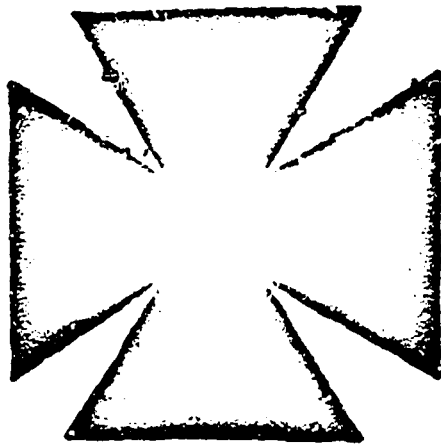


The First Michigan Infantry



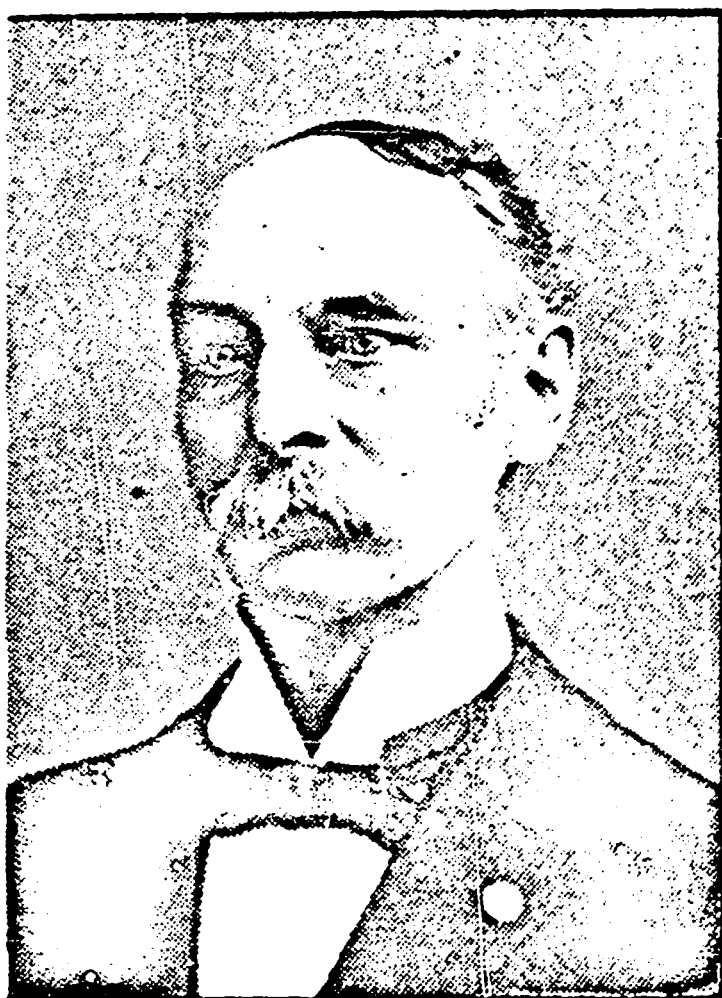
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Organization in May, 1861, until its
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with Personal Experiences of writer.

QUINCY HERALD PRINT.

C. W. OWEN, Prop.



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Corporal Co. G, 1st Michigan V. V. I.

THE FIRST MICHIGAN INFANTRY.

THREE MONTHS and THREE YEARS

**Brief History of the Regiment from its
Organization in May, 1861, until
its Muster Out in July, 1865.**

[BY C. W. OWEN.]

The following history of the gallant old First Michigan Infantry, together with some personal experiences of the writer, was read by Historian C. W. Owen at the annual reunion of the regiment at Coldwater, June 17, 1903:

Comrades of the First Mich. Infantry:

As a boy 14 years of age I well remember the stirring events and political excitement which characterized the Presidential campaign of 1860, when Abraham Lincoln, the "Rail Splitter," was pitted against Stephen A. Douglas, the "Little Giant," in one of the hardest fought and most important political battles ever waged in this country. The scenes of that "Wide Awake" campaign are fresh in my memory. My father, who had affiliated with the Whig party, was one of the first to join the Republican party after its organization under the oaks at Jackson in 1854, voting for Fremont in 1856, and was loyal to that party until his death in 1879. His boys, six in number, naturally followed in his footsteps, and he, together with my older brothers, marched with the "Wide-

Awakes" in the 1800 campaign. Only voters were allowed to carry a torch, so I contented myself by following them around and doing my share of the shouting. I was born of patriotic stock, grandfather Owen having served through the Revolutionary War, and my father was one of the Wolverines who participated in the bloodless Toledo war, in September, 1835, caused by the boundary line dispute, and which was settled by the general government making the Upper Peninsula a part of Michigan. The Michigan troops were under command of Gov. Mason. My father was in a company of volunteers from Monroe county, where he settled in 1832, and where your historian was born July 24, 1846. When about two years of age my parents moved to Manchester, Washtenaw county, where my boyhood days were spent on a farm one mile east of that village.

The rumblings of war, which followed the election of Lincoln, grew louder until the crash came when Fort Sumter was fired upon, April 12, 1861. This act brought the people of the North to realize that war was actually upon them and must be met by force of arms. President Lincoln immediately issued his first proclamation calling for 75,000 troops for three months service, Michigan's quota under this call being one regiment of ten companies. April 16th Governor Blair met with other State officers and

prominent citizens at Detroit, where ways and means were devised to meet the demands upon the State. It was shown by State Treasurer John Owen that the treasury was nearly empty and it was estimated that \$100,000 would be required to uniform and equip one regiment ready for service. To meet this emergency a loan was decided upon, Detroit pledging \$50,000, and a like sum was asked from the State at large, which was soon provided. Immediately after this meeting Gov. Blair issued a call for ten companies of volunteers and directed the Adjutant General to accept the first ten companies offered. The various independent military companies of the State were called upon to recruit their ranks to the required number and they responded promptly and soon were ready for orders. The companies of the First Michigan three months regiment were made up as follows:

- A. Detroit Light Guard, Capt. Chas. N. Lam.
- B. Jackson Grays, Capt. Wm. H. Withington.
- C. Coldwater Cadets, Capt. Ebenezer Butterworth.
- D. Manchester Union Guard, Capt. Isaac L. Clarkson.
- E. Steuben Guard, Ann Arbor, Capt. William F. Roth.
- F. Michigan Hussars, Detroit, Capt. Horace H. Roberts.
- G. Burr Oak Guard, Capt. Ira C. Abbott.
- H. Ypsilanti Light Guard, Capt. Franklin W. Whittlesey.
- I. Marshall Light Guard, Capt. Devill Hubbard
- K. Hardee Cadets, Adrian, Capt. Wm. H. Graves

I well remember the first war meeting at Manchester, which I think was the evening of the 17th of April. It was presided over by Jabez H. Fountain, a prominent citizen of Manchester, who had just been appointed by Gov. Blair as Quartermaster General. He had just arrived from the meeting at Detroit and appeared before the meeting with a bandaged head, having been injured at the neighboring town of Clinton by being cut with glass from a shattered car window caused by the firing of a cannon too close to the car. After stating the cause for which the meeting was called and making a brief address, he called for volunteers to fill up the Manchester company, which was quickly responded to by the patriotic young men of the town. If I remember right, the first man to enlist was C. T. Allen, brother of Capt. E. P. Allen, who was afterwards Captain in the 20th Michigan Infantry, and since the war has been a prominent Methodist minister in the Detroit conference. Patriotism ran high and it did not take long to secure the required number of recruits. The various companies soon reported for duty at Detroit, where the organization of the regiment was completed April 29th, and on May 1st was mustered into the United States service, 798 strong, with the following field and staff officers:

Colonel—Orlando B. Wilcox, Detroit.

Lieut Colonel—Loren L. Comstock, Adrian.

Major—Alonzo F. Bidwell, Coldwater.
Surgeon—William Brodie, Detroit.
Asst. Surgeon—Cyrus Smith, Jackson.
Adjutant—John D. Fairbanks, Detroit.
Quartermaster—Edward Gray, Detroit.

On May 13th the regiment left Fort Wayne, at Detroit, under command of Col. Wilcox, well uniformed, armed and equipped ready for service, arriving at Washington May 16th, being the first Western regiment to reach that city. The regiment received many flattering notices from the press along the route. The Washington correspondent of the New York Post, under date of May 17th, says:

The Michigan Rifle Regiment came into town about 10 o'clock last night, marching from the depot up the avenue to Eleventh street. They were preceded by a splendid band of music, which soon aroused our citizens, and long before they had reached the quarters assigned them hundreds of people were out to give them welcome. The enthusiasm of the crowd was irrepressible, for this was the first western regiment which had arrived at the Capitol.

The regiment soon led the advance into Virginia, crossing the Long Bridge, driving in the rebel pickets, entering and taking possession of Alexandria on the 24th of May, while Ellsworth and his New York Zouaves entered it about the same time by steamer. Colonel Wilcox, in a dispatch to General Mansfield, May 24th, says: "Alexandria is ours. One company, Captain Ball, mounted, captured. I regret to say Colonel Ellsworth has been shot by a person in a house." Soon after the 1st went into

camp on Sutor's Hill, near Alexandria. Here a fine national standard was presented to the regiment by Michigan people then residing in Washington. It was brought back to Michigan and is now deposited with other flags of the regiment in the capitol at Lansing. It was saved from capture at the battle of Bull Run by Corporal Thomas Flynn, of Co. G, who was afterwards a Captain in the 11th Michigan Infantry, and killed at Stone River Jan. 1, 1863.

The regiment was assigned to Heintzelman's division, and at the disastrous battle of Bull Run, the first great battle of the war, it was in command of Major Bidwell, and served in the brigade commanded by Colonel Wilcox. In this battle the regiment acquitted itself with much credit and lost heavily in killed, wounded and prisoners. Major Bidwell reported a loss of 6 killed and died of wounds, 4 officers and 33 men wounded, 5 officers and 65 men missing, 52 of whom were taken prisoners.

The regiment returned to Detroit at the expiration of three months and was mustered out of service on the 7th of August, 1861, the companies returning to their various homes, receiving enthusiastic welcome. Manchester gave her company a big picnic dinner in a grove east of the village, and I remember going to the mellow patch that morning and selecting some of the choicest mellons to take to the picnic. These were the first

soldiers of the war to return home and they were all looked upon as heroes.

RELIC FROM THE FIRST BATTLE OF
BULL RUN.

