

MEMOIRS
OF
THE SECOND
MICHIGAN INFANTRY
BY
HERMAN PETZOLD.

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At the outbreak of the late Civil War, Abraham Lincoln, then President of the United States, called volunteers for the suppression of the rebellion against our government, requiring from each State a quota of men, according to the population. Michigan at once responded to the call, organizing volunteer regiments, and sent them to the front with dispatch.

The Second, in which I then enlisted, was organized under this call at Fort Wayne, near Detroit, with 1,013 officers and men on its rolls, being the first of the three-year regiments raised in the State, and was mustered in for service on May 25th, 1861.

Israel B. Richardson, as our Colonel, who already had served with distinction during the Mexican War, took the regiment to the field for Virginia by way of Baltimore and Washington, leaving Detroit on the 6th of June, and ar-

iving at Washington Sunday morning, June 9th. On this trip, while we were approaching the city of Baltimore, the train was brought to a halt and the regiment ordered out on a field, there forming a square (a movement so unexpected on our part, causing considerable flutter among the ranks as to what this all meant), in which position we received the startling intelligence that Baltimore contained a strong rebel spirit, subject to riots and malicious mischief. Holding inspection of arms and ordering us to load our muskets for possible action, Col. I. B. Richardson, enjoining us to preserve good discipline at all times, and promptly obey orders.

What current of feelings possessed our minds at that moment, as we stood there listening to the instructions of our leader—every word of which struck home to the heart; yea, to the very soul. * * * Like new men we marched back to the cars, arriving in the city about dusk. On stepping out at the depot—Heavens! What a sight we beheld there. Thousands of people around, and apparently intoxicated by liquor, howling themselves into frenzy and cursing us as “Lincoln’s hirelings,” with threats to wipe us out of existence. Assuredly not a pleasant position for us to be in. However, we took up the line of march by platoons through the city, with brave Richardson at the head, leading us through a seething, surging, maddened throng of howling humanity, too cowardly for an open attack, but at the moment we were getting on the train for Washington they suddenly attacked us by throwing stones through the car windows, wounding and bruising quite a number. One man particularly was severely struck on the head, and,

maddened with pain, he raised his musket and fired into the masses outside, his shot killing two and wounding three or four. This started a terrible howl of revenge from the crowd, such a howl as I had never heard before, and the peril seemed very great, when Col. I. B. Richardson stepped out on the platform and, with drawn saber, commanded in resolute tones, the crowd to disperse at once or he would charge into them with a thousand bayonettes.

Without further molestation we were permitted to pass on to Washington, showing us we had a commander who was master of this most critical position, and every man soon learned that we could rely on him—a trust we never had cause to regret, and, I may safely assert, that no man could be held in higher esteem than the Second Michigan Infantry holds the memory of brave I. B. Richardson. With such a man to start out with, the regiment stood at the front carving its way to immortal glory, its record standing unsullied.

Now, having introduced my subject with this opening chapter, I will follow the regiment's course of service, with its hardships, its sufferings and its losses, adding to it my own impressions and observations.

As I have stated, we arrived at Washington Sunday morning, June 9th, and were allowed to remain in that city until Tuesday, giving us good opportunities to take in the sights, and, I assure you, that I was not slow in visiting the Capitol and other buildings of great interest.

Being only eighteen years old then, I felt very much interested in the wonderful possessions of the city, also feel-

ing highly pleased for having had the honor of greeting President Abraham Lincoln.

Tuesday morning, after each member was adorned with a havelock, we took up a line of march along the Potomac canal road, and while passing through Georgetown a bystander remarked, "they must be Hamlet's ghosts," alluding, no doubt, to our white cap coverings, which were flopping in the breeze like so many goose wings, and that remark striking me very unfavorable, I tore off the pesky thing, as I pronounced it.

