite large brooks, and camped one night on the mountain.

We made our way to Bridgeport, where the railroad crossed the river, but at this time was not repaired any farther, and was the base of supplies for the army operation in that country. We drew rations for ourselves and horses and stayed there until noon the next day when we got marching orders. We marched to a little place called Jasper and went into camp. Our force was only one ((Col. Oscar) La Grange's) brigade, which contained only three regiments, viz. the Second and Fourth Indiana, and the First Wisconsin Cavalry; but we were so reduced in number that the whole brigade did not contain enough men to have made a full regiment of cavalry.



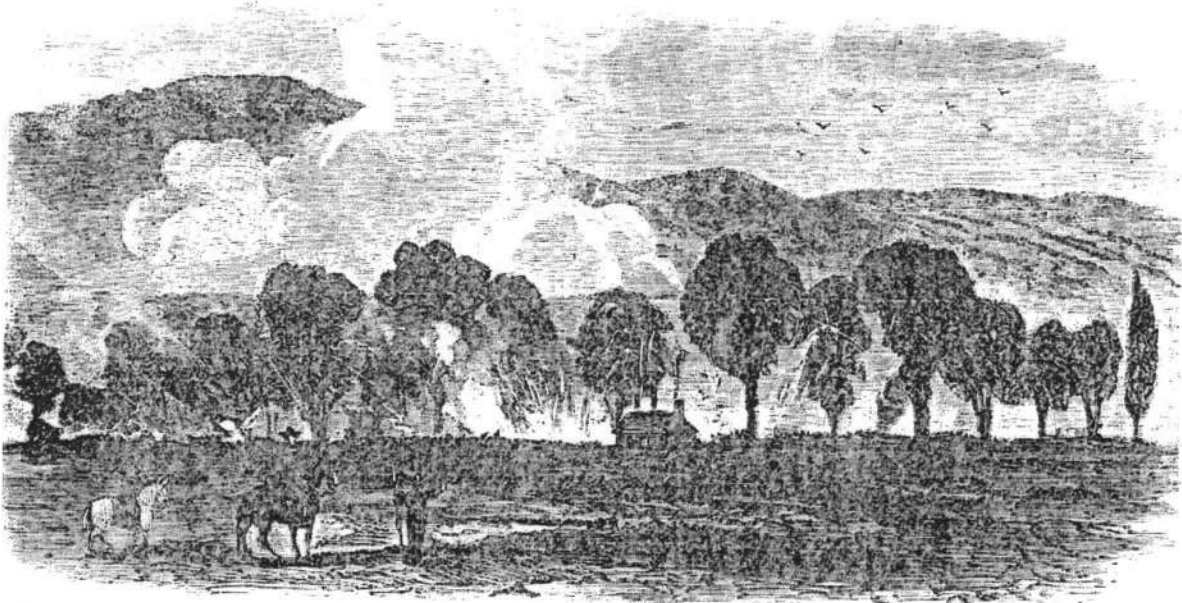
We moved out the next morning, taking the road to Sequatchee Valley which was at the base of Waldon's Ridge, the mountain we had just crossed. All of the supplies for the army that was holding Chattanooga had to go over that ridge. The day that we spent in Bridgeport, the rebel General Wheeler was moving his cavalry across the Tennessee river at Muscle Shell Shoals, below Chattanooga; and marching to the foot of Waldon's Ridge, he found a large train camped on its way to Chattanooga. (*Confederate General Wheeler picture is to the left. The action that is being described is called the "Battle of Anderson's Cross Roads" or "Anderson Gap"*)



THE BATTLE OF ANDERSON'S CROSS-ROADS—REBEL ATTACK UPON WAGONS OF ANDERSON'S CORPS—GENERAL WHEELER'S CAVALRY—1862

**Rebel attack on the Union Wagons from Harper's Weekly**

There was at least 100 wagons loaded with ration and ammunition. I have seen it stated that there were 200, perhaps 300 wagons, but I think not so many. Wheeler defeated the guard, plundered the train, and then went with his main force leaving a division behind to burn the train.



ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND—DESTRUCTION OF UNITED STATES WAGONS BY REBEL CAVALRY, OCT. 2, 1863.—SKETCHED BY MR. FREDERICK R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 636.]

***Drawing As 1<sup>st</sup> Wisconsin Cavalry arrives at the scene - from Harpers Weekly***

We arrived about noon and found the wagons burning and the ammunition exploding, making as much noise as a heavy fight. We moved carefully around the wagons, as it was not a very safe job to go near them. While we were passing through a field flanking the train, we saw a woman standing on a fence, near a house, and shouting "hurrah for the Union" at the top of her voice. Evidently she was not a reb.

There was no living thing around the wagons that I could see except a couple of mules that had been left tied to a wagon tongue, just as they had been feeding. The wagon was on fire and it must have been pretty warm for them, but they were making no effort to break away. The enemy took away most of the mules, but were crowded so hard by our force that they found them too much of an encumbrance, so they killed them. We found them left by the road, each with a bullet through its head.

After we got away from the burning wagons we found the rebels in line of battle on the hills and in the woods, and we proceeded to go after them. All of the brigade except Company K and three other companies of our regiment were dismounted and put into the fight, while the companies of mounted men under Major Torrey, were kept in or near the road, watching for a chance to charge.

We were up in plain view, and more exposed than the mounted men, and we could hear the lead whistling past us, mostly overhead, but there was no one hurt in our column. Our boys would crawl up as close to the Rebs as possible, and pour in their fire at close range, and so force them back.

We kept fighting and following up nearly all the afternoon until I thought we had gone as much as five or six miles. Toward the last the Rebs got a good

position on a wooded hill, and made a determined stand; pretty soon a battalion of the second Indiana came up, jumped from their horses, and yelling like Indians, mixed in with our boys near the road and commenced firing.

That was more than the Rebs could stand, and their whole line gave way and skipped for the river. Just then Colonel La Grange came galloping to the front, and the bugle sounded the charge, and we drew saber and went after them. But owing to the roughness of the country, we were obliged to keep in columns of fours, and remain in the road. So only the leading company could use their sabers. Ours was the second company, and all we could do was to keep up, and support the advance. Of course the dismounted men charged at the same time, and the Rebs gave way all along the line. Those in our front, scattered like a flock of sheep that the dogs were after.



THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND—CHARGE OF THE FIRST WISCONSIN AND SECOND INDIANA CAVALRY ON THE REBELS, OCTOBER 2, 1863.—DRAWN BY MR. THOMAS E. DAVIS.—(SEE PAGE 26.)

### ***Charge of the 1<sup>st</sup> Wisconsin and 2 Indiana Cavalry from Harpers Weekly***

That was their last stand for the day. Our boys captured sixty or seventy, and all of them were full of "old tangle heels", and so were not much account as fighters. Most of them exhibited a cut on the hand, and were indignant because they were struck; the boys that took them in said they would ride up to one of them and order him to halt and surrender, but he would pay no attention until he was hit with the saber, and then he would stop quick enough. Then they would whine out, "You oughtn't to have hit me". "Then why didn't you stop when I told you to"? "Oh, I couldn't stop my horse," would be the reply.

Our officers would not let us scatter and follow up the Rebs, so the fight ended for the day. There was an artist, a war correspondent, who saw the charge, and a picture of it appeared in Harper's Weekly. Wasn't that glory? *(The article was published in the October 31, 1863 edition of Harper's Weekly. The illustrations above are from that article. It took only three weeks to get the illustrations and text from Chattanooga Tennessee (then under siege) to New York and published. The article itself, written by Theodore R. Davis, is provided after James finishes his account.)*

We stayed near where the fight ended until late in the night, without unsaddling, but I believe we made coffee. Some time late in the night, our company was sent out on picket. We were not allowed to have a fire or to take our blankets off from the saddles, unless some of the men who had no overcoats used theirs to keep themselves warm, cloak fashion. I was stationed near the reserve, dismounted. In order to keep warm, and keep from going to sleep, I walked a short beat; but after I had been there two or three hours, I became so tired and sleepy that walking would not keep me awake; I would start across my beat, and before I would get across I would go to sleep, stumble, and nearly fall, rouse up and start back, and go to sleep again.

After I had kept that up until I was tired out, the Orderly came by, and I told him how it was, so he sent a man to take my place, and I went and lay down; then I was so cold I could not go to sleep; so we wore out the night.

There was quite a force that passed us in the night on the trail of the Rebs. We stayed in that vicinity that day and night, when the rest of the division arrived, and then we started on after the Rebs. After that we kept moving, day and night, nearly all of the time for more than a week. We halted at Murfreesboro long enough to draw five days rations of coffee, sugar, hardtack, and a little salt pork. Then we kept after the Johnnies, but did not catch up with them. The force that was ahead of us had a number of skirmishes with them, and prevented them from doing much of the mischief they had expected to do.

We followed up until we came to the Tennessee river, near where the Rebs had crossed, and there we left their trail, and turned back to Huntersville, Alabama, passing through Athens in route. The weather had turned stormy a few days after the fight, and was cold and disagreeable all the way through; our horses became so worn out that it was all they could do to carry us, and we were so used up that we could not keep awake while on the go at night. Our way was marked by burning fences, especially at night; I became so worn out that when we halted, and dismounted, I would slip the bridle rein of the horse's head, and lie down in the road in front of him, and go to sleep in a minute. After a few minute's sleep that way, I could stay awake quite awhile.

### **October 31 1863 Harper's Weekly account of the Anderson's Cross Roads wagon raid**

Arriving at Bridgeport during a pelting rain-storm and at night, I domiciled until morning under a railroad platform that seemed to comprise the town.

The morning came, and out I crawled, finding, after much inquiry, that "the way to reach Chattanooga was to walk, of course," and "the distance by the safe route was only sixty miles" "But," quoth my informant "General Wheeler, with all the cavalry of Bragg's army, is on the route now." My bunk-mates of the previous night (there had only been a regiment under the platform) now extended sympathy and hard tack.

Very soon I learned that Colonel E. M. M'Cook, with a portion of his division of cavalry, would start at once to attack the raiders. Excellent! I at once volunteered my valuable services and those of a mule of which I unexpectedly found myself proprietor.

The combined forces started at once, the rain pouring in torrents. We reached Jasper at midnight, and bivouacked; which means, or did in our case, to pour the water

out of one's boots and crawl under a rail shanty. Dawn found us on the march, and when within a few miles of Anderson's Gap we saw a dense smoke, cause by the burning of a large wagon train by the rebel cavalry.

At Three o'clock we came up with the enemy, charging them at once; the First Wisconsin, under Colonel La Grange, dashing down the road, while the Second Indiana charged through the field to the right, Major Presdee at their head. The whole force being under Colonel M'Cook.

The rebels drew up in line, fired one volley, then turned and ran, dropping their plunder as they went. Reaching a very strong position they again drew up in line of battle, only to break in disorder as our men came upon them in a sabre charge.