In closing the history of the First three months organization, the following sketch, which appeared as a Washington dispatch in the Detroit Free Press of July 23, 1903, will be of interest:

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 22, 1903. — An interesting relic from the battlefield of first Bull Run will be shipped from Washington to the Michigan state capitol today. Yesterday was the 42d anniversary of that "sad but glorious day" on which the battle was fought, July 21, 1861. The relic is a black log, properly prepared for preservation, which is taken from a tree on the line of the extreme union advance at Bull Run. Attached to the log is a handsomely engraved bronze plate reading: "Presented to Major-General Orlando B. Wilcox by Charles F. Joy, M. C., of St. Louis, Mo., and by General Wilcox to the First Michigan Volunteers' Association."

Accompanying the log is a printed placard for framing, which reads: "This log is from the tree near the most advanced line of the Union army at Bull Run, July 21, 1861, to which Gen. Orlando B. Wilcox, of Detroit, commanding the First Michigan Volunteers, was brought severely wounded. Near this tree Michigan dead were found in the extreme Federal advance. It was se-

cured on the battlefield in the presence of Gen. Wilcox and Gen. Ira C. Abbott by Hon. Chas. F. Joy, M. C., of St. Louis, Mo., a nephew of Hon. James F. Joy, who, with Gen. Lewis Cass and others, equipped the regiment.

The log was secured on the battlefield by ex-Congressman Charles F. Joy, of Missouri, last year. He was visiting the battlefield in company with Gen. Orlando B. Wilcox and Gen. Ira C. Abbott, of Washington, Capt. Geo. C. Rounds, of Manassas, an energetic Union veteran who is in charge of the Bull Run battlefield, and others. The party sought and easily found the particular part of the field where Gen. Wilcox was wounded and captured and identified the tree to which he was brought. Mr. Joy was much interested in the two veteran generals and their find, and promptly secured the log for preservation and presented it to Gen. Wilcox.

At the time of the battle Gen. Wilcox was Colonel of the First Michigan Volunteers, but in this battle he commanded a brigade composed of the First Michigan, the Fire Zouaves, Twenty-eighth New York and Arnold's battery of the Second Artillery. This brigade was brought into action on the extreme right of the Union army, and in direct opposition to the Confederate brigade commanded by the redoubtable Thomas J. Jackson, who there earned the celebrated name of "Stonewall."

After repeated charges toward the front with one regiment after another "under the hottest fire of the day," according to the official report, the brigade recaptured Ricketts' battery, and the First Michigan Volunteers reached the extreme front of the Union lines. They were in skirmish line exchanging hot shooting with the troops of Jackson, when Gen. Wilcox received a bullet wound in the right arm, cutting an artery below the elbow. His horse was shot at the same time. As the General was falling he was caught by Capt. W. H. Withington, also afterwards a General, and helped to dismount. At almost the same moment Col. Preston, of Gen. Joe Johnson's command, charged in on the exposed Union right and rear, and Gen. Wilcox, with a few officers and men, were captured. After surrendering the General was taken to this tree, very weak from loss of blood. Here his wound was sometime later dressed by a Confederate surgeon, after which he was taken to the Henry House. He was confined in Confederate prisons for thirteen months, much of the time as a hostage to suffer death if any captured guerillas or privateers were executed. He afterward returned to the service and achieved distinction as a division commander.

The Michigan regiment was repulsed, but the colors were saved and a large part of the regiment brought off the field in good order by the coolness and skill of

Gen. Abbott, then a Captain in Wilcox's regiment. The people of Michigan have always been proud of the record made by their First regiment in this fight. Its Colonel was wounded and captured in the extreme Union advance, and Michigan men were found further in the Confederate lines than any other Union dead. Its colors were saved by Abbott's determined courage. He carried them off himself, and also brought the regiment, which had suffered severely, back to Washington. As the regiment reached the Virginia end of the Long Bridge, President Lincoln and Secretary Seward rode up. The President asked the name of the regiment. Capt. Abbott said "the First Michigan." The President asked "is that all that are left?" Capt. Abbott said: "Mr. President, our Colonel is killed or a prisoner and our loss cannot be estimated." Tears rolled down the President's cheeks as the remnant of the regiment gave three cheers for Abraham Lincoln.

Capt. Abbott re-enlisted in the reorganized First Michigan and held every rank to Colonel, being several times wounded. He was breveted Brigadier General for distinguished gallantry. Both Generals Wilcox and Abbott are now over 80 years old. They have survived nearly all of the officers and five-sixths of the men of the regiment.

It is proposed later to place some permanent marks on the field itself. By

the stump of the tree will probably be a placard reading: "To this tree Gen. Orlando B. Wilcox was brought after being severely wounded and captured by Preston's Virginia regiment, C. S. A., in the extreme Union advance. He was afterward confined thirteen months in Confederate prisons as a hostage for the privateers, etc. A log from this tree is preserved as a relic at the Michigan state capitol, Lansing."

In an open field near the woods where the stump stands is a tree which the gentlemen who are in charge of the field consider the turning point of the battle. Later this tree will probably be marked with a placard. On the side looking towards the Confederate lines it will read: "The most advance line of the Union army was repulsed near this tree by Gen. Robert Preston's regiment, 28th Virginia, C. S. A., a part of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's reinforcements." From the side of the Union advance it is proposed that it shall read: "This tree marks the most advanced line of the Union army, July 21, 1861, where Maj. Gen. Orlando B. Wilcox's First Michigan Volunteers engaged the Confederates under Gen. Thomas J. (Stonewall) Jackson. This was the turning point of the battle."

The First Three Years Organization.

The reorganization of the First Regiment for three years commenced June 28, 1861, and prior to the return of the three months regiment, with rendezvous at Ann Arbor. Lieut. Colonel Loren L. Comstock was designated by Gov. Blair to superintend its recruitment, assisted by other officers of the regiment in the work. As fast as recruits arrived at headquarters they were mustered into the United States service and the organization was completed and left for Virginia Sept. 16, 1861, with an enrollment of 960 officers and men, officered as follows:

FIELD AND STAFF.

Colonel—John C. Robinson, Capt. U. S. army.

Lieut. Colonel—Horace S. Roberts, Detroit.

Major—Franklin W. Whittlesey, Ypsilanti.

Surgeon—Joseph Tunnicliff, Jr., Jackson.

Asst. Surgeon—Andrew J. Hobart, Niles.

Adjutant—Edward H. King, Jackson.

Quartermaster—David A. Wise, Ypsilanti.

Chaplain—Arthur Edwards, Jr., Trenton.

COMPANY OFFICERS.

A. Captain, Russell H. Alcott, Detroit; 1st Lieut., Henry C. Christiancy, Monroe; 2d Lieut., Irving F. Wilcox, Twinsburg, Ohio.

B. Captain, Ira C. Abbott, Burr Oak; 1st Lieut., Samuel E. Pittman, Detroit; 2d Lieut., Wm. Byrns, Burr Oak.

C. Captain, George P. Sanford, Ann Arbor; 1st Lieut., Lyford Peavey, Marshall; 2d Lieut., Perry L. Hubbard, Pontiac.

D. Captain, Eben B. Griffith, Jackson; 1st Lieut., Eben T. Whittlesey, Ypsilanti; 2d Lieut., J. Benton Kennedy, Jackson.

E. Edward Pomeroy was promoted to Captain of Co. E after reaching Annapolis Junction; 1st

Lieut., Geo. H. Eggleston, Coldwater; 2d Lieut., Oliver C. Comstock, Marshall.

F. Captain, William A. Throop, Detroit; 1st Lieut., Emory W. Belton, Chelsea; 2d Lieut., Wilkins Bloodgood, Detroit.

G. Captain, G. Collins Lyon, Jackson; 1st Lieut., Edward Pomeroy, Jackson; 2d Lieut., Philander C. Perry, Ann Arbor.

H. Captain, Charles E. Wendell, Detroit; 1st Lieut., George C. Hopper, Detroit; 2d Lieut., Alfred W. Beardslee, Detroit.

I. Captain, George W. Grummond, Detroit; 1st Lieut., Hiram S. Werner, Marshall; 2d Lt., Edward D. Judd, Saline.

K. Captain, Byron B. Adsit, Sault Ste Marie; 1st Lieut., George C. Mogk, Ann Arbor; 2d Lt., Harry C. Arnold, Ann Arbor.

The regiment was officered mostly by men who had served in the three months organization. During the winter following its muster in the regiment was encamped at Annapolis Junction, Maryland, guarding the Washington and Baltimore Railroad. In March, 1862, it moved to Fortress Monroe, where it encamped for some time. Col. Robinson continued in command until April 28, 1862, when he was appointed Brigadier General of volunteers and was succeeded in command by Lieut. Colonel Horace S. Roberts.

In the Peninsula campaign in the early summer of 1862 the regiment served with distinction, being in the first brigade, first division fifth army corps, and participated in the following engagements: Mechanicsville, June 16; Gaines' Mills, June 17; Peach Orchard and Savage Station, June 29th; Turkey Bend

and White Oak Swamp, June 30th; and at Malvern Hill, July 1st. In these engagements the regiment is credited with a loss of 33 men killed and died of wounds, and 97 missing in action, including Captain O. C. Comstock, of Co. E, who was killed at Gaines' Mills.

After the Peninsula campaign the regiment returned with the army and entered on the campaign under General Pope. It became engaged with the enemy at Gainesville, August 29th, where it lost one man killed and one wounded, and the next day it became heavily engaged in the second battle of Bull Run, being in the thickest of the fight and lost heavily in killed and wounded.

Chaplain Edwards, who was present and rendered valuable service in caring for the wounded, wrote at the time regarding this battle (as published in Michigan in the War, from which these statistics are gathered,) as follows:

The regiment deployed column and with cheers advanced towards the enemy, our right resting near the railroad embankment, the centre and left near a stone wall and railroad cut. In each of which places was posted a rebel battery. On our right and front was a force of the enemy's infantry, and as we advanced the regiment was subjected to a murderous fire from infantry and a cross-fire from five rebel batteries. The regiment suffered severely in crossing the open space. Colonel Roberts fell at an early moment after it deployed out of the woods. Four Captains and three Lieutenants - Captains Charles E. Wendell, Russell H. Alcott, Eben T. Whittlesey, Edward Pomeroy, and Lieutenants H. Clay Arnold, Garrison, and W. Bloodgood—

met their death, and more than fifty per cent of the regiment were either killed or wounded. The regiment went into battle with 20 officers and 227 men. Of the former but four are in the camp unhurt, and of the latter hardly 150.

After the disastrous affair at second Bull Run the regiment, in command of Capt. E. W. Belton, entered upon the McLellan campaign in Maryland, and was in the engagement at Antietam on Sept. 17th, and on the 20th at Shepards-ton Ford.