On arriving at Chain bridge we encamped there, naming it Camp Winfield Scott, presumably in honor to Gen. Winfield Scott. While camping there our time was filled with the rudiments of campaign life, such as company and battalion drill, picket guard and fatigue duties, under the direct charge of I. B. Richardson, who often would remark: "I shall make good soldiers of you before I get through." As time slipped along our drilling course grew rather monotonous, and we sometimes grunted over all this "show duty," as we termed it, wishing for a chance to smell powder only once, just to show how valient we would be before an enemy.

In the meantime we obeyed orders, I suppose, simply because we were obliged to do so. However, things began to shape themselves to an interesting issue, for on July 11th Gen. Tylor held review of his division, our regiment being designated together with the First Massachusetts, Twelfth New York and Third Michigan, forming the Fourth Brigade, to be commanded by our Colonel, I. B. Richardson; and on the 16th of July we broke up camp, en route for Manassas.

Arriving at Blackburnsford on the 18th, where we at once took our position in battle line along a slope, the enemy facing us, our position there was, according to instructions, to hold and attract the enemy, this keeping us on the passive, to which the rebels greeted us with their artillery fire, their balls striking the ground before us, and also through our line, hitting and wounding a number of us, making it highly uncomfortable for us, and I must acknowledge that my valor took a big tumble, for I felt rather squirmy over it; but for fear of giving myself away I put on a bold appearance and went through my duties as well as I knew or could. We operated around on these grounds, changing position now and then, until Sunday morning, the 21st of July, when, during the forenoon, we demonstrated on the enemy's flank, and while we were not actually drawn into the vortex of battle, we heard the deafening rattle of musketry, together with the hissing and screeching of shot and shell, the thundering of artillery and the shouting of combatting armies as they met each other, which together was so straining to my nerves that all control of myself seemed lost, as I trembled like one in a fever, but fever or not, I was determined to face all its dangers like a man, and holding my position in rank and file as best I could.

During the afternoon considerable commotion was observed in the army, and while I yet believed that the *Rebs* were getting licked, our army was already giving away. On arriving at Centreville the truth burst upon me that we were upon the retreat, and soon the cry was heard that all was lost, and we had to skedaddle back to Washington, this cry passing through our fleeing army, soon turning it into a

panic, and upon this a stampede broke loose defying all description. Suffer me to say it was neither creditable nor honorable, but when I now look back to the circumstances and consider the inexperience of our troops, together in finding ourselves suddenly outflanked by overwhelming odds of fresh arriving rebel forces, who kept on bursting upon us and turning now an almost carried victory into defeat on our side, the dismay and chagrin became crushing, resulting in a complete rout, I now find excuse for it. Whoever carries the blame for it, I will not attempt to censure, but a fault was committed somewhere, and our army was made to suffer for it. Now let me state that while terror and stampede were doing their worst, it was I. B. Richardson and his brigade that covered the rear, and feel much surprised that neither the War Record nor History places sufficient credit to where it should belong, for with unbiased judgment I think that great credit belongs to Richardson and his brigade in covering the rear, checking off the cavalry charges which the enemies attempted on us and saving our panic-stricken army probably from entire destruction.

While under these straining trials we kept falling back in good order until Monday afternoon, arriving at Arlington Heights, near Fort Albany, having marched a distance of thirty-five miles, sorely blister-footed, in a July's scorching sun, destitute of drinking water, in clouds of choking dust, nothing decent to eat, harrassed by the enemy and overcome by tiredness, we lay down for rest in an open field, and I believe that angels kept guard over us, for I had never slept sweeter in all my life before.

The next morning, though very sore yet, we felt refreshed from the good rest we had, and after preparing what we called then an excellent breakfast, and after having feasted upon it, we took up camp on the flats below Gen. Lee's residence, which was now serving as headquarters for Gen. Irwin McDowell. In the afternoon the regiment was called out by Richardson, and after forming battalion line we were greeted by no less personages than President Lincoln, Secretary Seward and Senator Chandler, the latter addressing the regiment, giving us praise and great credit for our valor and discipline during this recent but very unfortunate campaign, also complimenting I. B. Richardson for his good abilities as a commander.