At every commanding position they drew up in line only to stand for a moment—the sabre charge of our men being demoralizing in the extreme.

In one of these charges General Wheeler had a very narrow escape. Colonel La Grange had cut down one of Wheeler's staff, run his trusty blade through another, and dashed at Wheeler, whom he had nearly reached, when the rebel jumped his horse over a fence, which the horse of the gallant Colonel refused.

Just at this time Major Presdee had gotten so far in advance of his men that a number of the rebels had surrounded him, when a sergeant of his regiment rushed to his rescue, spoiling on his way the pates of several of the rebel cavalry. During the charges Captains Mitchell and Pratt, of Colonel M'Cook's staff, were among the foremost in the fray. When the fight ceased at night we discovered, by questioning prisoners, of whom we had quite a number, that we had fought and whipped twenty-five hundred picked men with two regiments, or less than half their number – we having prisoners from 11 different regiments.

The Fourth Indiana cavalry, under Major Lampson, had now come up; orders were issued for an advance at the earliest moment of daylight.

The next morning came, but with it fog so dense that it was impossible to move, and eleven o'clock came before it was practicable to advance. Then after them we went recapturing a large number of mules that they had stolen from our wagons, and again driving them.

Finding now that the continuance of my stay with the pursuing cavalry would carry me too far from Chattanooga, I returned to Anderson's Gap – finding at that place the brigades of Colonels Mitchell and Tilson. Near the Gap, and scattered for some distance along the road, were the smoldering wagons, the destruction of which had been complete. Over two hundred wagons had been destroyed and hundreds of mules shot. Some of the wagons had been fired without taking the mules from them.

*(There are several viewpoints of the Battle of Anderson's Cross Roads. James has one, the Newspaper journalist had another, I have found a Confederate version and a reasonably official Union version. The Confederate version is provided next with the Union version last. Most interesting is the uncertainty of just how many wagons there really were. Also take note that the Journalist is careful to make sure that the officers that could help him later were praised and glorified in his account.)*



**THE DESTRUCTION OF ROSECRANS' GREAT WAGON TRAIN**  
**BY JOHN ALLEN WYETH, M.D., LL.D.**  
**Late of Quirk's Scouts, Confederate States Army**

The Confederate cavalry was an important factor in Bragg's defeat of Rosecrans' army at Chickamauga. Forrest was in full command on the right, while Wheeler, six miles away, covered the Confederate left wing. Bragg had placed them thus wide apart for the reason that Forrest had flatly refused to serve under his chief of cavalry. After Wheeler's disastrous assault on Fort Donelson, February 3 1863 where Forrest had two horses shot under him, and his command lost heavily, he bluntly told his superior in rank he would never serve under him again, and he never did.

The records of these two days of slaughter at Chickamauga - for twenty-six per cent of all engaged were either killed or wounded - Show how these great soldiers acquitted themselves. Forrest's guns fired the first and last shots on this bloody field. It was Wheeler's vigilance and courage which checked every move and defeated every advance on the Federal right, and finally in his last great charge on Sunday, pursued the scattered legions' of McCook and Crittenden through the cedar brakes and blackjack thickets in their wild flight toward Chattanooga. And it was this alert soldier who on Monday, September 21st, in the Chattanooga valley, five miles from the field of battle, made an additional capture of a train of ninety wagons and some four hundred prisoners. The success of his operations at Chickamauga may be judged from his official report:

"During the battle, with the available force (which never exceeded 2000 men) not on other duty (such as guarding the flanks), we fought the enemy vigorously and successfully, capturing 2000 prisoners, 100 wagons and teams, large amount of other property, and 18 stands of colors, all of which were turned over to the proper authorities."

After Rosecrans' army had sheltered itself behind the fortifications of Chattanooga, Forrest was ordered in the direction of Loudon and Knoxville to watch Burnside, whose corps occupied the latter place, while Wheeler remained in command of the cavalry with Bragg in front of Chattanooga. When Bragg consulted Wheeler in regard to an expedition north of the Tennessee to break Rosecrans' lines of communications, Wheeler informed him that few of the horses were able to stand the strain of such an expedition. He was, however, ordered to do the best he could, and a few days after the battle all the best mounts were assembled for the raid.

We reached the Tennessee River on September 30th, at or near Cottonport, about forty miles east of Chattanooga, and although our crossing was opposed by some squadrons of the Fourth Ohio Cavalry, posted in the timber which lined the north bank, under cover of two 6-pounder Parrott guns, we succeeded in fording the river, which was not more than two or three feet deep at this dry season of the year. From this point, without meeting with any material opposition, we made our way rapidly across Walden's Ridge and descending into the Sequatchie valley at Anderson's Cross Roads, early on the morning of October 2nd, encountered the advance guard of an infantry escort to an enormous wagon train loaded with supplies for the army in Chattanooga. Parts of two regiments under Colonel John T. Morgan were ordered to charge the

escort of the train, which they did, but were repulsed, and came back in disorder. I was standing near Colonel A. A. Russell who commanded the Fourth Alabama Cavalry, when General Wheeler rode up and ordered him to lead his regiment in. As soon as our line could be formed we rode forward at full speed, and receiving a volley at close quarters, were successful in riding over and capturing the entire escort within a few minutes. We found ourselves in possession of an enormous wagon train, and such a scene of panic and confusion I had never witnessed. Our appearance directly in the rear of Rosecrans' army, which was not more than--twenty miles away, was wholly unexpected. As a matter of precaution, the Federal general had directed Colonel E. M. McCook with a division of cavalry, then near Bridgeport, to move up the Sequatchie valley, and be within supporting distance of this train, but he failed to be in position at the critical moment.

When the fighting with the escort began, the teamsters had turned about in the hope of escape in the direction of Bridgeport. As we came nearer, they became panic-stricken and took to their heels for safety, leaving their uncontrolled teams to run wild. Some of the wagons were overturned, blocking the road in places with anywhere from ten to fifty teams, some of the mules still standing, some fallen and tangled in the harness, and all in inextricable confusion. For six or eight miles we followed this line of wagons, with every half mile or so a repetition of this scene. As we proceeded, men were detailed to set fire to the wagons and to kill the mules, since it was impossible to escape with the livestock. After a run of six or seven miles, I ventured to stop for a few minutes to help myself to a tempting piece of cheese and some crackers which I saw in one of the wagons. Filling my haversack, I was on the point of remounting, when General Wheeler rode up and ordered me to "get out of that wagon and go on after the enemy," which order I obeyed, and had the honor of riding side by side with my commander for some distance further among the captured wagons. As he turned back, he ordered the small squadron that was in advance, to go on until the last wagon had been destroyed, which order was fully executed.

By this time the smoke of the burning train was visible for many miles, and soon the explosions of fixed ammunition, with which a number of wagons were loaded, sounded along the valley road, not unlike the firing of artillery in action. General Rosecrans expressed the opinion that the Confederates were bombarding his depot of supplies at Bridgeport.

General Rosecrans, in his official report, admitted the loss of five hundred wagons, so that there must have been from one to two thousand mules destroyed. While the wagons were still burning, and before those of us who had gone to the extreme limit of the train could return to the main column, Colonel McCook, in command of the Federal cavalry, arrived on the scene and formed his line of battle between us and our main column.

The capture and destruction of this immense train was one of the greatest achievements of General Wheeler's cavalry, and I was proud of the fact that the Fourth Alabama, unaided, did the fighting which took it. Its loss was keenly felt by the Federals, for it added to the precarious situation of the army in Chattanooga, and reduced rations to a cracker a day per man for several days in succession. General Wheeler reported: "The number of wagons was variously estimated from eight hundred to fifteen hundred. The quartermaster in charge of the train stated that there were eight hundred six mule wagons, besides a great number of sutler's wagons. The train was guarded by a brigade of cavalry in front and a brigade of cavalry in rear, and

on the flank, where we attacked, were stationed two regiments of infantry." General Rosecrans in a despatch to (General Burnside dated October 5, 1863, said, "Your failure to close your troops down to our left has cost five hundred wagons loaded with essentials, the post of McMinnville, and heaven only knows where the mischief will end." From my own observation, I believe that five hundred would not be very far from correct. We missed about thirty wagons which had turned off in a narrow and little-used roadway, and were already partly toward Walden's Ridge.

Union version Extracted from the Book: The Union Cavalry in the Civil War

Wheeler crossed the Tennessee on the night of September 29. On October 1, Crook was ordered to pursue with all the mounted units he could collect; he set off with Minty's and Long's brigades and the Chicago Board of Trade Battery. The Lightning Brigade joined him on Walden's Ridge. At the same time, Colonel McCook, guarding the ferries and fords in the Bridgeport area, was ordered to march at once up the Sequatchie Valley to Anderson's Cross-Roads (thirty-nine miles distant) "to protect . . . wagon trains." This McCook proceeded to do with the three regiments of his division actually at hand, and he sent orders to Colonel Archibald P. Campbell at Pump Springs, Alabama, to follow him by forced marches with his brigade. Shortly after crossing the river, Wheeler divided his forces. He himself, with about 1,500 of his men, crossed Walden's Ridge and rode down the Sequatchie Valley toward Dunlap and Jasper; the rest of his forces crossed the valley near Pikeville and rode westward toward McMinnville. On the morning of October 2, at Anderson's Cross Roads, south of Dunlap, Wheeler saw before him the head of an immense wagon train, its numbers given variously as from 800 to as high as 1,000 six-mule wagons "heavily loaded with ordnance, quartermaster's, and commissary stores," plus 40 or more sutlers' wagons. Guarded by a mixed force of about 600 infantry and cavalry, the train occupied ten miles of road, end to end. After driving off the guard (the size of which is greatly overstated in Wheeler's report), the Confederates went to work on the train. The best of the mules and horses were unhitched, to be taken along by the raiders; many of the rest were sabered or shot. The wagons were looted of everything immediately usable—clothing and footwear were especially favored—and some number, given as from 300 to 500, were burned. The sutlers' wagons were of course the prime target for the hungry troopers and were thoroughly looted of their contents. While the raiders were still rioting among the burning wagons, Colonel McCook, coming up the valley, saw the column of smoke and increased his pace from a walk to a trot. He deployed the 1st Wisconsin and the 2nd Indiana side by side in column of battalions, charged the raiders, and drove them back "with considerable loss." The Wisconsin regiment, with the loss of only 3 men wounded and 1 captured, claimed to have killed and wounded 37 of the enemy and to have taken 42 prisoners; "nearly all the wounds were inflicted with the saber," Colonel Oscar H. LaGrange reported.

While Wheeler and his part of the raiding force were busy destroying the Federal wagon train, the rest of the raiders, under General Wharton, marched across Walden's Ridge, "over a road the most execrable I ever traversed," as Colonel George B. Hodge, commanding one of General Davidson's brigades, described it. Wheeler and his detachment joined the Wharton command at the northern foot of the Cumberland Plateau. Crook was then fourteen hours behind Wharton, but he tried to narrow the

gap by taking a shortcut called Robinson's Trace across the Cumberland Plateau and caught up with Wharton's rear guard, Colonel J. M. Crews's brigade of Davidson's division, at Thompson's Cove at the northern foot of the Plateau. The terrain being "rocky and brushy, no place for cavalry to operate," Crook attacked with the Lightning Brigade, dismounted. They succeeded in surrounding Crews's small brigade, but by the time they had done so it was dark, and Crews was able to break through the encirclement and escape.