In December, 1862, the regiment, in command of Colonel Abbott, was engaged at the battle of Fredericksburg, where Capt. J. B. Kennedy and 7 men were killed and 7 officers and 33 men wounded. After the Fredericksburg campaign the regiment lay in camp near Falmouth until the 27th day of April, 1863, when it moved in the direction of Chancellorsville, crossing the Rappahannock and Rapidan rivers, reaching the Chancellorsville battle ground on the 30th, after a forced march of four days. At this fight the regiment sustained a loss of three killed and seventeen wounded.

The regiment then returned to Falmouth and established winter quarters, where it was encamped until the 28th day of May, 1863, when the division to which it was attached moved to Morrisville, a two days' march, and on the 9th of June supported a cavalry force, which advanced to Brandy Station, fighting all day and returning to camp on the 10th. On the 14th it broke camp at Morrisville

and on the 19th and 21st was in a skirmish with the enemy's cavalry at Aldie. On the 26th the regiment crossed the Potomac into Maryland at Edwards Ferry, and after a tedious march reached Gettysburg at 1:30 a. m. of July 2d. On the morning of the 2d the regiment was formed in line of battle, in reserve, where it remained until about 4 p. m., when the brigade was ordered to the front, getting into position about 4:30 p. m., with the 22d Massachusetts on its left and the 118th Pennsylvania on its right. A heavy force of the enemy soon appeared in the edge of a strip of woods in our front within 200 yards of our line. The regiment fixed bayonets and commenced firing on the enemy with deadly effect, driving him back after a severe fire of half an hour. The enemy soon returned, however, and was a second time driven back with heavy loss.

Lieut. Colonel Throop, in his report of the fight, says: "Our men stood up bravely under the storm of bullets sent against them, loading and firing as coolly as though on drill. We entered the fight with three field, one staff, and sixteen line officers and 125 muskets. Our color bearer, Sergt. Patrick Connors, was the first man wounded after the firing commenced. The colors were at once taken from the ground by Corporal John H. Harrington, of Co. H, and gallantly borne through the battle. Colonel Ira C. Abbott was wounded in the face early

in the action and carried to the rear. We maintained our line, repulsing and holding in check the enemy until 7:30 p. m., when we were ordered to fall back, being relieved by a brigade of Pennsylvania reserves. Men never behaved more gallantly than did the soldiers of the First Michigan in this battle. Our losses are one commissioned officer killed, Capt. Amos Ladd, and six wounded; four enlisted men killed, twenty-five wounded and eight missing. The bodies of sixty-two dead rebels left on our front bear a fearful testimony of the accuracy of the fire of the First Michigan."

After the battle of Gettysburg the regiment joined in the pursuit of the enemy on the 5th of July, becoming engaged at Williamsport on the 12th, and on the 18th crossed the Potomac into Virginia, driving the rebels from Manassas Gap, engaging the enemy at Wapping Heights on the 21st, going into camp at Warrenton on the 27th, and at Beverly Ford on the 8th of August. Here it remained until Sept. 17th, when it crossed the Rappahannock river and marched to Culpepper Court House, and afterwards did provost duty at the town of Culpepper until the 11th of October, when the army fell back to Centerville. The regiment met the enemy at Culpepper and Brandy Station on the 13th of October and on the 14th at Bristow Station. It again advanced and rested on the 1st of November at Three Mile

Station on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad. Breaking camp on the 7th, the regiment marched with the army to the Rappahannock river, where it was engaged in a hard fight at Rappahannock Station. From the 8th to the 27th of November the regiment was engaged in picket duty, when it participated in the march to Mine Run, and was in front of the enemy's works there from Nov. 29th to the evening of Dec. 1st, when it fell back with the army across the Rapidan, and on the 3d went into winter quarters at Beverly Ford, where it remained until the spring campaign of 1864. During February 213 members of the regiment re-enlisted as veterans, and the regiment was ordered to report at Detroit, where it arrived March 1st, and was furloughed for thirty days.

SOME PERSONAL EXPERIENCES.

Here is where the writer's experience with the First Michigan began. In the fall of 1862 I left my home at Manchester (my mother having died the 8th of May of that year and the family somewhat broken up) and entered as an apprentice in the Commercial printing office at Monroe, where I remained until I entered the army in March, 1864. All of my older brothers, four in number, were serving in the Union army, one each in the 4th and 18th Michigan Infantry and two in the 33d Illinois Infantry. I was intensely patriotic, and it was a source

of great regret to me that I was not old enough and large enough to get into the army. My first attempt in that direction was in the fall of 1863, when I enlisted in the 9th Mich. Cavalry, but had to give it up on account of not being able to secure father's consent. Feb. 22, 1864, I enlisted in the 18th Mich. Inf'y and in company with other recruits was taken to Detroit for examination and muster and was rejected by the examining physician. After an experience of a couple of weeks in the city, working in the press room of the Tribune office, then located on Jefferson avenue, I gladly availed myself of an opportunity to return to work in the Commercial office at Monroe, and for a time was quite contented. However, the latter part of March, '64, I had another bad attack of war fever. Many soldiers were home on veteran furlough at this time, including three of my brothers, and I was much interested in listening to their war stories and experiences. My brothers did all they could to discourage me from trying to get into the army, but like most boys of that age, advice did not go far. I wanted to see something of the world and have the experience myself. I said but little, but thought a great deal on the subject. Noticing an article in a Detroit paper that the First Infantry wanted recruits, including several drummer boys, I thought this was my opportunity, so on the morning of March 30,

84, with only \$2 in my pocket with which to pay my fare and buy grub, I took the early morning train for Detroit, without telling any one what I was going to do. After securing a cheap breakfast I hunted up First Michigan headquarters on Shelby street, between the postoffice and Larned street, where I found Col. Wm. A. Throop, who commanded the First. I told him I had come to the city to enlist, but that I was under age, but I thought, perhaps, he would be willing to take me in as a drummer boy: that I was very anxious to go and was not particular what he did with me after I got in. The Colonel made no objection to enrolling me, and suggested that an old soldier, who was present, had better go on my papers as guardian, which he did. This might have worked all right had it not been for the fact that the examining physician (Dr. Landon) happened to be from Monroe and knew me and also knew that my father was living. After giving me a thorough examination the doctor pronounced me all right physically, but said I would be obliged to get my father's consent before I could be mustered. I returned to the Colonel and told him the situation, and also that I had no money to take me home in order to get father's consent. He kindly helped me out of this difficulty by loaning me \$3 with which to pay my fare home, and that evening I took the train for Toledo, ar-

living there about midnight. I sat around in the old Island House depot until morning, and after getting breakfast started out afoot on the railroad track for father's home near Blissfield, it being Sunday and no local trains running. After a walk of some 20 miles I arrived at my destination soon after noon and was disappointed in not finding father at home. He had gone to Manchester and did not arrive home until Monday afternoon. After his arrival I lost no time in making known my errand, and among other arguments used to secure his consent I promised to give him my bounty money and pay, and he finally came to my way of thinking and the next day accompanied me to Detroit, where I was duly mustered into Uncle Sam's service and donned a suit of blue. I was rather small and the uniform did not fit very well, but I did not mind a little thing like that, and was probably the happiest and proudest boy in Detroit that day.

Father went with me to military headquarters in the old Fireman's hall building on Jefferson avenue, where I was given \$100 state bounty, which seemed a large amount of money to me. I gave father \$90 and kept \$10 for spending money. He went home happy and I was sent with other recruits to the barracks near Elmwood cemetery, where I had my first experience in associating with soldiers, and my confidence in their hon-

esty was sadly shaken by having my watch stolen from my vest pocket while I was asleep during the first night there. It was one my father had given me some time before, and as it was my first watch I valued it very highly, but I never saw it again. After two nights in the barracks at Detroit I was sent with other recruits to the barracks at Jackson, where I remained about ten days, when, together with several hundred other recruits, was sent to Washington, D. C., via Toledo, Cleveland, Pittsburg and Harrisburg. This was the first time I had ever been out of my native state, and everything was new and grand to me, and I greatly enjoyed the trip. The First got back to Washington the same day, but I was not permitted to join them there. The next morning the squad of recruits were sent by boat across the Potomac to Alexandria and marched through the streets of that historic old town to Camp Distribution, some distance up the river, where we remained a day or two, received arms and equipments, and on Sunday morning, April 15th, with a large squad of recruits for different regiments, we were placed on board a supply train as guards and sent to the front near Culpepper. The First Michigan camp was at Beverly Ford, but by mistake the recruits for the First were put off at the wrong station and were obliged to march several miles to camp, which we reached in the evening.

Of course, like all recruits, we were loaded down with everything the law allowed and were a tired and hungry squad when we reached camp, where we found that portion of the regiment who had not re-enlisted. I was put in the tent with Sergt. Lawrence Daily of Co. H, who seemed to take quite an interest in me and I learned to esteem him very highly. The re-enlisted men, under command of Col. Throop, arrived at the camp April 18th, and I was assigned to Co. G, commanded by Lieut. C. W. Carrick, who was afterwards promoted to Captain and remained in command of that company until the muster out of the regiment. James Russel was first Sergt. and Patrick Conners second Sergt. of Co. G. The regiment was in the 3d brigade, 1st division, 5th corps, commanded respectively by Gens. Bartlet, Griffin and Warren in the campaign of 1864.