Now, from this time on to the end of the year our duty was mainly a repetition of building fortifications, cutting away large tracts of woods, going on guard and doing any amount of picket duty around Bailes' cross road, with now and then an occasional brush with the enemy, skirmishing with them and making it then lively all around. We frequently changed camp and also commanders. Richardson having advanced to General, the regiment was commanded for a time by Sylvester Larned, and later received Orlando M. Poe for our Colonel, who proved himself an exemplary and very efficient commander and strict disciplinarian, which at first somewhat grunted the boys for his seeming severity, but after he became better understood he advanced to our favor, and lastly no man could be loved more or esteemed higher than O. M. Poe was held by the old members of the Second Michigan, and although I say this, I am sure the boys will bear me out on this statement that no flattery

is meant, having our own very good reasons for it, which, however, I will not dwell upon, but simply follow the thread of my subject along by saying we were kept in plenty of exercise, such as drilling, dress parades and inspections, keeping our appetites in good condition and our system in excellent order, a course of training which was of immense value to our future war-faring life, but as all these camp duties together became dull and monotonous, I will simply touch upon a certain dress parade held at Camp Michigan, and, to my thinking, it was an occurrence of great attraction, Col. Poe having a brand new silken regimental flag, who presented it to his battalion and invoking the same in a well set patriotic speech, charging his men with this memorable appeal to "Never forsake that flag!" and unfurling this beautiful banner, the glorious emblem of the Stars and Stripes, the line beheld it for the first time, fluttering now in the sunlight breezes of a setting sun, and the Battalion receiving it in the highest spirits, responded to it with three hearty cheers in pledge of the banner, the shout carrying the pledge of every member heavenwards, giving the assurance of being placed in worthy hands, but its destiny also was held in the hands of a Divine Providence, which constantly kept watch over it, returning it safe, though bearing the marks of great trials, torn and riddled by shot and shell, and shreds only left of what was once that beautiful flag. But it has earned an honored name; it was carried through the carnage proudly to immortal fame.

I have taken this subject for my poem, written in honor of that precious banner, which I have inscribed the

BANNER PLEDGE.

Hark! the bugle notes are sounding,
 Calling up for dress parade,
Giving whim and animation
 When the fife and drum are played.
Out the companies are marching,
 All in uniform and shine,
Turning out a good battalion
 With a thousand drawn in line.

“Order arms!” and “Guide to center!”
 Takes position every one,
Polished bayonettes brightly glitter
 In the dazzling setting sun.
“Officers to front! Position!”
 Is the order they comply,
While the Colonel the battalion
 Scans with searching, eagle eye.

Colonel Poe, our brave commander
 (Always to strict duty bent),
Has received a silken banner
 For the Second Regiment.
He unfurls that glorious banner,
 Precious regimental tryst,
Fluttering in the sunlight breezes,
 While its rays the emblem kissed.

Pledging it to his battalion,
 Which was not an idle brag,
As a sacred invocation

Never to forsake that flag;
Invoking the battalion
To protect this flag we love,
To defend this precious emblem
May us help our God above.

And the Heavens most benignly
Seemed to smile their golden hue
In approval of this banner,
Emblem of the red, white and blue.
“Present arms! Salute your colors!”
Grandly, Oh! the line appears
While accepting now this banner
With three hearty, rousing cheers.

See! Those Stars and Stripes defying
Rebels, with a vengeance hot,
Flag and staff to splinters flying,
Torn to shreds by shell and shot.
How the guards were slain by numbers,
Like true heroes they would die
In defense of this dear color
Which would not “surrender” cry.

Pledges which so nobly given
Were redeemed in many a fight;
Always in the front of battle,
Cheering on to conquests bright.
Though in shreds that noble banner,
It has earned an honored name;
It was carried through the carnage
Proudly to immortal fame.

CHAPTER II.

CAMPAIGN OF 1862.