After we got to the Tennessee river, we were marched into a field and swung into line but did not have orders to unsaddle, although we were dismounted. After being there awhile, along came our old tyrant and yelled, "Attention first battalion." We got to our places, and then it was "Prepare to mount, form rank, right dress." We proceeded to do this, supposing we were either to resume the march or go on picket. But we were soon undeceived, for the next thing we heard was a blast of profanity; "Now --- ---- ---, close up that interval; what in --- did you leave such an interval for?"

There was astonishment, not unmixed with a desire to laugh, on every countenance. There was a space, perhaps twenty feet wide, between the left of one company and the right of another, but as there was plenty of room, they did not crowd close together. Well, the interval was duly closed and then it was "Attention, prepare to dismount, dismount, form ranks, unsaddle, and place your saddle in front of your horse." The difficulty was that Major Torrey was cross.

As I wrote before, we marched to Huntersville, (*Huntsville*) Alabama. We arrived near the middle of the day and found that a force of rebel cavalry had passed through there that morning to reinforce Wheeler. The boys tried in vain to buy something to eat in the city. The only way to procure food in Dixie, in those days, was to hunt it up and just take it. That was what we had been doing for the past week or more, and our rations were not remarkable for amount, or quality. That country had been foraged over too much.

The Rebs took the road to Fayetteville, Tennessee and we followed after. About the time we left Huntersville, it began to rain; a persistent cold, Dixie rain. It came in torrents, and kept it right up all the afternoon and most of the following night.

We pressed on after the Rebs until a long time after dark, in fact until our advance was fired on by the rebel pickets. Then we had to stop for it was too dark to make any headway at fighting. The orders came fours right into line; which brought our company up against a rail fence, with a fringe of shrubs along it, and a cleared field beyond.

In a very short time the fence came up missing, and a row of fires appeared. By trying for a good while, our squad got a fire started, and a rail pen made, on which we put our rubber blankets for a roof, and with rails laid down to keep us out of the mud, then came the question of something to eat; we had a little flour, so we decided to have some flapjacks for supper. As all the water we knew anything about, in that country, was what was coming down, two men held a blanket, and a third held a tin cup to catch the water as it ran from the blanket.

So we mixed flour and water and a little salt, and baked us two cakes apiece; then we retired to our luxurious couch, which was the sharp edge of a rail, and slept

and slept the sleep of the tired. I don't remember what we had for breakfast, but when we started on after our friends, the enemy, he had gone.

The rain had stopped before morning, and we pushed on and at last came up with the rebel rear guard, had a spat with them, and took one or more prisoners. There were squads sent out that day to forage for something to eat, and they found it; and the boys of our battery, the 18th Indiana, found some drink also, four barrels of it, I believe. At any rate a detail was made from our company, to go over and guard their camp for them.

The foragers brought in some potatoes, and I don't know what beside. I think the headquarters must have found something liquid, for there was none of the usual morning calls, so we got up when we thought best. We fed our horses, started a fire and had our potatoes on boiling, when from headquarters came "boots and saddles". That meant pack up, saddle-up, get into line, and be lively about it.

We were obliged to throw away our potatoes, as we could not eat them in their partially cooked condition. There was grumbling, loud and deep, at the loss of our breakfast; but we mounted and moved out, and when the brigade was fairly stretched out, we halted and dismounted, and waited an hour or more, for the General in command to move toward us. Then the heavy swearers went into action, and if cussing had been killing, officers would have been scarce in our brigade.

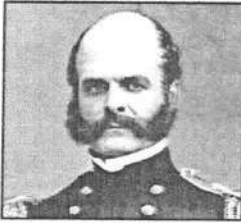
We took the back track toward the railroad and rations. While passing an old corn field I found a couple of nubbins of corn, as long as my finger, and ate them, along with a small piece of raw pork, and that was my breakfast and dinner. when we halted for supper our company was alongside a sweet potato patch, and we made our supper and breakfast of those.

Then we moved out to a little place called Winchester, where we drew rations. I was mighty glad to get hardtack again. Soon after that we marched to Murfreesboro, where we received two months pay; we must have gotten some clothing too, somewhere, for by this time we were ragged during the chase after Wheeler -- a good many had no overcoats, but used their blankets, cloak fashion, to keep them warm.

Soon after receiving pay we took our way over the mountain to east Tennessee, and proceeded to take a hand in fighting Longstreet's army. The first particular duty I remember being engaged in, was running a ferryboat across the Holston river at Strawberry Plains. Our company was detailed for that duty one day; and then I learned who a certain harrum-scarrum young fellow was, whom I had seen a number of times. He wore a citizen's cap and overcoat, and went around a great deal, and wherever he pleased. It was Jim Brownlow, son of the old Parson; *(not sure if it is meant that he as a son of John Brown – still looking)* and he was Lieutenant Colonel of the First Tennessee Cavalry, and in command of them. Having no beard, he looked to be about twenty years of age; but young or old, he was a fighter.



*(The 1<sup>st</sup> Wisconsin was transferred/loaned to the command of General Burnside while operating in East Tennessee. His picture and biography immediately follow. Yes, this is the General that sideburns were named after. Confederate General Longstreet, picture immediate left, was pressuring Knoxville at the time and threatening Union gains made farther west.)*



**Name** *BURNSIDE, Ambrose Everett*

**Born:** *May 23 1824, Liberty IN*

**Died:** *September 13 1881, Bristol RI*

**Pre-War Profession:** *Tailor, graduated West Point 1847, Mexican war, frontier duty, resigned US Army 1853, businessman, militia officer.*

**War Service:** *1861 organized 1st Rhode Island - Col., commanded a brigade at First Bull Run, August 1861 appointed Brig. Gen. of Volunteers, led expeditions against the North Carolina coast, New Berne, March 1862 promoted Maj. Gen. Of Volunteers, commanded Left Wing at Antietam, ordered to command Army of the Potomac November 1862, Fredericksburg, commanded Dept. of the Ohio, Knoxville, commanded IX corps at Wilderness, Spotsylvania, Petersburg, Crater, relieved of command, resigned April 1865.*

**Post War Career:** *Governor, businessman, US senator.*

When we left the Plains we marched down the river a few miles and then forded it; as it was late in the winter, nearly Christmas in fact, and pretty cold weather for the sunny south, fording a deep stream and getting our feet wet, was no play. We moved out along the railroad, running from Chattanooga to Virginia, by way of Bulls Gap. We didn't go very far before we ran against an obstruction in the shape of some of Longstreet's cavalry. We had reached a station named New Market, or nearly reached it, when we found the Rebs. Of course our boys couldn't get along without a row, so we went for them, and had five fights in six days, one of the days being Christmas, 1863. We were in line of battle all that day; but as they let us alone we let them alone.

After we left Murfreesboro we received no rations from the government, except salt, coffee, and sugar, until the following April. Our forces took possession of all the mills within our reach, and men were detailed from the ranks to run them; then we foraged the country over for corn, wheat, and any kind of meat.



We seldom received any flour, and what we did get was poor stuff. The corn meal was issued to us just as it came from the mill, without bolting or sifting, and as we had no sieve, (there was only one in the regiment, and that belonged to headquarters) we had to eat our meal just as it was, or go without bread. We had no facilities for cooking it except in our frying pans, and then it was only a little water and salt, and a dreadful coarse cornmeal, and only about half cooked. We forced it down, but it fairly scratched.

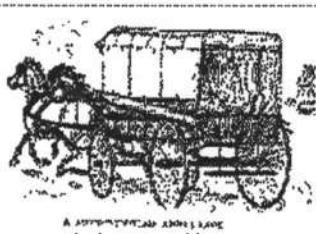
We had our hardest fight at Mossy Creek Station, the hardest that I was engaged in. We ran them out of the station a few miles, after a severe fight lasting until nearly night; we went into camp where we were, near the railroad, and I member there was a great scarcity of water; I got some out of the ditch by the side of the embankment.

In the morning our division moved back to Mossy Creek, and turned there and went off to the south a few miles, about six I thought, halted, fed our horses, and made coffee. We had just got through with our dinner, when we heard a terrible racket at the station; the artillery thundered and the small arms roared; evidently

there was a good deal of a row going on. We put on our bridles and tightened our saddles, mounted our horses and started for the station, pell-mell. It was about as exciting a ride as I had while in the service.

We were soon there, but before we got there the small force already had repelled the attack for the time. Our regiment was held in reserve, massed in close column of company front, on the bank of the mill-pond, protected from the enemy by a low hill.

There was a large barn across from the pond from us, perhaps twenty rods away, and they got a battery, or part of one, into position, and began to throw shells at us; the first one went right over us and exploded in the barn. There were some infantrymen there; the rebels threw a number of shells over us, but none of them hit us; but, being huddled together as we were, we could see what execution would have been done if one had dropped among us.



We were glad when we moved out along the railroad in the direction of the enemy. After we had gone a mile or so from the station, and were moving along the embankment of the railroad, which was too high to cross at that place, we saw on the other side of the road, near the woods a rebel ambulance (*drawing at left*) with an escort, moving toward their forces.

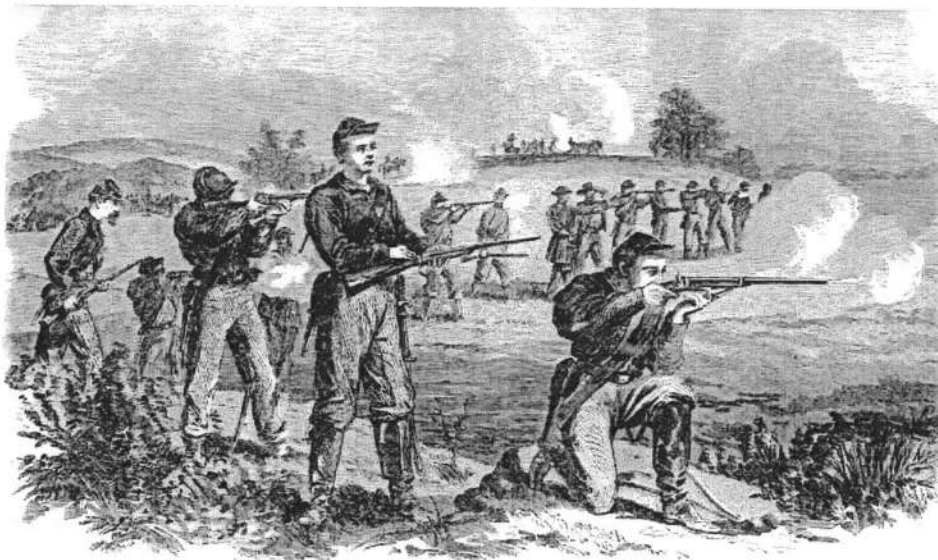
About the time I first saw them, a shot was fired from our battery in our rear, which struck in the midst of the rebel mounted men; it did not explode, so I concluded it was not a shell; there was no further notice taken of them when it was discovered that it was an ambulance train, as they were always spared.