The camp was a pleasant one, with comfortable quarters, situated at the junction of the Rappahannock and Hazel rivers, with a nice creek running near the camp. A few days after my arrival I had a visit from my brother George, of the Fourth Michigan, who lectured me a little because I had not taken his advice and kept out of the army. Here I had my first experience in drilling and camp duty. We were not long to remain in idleness, however, as on the morning of May 1st we received

orders to break camp. It was a beautiful morning, the men were in high spirits, and to my inexperienced eyes the troops presented a grand sight after getting into line and starting on the march. The army marched a few miles and went into camp near Brandy Station, where the corps were consolidated. During the afternoon of the 2d, while we were on brigade drill, a heavy wind and rain storm came up which played havoc with the tents. At noon of the 3d we again broke camp and started for Culpepper, where we halted at sundown and remained until midnight, when we again resumed the march to Germania Ford, on the Rapidan river, which we crossed on pontoon bridges about 8 a. m. of the 4th, and during the day marched to the Wilderness, which we reached towards evening. The First was detached and moved on a mile further on the Orange Pike and established a picket line for the night. This was my first experience on picket and vidette duty. Our picket line was established in the woods near an open field, but the line was withdrawn in the morning and the regiment lay on the opposite side of the field until noon of the 5th, when we opened the great Wilderness fight. About noon the First was ordered to fall in and charge across the field mentioned above, the enemy having made their appearance in the edge of the woods on the opposite side of the field where we were

on picket the night before. The field was probably a quarter of a mile wide, and as the regiment advanced on the double quick we were exposed to the heavy fire of the enemy, who were concealed in the woods. As we neared the woods the command was given to fire and a volley was poured into the enemy (and the woods.) This was my first shot at the rebels. Advancing into the woods the fight became fierce, especially on the right of the line, where a hand to hand contest took place. The thick pine woods broke up the alignment and every man had to look out for himself. Comrade Gage, next to me on my right, was wounded in the head as we entered the woods. The regiment lost heavily in this fight, which was the opening of the three days' struggle in the Wilderness and the terrible campaign of 1864 under General Grant. After holding their position for a time the regiment fell back, giving way to other troops, and as we fell to the rear passed through numerous lines of battle advancing to the front to take their place on the firing line. One of the regiments through which we passed was the 4th Michigan and my mind was greatly relieved on meeting some of the members of his company to learn that brother George was on detached duty that day and would escape the fight. In this fight the First lost Capt. Bradish, killed, Capt. Stanway severely wounded, and Adj. Raymond

was also wounded. A number of non-commissioned officers and privates were also either killed, wounded or taken prisoners. Hard fighting continued all the afternoon, the roar of musketry being continuous from the time we started the ball rolling until dark. The regiment after passing to the rear lay in line of battle until about dark, and while in this position some shots from a rebel battery passed near us, striking a column of troops on our right and rear. We slept "on our arms" that night in the woods near where we lay in line of battle.

After being relieved I took a stroll through the woods and took a testament from a discarded knapsack I found, belonging to Tilson T. Whitcomb, a member of the 16th Maine, who I afterwards learned was taken prisoner and died in a rebel prison. I still have this testament and value it very highly as a war relic, as it has an interesting history. I also found a pair of discarded army shoes on the field, which I appropriated and threw away a pair of boots I had been wearing and which were a little too tight for comfort in active service.

The next day, May 6th, the regiment lay in line of battle in reserve on a ridge and received a fearful shelling, in which a number of our men were wounded and I came very near being hit by a piece of shell as it struck the ground within two or three inches of my leg while lying

flat on the ground. Towards evening, while still laying in the position we had occupied during the day, the rebels charged the Sixth Corps in our front and a hard fight followed, in which our troops broke and fell back towards the reserve line, and for a time it looked as though we would get mixed up in the racket. I was cooking some coffee at the time a short distance from the regiment, preparatory to my evening meal, when the order came to "fall in," and I went without my coffee that night. That evening we fell back behind a line of works.

Early on the morning of the 5th the familiar rebel yell was heard in our front and we hastily fell in at the works, ready to receive the charge we thought was coming, but the rebs seemed to have changed their mind before getting within gun shot range and the fight did not materialize. We lay quietly behind the works that day, the only firing in our front being on the picket line, and some rebel sharp-shooters were brought down from the tree-tops by our own sharp-shooters, they having concealed themselves there for the purpose of picking off our men. The battle of the Wilderness was a sort of drawn fight, with no particular advantage to either side, and on the morning of the 7th Gen. Grant issued orders for a flank movement to the left for Spottsylvania, the Fifth Corps to take the advance. As soon as it was dark we quietly started on the

night march, Griffin's first division taking the advance. Early in the evening we passed Hancock's Second Corps, and I shall never forget the scene that presented itself as we passed that command. The poor tired fellows were stretched out beside the road for some distance, sleeping as peacefully as though at home and oblivious of all that was going on around them. About this time an amusing incident occurred. We had barely got past the Second Corps when we heard something coming pell-mell in our rear, which we thought was a night charge by rebel cavalry, and the men cleared the road to prevent being run down. They did not reach us, however, and it turned out to be a mule stampede. It was a tedious all night march, but the progress was not rapid, as frequent short stops were made, the advance being impeded by obstructions to the road. We at last reached the open country near Spottsylvania after daylight, where the cavalry had been doing some fighting, and we saw several dead rebels beside the road. We were halted along in the morning, perhaps between eight and nine o'clock, for the purpose of getting something to eat and a little rest, and had barely got our arms stacked when the orders came to fall in and we were rushed on the double quick a quarter of a mile or more into the fight at Laurel Hill, or Alsop's Farm, where the regiment made three gallant charges, with

other regiments of the brigade, but were repulsed each time by the enemy, who were posted in a strong position on a ridge. In the first charge my knapsack became unhooked, and not having time to stop and fix it I threw it off and lost it with its contents. A little later in the day I had the misfortune to be taken prisoner, and was taken to the rear of the rebel army and placed with a squad of other prisoners, some of whom had been captured in the wilderness. During the day, which was Sunday, May 8, our numbers were increased to about 400, including a large number of officers, one of them being Gen. W. C. Talley, of the 1st Pennsylvania Reserves, commanding a brigade; also Colonel Phelps, of the 7th Maryland Regiment, besides several Captains and Lieutenants. Some of the prisoners were badly wounded and suffered terribly for lack of care. Towards evening the rebel soldiers near us gave a lusty cheer, and on inquiring the cause we were told that Gen. Lee was passing by.

Early Monday morning we were started under rebel cavalry guard for Beaver Dam Station, on the Virginia Central Railroad, where we were to be put aboard cars and sent to Richmond. It was a hot day and a long, tedious march of about 25 miles, with nothing to eat, my captors having relieved me of everything I had left after losing my knapsack, even to my pocket handkerchief.

Long towards evening we forded the North Anna river at Anderson's Mills, which at this point was quite wide and shallow. Although we were urged to hurry up the Yanks took their time and some little delay was occasioned, which a little later proved to be a good thing for us. We passed through some nice country during the day, where Yankee soldiers were quite a curiosity, and some of the citizens were quite abusive with their tongues.

When within about half a mile of the station, just before dark, we heard horsemen advancing in our rear and soon we were made happy by the sight of Sheridan's cavalry force, which had started out that day on a big raid through the rebel country. Notwithstanding we were nearly exhausted with fatigue and hunger, we were overjoyed and cleared the road quickly and commenced cheering the troopers as they sped by in pursuit of our late guard, who lit out for dear life. The Michigan Brigade, commanded by the dashing Gen. Custer, led the advance. I had seen the General at Monroe several times and recognized him as he dashed by at the head of the column, and I would like to have a picture of that gallant officer as he appeared on that occasion. His horse was going on a gallop, his right hand grasping and waving aloft his trusty sword, while he swung his slouch hat with his left hand, (in recognition of the cheers of the lib-

erated prisoners), with reins in his teeth, while his long yellow hair was flying as he sped by, the very picture of the daredevil fighter that he was. Beside him rode his bugler. It was an exciting moment for us prisoners, and I shall never forget the grand and inspiring sight. The cavalymen threw us some hard-tack as they sped by and we grabbed them up quickly and ate them, partially appeasing our hunger. We followed the cavalry on to Beaver Dam Station, about half a mile distant, where they captured three freight trains, heavily laden with supplies for Lee's army, two locomotives, and a large amount of supplies of various kinds, several hundred stand of arms, hospital tents, etc., all of which, except so much as was required to supply the immediate wants of our troops, were burned or otherwise destroyed. The cars and station house were also destroyed and the engines were disabled by firing cannon balls through the boilers. The flames lit up the heavens for miles around. We remained near the station that night, and having filled up on the captured supplies, slept soundly on the bare ground.

The cavalry force was composed of Gen. Sheridan's entire command of three divisions, probably fifteen or twenty thousand strong. Tuesday morning, the 10th, the second and third divisions joined the first at the station, when the march commenced, the second division

taking the advance. But little opposition was encountered that day and good time was made. The recaptured prisoners were allowed to do as they pleased and keep up with the cavalry on the forced march the best they could. To fall in the rear was sure capture. To march and keep up with cavalry on a forced raid in the enemy's country was a hard proposition, but we did it all that week, with nothing to eat except what we could beg from the cavalymen, and they were very generous in dividing their rations with us. The entire force crossed the South Anna river on the evening of the 10th, where a few hours rest was taken. During the night the first and third divisions, and the first brigade of the second division moved in the direction of Richmond, crossing the Richmond and Fredericksburg Railroad at Negro Foot Station, destroying the railroad for a distance on both sides of the station. Gen. Davies, with the balance of the second division, proceeded to Ashland, where he encountered the enemy, captured and destroyed a train of supplies for Lee's army, and after tearing up the railroad for some distance and burning a bridge, rejoined the main force at Allen's Station, on the Richmond and Fredericksburg Railroad. By mistake I got with Davies' column, and had a hard time keeping up.

From this point the entire command moved on Yellow Tavern, where Stuart,

with his main force in a strong position, awaited the attack of the Federal cavalry. Here a desperate fight took place between the two cavalry forces, the one commanded by Gen. Sheridan and the other by Gen. Stuart, whose respective commands were the largest and best disciplined body of cavalry ever pitted against each other on this continent. The rebels were badly worsted in this fight and General Stuart was killed. Custer's Michigan brigade, in which the 1st, 5th, 6th and 7th Mich. Cavalry served, covered themselves with glory that day. These regiments charged and captured a rebel battery. The Sixth was commanded by Col. R. A. Alger.

I had a good view of this fight from the yard at the Yellow Tavern, near which our batteries were located.

Early on the night of the 11th we were again in motion. The night was cloudy and dark, but good time was made during the night and daylight on the morning of the 12th found the entire command inside of the outer line of fortifications around Richmond, massed upon a plateau which overlooked the Meadow Bridge over the Chickahominy, which were destroyed, and the opposite, or Mechanicsville side, held in strong force by the enemy. After the command halted late at night I crawled into a corn crib at a farm house on the hill overlooking the Chickahominy and got a few hours' sleep. In the morning a

desperate fight took place to get possession of the bridge by our troops, which had been partially destroyed, and after several hours hard fighting the rebels were driven away and our troops permitted to cross to Mechanicsville.

While this fight was going on I was at the farm house mentioned above, where the batteries were belching forth their deadly missiles as fast as they could be loaded and fired. In the meantime I had succeeded in capturing one of the chickens which were running around in the yard and had it partly cooked when orders came to pull out, so gave the chicken to one of the battery men and lost my chicken dinner.