Again taking up the pen, I will follow its thread upon army life of the Second Michigan, beginning with the Peninsular Campaign, commanded by Geo. B. McClellan in 1862. It will be remembered that soon after the First Bull Run campaign had miscarried, changes were made in commanders, with reconstruction of our army. General McDowell having been transferred to another command and General Geo. B. McClellan appointed in his place, and he, by instructions from the War Department, commenced organizing a powerful army, naming it the "Grand Army of the Potomac," and as McClellan possessed rare abilities in disciplining his swelling army of volunteers, great developments were looked for in the near future to materialize. How the country and press lauded in his praise, some comparing him with a Napoleon from the time he held that memorable "Grand Review," handling over eighty thousand troops with an ease that he alone was master of.

Under such auspices we were brigaded with the Third and Fifth Michigan and Thirty-seventh New York, positioned in Gen. R. G. Berry's Third Brigade, Gen. Phil. Kearney's Third Division and Gen. Samuel P. Heintzelman's Third Corps.

On March 15th, 1862, orders were issued to break up camp for Alexandria as the opening part of the McClellan Peninsular Campaign. On arriving near that town we stopped in an open field to keep ready until our turn arrived, as this army was being shipped to Fortress Monroe; but as the weather was raw and chilly and a drizzling rain set in, and having no tents, things looked rather dull and gloomy for us, and we would have felt very disagreeable but for the hospitality of other regiments, who, having tents, willingly shared cover and fire with us; an act of kindness I shall always gratefully remember, as I felt chilled through to the bone, and should have suffered severely if it had not been for their kindness.

On the 17th we embarked on the steamer (I think Vanderbilt), plowing our way down the Potomac into Chesapeake Bay, where we landed at Hampton Roads, near Fortress Monroe, encamping again without tents in an open, low-bottom field, and, as is usual at this time of the season, raining almost every day, miring us in the mud and drenching wet to the skin, we felt very disagreeable, and so resorted to a variety of ways to obtain shelter. Myself, with a couple of comrades, built up a kind of mound, constructed of brush and slender bushes for frame work, and, with the aid of an old shovel, covered it over nicely with plenty of mud, which, when finished, we crawled into and were just crowing over our success when—thump! the whole thing caved down onto us, almost burying us alive. Of course we were not slow in scrambling out of that dirt, and finally had to laugh over our own misery.

Gradually, however, things shaped up for better comfort

and order. The button, or small tent, was issued to the army, which the soldier could carry, with him on the march, and after a general inspection of arms, together with a supply of hardtack and bacon in haversack and eighty rounds extra in knapsack, the army moved, taking up the march with "Onward to Richmond."

On arriving near Yorktown we were checked by a strong rebel force, commanded by Gen. Magruder, behind well-protected entrenchments, against which a number of attacks were demonstrated, but McClellan finding the enemy's position very strong, he swung his powerful army around, nearly encircling the entire rebel position, now resorting to a regular siege. Bringing his siege-train up, he had those monster cannon brought into position, and firing was soon opened on the enemy's lines, who responded. And this firing now was kept up, becoming more spirited every day, and from the 5th of April, when the siege opened, until its close, on the 3rd of May, we were kept busy building trenches, rifle pits and other ground protections of every description. Many revolutionary relics were unearthed during that digging period, such as cannon balls, musket barrels, bayonettes and fragments of shell, all mementos of historical battle ground where Gen. George Washington once laid siege to Cornwallis, and after some desperate struggles brought this English General to surrender with his army of seven thousand men.