How long we remained in the vicinity I do not remember but I think it was not many days. While we were having a skirmish over the railroad, I saw an occurrence that beat anything I ever saw for a close call; our line of skirmishers were fighting on foot;--I think it was the same day I was telling about above--our regiment was in line in the rear, mounted, but out of range of the rebel fire, and the skirmishers were in a wheat field. While I was watching one particular man in that wheat field--noticing how coolly he loaded and fired--a shot was fired from the guns of our battery, which was a long way in the rear. It struck directly behind that man, scooped the dirt from under his feet, and caused him to turn a complete summer-salt. I supposed, of course, he was killed, but he picked himself up, looked around as though to discover the cause of the trouble, and then coolly continued his firing.

When we left that country, we marched through Knoxville, and went out to the French Broad river. One day we crossed a small stream called Tiger Creek, or river, and passed through a place called Seville, (*actually spelled Sevierville*) which was named in honor of the first Governor of Tennessee. It was one of the oldest places in the state, yet all there was of it was a store and a tavern. There may have been as many as 100 people living there at the beginning of the war. That was a result of slavery.

A few miles from that place, there was considerable fighting, and the fourth Indiana Cavalry of our brigade, charged and captured two guns of a rebel battery, and held and brought them away; a few days later there were men detailed from our company to help man those guns. We were marching and skirmishing in that

country for a considerable time longer; but our service on the French Broad ended near a little place called Dandridge on Sunday, the 17th day of January. There, we encountered the enemy in force, and had a hard fight, with infantry, cavalry, and artillery.



*Cavalry Skirmisher from a Harper's Weekly article*

Before we got so far as that, I had been detailed to take care of the pack animals of our company. When we marched, the pack train and the officers' servants marched in the rear, and had nothing to do with the fighting. On the day in question our part of the train stayed where we had camped the night before; our regiment was the first engaged, on our part of the line; they moved out into a field at the foot of a gentle slope, the top of which was covered with woods, and occupied by the enemy.

As our boys came onto the field, the Rebs opened fire on them at point blank range. Our men swung out left front into line, under a heavy fire, and dismounted to fight on foot. Just as Jennings of our company stepped out of his saddle, a rebel bullet struck his horse killing it instantly. He found afterwards that another ball passed through the side of his overcoat, and cut a small Sunday School singing book in two which was in his pocket at the time.

The horses were sent back into the woods, in care of number for us whose duty it was to remain mounted, and hold the horses of the rest while the dismounted men charged for the woods at the top of the hill. They drove the Rebs back, but while this was going on, a column of mounted Rebs turned our left flank and charged the horses.

As soon as our commander found that out, he ordered our men back down the hill to save the horses; when they fell back, the Rebs occupied the hill again; as soon as the horse business was straightened out, they turned about and charged up the hill again in the face of a heavier force than was there in the first place.

They drove the Rebs off from the hill again, but by that time reinforcements had come to the help of the rebels. Our boys said there were three or four lines of infantry that time, and they were too much for them. But they fought until they were forced back by weight of numbers.



There was pretty much of a mix-up in the woods, and a great many of the men were captured, and some of them served a long time in rebel prisons. One of our men, named Hyde, was taken and hurried back to the rear by two of their men; but something frightened them and they ran away and left him; he hid behind a log until things quieted down and then made his way back to the company.

Another of our company found himself alone among the advancing Rebs, and took a double quick back to our side of the hill, and he succeeded in getting back to camp, but with a bullet hole in his shoulder. They took a Lieutenant prisoner, but he found himself too lame to walk; they dragged him awhile, but finally let him go; his lameness suddenly disappearing, he made his getaway.

While this fighting and running was taking place, a heavy column of mounted Rebs came up intending to turn our right. The second Indiana cavalry discovered what they were trying to do, threw themselves into line, gave them a volley from their carbines, and drew their sabers and charged.

The Rebs concluded they did not want to turn the first Wisconsin right, and they went back whence they came with a good sized flea in their ear. One of our boys, who was holding horses, said the first he knew about the trouble was when a man in dark clothes rode up to him, and ordered him to give him his arms. He told him he would not do it; and wanted them himself. "But," said he, "You are a prisoner, give me your arms;" and at the same time drawing a revolver. "Why, are you a Southerner?" said our soldier in astonishment. "Yes I am," said he, "And you want to pass over those arms." Merrill unbuckled his belt and handed it to him and when the fellow took off the saber and threw it on the ground, he turned and rode away without offering to take his carbine, or horse, or anything else. Merrill got off his horse, picked up his saber, and rode into camp.

The loss to our regiment was about 36--killed, wounded, and prisoners. A neighbor of mine, who belonged to Company E, was mortally wounded; his name was Ashur Morgan. The fight generally seemed to be a draw, as we remained in our camp until ten or eleven o'clock at night while our infantry passed through to the rear. *(The 1<sup>st</sup> Wisconsin Cavalry experienced a total of 67 deaths by combat for its entire wartime operations. This would have been their highest loss in a single day.)*

As soon as it was dark, so we could see the enemy's campfires a mile or so away, a gun from our battery was brought out, and we threw a few shells toward their fires. When our captain's boy, Billy, saw what they were doing, he got onto his horse and prepared to light out. I asked him where he was going, and he said, "I'm going to git out o' here," for as soon as they fired that gun the Rebs would begin to throw shells back at us. But he was mistaken, for they paid no attention to it so far as we could see.

While the infantry was going past, I heard some of them ask each other how many ears of corn they had for their rations; it was decidedly short commons with them, and the cavalry was only a little better off. After the infantry had gotten away we pulled out, and marched all night. After daylight we halted for an hour, perhaps fed our horses, and made coffee, and cooked whatever we had, which was not much. A good many of the boys had had nothing to eat since the morning before.

We marched all of that day, and shortly before night we forded the French Broad where it was nearly one-half mile wide, but quite shallow. Early in the morning it came on to rain, which made it very disagreeable. While we were in the

river the horse of "little Davis" stumbled, and pitched him over its head, which made "little Davis" aforesaid so mad that he let his horse wade off down stream while he took a bee-line for shore; but one of the men took pity on him and caught his horse and led him ashore.

We marched about four miles from the river and went into bivouac, as we had no tents. We rigged up shelter for ourselves with our blankets, and managed to be quite comfortable. In the morning there was about three or four inches of snow on the ground. I don't remember much about our doings from that time until spring opened up; but I think we did not do much fighting. *(Winter in East Tennessee is wet and miserable. The illustration below from Harper's Weekly shows the mud rain and thick woods. The fight against Longstreet for the 1<sup>st</sup> Wisconsin ground to a halt in February 1864.)*



THE WAR IN EAST TENNESSEE—DRAWING ARTILLERY THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS.—(See Page 72.)

While the foregoing was happening, I suppose the siege of Knoxville must have been going on, but I did not hear of it until we had made our way to Cleveland, Tennessee, and that was in April; most of the corn was planted, and the weather turned cold and stormy, and finished with a heavy snow storm. The snow went off nearly as fast as it came, but the mud stayed. As usual, in such cases, the "oldest inhabitant" was quoted as saying that such a storm had not been known for twenty years.

We had been deprived of our mail, as well as our hardtack and other sustenance; consequently we were ignorant of the battle of Lookout Mountain and the storming of Missionary Ridge. We got hold of papers soon after arriving at Cleveland, and read up on the news.

*(The summer of 1864 began the final thrust from the west into the Southern heartland. The prize was Atlanta, where all the rail traffic with Confederate supplies would travel. In this final phase, the Kentucky and Tennessee areas were not yet totally secure. The cavalry would be called upon to travel back north to protect the vital supply lines. The final map of the travels of the 1<sup>st</sup> Wisconsin is presented below. While James didn't complete his documentation of his actions, I present the Regimental history to at least define when and where the unit was located and if James was with it.)*



But in the meantime, between the fighting at Dandridge and our arrival at Cleveland, we had not been entirely idle; our Colonel used to get between the rebel pickets and their camp, and with a small force, gobble up a lot of them. At one place one of our companies, M, I think, was sent out as outline picket, ten miles from camp; they were stationed at four corners, and in a thicket of second growth timber. Their videttes were out on all four roads, and then charged for the corners; the result was our men were nearly all taken prisoners. There was a young Indian belonging to the company, and he was out on vidette when the Rebs charged; he took in the situation, slid from his horse and left him for the Rebs, and took himself into the tall timber, and lay low until the Rebs had gone when he made his way to camp and gave the alarm.

A force was sent out in pursuit, but it was of no use; they could not come up with the Rebs. We continued in camp in Cleveland until Sherman's army was ready to move out for Atlanta. The cavalry did considerable scouting while there. While my company was out one day, Jennings, whose horse was shot from under him, met with the accident which cause his death. The horse he was riding fell, and pitched him off and rolled over him. He thought he had received no serious injury. He rode his horse back to camp, took care of him as usual, and felt no bad effects from his fall; but in the morning he became very bad, and was sent to the post hospital, where he continued to fail and died in three days.

He was an exemplary young man, and a man of considerable education; he had been teaching and attending the Wayland Academy at Beaver Dam before the war. He was my friend, and I missed him very much. His funeral was attended by the since celebrated D.L. Moody, who had recently begun his evangelistic work. Jennings' was the only military funeral that I saw in our regiment. I also saw O.D. Howard and heard him speak at one of Moody's meetings in a church in the village.

When the time had fully come when "Uncle Billy" (*General Sherman*) (*Picture of Gen Sherman at left and his short biography below*) had determined to move toward Atlanta, we also moved with him as part and parcel of the army of the Cumberland. As our brigade was passing through the village, our regiment marched for awhile alongside the 24th Wisconsin Infantry, and their band was playing a lively tune; the boys were keeping to it, and doing as good marching as I saw while in the service. They had on white collars and white gloves, their bayonets were fixed, and everything was spick and span, making war look as well as it ever could look.



**Name** SHERMAN, William Tecumseh "Cump"

**Born** February 8 1820, Lancaster OH

**Died:** February 14 1891, New York NY

**Pre-War Profession:** Graduated West Point 1840, artillery duty, travelled widely in the South, Mexican war, served in Pacific Division, resigned US Army 1853, banker, lawyer, realtor, superintendent of a Louisiana military academy.

**War Service:** May 1861 Col. of 13th US Infantry, commanded a brigade at First Bull Run, May 1861 appointed Brig. Gen. Of Volunteers, served in Kentucky but was relieved because of instability, commanded Dist of Cairo, commanded 5<sup>th</sup> Divn/Army of the Tennessee at Shiloh (w), May 1862 promoted Maj. Gen. of Volunteers, Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, commanded XV Corps in Vicksburg campaign, July 1863 promoted Brig. Gen.