The casualties on both sides on the morning of the 12th was quite heavy, the Confederats, among other officers, losing General Gordon, who fell mortally wounded. After crossing the Chickahominy and marching a short distance Mechanicsville was reached about noon, where a halt of two or three hours was made. Here we noticed lines of old breastworks, which had been erected during McClellan's Peninsula campaign two years before. During the afternoon the march was continued, passing Gaines' Mills toward evening. I went through the old mill, which seemed to be deserted, and finding a little corn meal I filled a quart pail (which I picked up at Mechanicsville) with the precious stuff, and hurried on. Just at dusk I went into a

house to see if I could get my corn meal cooked into a hoe cake and found an old darkie woman all alone in the house and she was pretty badly scared at the sight of so many Yankee soldiers. She said the white folks were all "done gone to Richmond." I made my errand known and after a little persuasion she went to work, mixed up the corn meal with water, salt and shortening being a minus article in those parts, and in about half an hour I emerged from the house with an immense hoe cake in my hands, red hot, and hurried along to catch up with the command, which I overtook a short distance ahead, they having gone into camp for the night at Walnut Grove Church. By the time I reached the church I had filled up on the hoe cake and gave a good sized chunk to other comrades. A cold drizzling rain had set in. After a while Comrades Ezra Gregg and an Englishman named Jerry (have forgotten his sir name), both First Michigan men, lay down with a rubber blanket over us and went to sleep. Along in the night we woke up and found ourselves lying in a puddle of water and our clothes pretty well soaked. The balance of the night we put in around a camp fire. This is one of the disagreeable experiences which came to every soldier in active service.

May 13th we marched to Bottom's Bridge, and Saturday, May 14th, we reached the Union lines at Malvern Hill,

on the James River, where the battle of Malvern Hill was fought July 1, 1862. The Union gunboats on the river fired a few shots at the command under the impression that it was a Confederate force, but soon discovered their mistake, and no one was hurt. Malvern Hill is a high bluff and the view across the river is magnificent. At the foot of the bluff is a wagon road leading to Harrison's Landing, a short distance down the river. Here the recaptured prisoners bade good bye to their cavalry friends, who had saved them from rebel prisons and perhaps from death, and brought them safely through the enemy's country to the Union lines, and on Sunday morning we boarded a boat at the landing and were treated to a good breakfast, including meat, bread and butter and coffee, and how good it tasted after the experiences of the previous week. The boat run down the river about 60 miles that day to Fortress Monroe, where it anchored for the night. After a pleasant and restful ride on Chesapeake Bay and Potomac River we disembarked at Alexandria Tuesday afternoon, May 17th, and marched through that old town to Camp Distribution. An amusing incident occurred just after we got out of town. Finding a keg of beer in the road, which had probably dropped off from a delivery wagon, the boys proceeded to try and get at its contents, which was not an easy matter with the facilities at

hand. After considerable effort they succeeded in bursting in the head of the keg with stones. After lying in the sun and the subsequent shaking up in trying to get at it, the stuff inside had worked itself up to a high state of excitement, and when vent was given the beer shot up into the air, most of it running to waste, and the men near by got a good supply outside if they didn't get much inside. All had a good hearty laugh.

We remained at Camp Distribution until the latter part of the week, Friday, May 20th, I think, when we received new equipment and were started back to the front. We went by boat as far as Belle Plain Landing, on the Potomac, and from that point guarded a supply train back to the army. The first night we got as far as Fredericksburg, some 12 or 15 miles from the Landing, where we parked for the night by the side of the cemetery in that historic old town where Washington's mother is buried. At that time the town showed the effects of the hard usage it had received during the war, being pretty badly dilapidated, and about every building seemed to have been converted into a hospital, being filled up with wounded men from the Wilderness and Spottsylvania fights. The next morning we passed up the slope just beyond the town where the terrible fighting occurred between the Union and Confederate armies in December, 1862. Many of the buildings in

the town showed the effects of the terrible shelling it received at that time. One conspicuous and noticable mark was a hole through one of the church steeples, made by a cannon ball.

After a tedious and uneventful tramp we reached the army at North Anna river the morning of May 26th and I reported to my regiment for duty while a heavy rain storm was falling. The boys were all glad to see me and I was glad to get back after my hard experience of about three weeks, from the 8th to the 26th of May. During the day I went over to the 4th Michigan to see my brother George and relieve his mind as to my whereabouts. He knew that I was either killed or captured in the fight of the 8th, but was not certain which. Said he went over the field after the fight to see if he could find me, but fire which had run over the field had disfigured many of the dead so badly as to render their identity difficult.

To resume the history of the First Michigan, I will quote from Col. Throop's report covering the movements of the regiment for the month of May, beginning with the fight in the Wilderness on the 5th, as follows:

"The enemy had thrown out a very heavy line of skirmishers in my immediate front and pushed them boldly into the edge of a wood against my lines, but without firing. Our lines having been formed, and everything in readiness, an

attack was ordered and I pushed my skirmish line forward at a double-quick, over an open field of a quarter of a mile, driving the enemy's line into the woods and onto their line of battle. I was followed up by my brigade, commanded by Gen. J. J. Bartlett, in two lines of battle, and the fight became general. Part of my skirmish line fought that of the enemy in the woods hand to hand, using the bayonet. I lost very heavily in this charge, Captain Bradish, a most gallant officer, being killed, Captain Stanway severely wounded in the arm at the very muzzle of a rebel gun, and Adjutant Raymond wounded in the foot while carrying orders from myself along the line. From this time out, for eight successive days, we were either in a fight or skirmish, losing more men in killed and wounded each day, including our charge at Allsop's Farm, on Sunday, the 8th, where my loss was severe, bringing but twenty-three men out of the fight.

"Our work has been very severe, marching and fighting continually, the changes of position and various strategic movements causing us to make frequent and rapid marches, ending with a fight or skirmish. We have taken part in every engagement, were the very first to give information of the proximity of the enemy, and fired the first musket in this campaign. For twenty-five days we have not been out of sound or range of musketry or artillery, and many of my

men have been for days without shoes, having nothing to protect their feet but pieces of blanket tied around them, still keeping up on the march and doing all their duties. Such devotion surely deserves credit. Notwithstanding the unprecedented severity of the campaign, the men are in the best of spirits, full of confidence and hope, and certain that full and sure success will eventually crown the efforts of our arms.

"At the battle of Allsop's farm, on the 8th inst., Lucius R. Mills, of Company H, seized the colors of the 83d Pennsylvania from the ground, the color sergeant having been killed, and carried them twice with our front line to the top of the hill in two separate charges made by my regiment, in the second charge receiving a severe wound, but bringing the colors of the 83d safely off the field and returning them to the regiment. He is now in hospital suffering intensely from his wounds. I might mention many instances of individual gallantry, but where all have done so nobly it is almost impossible to particularize.

"I went into the first day's fight (May 5th) with 176 muskets, and have today 104 muskets. My losses have been made up partly by the return of slightly wounded men to duty and the return to the regiment of a number of detached men. At the battle of Island Ford or Jericho Mill, the evening we crossed the

North Anna River, May 23d, we were engaged with the enemy for an hour and a half, but having the advantage of some hastily constructed breastworks, made of fence rails, our loss was small. Captain Lockley was severely wounded in this fight. Captain L. C. Randall was killed in a night skirmish with the enemy on the night of the 10th. His body was carried to the rear and interred with proper religious ceremonies by Chaplain Bowden.

“Captains Bradish and Randall have been connected with the regiment since the first organization of the three months regiment under Colonel Wilcox. Entering the service as privates, they earned their rank by their gallantry and soldierly qualities, having been in nearly every battle in which the regiment has been engaged, each having received severe wounds in battle.

“The loss of the regiment in killed in the battles in which it was engaged during the month of May was two officers and twenty men; wounded, five officers and sixty-two men.”

During the fight at Peebles' farm on May 8th, the old commander of the 1st three years' regiment, Gen. John C. Robinson, then commanding a division in the Fifth Corps, was wounded in the leg, necessitating its amputation and disabling him for further service in the field.

During my absence from the 8th to

26th of May, the regiment participated in the series of Spottsylvania fights on the 10th, 11th and 12th; on the 21st was engaged at Nye River; on the 23d at North Anna, and 24th at Jerico Mills. I reached the regiment the morning of May 26th and that evening the army started on another flank movement, recrossing the North Anna river, marching down the left bank of that river, then turning south crossed the Pamunky river, formed by the North and South Anna rivers. It was a tedious night march, being very dark, and the mud was ankle deep. Sunday afternoon, May 29th (a beautiful day), the writer, with others, were detailed as flankers, to march at a certain distance from the road and parallel with the column, as a precaution against sudden attack while passing through a wooded country. We did not go far before it was discovered that the enemy was in near proximity and a halt was made. The flankers were kept out on the picket line that night in a dense piece of timber, and orders were given the videttes to fire if they heard a noise in front which sounded like the enemy creeping upon them. Along in the night I took my turn of two hours on vidette duty, being placed alone some distance in advance of the picket line proper. It is a trying and lonesome place to put a man and the time drags very slowly, but it was an experience every private soldier had to

go through with many times while in active service, and each soldier had his own peculiar experiences. This night I had a hair-raising experience while on vidette duty, which turned out to be rather laughable. After being out for a time I heard a noise in front, which gradually grew more distinct as it neared my post, and being sure that a Johnny reb was creeping up on me I waited until he got as near as I cared to have him come, when I fired in the direction of the noise, when something ran the other way. As a lot of hogs were seen in the woods in the morning I was satisfied that the night prowler belonged to the porker family.

In the morning the picket line advanced some distance through the woods until we finally struck an open field, when the rebel pickets fired upon us from the opposite side of the field. After a lively exchange of shots from either side of the field for some time the Union skirmish line was ordered to advance across the field, which was promptly done, when the rebel skirmish line fell back and we advanced some distance. Monday evening, the 30th, we were relieved from the picket line and rejoined the regiment, being very tired and hungry. Drew fresh supply of rations that evening. June 1st and 2d the regiment had a lively set-to with the enemy at Magnolia Swamp and Bethesda Church. At the latter place, early on the morn-

ing of June 2d, my friend, Sergt. Daily, was instantly killed by a rebel sharpshooter as we lay behind some earthworks, being hit in the head. He was only two or three rods from me and I saw him when he fell. Several of our men were wounded at this place, including a sergeant of my company, whose name I have forgotten. One poor fellow who belonged to another command, had his hip torn out here by a cannon ball as we were about to swing around in order to straighten the line, and he died soon after. During the day we moved a short distance and built a nice line of works, where we remained until the morning of the 6th, doing picket duty. The writer had a disagreeable experience one night at this place. Being on picket I was placed on vidette duty early in the evening at a lonely spot and told to watch a by-road through the woods. The night was pitch dark and a drizzling rain set in early in the evening, which continued all night and a more dismal and disagreeable night can hardly be imagined. Instead of being relieved at the expiration of two hours, as was customary, by some oversight I was allowed to remain there alone all night, and as no relief came I reported to the officer in charge of the picket line in the morning and was relieved.