*Regular Army, Missionary Ridge, commanded Divn of the Mississippi, Red River campaign, Meridien campaign, Atlanta campaign, August 1864 promoted Maj. Gen. in Regular Army, March to the Sea, Carolinas campaign.*

*Post War Career: Army service, commanded the Division of the Mississippi, Indian campaigns, general-in-chief after Grant's election to the presidency, retired 1883, author.*

I think we cavalry boys must have looked pretty fair, for we must have just received new clothes after the wear and tear of the winter campaign. The infantry boys started out carrying overcoats and considerable other new clothing; but they had not marched long before the road was lined with overcoats, dress coats, and other plunder; and in a month you would seldom see a man who carried a knapsack, or more than one blanket, and haversack, canteen, and rations. That, with his ammunition and gun, was a great plenty.

The second day, I think it was, a man from Beaver dam whose name was Keller, was shot dead by the enemy; he was a scout, and seemed entirely fearless. He went south at the same time I did, but went into Company E. He was at the Whitewater bridge in Missouri when Company E had the fight with the Texans, and was struck by a spent ball in the abdomen; but it did not break the skin, only raised a blister.

After a few days out, we were halted one day and Major Torrey come back along the line and ordered the men of his battalion to throw away all extra blankets, and clothing, except a shirt and a pair of socks. Of course they were thrown away, but as soon as the Major's back was turned, a great many of them were recovered and carried along.

### Reminiscences of the War as Written by J. George Moore

I have often thought of the sometimes whimsical, sometime cruel, and often time undeserved punishments inflicted on the private soldier in the force with which I had the honor to serve during the late unpleasantness between the States.

For instance, there were 85 men and boys who joined the First Wisconsin Cavalry as recruits when I did, in August, 1862. There were of many nationalities, and among the rest were several French-Canadians, one of whom either could not or would not understand English. When we joined the regiment, we were put to work learning the duties of soldiers. The first time this Canadian was sent on picket, the trouble began; the Sergeant of his relief took him out with the rest and told him to stay at a certain place until he was relieved; but that Canuck did not know about staying out there all by himself so he followed the Sergeant back to guard headquarters. And the Sergeant could not induce him to stay on picket, so, as in duty bound, he reported the matter to the officer in command.

Next morning it was reported to the Major commanding the battalion, whose name was William H. Torrey. "Can't understand English! I'll learn him to speak English; blankity blank him," said the Major. "Tie him up by the thumbs." You may know it is no sport to be tied to something overhead, and stretched up until only your toes touch the ground and your full weight must rest either on your toes or your thumbs. It was reported in camp that the man in question, when first down after several hours torture, was ready for service in the hospital. I know that I never saw him again.

Another style of punishment that the Major was very fond of was known as bucking and gagging (*picture at left*). Although not so painful, it was by no means pleasant.



One frosty morning during the first winter (*December 1862 – January 1863*), the Major was passing the camp of my company as we were getting breakfast, and Sergeant Jim Robertson was, as usual, picking on one of the boys just for fun. The boy this time was a chunk of a fellow, Sam Hurlburt by name, and he called out just in time for the Major to hear, "Oh you dry up." With that the Major told and orderly to get a

heavy rail and set that man to marching up and down for two hours, with the rail on his shoulders, and detail a man to guard him.

That winter our battalion was ordered, one morning, to make a forced march from Patterson to Bloomfield, Missouri, with Major Torrey in command. We marched to within a few miles of the place and went into bivouac in a field of a Union man. Before dismounting, the Major made a little speech, as follows:

"Men, you must not use any of these rails, or any of the corn in that field, as the owner is a Union man. But that field over there belongs to a friend of mine, and you may use all the corn and rails you want to."

Some time before morning, we saddled up and moved out toward Bloomfield.

When our advance arrived at a certain house, a couple of miles from the village, a rebel Colonel appeared by the roadside and wanted to know if "the Yanks" were coming, as he had heard the day before. "Yes," said the sergeant, "And we're right here. You surrender." They found a Captain and a private at the house and took them also. Then we charged into the town but got no more prisoners. The Major was mild as new milk until we were ready to go back to the regiment, then the least thing out of the way and he would make the fur fly.

The first day on the return march he put a number of men afoot, for some little thing, I don't know what. That night we camped at a little place called Greenville, on the bank of a swift little river named St. Francis. In the morning we had to cross this stream to reach Patterson, ten miles away. The leading companies crossed, dismounted, and led their horses back to drink. When it came our company's turn, we marched in as the others had, but some of the men let their horses drink as they went, without leaving their places, or breaking up the company in any way.

After we reached the bank we all dismounted and led our horses back to drink, as the others had. After we had reformed, instead of mounting us again, our despot told us that that was a regular Company K trick and he would teach us to water our horses without orders. And to teach us that useful bit of knowledge aforesaid, Company K should lead their horses to Patterson.

Well, I must say if cavalrymen had any cuss words in their vocabulary, which they had, putting them afoot was the way to find it out. The mounted men went on and left Company K to their punishment. We had not gone two miles before the company was strung out over a mile or more of road; our Captain marched with the rest of us, wading the creeks and slews, and a more angry man I never saw.

When we arrived at the outskirts of the town, the Captain waited until we had closed up and then marched us through the infantry camp, much to their edification. It was reported in the camp that the Captain made Major Torrey apologize for his treatment of us, but that report may have been a "grapevine", as we called them.

This Continuation of the Life Story of J. George Moore  
Was Written by His Second Child, Eva F. Kelly

I am sorry that our Father did not, at least, finish the account of his experiences in the Union army. Lack of time must at first have been the reason, and afterward his memory seemed to have failed greatly, and that, with the weight of advancing years, made him put the task from him. It has been left to me to finish up, to the best of my ability, some sort of an account of the remainder of his life, so that it may be printed as a memento for his surviving children.

At the time Father's writing ended, his division under General George H.



Thomas - *(picture and biography below left)* known affectionately as "old dad Thomas"--was with Sherman's army on the way to Atlanta. Somewhere, in that same army, marched our Mother's youngest brother, David Howes, a youngster scarcely twenty. But Thomas was ordered back into Tennessee to take care of the rebel General Hood *(picture immediate left)*. Of course Father's company went too; however, Uncle David only went as far as Resaca, where he received the wound in his knee, which made him lame as long as he lived.



**Name** THOMAS, George Henry "Pap"

**Born:** July 31 1816, Southampton Cty VA

**Died:** March 28 1870, San Francisco CA

**Pre-War Profession:** Graduated West Point 1840, served in the artillery, Seminole war, Mexican war, frontier duty.

**War Service:** April 1861 Lt. Col. of 2nd US Cavalry, May 1861 Col., August 1861 appointed Brig. Gen. of Volunteers, commanded 1st Divn/Army of the Ohio at Mill Springs, Shiloh, advance on Corinth, second in command of Army of the Ohio at Perryville, April 1862 promoted Maj. Gen. of Volunteers, commanded Center Divn/XIV Corps at Stones River, commanded XIV Corps (mightily) at Chickamauga, October 1863 promoted Brig. Gen. in Regular Army, commanded Army of the Cumberland at Chattanooga, Missionary Ridge, Atlanta campaign, Nashville, December 1864 promoted Maj. Gen. In Regular Army.

**Post War Career:** Army service, commanded Division of the Pacific.

All this was in the spring and summer of 1864, and father must have gone from place to place for many a weary month, mostly in southern and central Tennessee, before he found himself at Bowling Green, Kentucky one winter's day in January, 1865. I do not know the exact date, but one morning he was obliged to report himself on the sick list, and thought he had a severe cold; he was sent to the headquarters medical officer, whoever he was, and was sent to the smallpox hospital, as he was coming down with the smallpox.



*(In the winter of 1864 -65 the 1<sup>st</sup> Wisconsin Cavalry were sent to Louisville Kentucky and pursued the Confederate General Hylan Benton Lyon, picture at left, from Paris Kentucky all the way across the center part of the state to Hopkinsville. This would have taken the unit through*

**Bowling Green.** *The chase to Hopkinsville ended on the 16<sup>th</sup> of December 1865. So James must have come down with the disease on that run. After that the unit proceeded to Nashville and was there by the 8<sup>th</sup> of January 1865. The Bowling Green Hospital was small – 150 beds – and Nashville had much larger ones – so he must have been in the area to be kept there. Before being sent north to Louisville, the unit had marched all the way to Atlanta and participated in most of the major battles in and around that city from June to September 1865. They did not participate in Sherman’s “March to the Sea”. This information is found in the regimental history that is in the Wisconsin State Veterans Museum archives. It is short so I include it here. Please also note that the unit wintered over in Chickasaw, Alabama until mid March. I’m projecting that James rejoined his unit there and completed his war service. Please note that James was far more likely to have died from disease than on the battlefield. In his unit almost 5 times more likely.)*

*From the Wisconsin Veterans Museum*

*Regimental History for the First Wisconsin Cavalry Regiment*

*Recruiting for the First regiment of Cavalry was authorized in the summer of 1861, and Camp Fremont at Ripon, WI, was designated as the rendezvous. It became necessary to change the location and the camp was changed to Camp Harvey, Kenosha, WI, on 22 November, 1861. Here the organization was perfected and the last Company mustered into the service of the United States on the 8 of March 1862.*

*The regiment left the state on 17 March, proceeding to St. Louis, MO and shortly thereafter to Cape Girardeau, MO. From this point as a headquarters the several companies were detached and sent to various points in Missouri and Arkansas for service, and until the latter part of May 1863 the regiment was engaged in similar duties at various points in this territory, when it was transferred to middle Tennessee, reaching Nashville, TN on the 14th of June and was assigned to the Cavalry Corps of the Army of the Cumberland with which it was subsequently identified, serving chiefly in middle Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia and Alabama. In the summer of 1863 the regiment participated in the advance on Chattanooga, and was engaged on the extreme right of the Union line the battle of Chickamauga September 19-20, 1863. Thereafter followed a long series of movements which kept the cavalry engaged at different points guarding wagon trains and lines of communication and coming in frequent contact with the enemy.*

*At the opening of the Atlanta Campaign, May 1 to September 8, 1864, the First was assigned to the Cavalry Corps accompanying the army of Gen. Sherman. In this campaign it was almost constantly on the move performing the duties usually assigned to the cavalry. In October following the surrender of Atlanta the First accompanied the forces sent in pursuit of the Confederate forces under General Hood who were invading middle Tennessee, and who were finally so signally defeated and crushed at the battles of Franklin and Nashville. After the defeat of the Confederates at Nashville, December 15-16, 1864, the First Cavalry was engaged in pursuing the retreating rebel forces, for that purpose pushing into Alabama; continuing in active service until after the collapse of the Confederacy in the month of April, 1865.*

*On the 6th of May 1865 the First Cavalry was stationed at Macon, GA at which point the command received orders to start in the pursuit of Jefferson Davis who was presumed to be escaping from the Union forces and at that time was in southern Georgia. After an arduous march of several days and nights the First, with other Union forces, succeeded in*



*overtaking Mr. Davis and his suite on the 10th day of May, 1865 near Irwinville, GA, capturing the whole company. After the capture of Mr. Davis the regiment was transferred to Nashville, TN and mustered out of the service of the United States on the 19th day of July, 1865. Shortly thereafter it returned to Madison, WI and was disbanded.*

### *1st Regiment Cavalry*

*Organized at Rippon and Kenosha, Wis., September 1, 1861, to February 2, 1862. Mustered in March 10, 1862. Left State for St. Louis, Mo., March 17, 1862, and duty at Benton Barracks, Mo., until April 28. Moved to Camp Girardeau, Mo., April 28. Attached to Vandever's Brigade, District of Southeast Missouri, Dept. of Missouri, to October, 1862. Cavalry Brigade, District of Southeast Missouri, Dept. of Missouri, to June, 1863. 2nd Brigade, 1<sup>st</sup> Cavalry Division, Army of the Cumberland, to October, 1864. 2nd Brigade; 1st Division, Wilson's Cavalry Corps, Military Division Mississippi, to July, 1865.*

*SERVICE.—Scout and patrol duty in Southeast Missouri until October, 1862. Expedition to Bloomfield, Mo., May 10-11. Action at Bloomfield May 10. Chalk Bluffs May 15. Operations in Dunklin County May 16-20. Expedition to Madison, Ark., July 9-22. Scatterville July 10. Guerrilla Campaign against Porter's and Poindexter's forces July 20-September 10. West Prairie July 23. Bloomfield July 29. Jonesboro, Ark., August 2-3 (2nd Battalion). Jackson, Langnelle's Ferry and Scatterville August 3. At Cape Girardeau until October 3. Scout to Wayne, Stoddard and Dunklin Counties August 20-27 (Detachment). Bloomfield August 29 and September 11. Moved to Greenville October 3, thence to Patterson October 19. Expedition after Greene's guerrillas October 20-November 3. Duty at Patterson until January, 1863. Moved to Alton and West Plains January. At West Plains, Pilot Knob and St. Genevieve until March. Batesville February 4. Moved to Cape Girardeau March 10. Scout from Bloomfield to Scatterville March 24-April 1. Operations against Marmaduke April 17-May 2. Whitewater River April 24 (Co. "E"). Cape Girardeau April 26. Near Whitewater Bridge April 27. Castor River, near Bloomfield, April 29. Bloomfield April 29-30. Chalk Bluff, St. Francis River, April 30-May 1. Moved to Nashville, Tenn., May 31-June 13. Triune June 19. Middle Tennessee or Tullahoma Campaign June 23-July 7. Eaglesville and Rover June 23. Middleton June 24. Fosterville, Guy's Gap and Shelbyville June 27. Bethpage Bridge, Elk River, July 2. Expedition to Huntsville July 13-22. At Huntsville and Fayetteville, Ala., until August 15. At Larkinsville until August 31. Chickamauga (Ga.) Campaign. Reconnaissance toward Rome, Ga., September 11. Apine and Dirt Town September 12. Near Stevens' Gap September 18. Battle of Chickamauga September 19-20. Boy Valley and Lookout Church September 22. Missionary Ridge and Shallow Ford Gap September 22. Operations against Wheeler and Roddy September 30-October 17. Anderson's Cross Roads October 2. Maysville, Ala., October 13. Camp at Winchester until November 20. Movement to Murfreesboro, thence into East Tennessee November 20-December 14. Operations about Dandridge and Mossy Creek November 24-28. Mossy Creek Station December 24. Pack's House, near New Market, December 24. Mossy Creek December 26. Talbot Station December 28. Mossy Creek, Talbot Station, December 29. Near Mossy Creek January 11-12, 1864. Operations about Dandridge January 16-17. Bend of Chucky Road, near Dandridge, January 16. Dandridge January 17. Operations about Dandridge January 26-28. Fair Garden January 27. Swann's Island January 28. Expedition from Motley's Ford to Murphey, N. C., February 17-22. Cleveland April 2. Mink Springs, near Cleveland, April 13. Atlanta (Ga.) Campaign May 1-September 8. Catoosa Springs May 3. Varnell's Station May 7 and 9. Demonstrations on Dalton May 9-13. Tilton May 13. Battle of*

*Resaca May 14-15. Cassville May 19. Stilesboro May 23. Burnt Hickory May 24. About Dallas May 25-June 5. Burned Church May 26 and May 30-June 1. Ackworth June 3-4. Big Shanty June 6. Operations about Marietta and against Kenesaw Mountain June 10-July 2. Lost Mountain June 15-17. Assault on Kenesaw June 27. Howell's Ferry July 1. Nickajack Creek July 2-5. Chattahoochie River July 6-17. Beachtown July 22. Siege of Atlanta July 22-August 25. McCook's Raid on Atlanta & West Point Railroad July 27-31. Campbellton July 28. Newnan July 30-31. Expedition to Jasper August 11-15. At Cartersville August 18-October 17. Rousseau's pursuit of Wheeler September 1-8. At Calhoun until November 14. Ordered to Louisville, Ky., November 14, and duty there until December 4. Pursuit of Lyon from Paris to Hopkinsville, Ky., thence march to Nashville, Tenn., December 6, 1864, to January 8, 1865. Action at Hopkinsville, Ky., December 16. At Chickasaw, Ala., until March, 1865. Wilson's Raid from Chickasaw, Ala., to Macon, Ga., March 22-April 24. Centreville April 1. Selma April 2. Lowndesborough April 10 (Cos. "A" and "B"). Montgomery April 12. Columbus Road, near Tuskegee, April 14. Fort Tyler, West Point, Ga., April 16. Macon April 20. Irwinsville, Ga., May 10. Capture of Jeff Davis. At Macon and Nashville, Tenn., until July. Mustered out at Edgefield, Tenn., July 19, 1865.*

*Regiment lost during service 6 Officers and 67 Enlisted men killed and mortally wounded and 7 Officers and 321 Enlisted men by disease. Total 401.*

To get to the pest-house he must go directly across the city, and as he was able to walk, and headquarters was very busy, he was allowed to go by himself. He often wondered how many he "exposed" on the way. However he found the place, and was pronounced a light case and assigned to a ward. The doctor told him not to drink any water, in fact not to use water in any way. His head ached tremendously, and he was "getting no better very fast"; if he could only bathe his face and head once, he was sure he would feel better. At last there were no doctors or nurses in sight, so he slipped out, and wandered around to the rear of the building, and there found a small brook in which he proceeded to bathe his head and face. He certainly did feel better, for the time at least; within an hour his head and face were thickly broken out, and then he felt still better.

He was not kept in the pest-house as a patient very long, as his case proved not to be a severe one; although his face showed slight pock-marks as long as he lived. He was sent to the general hospital as a convalescent and later was detailed to fetch and carry for the pest-house, as he was now immune to the disease.

I can very well remember seeing when a very small child, the large pasteboard boxes, one containing Father's letters written to Mother from the army, and the other held those of Mother to Father written during the same time. How I wish I had them now! But the only one in existence, so far as I know, is one written from the U.S. General Hospital at Bowling Green and dated the day after I was three years old, February 2, 1865.

He wrote, in part:

Whenever a man dies of smallpox, I have to hitch up and go to town and get a coffin; that is a two-mile drive. Then I have to carry the body to the burying ground, which is one and a half miles from here. Yesterday I carried a man to his grave--the second one I have carried-- and as I came back I stopped in town, and got two men from the Church hospital who have the smallpox, and took them to the

pest-house, bag and baggage. One of them will not live. I then went back to town and got the doctors. This forenoon I did not hitch up; but after dinner I hitched up and took Dr. Wilson to his dinner; he boards about three-fourths of a mile from here, and as far from town; then I went on to town with him. In a little while the post surgeon sent me to the hotel after a lady who had the smallpox; they put up a tent for her and I took her there. She had been a nurse in a hospital in Murfreesboro.

The above gives a fair sample of Father's duties through that period of his service, But I think he was not left there long. If I have not entirely forgotten, I have heard Mother say that when he was discharged from the hospital, he was allowed a furlough, a short one of course. At any rate I am sure he came home on furlough just a few months before his discharge from the army. The story of his homecoming, as I have often heard it, was somewhat as follows: Mother had been to see her Mother, through a part of the winter of 1864-5. From a passage in the above quoted letter, it would seem that she expected also to visit father's parents in Glendale, which I think she did either before or after her visit to Grandma Goff.

At any rate, while at Grandmother's, she received an intimation that Father expected to go home for a few days soon, although he did not know just when. Soon after returning home, the weather became so cold that Mother took Clara and myself and went to Mr. Toby's, because the snow was so deep she could no longer get fuel, and we were likely to freeze.

One evening while at Toby's, there was to be held in a schoolhouse near Courtland, a gathering known as a war meeting. Mother was young and patriotic, and she determined to go to it with some neighbors; leaving her two babies in Mrs. Toby's care, she accordingly did go. I remember, a little later that same evening, of being wakened from sound sleep by a scuffling and squealing, and seeing a great black form loom against the door at the foot of the trundle bed on which I lay; it was Father; he had come after Mother had gone, and we children were in bed. Now Mrs. Toby was a great one for a joke, so when she heard the returning patriots at the gate, she hustled Father in the bedroom and then sent Mother to "look after those youngsters". When Mother tried to open the door it was mysteriously held from the inside. The ensuing scuffle was what woke me.

I also remember later of sitting on a strange man's knee and feeling very scared and bashful. I remember how bright and shining the brass buttons (*picture at left*) on his coat were with the candlelight on them. Of course I could not know that these first memories of mine were of the time of Father's furlough if I had not been told so many times since. I do not know how long this furlough lasted, or even the date of its beginning, but I know that at the time of Lee's surrender--April 9th, 1865--Father was back with his regiment. Then came the stunning news of the assassination of President Lincoln in the midst of rejoicing over victory; it was then the boys sang. "We'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree."



Of course there was very little being done by the Army of the West at this time, and my Father's heart turned longingly to his little family in Wisconsin. For months he had been troubled by a growing deafness, and it was becoming more and more difficult to distinguish sounds, especially the direction of a sound. He had come to depend a great deal, when on picket duty, on the ears of his horse; on this account he at last applied for a discharge. Then followed examinations by a

surgeon, and other red tape, but finally, on May 25, 1865, he was given an honorable discharge, after serving two years, nine months, and ten days.