June 6th the regiment moved to Chickahominy river, where we occupied a nice camp in a pretty pine grove and

enjoyed a few days' rest, where we did picket duty and guarded the bridges. While here we received the first mail since starting on the campaign, which cheered the boys very much. I received a nice letter from home and a "housewife" to take the place of the one I lost with my knapsack May 8th. While at this place I took a stroll in the woods a short distance from camp one evening when I run onto a group of soldiers holding an old fashioned prayer meeting, whom I joined and enjoyed the meeting with them. Some of the men got very happy. While army life was not conducive to spiritual growth, it was possible for one to maintain his christian principles, even under such unfavorable conditions, and I found there were many earnest christian men in the army. Profanity and gambling were prevalent vices in the army, the latter being indulged in by many of the soldiers as long as their money lasted after being paid off, which was not very frequent during active campaigns.

Every soldier who served at the front any length of time during hot weather had his experience with the army "gray back," or body lice. Along the fore part of June I had my first experience with the pesky things. Meeting my brother George one day on the march I told him I guessed I had the itch, as I had been annoyed terribly for a few days by itching. "Well," he said, "I guess you have

got the 'gray-backs.'" and his diagnosis of my case proved to be correct. The first opportunity I got I went off into the woods by myself and pulled off my shirt, and sure enough, on the inside front of my woolen shirt Mr. and Mrs. Gray-back had staked out a large sized claim and had already got well started towards raising a good sized family, some of the numerous patches of nits on my shirt front having already hatched out. After masacreing all I could find I washed my shirt in a creek and returned to camp. It was rather disgusting to me at first, but soon got used to them, and although I fought them at every opportunity, it was almost impossible to be entirely free from them. I labored under the disadvantage of having no change of shirt or other under clothing from the time I lost my knapsack, May 8th, until the latter part of June. By that time my single woolen shirt had become so small by shrinking that I could hardly get it on.

On the night of June 12th we left our pleasant camp on the Chickahominy river, crossing that river at Long Bridge and marched to White Oak Swamp, to hold the roads and cover the crossing of the main army and wagon trains. The night of the 13th marched to Charles City Court House, thence to Wilcox's Landing on the James river, where lines of battle were again formed and intrenchments thrown up to cover the crossing

to the south side of the Second Corps. On the morning of June 16th we crossed the James river on transports and marched directly to Petersburg, arriving near that place in the evening, after one of the hardest day's marches I had experienced. The day was very hot and the roads dusty and many of the men were overcome by the heat, a number of sunstrokes being reported. I stood the march very well, but my partner gave out about dusk, so we made a sneak a short distance from the road, laid down in the woods and slept soundly until daylight, when we started in pursuit of the regiment, which we found a short distance ahead in camp. That day about half of the regiment were punished for straggling, myself among the rest, which was the only time I was punished while in the service. Some of the men were bucked and gagged, but most of them escaped with a light punishment, being compelled to sit on the ground for a couple of hours with their hands tied to a stake behind them. Col. Throop was a strict disciplinarian and frequently punished men under him quite severely.

The morning of the 18th the regiment advanced to the front, where the 2d and 9th corps had been hotly engaged the day before and succeeded in driving the enemy from their outer line of works, which was held by our troops, the enemy falling back some distance to their

inner line of works. As we passed these works in our advance evidences of the terrible struggle of the evening before were manifested, the Union and Confederate dead still lying on the ground unburied, some of them terribly mutilated by shot and shell. We took up a position in some pine woods, where we lay for a time, while the rebel shells were crashing through the tree tops over our heads. Later in the day we advanced a short distance and that night we lay behind the advance line of works, and some lively picket firing was indulged in. If I remember rightly the next day, June 19th, the Fifth Corps was moved to the left of the Norfolk & Petersburg Railroad and threw up a line of intrenchments. A few nights later we advanced a short distance and built a fine line of works, which was maintained as the advance line throughout the siege of Petersburg, with Fort Davis (named after Col. Davis of the 39th Massachusetts, who was mortally wounded there), a short distance to our right and Fort Sedgwick, better known as Fort Hell, some distance to our left. On our left front the rebel Fort Mahone, nicknamed by our troops Fort Damnation, soon sprung into existence, and proved a great annoyance to our troops because of its near proximity and commanding position. It was built about the time our lines were established and gave us a salute several times each day. We

would watch the puff of smoke from its guns, when some one would cry "down," and every man would drop down behind the works until the cannon balls passed over us. Our work here was very arduous, heavy details being made each day for picket and fatigue duty, working on fortifications. I have a distinct recollection of working on Fort Hell several times during its construction. At first work was done entirely at night, until it was far enough along to furnish protection to the men working inside from the guns of Fort Mahone, only a short distance away, to the right front.

At first we experienced some difficulty in getting water at Petersburg, but this was finally overcome by digging wells, and an abundant supply of pure water was obtained.

The breastworks were built strong and formidable, the inside being built up by logs four or five feet high, against which on the side towards the enemy dirt was piled several feet thick to the height of the logs, which afforded complete protection from minnie and cannon balls. A few feet back from the works bombproofs were constructed for protection of the troops in case of a shelling from the mortar batteries of the enemy. The troops lived in these bombproofs, which were much cooler than tents, and sheltered us from the hot rays of the sun as well as from the shells of the enemy. They were constructed as fol-

lows: A hole was dug in the ground in the shape of a cellar, say four feet deep and eight or ten feet square. Blocks, cut from pine trees, were placed as up-rights at the corners of the excavations, which supported stringers upon which pine logs were laid, completely covering the cellar. The dirt taken from the cellar was then piled on top of the logs, forming a covering several feet thick. In this way thousands of bombproofs were built along the whole line of both armies.

I spent all day, July Fourth, on the picket line in front of these works. The pickets occupied little redoubts at intervals of two or three rods, and as no firing was indulged in by the pickets during the day time, the pickets on either side felt free to expose themselves, and considerable trading was indulged in by the pickets of the opposing armies along the line. Fourth of July was a bright, beautiful day, and in honor of the event the different regimental flags were unfurled and placed upon the works along the line, and "Old Glory" never looked more beautiful than it did that morning. At the same time the bands along the line struck up the national airs, creating much enthusiasm, and the sight and sound to the men on picket was grand and inspiring. The rebels on the other side caught the spirit of enthusiasm and imitated the "Yanks" by displaying their colors and their bands played

“Dixie” and other Southern battle-songs, while the works on either side were lined with men who enjoyed the scene on our national holiday.

July 24th was my 18th birthday, which I passed in the intrenchments at this place.

The fore part of July, while lying in the Petersburg intrenchments, the re-enlisted men of the Fourth Michigan Infantry and a company of recruits under Capt. Van Vailor which joined the 4th in the spring of '64, were consolidated with the First, which doubled our force, and they remained with us until the close of the war, my brother George being among the number. The following May these men were sent to Texas and put in with the new 4th.

July 30th was the most exciting day we experienced while laying in the Petersburg intrenchments. We received orders the night before to fall in at the works at an early hour, as a mine was to be sprung under a rebel fort in front of the Ninth Corps, some distance to our right, at daylight. We were promptly at our post ready for any emergency, but the explosion was delayed some time by the first fuse going out. Finally a terrible upheaval occurred, and the rebel fort, with its occupants, guns, etc., was blown high into the air, making a grand but terrible sight. As soon as the mine exploded every cannon along our lines belched forth their deadly missiles, and

for some time a terrific cannonade was kept up. After the explosion we watched the advance of the attacking column, which had no trouble in taking the rebel works, but on account of delay and bad management by those in command the Confederates were given time to rally and Mahone's Virginia brigade charged about 9:15 and drove our men back, re-occupying their line either side of the crater. Our men occupied the crater until about 1 o'clock, when eleven hundred of them were compelled to surrender, and the Union loss was heavy in killed and wounded, the entire loss in this well-conceived but poorly executed attempt to break through the enemy's lines being placed at 5,640. The troops along the line occupied by the Fifth Corps kept up a musketry fire from the works a good share of the day.

The tunnel was a fine piece engineering and required an immense amount of work in excavating. The main shaft was 522 feet long, extending from a ravine just in the rear of the Union line of breastworks directly under the rebel fort, the lines at this point being very close together. Side galleries extended about forty feet each way under the fort from the main shaft, with arms at each end of the side galleries. Eight thousand pounds of powder were placed in each of the lateral galleries, two at each end a few feet apart, at right angles to the side gallery, and two more in the centre of

each of the side galleries. The explosion occurred between four and five o'clock, annihilating the rebel battery and leaving an opening 150 feet long, 60 feet wide and 30 feet deep in place of the Confederate earthworks. The next day, Sunday, I visited my brother-in-law and other Manchester boys in the 20th Michigan Infantry, which lay directly opposite the exploded fort and had a good view of the wreck. The Union dead still lay where they fell between the lines and a good many of our wounded were also to be seen. To attempt to get into our lines was almost sure death by the fire of the rebel sharp-shooters. One colored soldier, who had crawled close to our works, succeeded in getting over the works unharmed while I was there. He had been shot through the face. The Confederates granted an armistice on Monday for the purpose of burying the Union dead. Being off duty I went down there and was present between the lines while our men were being buried. Here I saw the most horrible sight my eyes ever beheld, and one I shall never forget. The dead had lain there in the hot sun for two days and the white men had become so discolored that they could hardly be distinguished from the colored soldiers, and the faces of a good many were covered with maggots. Two long trenches were dug and the white men placed in one and the colored men in the other, on top of each other, until all

were disposed of, when the remaining space in the trenches was filled with dirt and the terrible sight shut from view. Such is the horrors of war.

In 1891 the writer and his wife visited the old line of works around Petersburg and the man on whose farm the crater is located had it fenced in and charged visitors 25 cents to see the Yankee hole-in-the-ground.