*(The last two actions of the 1<sup>st</sup> Wisconsin took place in March, April, and May of 1865. The first action was to participate in what is know as Wilson's Cavalry Raid. It was a sweeping penetration that started in the Northwest corner of Alabama and ended at Macon Georgia. The War then ended. But, because of their position, the 1<sup>st</sup> Wisconsin was detailed to chase down and capture the escaping Jefferson Davis. Which in fact is what they did. Catching Jeff Davis (dressed in womens clothes) at Irwinville Georgia on the 10<sup>th</sup> of May 1865. This was certainly one of the last Union actions of the war. It was unlikely that James was actually at the final capture. Eva indicates that he was trying to get a medical discharge and probably was in Nashville Kentucky.)*

In the meantime Mother had returned to Randolph, Courtland Township, and the farmhouse where her household goods had been left; at least I think so, and that Father joined her there; at least I know that a little later, that same summer, he hired out to a Mr. Tottingham to work by the month; Mr. Tottingham lived not far from Beaver Dam, and we went to live in a small house near his. We lived there, I believe, until the next spring, and here Clara and I, although but five and three years old, were started on the road of learning in a little school house in sight of the place of our abode.

The next spring Father took a small place to work on shares, belonging to Alonzo Knapp, which was on the road from Beaver Dam to the village of Lowell; here we lived for one year and until the fall of the next year when we moved to a larger place in the same neighborhood and was owned by Mr. William Pitt Webb. For the winter months we moved into Mr. Webb's house in Lowell as he wished to stay on the farm until spring.

In the spring we moved onto the Pit Webb place, and on October 18th of that year, 1868, my oldest brother was born. That was the year of the first election of U.S. Grant as president of the United States, and Father being an ardent Grant man, of course his first son must be named Grant. Mother wished to name him Charles, in honor of her Father, who had died when she was but eight years of age; very well, that could be one of his names, but he must be called Grant; so he became Charles Grant and soon nicknamed Granty.

Father worked this place two years and did very well I think; there were many cattle and sheep, some hogs, and Mother raised a great many chickens and geese; also there was a span of mules, and an orchard of apples. In the fall of 1869, Mr. Webb deciding to return to the farm, Father rented a newly acquired farm of Mr. Webb's, which was about a mile from the home place and was known as the Hanes place from its first owner. Here we lived for two more years, and here on July 13, 1870, my youngest sister was born and was named Nellie Rose.

Tired of working other people's places, Father determined to move back to Glendale, Monroe County, where his Father, two brothers, and--just across the line in Vernon County--his sister still lived; he believed he could buy a piece of land there more easily than in the older county of Dodge. So after disposing of what produce and stock he had acquired, he put his family and some of his household goods on board the train at Columbus, Wisconsin and he followed, after a few days, driving through with the rest of the goods. It must have been just after Thanksgiving, very cold and with snow on the ground. We were met at Mauston by Uncle David's two sons, George and Francis, with teams and sleighs. Mauston was

at that time the nearest railway station; after a drive of about 18 miles, we reached Uncle David's place in the middle of the night, and I shall never forget the warmth of our greeting. I had slept all the way from Mauston, and was consequently somewhat dazed, but I can see it all yet--the little log house, the snug, lamp-lit room, and the flock of strange but friendly faces. There was a big heater in the room, and at one side an old-fashioned wooden bed with four posts, each topped with a large wooden ball.

The whole family, with the exception of baby Willie, had waited up for us to help in the welcome. Father did not come for a few days, but it seemed that as soon as he got there, misfortune began. Very soon thereafter Grandpa Moore was taken sick and, after a short illness, died. Clara and I went with Father and Mother to see Grandfather, but the only words I remember hearing him say--he was too sick to talk much--were spoken to a man who had come to inquire after him and expressed the hope that he would soon be better; "oh no," said Grampa, "I hope not; I am so near over Jordan that I would not like to turn back now." And he did not.

His funeral was attended by people from miles around; for lack of a church building it was held in a hall over the one store in the village of Glendale; the only place available but all too small. It was packed and many, not being able to get in, waited about for the service to be over that they might follow to the grave. It was said the ceiling to the store sagged and some feared the building would collapse.

Grandfather was a small man, and my Father who was his youngest child, could not remember when his beard and the fringe of hair over his ears and at the back of his head was not white as snow, and the top of his head, bald and shining.

He had been one of those pioneer preachers known as circuit riders. Soon after he came to Wisconsin, while it was still a territory, he had been appointed, by the Conference of the Methodist Church, to the circuit of Badaxe County, a region extending as near as I can make out from the Wisconsin river on the east to the Mississippi river on the west; and from the latitude of La Crosse on the north to that of Richland Center or Prairie du Chien on the south.

He had made regular trips from Glendale on horseback down the Kickapoo and Baraboo rivers and across country to the west and southwest to hold religious meetings, and to marry, baptize, or bury the people. Many are the stories I have heard of his kindly humor and his Christian charity; he was beloved, not only by the members of his own church, but by hundreds of people of other denominations, and of no denomination. But for several years before his death, he had been simply a local preacher of the Methodist church at Glendale, and confined his work to that vicinity; he was known far and near as Father Moore.

In January of 1872, Father bargained for 80 acres of land near the southern line of Glendale township and Monroe County. He bought of Uncle Michael Keller, his sister's husband; Uncle Mike offered him the use of part of his house, and Father accepted and moved in at once. Then Father and Uncle Mike put in two months, or more, making railroad ties on the eighty, which was covered with hardwood timber. This brings us to the second great misfortune.

The 28th of March was the anniversary of the birth of Uncle Mike's second son. He had three boys at the time. Spring at last was on the way. On the evening

of the 27th, there was talk of tapping some of the sugar maples on the eighty the next day; we children of the two families begged to be allowed to go with the men for an all day's outing because of its being George's birthday. three of our cousins, Wilbur, the oldest, George, my Father's namesake, Emma, their only sister, with Clara and I were allowed to go. We started early, taking along dinner for all of us, and did not get back until quite dark for it was a three-mile drive. We surely enjoyed the day; the sun shone bright and warm, and the water was everywhere from the melting snow.

Nevertheless, that which awaited our return must have driven all the joy from my memory. When we came out of the shelter of the woods, we saw in the gathering night, a bright light in the direction of home. The tired team was hurried as much as possible, but it did not take us long to know, even though no one had told us, that the fire was our house burning.

I can see the scene that met our eyes when at last we reached the place; the house was a mass of flames that reached, it seemed, to the very skies; the shell of the upper story was burned away and we could see the two bureaus still standing on the chamber floor, and burning furiously; one of them belonged to Mother, and was full of clothes and keepsakes that could never be replaced.

Indeed, all our bedding and clothes had been in the upper story, and that had all been burned out before the fire had broken through the roof. Had we older children been at home, it seems quite likely we would have discovered the fire much sooner, for we were nearly always upstairs. As it was, a neighbor saw it before Mother or Aunt Electa were aware that anything was the matter.

Only a few of the kitchen things were saved, and all the clothes we had left was what we had on; we were hungry and cold, and I remember poor little Granty was whimpering because his fur cap was gone; "Did it burn up, ma," he asked. Poor little chap, he had nothing on his head and that fur cap had been his pride.

I am glad to remember that we found it afterward in the yard, where he had dropped it himself. It warms me, too, to remember how the neighbors--God bless them--rallied to our help.

Mother and we children were taken to Uncle Cap Keller's that night, where we were warmed and fed and put to bed. Uncle Casper was a brother of Uncle Mike's and was always Uncle to us. The next day, I think, we went over to Uncle David Moore's. In about two weeks we were back in a little house a mile or so nearer the eighty Father had bought. The house belonged to a man named Wyman, and here, on the 20th of April 1872, my brother Webb was born. He was named William Webb in honor of the William Webb whose farm Father had worked in Dodge county.

Now began a period of grinding poverty and discouragement that tried him sorely; he had to begin anew, with a family of five children to support. He must have worked some for the neighbors with his team, for I know he still had his team late that fall when he moved into the house with Joe McGune, who owned and lived on the land next to Father's; this move was made to bring him nearer to his work while he was building his house which he had not been able to do before.

As it was we could not move into the house until just before Christmas, and in the meantime I had added to his burdens by having a severe attack of pneumonia.

They did not venture to send me to school that winter. He must have sold his team before then though, probably to save feeding them through winter. The next year Father bought a cow, and in the fall a yoke of oxen, and through the winter made ties, and cut blocks for barrel heads for a mill which had just been started in Glendale. the railroad was being built through that town, and also through Elroy, five miles away. But a misunderstanding, due I think to his deafness, lost father his ox team and he suffered another disappointment.

I cannot follow him through all of his vicissitudes; but I know that the next year was filled with hard and poorly paid work; but Father never lost his sense of humor, and seldom reached the point where he could not laugh.

The year 1875, as I remember it, was a dry year in that neck of the woods. Through the late fall there were many cases of typhoid fever in our vicinity. On November 12, 1875, Brother Lou was born and named Lewis Clark in honor of the husband of Mother's sister. Clara and I tried, through the summer months, to do our bit by working for farmers' wives in the neighborhood. I had stayed with the same woman, Mrs. Hurlburt, all through the winter, going to school and working nights and mornings and Saturdays; I was still there, getting small wages, in September, 1876, when one day Father came after me, saying Mother was sick and I was needed at home. Clara had gone, in the spring, to work through the summer for an old neighbor in Dodge county.

Nellie, six years old, had already had a run of fever, and was getting better under Mother's doctoring; but now Mother was down, and also brother Granty, and there was nothing to do but get a doctor. Why drag it out? It was typhoid fever. Granty was sick two weeks and died. The day he died Mother could not lift her hand to her head, and little Webb was very sick. Nellie was taken with a relapse that same night, and for days her life was in danger. Uncle Horace and Aunt Nancy came and took Baby Lewis home with them; and Father and I had the sick to care for with the help of neighbors; for of course there were many who came and did what they could for us, though some were afraid of catching the disease.

At any normal time Father would have been laid up, for his leg was swollen level from the knee to the foot with boils, one large one and many small ones; but he was up and down night and day to wait on the sick; and he even walked two or three miles to ask a minister to conduct Granty's funeral. But even such times pass; Mother, at last, began to mend, and Webb and Nellie to grow better. Mother kept her bed for two months, but before she could sit up I was taken; Aunt Electa came to sit up one night so that Father could sleep, and Emma was with her. I took that time to take to my bed, and I had a run of fever.

Aunt Electa stayed a day or two, and then Uncle Cap's oldest daughter, Charlotte, came to do the work until Clara should get home. Father had thought it best for her to stay where she was, but when I was taken sick he sent for her. I was sick until Christmas, and at that time we were all at home except Grant and all well again and very thankful. We lived in South Glendale only two more years.

It had required so much of his time to earn a living for his growing family, that Father had not been able to improve the place much, and he became discouraged. He had never paid much on the place, and toward the last, had not kept up the interest.

During these two years he had done one thing though that earned my respect more completely than if he had gotten rich. He had used tobacco since he was 17, (he was now 42 or 43 years old), but he told Mother that he was disgusted with himself that he used so much money for a habit. Suddenly he quit, and he never used any more tobacco. It was not easy to do, anyone could see that; but after a few months the thing that bothered most was that he wanted something in his mouth; so he chewed poplar bark, wintergreen, and cloves at different times until at last he could get along with out any of them.