On the morning of the 16th of August the First Michigan, with other troops of the Fifth Corps, was relieved by Ninth Corps troops and moved out of the intrenchments we had established nearly two months before and marched a short distance to the rear, where we lay in the woods until the morning of the 18th, when the command marched a few miles to the left, striking and capturing the Weldon railroad at the "Yellow House," six miles from Petersburg, which was torn up and destroyed by our troops for a long distance. We had no trouble in capturing the road, as it was defended only by a picket line. During the afternoon the Confederates made a desperate effort to recapture the road and we were moved to the support of the third division, who were hotly engaged at our right, but the enemy was soon repulsed and quiet restored. We were then moved to a position across the railroad and just to the left of the "Yellow House," where we erected a line of earthworks and the next day slashed the tim-

ber in our front as a better protection. Towards evening of the 19th the attack was renewed by the enemy on our right and we were rushed to the support of Ayres' second division, which was hotly engaged. We did not get into the fight, however, and returned to our breast-works in the evening. Quiet prevailed during the 20th, but on the morning of the 21st the enemy made another effort to drive the Union forces from the railroad, but our line was well fortified by this time and they were driven back with heavy loss. I was on picket that morning perhaps half a mile in advance of our main line and Captain John Stepper, of Coldwater, had charge of our part of the picket line, which was established just beyond a strip of timber and at the edge of an open field, beyond which was dense woods. Shortly after daylight the Confederates emerged from the woods directly in our front, three lines of battle deep, with colors flying, and presented a fine appearance as they advanced across the opening. After firing a few shots the picket line fell back through the strip of woods and halted in an open field on the opposite side for a time, then gradually fell back to our line of works as the enemy advanced, firing as we did so. To the right and some distance in advance of the line of works occupied by the First Michigan another line had been built and was well defended. This advance line was flanked

on the left by low timbered land directly in front of the rear line, the timber having been slashed down. The enemy advanced bravely to the line of works on our right front and got close to them when the rear line poured a deadly volley into them. This was a surprise and they beat a hasty retreat, leaving a good many dead and wounded behind. I succeeded in working my way through the slashing to our works in time for one or two shots at the enemy as they broke and run. This was the last attempt to regain possession of the Weldon railroad. After the fight the pickets were sent out again and next morning reoccupied our old rifle pits, where we found a number of dead battery horses, which had been killed by our artillery fire the day before. A few weeks later while passing through the strip of woods in the rear of the picket line, I run onto the partly decomposed body of a Confederate soldier who was killed in the fight related above and had been overlooked.

After the fight of Sunday morning, August 21st, the regiment lay quietly at the works erected by us at the "Yellow House" until the 30th of September, where we enjoyed a much needed rest after the arduous campaign beginning May 1st. While lying here Col. Throop was ordered to take command of the 1st brigade of our (1st) division, and Major George C. Hopper assumed command of the regiment. Major Hopper was a very

popular officer, who had been with the regiment since its organization, being commissioned First Lt. Aug. 19, 1861, Captain, April 28, 1862; Major, March 18, 1863. His service had been long and most honorable. He was wounded in action at Gaines' Mills, June 27, 1862; wounded and taken prisoner at Bull Run, Aug. 30, 1862; also wounded at the Wilderness, May 5, 1864. His three years' service having expired, he was mustered out and left the regiment Sept. 21, 1864, soon after taking command, and returned to his home in Detroit, where he is still living. He has been paymaster on the Michigan Central Railroad nearly ever since he came out of the service.

Captain John Stepper, of Coldwater, also left the regiment about this time, being mustered out Sept. 26, 1864, on account of expiration of enlistment. He entered the service April 19, 1861, as Serg't of Capt. Abbott's Company G, 1st 3 months, from Burr Oak, and re-enlisted in September, 1861, as Serg't in Co. B, for the three years service. Promoted to Second Lieut., July 1, 1862; First Lt., Aug. 30, 1862, and to Captain of Co. B, March 18, 1863, serving in that capacity to the time he was mustered out. He was taken prisoner at second Bull Run, Aug. 30, 1862, and exchanged a few months later; wounded at Fredericksburg, Dec. 13, 1862. He was a popular officer and highly esteemed by the men in the ranks. His last fight was Sunday

morning, Aug. 21st, when he had charge of the picket line. He is one of the few surviving officers of the old First. His home is at Coldwater.

A number of other men whose time had expired left the regiment while we lay at the "Yellow House," and there were some accessions to our ranks about this time by the return of men from the hospital who had been knocked out early in the campaign. Among this number was Serg't A. S. Kirkland, of Quincy, who was wounded May 5th in the Wilderness. He was one of the defenders of Washington during Early's attack on that city in July, 1864, when every man in the city who was able to do duty was compelled to go into the trenches that had been built around that city, including the department clerks. Comrade Kirkland was put in command of a battalion of convalescents on that occasion.

An amusing incident occurred while we were lying at the "Yellow House." A sutler near our camp got on a big supply of fine large watermelons one day and the First boys made a raid on him, and his melons all disappeared. A search was afterwards made for them in the tents, but none were found and the boys were all in ignorance as to what had become of them, although nearly all had shared in the feast.

Another incident occurred here, a very sad one. A soldier belonging to a Penn-

sylvania "Buck-tail" regiment was executed near our camp for desertion, being shot to death by a squad selected for that purpose from his company. This was the only time I saw a man shot for desertion, although later I saw two men hung at the same time for the same offense. Hanging for desertion was of frequent occurrence in the rear of the lines at Petersburg during the winter of 1864-5.

On the morning of Sept. 30th we broke camp and were again on the move, this time to the front and extreme right of the enemy's position near Poplar Grove church. It was a beautiful day and the troops were in high spirits after our long rest. We knew that trouble was ahead and that we could not go far without running into the "Johnnies." After marching about two miles we were admonished that the rebel picket line had been reached by their firing on us. As usual the First Michigan was deployed as skirmishers in front of the brigade and advanced steadily across a swamp to a large open field, driving the enemy's skirmish line back to their works, which consisted of a small fort with a fine line of breastworks on either side and well defended by artillery and a force of dismounted cavalry. A charge was ordered, and the First, with other troops, pressed on to the works across an open field, which was carried in fine style, the enemy breaking and running

as our boys mounted the works, a few of them being taken prisoners. The First lost a number of men in this fight. The 16th Michigan, which belonged to the 2d brigade, also suffered quite a severe loss, 10 men being killed and 42 wounded. Colonel Welch of that regiment was instantly killed as he mounted the rebel works and Major Partridge was severely wounded in the gallant charge. It was a grand sight as the long column, composed entirely of Griffin's division, pressed forward across the open field on the double quick in the face of a sharp fire of musketry and the rapid fire of six cannon. The works were carried with a rush and the rebels fled in confusion. It is known in history as the battle of Peeble's Farm or Poplar Grove Church, and was one of the brilliant events of the war. This line of works was five miles from Petersburg.

In the fight of Sept. 30th at Peeble's Farm the regiment was in command of Captain James H. Wheaton, who was shot in the head and instantly killed while leading the regiment in another hard fight during the evening of the same day, Sept. 30th. He was a brave officer and highly esteemed by the entire command. His home was at Chelsea, and he entered the service as private in Co. D May 1, 1861, in the First three months regiment and on the reorganization of the regiment for three years he was made Sergeant of Co. F; pro-

moted to Second Lieutenant July 14, '62; wounded at second Bull Run, July 30, '62; First Lieut., Aug. 30, '62; Captain, Jan. 1, '64; killed in action near Poplar Grove Church, Va., Sept. 30, '64. Capt. Wheaton was known as the one eyed Captain, having lost one of his eyes in the service. He was succeeded in command temporarily by Capt. A. H. Merritt. Following is a report of Captain Merritt for the month of September, '64:

"During this month the regiment lay in camp near the Six Mile House on the Weldon Railroad and furnished very heavy details for picket and fatigue duty. Upon the 30th we received marching orders, and left our camping ground at 8 a. m. We moved to the extreme right of the enemy's position, which was near Poplar Grove Church, and came up with their skirmishers after a march of about two miles. The regiment was deployed in front of the 3d brigade, 1st division, 5th corps, to which it belongs, and after forming, advanced, driving the enemy's skirmishers back to their works, which were well defended by artillery and dismounted cavalry, and protected by a strong line of abatis. We were ordered to charge, which we did, carrying the works in fine style. The abatis did not seem to be much of an impediment, some of the troops springing clear over it in their enthusiastic haste to capture the works and artillery. In this charge we captured a few pris-

oners, and by some mistake were separated from the rest of the brigade and marched to the right, where we were again forced to deploy as skirmishers in order to protect the flank of the division and to avoid capture, the other portion of the division having moved forward upon the enemy's second line of works. We advanced through a dense strip of wilderness, about one-fourth of a mile in extent, and after coming out into the open field discovered two strong fortifications and a portion of a line of works upon which we made an assault and actually carried them, capturing two prisoners, and with a mere skirmish line without support. We held the ground thus gained against repeated assaults by the enemy's skirmishers, made to recapture it, until about 4 p. m., when we were relieved by the 2d division, 5th corps, and ordered to rejoin our brigade, where we found nearly one-half of the regiment, which had been relieved from picket after breaking camp in the morning, and had come up in time to participate in the day's battle.

"In the meantime the enemy had attacked the 9th corps, which had formed on our left, and was, after a desperate struggle, flanked upon the left and forced back for a considerable distance. Our brigade was ordered up as supports, and we arrived in time to aid in retaking the lost ground, and assisted in repulsing the enemy in three successive

charges. In this last engagement Capt. James H. Wheaton was killed, being shot through the head by a minnie ball. After this sad casualty I assumed command of the regiment.

“The battle being ended, shortly after dark the whole line fell back to the line of works captured in the first assault in the morning.”

The regiment lost four killed and 21 wounded in the day's engagements.

From the 2d to the 27th of October the regiment was engaged principally in throwing up fortifications, and on the latter date moved with the 5th corps toward the South Side railroad, an all day's march. Here some fighting took place, but the First was not engaged. The movement not being a success the troops returned to their old position at Peeble's Farm, where it remained during November doing picket duty and building fortifications.

On the 6th of December the 5th corps, in which the First Michigan served, started on a raid along the Weldon railroad, south of Petersburg, and after crossing the Nottawa river the regiment assisted in destroying several miles of that railroad, proceeding as far as Hicksford. Some fighting was indulged in. The weather turned cold and a severe sleet and rain storm setting in while on this raid caused much suffering and hardship among the troops. On the 12th the command returned to the winter

quarters established by them in the rear of the Petersburg lines shortly before starting on the Weldon raid of Dec. 6-12. This was known by the boys of the First as the apple-jack raid, some of them getting pretty full on that beverage, which they found in Confederate farm houses.

February 5, '65, the regiment broke camp again and participated in a Hard fight at Hatcher's Run on the 6th, during which three of our brave boys were killed, viz: Sergeant George Tillotson, Co. B, Corporal Oscar Nash, Co. A, and acting Corporal Charles Wonderlick, Co. G (color guard). A few were wounded and others taken prisoners. Lient. Col. George Lockley, who was in command of the regiment, was wounded during the fight of the 6th, when Brevet Major Cornelius B. Van Valor assumed command. Darkness put a stop to the fight on the evening of Feb. 6th, and during the night a severe storm of hail and sleet set in, turning to rain, which continued all next day, freezing as it fell, and causing much suffering among the troops, especially those who were wounded. The regiment then went into camp near Hatcher's Run, at the extreme left of our line, and on the 25th of March participated in another attack on the enemy's lines at Hatcher's run, having several men wounded.