I think it was in the spring of 1878 that Father left the place in South Glendale and went to Lincoln township, in northern Monroe county, where Mother's mother and family lived; we rented a place about a half-mile from Grandma Goff's home and here was born our fourth brother. Grandma named him Charles David for his two grandfathers; he was born September 19, 1878.

Mother had two half sisters living, at that time, in the same neighborhood within two miles of each other. The youngest, Evelyn Smith, had a son born the 20th of that same September; and the other, Ella Finnigan, gave birth to a son the 21st. Poor Grandma was tired out when it was all over.

In the fall of 1880, Father accepted the offer of a farm to rent in northern Trempealeau county, near Osseo. Mr. Dighton was the owner of farms there and in Eau Claire county, and father agreed to work one and a part of another adjoining it. We moved into what might be called an historic building known as the Beef River station. As its name implies, it was built to be a station on a stage route when the country was still new. It was never clear in my mind as to where or from whence this stage route ran; but I am under the impression that it crossed the country from east to west, possibly from Green Bay to Winona or St. Paul, but this impression may be wrong.

The building was about 30 feet wide by 60 long with low chambers above. there were many more rooms than we ever used except for the children to play in. I did not go there until May or June of 1881; that same fall, September 5, Father's youngest child was born there in the old station; almost before he was born he was named Thomas. That year Father had a Green's Almanac that had a space opposite each day for recording items of interest. Opposite September 5 he wrote "Tom above".

Tradition has it that that was the name of the first Moore, at least of our line, who came to America from Ireland. The story is that two brothers named Thomas and Richard Moore came to Massachusetts Bay colony. but the worst of it is, it does not seem sure which of these brothers was our progenitor. Anyway, Father always contended that one or the other of those names should be represented in our generation; thus far Mother, with the help of we girls, had been able to stave him off; but this time it could not be done. After awhile, Mother and I hit upon "Olney" as an euphonious second name, and he became Thomas Olney Moore. (Tom)

Mother's health, not being good the following winter, I stayed at home, or rather, lived at home and attended school at Osseo, helping with the work morning and night and Saturday. I remember that it rained that fall every day for six weeks, and Father did not get his threshing done until nearly Christmas. Father had taken



the land for two years, and toward the end of that time, he became so disgusted with Mr. Dighton's way of dealing that he began to look about for another opening.

Owing to this shady dealing, Father had little to show for this two-years work; so, for another two years, he remained in the vicinity of Osseo, renting land from other parties; the first year he rented the John O'Brian place on shares, and the second he worked for Lon Nevens and lived on one of his places in South Prairie. It was during this time father began seriously to think of asking Uncle Sam for a pension. He had been discharged from the army because of deafness, caused by Cataarh, which in turn was brought on by exposure while in the service and was getting worse every year.

It had long been a handicap, but Father would always say when friends suggested a pension, "I did not enlist for a pension." But now he began to see the practical side; he honestly believed that the exposure of a soldier's life had greatly hastened total deafness, if it was not the whole cause of it. The physician, who examined him for the government, confirmed his opinion and pronounced him totally deaf in one ear and nearly so in the other. His discharge had been burned in Uncle Mike's house, but after a tedious delay it was replaced, and he was granted a pension of four dollars a month with back pay.

Soon after receiving his pension, Father "pulled up stakes" and moved back to northern Monroe county, but as both Clara and I had been teaching in the country schools of Trempealeau county, we did not go with the rest of the family. This move was made either in the fall of 1883, or the spring of 1884, but I think we lived in Lowrie two winters, which makes the earlier date the more likely. At any rate, we lived in Lowrie the summer of 1884 when Grandma Goff Died on the 13th of June. The next spring we moved to a small farm Father had bought, about seven miles from Lowrie near Kirby. Here Clara was married to Hilmer Mattson on September 27, 1886.

The following year Charley had a run of remittent fever which left him partially paralyzed; this was when he was eight years old, and a year or two later he commenced having epileptic fits, from which he never recovered, although he lived to be 26 years old. While living here the boys, Webb and Lou reached an age where they were of great help to father; they extended their farming operations, often renting land from other farms, and sometimes moving the family to other farms for greater convenience.

So it was that when father's first grandchild was born, we were living on the Barber place. Clara and her husband had been living in Osseo, but as Matt (as we called him) was now changing jobs and was moving to Ashland, Wisconsin, Clara came home to stay awhile, and here on May 30, 1888, their first child was born and was named Edna May. The second marriage in the family was Nellie's, and took place at home on Thanksgiving Day, November 27, 1890. Father's mother, who had always lived with Uncle Horace Moore since the death of Grandfather, had come to live with us soon after we moved to Kirby, and there she died in August, 1890, at the age of 96.

In the spring of 1893, I came home and was married to Henry Kelly on the 15th of March in the same house where Clara and Nellie had been married. Not long after, Father sold the farm at Kirby and bought another 40 acres near Glendale. I think he moved there in the spring of 1894; anyway, when I visited them

that summer, the first time after my marriage, they were living at "the Willows" as Father called it, because, in front of the buildings, there were two rows of large willow trees.

Misfortune came again, however, about two years after they moved there; one afternoon Mother went, as she often did, to the village church to attend the Ladies Night Society; after lunch she stood at a window watching for the team which was to come to take her home, when suddenly she noticed a cloud of smoke in the distance; she discussed it with the others present, and they soon decided it was a building burning and in the right direction to be her own home. And so it turned out, Father had come to the house and after starting the team after Mother, had started a fire in the stove in the lean-to summer kitchen. Perhaps he left the damper open; anyway there was a strong wind blowing, and sparks must have carried to an accumulation of old leaves under the eaves where the lean-to met the wall of the house.

The first Father knew of the fire it had progressed so far there was no saving the house; Webb and Charlie were there, and of course some of the neighbors came; they saved much of the furniture and clothing, although some was burned. They had hard work to save the barn, which stood in the track of the wind, but at last it was safe. Then for awhile Father rented a house in the village, but part of the winter they lived with Nellie and her husband, Elmer Roddle, who were living on the old David Moore place, about one and one-half miles south of Glendale. In the spring Father and the boys, Webb and Elmer, built a new house on the farm.

Father only kept the farm a year or so after they moved into the new house; he was getting old, and Webb and Lou wanted to get out and do for themselves. Also, about this time Congress passed a new pension law. His pension had already been raised twice--first to \$8 a month, and then to \$16--now it was raised to \$27. He only received one raise after this, and that was when Congress voted to pay all veterans, who were over 70 years of age, a \$1 a day.

This was not much, but Father and Mother had always economized, so they were used to that. Father concluded to sell out once more, and invest in a small place in the village of Glendale and take it more easy the rest of his life. All of the children were able to take care of themselves by this time except Charlie. For a year or two they lived in a rented house but finally, in the year 1898, I think, they found themselves settled in a comfortable home of their own. This was a great comfort to Mother, whose health was poor. By this time everyone in the village called them Uncle George and Aunt Edna; they had really found their niche. Webb was married to Nina Butler on February 13, 1901 and Lou to Alma Iggulden on April 6, 1903.

In the meantime, Charlie had become a great care. He had been, up to his eighth year, a very bright boy; but the disease that had fastened itself upon him had gradually undermined his intellect as well as his health, and he became more and more irresponsible and dependent. He died December 30, 1904. Following Charlie's death, Mother had a severe sick spell and for a few days it was feared she would not live; but she recovered and outlived Father seven years. After this, life went on very peacefully for them.

Tom was the only one now, still unmarried, and he was seldom at home, except for over Sunday to see how they were; occasionally he would stay home for a few weeks when he was out of work.

One fall Father and Mother closed their house and took a trip to Seattle, Washington to visit sister Clara and family. They were accompanied by Tom, who joined them at Taylor, ND, where he had been working that summer. This trip was taken in 1907, and Father and Mother returned to Glendale in the spring of 1908, but Tom stayed until fall when he returned to North Dakota to help out Elmer, Nellie's husband, who was only able to be about with the help of crutches, the result of the sickness by which they had lost their two younger children earlier in the fall.

But before this, in 1905, Webb's health began to fail; he was only 33 and had not been long married. Although he tried many doctors, and fought bravely for his life, he grew steadily worse and died on February 8, 1907. For seven years after Webb's death Father and Mother lived a quiet life in their own home, broken only by visits from one or another of their children and friends. During this time, Tom was married to Ella Wold. This was in March, 1911. In April 1914, mother sent for me to come down and help them out with the spring housecleaning. I, being the daughter nearest home, and had often told them to send for me, if ever, and whenever they needed me. Mother said they were lonesome to see some of us, as well as needing help; and as they sent me the money to come, of course I went as soon as possible. It had become very hard for them to find a responsible person to do such work for them, and Mother's health had become too poor to even oversee it. I had finished the work, and also visited the relatives and friends in the vicinity and was planning to go home the next Monday.

It was Saturday, the 16th of May, and father had finished his garden that morning; then he took the ten o'clock train to Kendall. I shall never forget how he looked as he paused, just inside the door, and looking around with a smile, said "well, what am I going for anyway?" Mother told him what to get at the grocery, and I rubbed my cheek to remind him he wanted a shave; "Oh yes, that, of course," he said. Those were the last words I ever heard him say. It had become a weekly habit with him, as there was no barber in Glendale and his hand had become too shaky to shave himself; he had to go to Kendall to be shaved.

During all the time he had lived in Glendale, he had made a practice of walking to Kendall on the railroad tracks, as did many others although the practice was forbidden. It was especially dangerous because of a hill just beyond the bridge, which shut off the view of the tracks in the direction of Kendall. Father being eighty years old, had of late timed his trips so as to walk only one way.

It is useless to dwell on what might have been; but I always think if he had only waited until the afternoon, and walked to Kendall, then he would have ridden home on the four o'clock train and been all right. His going in the morning brought his return at the time of day the local freight always goes through.

Many of the neighbors, indeed the most of them, knew that "Uncle George" had gone to Kendall; they all worried, as they always did, because of his deafness, so when we heard the train whistle sharply, three times, we were all sure what had happened. He had been caught on the bridge and instantly killed almost in sight of home.

It was a terrible shock to Mother, one from which she never fully recovered. Father was buried the day I had planned on going home. Mother went to live at brother Lou's, where she remained--with the exception of one winter spent with Nellie in Florida--until her death, May 18, 1921.

Our Father's life made no stir in the world; his name was not known outside his immediate neighborhood. He left no wealth to his children. Never-the-less, he left us a great and enduring inheritance-- the memory of his truly honest life. In the regiment in which he served during the war, he was known as Honest Moore.

In after-life, his word was never doubted by any who knew him. Wherever he lived, he commanded the love and respect of all. I am sure his children, whether by birth or marriage, will join with me, his second child, in rendering to him all love and veneration.

Eva Francelia Moore Kelly