March 29th we started on our last campaign, which ended at Appomattox

April 9th by the surrender of Gen. Lee and his brave army. In this campaign the 5th corps supported Sheridan's cavalry force in the chase to head off Lee's army and prevent them from escaping south and forming a junction with Johnson's army. The first hard fight in this campaign was at Five Forks on April 1st. At this place, which was some four miles west of his main line of works, Lee had massed all the troops he could spare from his main body, and placed them under command of Major Gen. Pickett, who here intrenched his infantry east and west of the forks for about a mile in each direction. Gen. Sheridan was in command of the Union forces and at 1 o'clock of the 1st he ordered General Warren to bring up his (5th) corps and form line of battle. At 4 o'clock the order was given to advance, and after a hard fight the enemy was routed and a grand victory gained. A charge of the cavalry completed the rout, and the remnants of the divisions of Pickett and Johnson fled westward from Five Forks, pursued for many miles by the Union cavalry. History says "the trophies of the day included many colors and guns, and above 5,000 prisoners, of which number 3,244 were taken by the Fifth Corps. Brilliant as the victory was, it was won without great sacrifice of life, the losses of the cavalry being but a few hundred, and those of the infantry, 634 killed and wounded."

The First had a few men wounded in the fight at Five Forks.

For some reason General Sheridan became dissatisfied with Gen. Warren's handling of his troops during the fight at Five Forks and relieved him from the command of the Fifth Corps, which he had led so successfully. This was a great disappointment to the men, as they had the utmost confidence in the ability and fighting qualities of their commander, and they felt that Sheridan had done Warren a great injustice, and it looked like a piece of spite work. Sheridan in his charges claimed that Warren "did not exert himself to get up his corps as rapidly as he might have done; and his manner gave me the impression that he wished the sun to go down before the dispositions for the attack could be completed."

In a subsequent court of inquiry, ordered by the President, General Warren was completely exonerated, the court deciding against Sheridan's charges in every instance and justifying Warren in his every action.

April 2d, the day after the defeat at Five Forks, General Lee notified Jeff Davis at Richmond that he could not hold his lines any longer, so the President of the Southern Confederacy fled south and Petersburg and Richmond were evacuated by the Confederate forces, and after a running fight of seven days were compelled to surrender at Appomattox on the 9th.

After the Five Forks fight the First Michigan was engaged with the enemy at Amelia Court House on the 5th, at High Bridge on the 6th, and at Appomattox Court House the morning of the 9th, where they fired their last shot in the four years' conflict for the preservation of the Union. At last victory had crowned our efforts, the rebellion was crushed, and a mighty shout of victory went up along the Union lines as the news of Lee's surrender was announced.

During the day the writer strolled over near the Confederate camp, and while standing by a small private burying ground, enclosed by a fence, looking down upon the vanquished foe, who were occupying lower ground, Gen. Grant and staff rode up and halted for a few minutes within a few feet of where I stood and I got a good view of him.

The Confederate army were without rations, nearly starved, poorly clad, and in a demoralized condition generally. General Grant divided the rations intended for his troops with them, so we were on scant rations for several days in consequence, and some of the boys had to resort to foraging to get enough to eat.

I secured a piece of the famous Appomattox apple tree, under which it is said Gens. Grant and Lee met at the time of the surrender, which was carried away root and branch by the soldiers as relics. I also picked up some fuses

which lay on the ground by a rebel battery, one of which, with the piece of apple tree, I still have in my possession. Beside this battery lay a fine looking young Confederate Lieutenant, who had been killed in the fight that morning and still lay where he fell. Although the sight was a familiar one, it seemed too bad to think that so fine a specimen of manhood should be sacrificed at the last moment. He was the last dead soldier I saw who lost his life in battle.

On April 12th the remnant of General R. E. Lee's gallant army delivered up its arms and battle flags to the Union troops, and passed into history. The distinction of receiving the surrendered arms was conferred upon the old third brigade, 1st division, 5th corps, which then consisted of the 1st and 16th Michigan, 32d Massachusetts, 83d, 91st, 119th and 155th Pennsylvania regiments.

The Confederate army then broke up and started off in squads for their homes, and although their cause was lost they seemed to be as happy as the Union soldiers over the termination of the long and desperate struggle. The men of the two armies mingled together freely after the surrender and were on the best of terms. I still have some Confederate money one of their soldiers gave me at Appomattox.

April 12th we started on the return march to Petersburg, and the evening of the 15th, as we halted for the night,

the terrible news reached us that President Lincoln had been assassinated, which cast a great gloom over the army.

The army passed through Petersburg, thence to Richmond and Washington, but the First Michigan was placed on detached service, with headquarters at City Point, on the James river, about ten miles from Petersburg. Two companies were sent to Manchester, opposite Richmond, where they guarded commissary supplies for a time. The rest of the regiment was engaged in guarding trains between City Point and Burkville Junction until the 16th of May, when the entire regiment took transport for Alexandria, and went into camp on Arlington Heights, opposite Washington. While lying here one of the Fourth boys, who had served clear through the war, died suddenly of heart failure. Gov. Blair visited the regiment at this place and addressed the command. The boys were all very happy and we had fine times here. and nearly every night the soldiers of different commands would form torch-light processions and march around to headquarters, making a very pretty sight. The morning of May 23d we marched past the Arlington house, where Arlington Cemetery now is, and across the Long Bridge to the city, and after a long wait for our turn, marched in the grand review of the Army of the Potomac down Pennsylvania avenue, returning to camp by way of George-

town, tired and hungry. The next day Sherman's army passed in review and the scenes of the day before were repeated. I, with others, succeeded in running the guard on Long Bridge and got into the city without a pass, witnessing the parade of Sherman's army on the 24th. It was a glorious event for the victorious armies and the grandest military display ever seen on this continent, being witnessed by an immense throng of people.

June 16th the regiment was put aboard of some flat cars and went to Parkersburg, W. Va., on the B. & O. road, and thence to Louisville, Ky., by boat down the Ohio river, reaching that city the morning of the 21st. Later in the day we were taken across the river to Jeffersonville, Ind., where we were mustered out July 9th, and started for home the 10th, reaching Jackson the 12th, where a fine banquet awaited us, prepared by the good people of that city. On July 21st the regiment was paid off at Jackson and disbanded.

Following is Col. Lockley's farewell address to the regiment:

HEADQUARTERS FIRST MICH. INFANTRY, /
JACKSON, MICH., July 21, 1865. /

After four years' service we are now about to separate, to resume our duties as citizens. We have made our last march and fought our last fight together. You, my veterans, can go to your homes proudly. You have won a noble and a

glorious record. You have done your full share in putting down that unholy and cursed rebellion.

It is not necessary for me to tell you of the many hard-fought fields, or the weary marches in which you have participated. But in taking farewell of you, my brave comrades, you will permit me to thank you for the noble manner in which you have assisted me to do my duty and obey my orders.

Let us thank God that while so many of our gallant comrades have been stricken down, He has permitted us to return to those we love. "We mourn our fallen braves; their memory will be ever green in our hearts. They have not fallen in vain."

Knowing, as I do, that you will ever conduct yourselves in civil life as you have as soldiers, I bid you farewell. God bless and protect you in the future as he has in the past.

Comrades of the First Michigan Veteran Infantry--GOOD BYE.

GEORGE LOCKLEY, Colonel

The First three years' regiment had carried on its rolls in all 1,346 officers and men, and had lost 12 officers and 103 men killed in action, 3 officers and 32 men died of wounds, while one officer and 92 men died of disease, making a total death loss of 243 men.

Following is a list of battles in which the First Michigan participated:

First (three months)—Bull Run, Va., July 21, 1861.

First (three years)—Mechanicsville, Va., June 26, 1862; Gaines' Mill, Va., June 27, 1862; Peach Orchard, Va., June 29, 1862; Savage Station, Va., June 29, 1862; Turkey Bend, Va., June 30, 1862; White Oak Swamp, Va., June 30, 1862; Malvern Hill, Va., July 1, 1862; Harrison's Landing, Va., July 2, 1862; Gainesville, Va., August 29, 1862; Second Bull Run, Va., August 30, 1862; Antietam, Md., Sept. 17, 1862; Shepardstown Ford, Va., Sept. 20, 1862; Snicker's Gap, Va., Nov. 14, 1862; Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13 and 14, 1862; U. S. Ford, Va., Jan. 1, 1863; Chancellorsville, Va., May 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 1863; Kelly's Ford, Va., June 9, '63; Ashby's Gap, Va., June 21, 1863; Gettysburg, Penn., July 2, 3, 4, 1863; Williamsport, Md., July 12, '63; Wapping Heights, Va., July 21, 1863; Culpepper, Va., Oct. 13, 1863; Brandy Station, Va., Oct. 13, 1863; Bristo Station, Va., Oct. 14, 1863; Rappahannock Station, Va., Nov. 7, '63; Cross Roads, Va., Nov. 26, 1863; Mine Run, Va., Nov. 29, 1863; Wilderness, Va., May 5, 6, 7, 1864; Laurel Hill, Va., May 8, 1864; Po River, Va., May 10, '64; Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, 1864; Ny River, Va., May 21, 1864; North Anna, Va., May 23, 1864; Jerico Mills, Va., May 24, 1864; Noel's Turn, Va., May 26, 1864; Tolopotomy, Va., May 30, 1864; Magnolia Swamp, Va., June 1, 1864; Bethesda Church, Va., June 2, 1864;

Petersburg, Va., June 13, 1864; Weldon Railroad, Va., August 18, 19, 21, 1864; Peeble's Farm, Va., September 30, 1864; Hatcher's Run, Va., Oct. 27, 1864; Not-tawa Court House, Va., December 8, '64; Dabney's Mills, or Hatcher's Run, Va., Feb. 6, 7, 1865; Hatcher's Run, Va., March 25, 1865; White Oak Road, Va., March 29, 1865; Five Forks, Va., April 1, 1865; Amelia Court House, Va., April 5, 1865; High Bridge, Va., April 6, 1865; Appomattox Court House, Va., April 9, 1865. Siege of Petersburg, from June 17, 1864, to March 29, 1865.

In preparing this history of the First Michigan we have been greatly aided in dates and movements of the regiment by consulting "Michigan in the War" and Stine's History of the Army of the Potomac. The personal experiences of the writer have been given entirely from memory, after the lapse of nearly forty years.—Ed.