Now, on these grounds again war spent its fury, in destruction of life and property, and this time among its own nation, with brother against brother, in deadly conflict, because one side rebelled against our government, its Consti-

tution and the emblem of our country, the glorious Stars and Stripes, the fundamental foundations of a grand Republic for which our forefathers struggled hard and fought like heroes. But I am drifting from my subject. Strong picket lines had now stretched around the enemy like an impenetrable battle line. Sharp firing between the lines was becoming a daily occurrence, and this mode of fighting was kept up, getting hotter every day, and believing the time was approaching for a grand finale, when, lo! we discovered on the morning of the 3rd of May that the bird had flown. Gen. Magruder had managed to withdraw his army unperceived during the night, and were now in full motion for Richmond. This news considerably grunted the spirit of our army. However, orders now came from headquarters for us to chase after them with the Third Corps on the advance, Gen. Hooker, with his division, taking the lead, Gen. Phil Kearney and his division to follow after. So the march was taken up again, "Onward to Richmond," Hooker soon pressing the rebel rear, who were now close to Williamsburg, and having good cover there behind intrenchments, made a bold stand against Hooker's men, bringing on the battle of Williamsburg on May 5th, the fighting becoming very hot; and as Hooker's men were fighting against big odds, his lines suffered terribly, but they held out until their ammunition gave out, when they were forced to fall back, and their position became very precarious unless reinforcements arrived. At this critical point Gen. Kearney arrived with his gallant division, coming up in forced marches to relieve Hooker's lines, who were out of ammunition and badly depleted. New lines were now formed, and

forward swept the intrepid Kearney, leading with his ever cheering cry: "Give them hell, boys; give them hell." His lines charged into the enemy like a whirlwind. The enemy holding their ground for a while, were forced to waver, and finally fled back into their intrenchments, leaving their dead and wounded in our possession, but the setting in of night probably saved them from utter rout. It was on this occasion that Berry's brigade distinguished itself in charging through those impenetrable slashings, routing the rebel sharpshooters out of their rifle pits right in face of their fort (Magruder), exposed to a terrible artillery fire, and while passing through this terrible ordeal it impressed me very forcibly what excellent abilities our regimental leader, Col. O. M. Poe, had, who always would move his men to advantage and obtain the best attainable results with the least possible loss of life, a quality recognized by praise of his superiors and a fact every man in his regiment well appreciated and felt proud of.

It will be remembered on this eventful day how we were pushed in double quick through the mud of Virginia's clay, the faint booming of cannon becoming louder and stronger as we approached the battle field. On arriving at the front we were immediately swung into action, fighting with the enemy until the darkness of night hushed the din of battle. Finding myself separated from the line and lost in the darkness, and overtired from the strain of the day, I dropped down right there and fell into a sound sleep, not awakening until chilled by a drizzling rain which had set in. On looking about me I found I had slept close together with a dead man, but preferring the living to the dead, I struck

out to where I saw fires a-flickering, finding there my regiment and company. Upon arriving my comrades were quite amazed at my appearance, looking at me as if I had risen from the dead, for during the charge some of my chums saw me drop (as they firmly believed), struck down by a cannon ball and mortally wounded. They placed me behind some cover, and hence I was put down on the dead list. However, I soon convinced them of their mistake, knowing positively that I was alive, and had no desire to throw up the sponge yet, so we had a laugh over it, and the whole thing was put down as a good joke.

Disposition for the renewal of battle was already in progress, and our artillery were just belching out their first shot over into the enemy's lines when a tremendous shock was felt, and we soon learned that the enemy had used the cover of the night for their retreat, the tail end just whipping out; and on leaving had exploded their powder magazine to let us know that again they were giving us the slip on the race to Richmond.

Upon the evacuation of the enemy we immediately took possession of the city in spite of the threats from the citizens and to the chagrin of Southern chivalry. After stacking arms on the commons a detail was sent out to clear the battle ground, and as I was with that detail I found it a most sad and solemn duty to perform. There, strewn about, lay all the paraphernalia of war. Its fury had swept down everything. What was blooming life only a few hours before was now stricken down and dead; everything around was destruction—cannons, guns, horses, men, all down—friend and foe alike, having fought their last battle, now

quietly rest side by side, with only a little ground over them for cover. Everything pertaining to life, ambition, strife and passion lay at rest here, and peace be with them.

Having performed our tasks, we returned and found the army already on the move, "On to Richmond."

During those strenuous marches that now followed in a hot sun, approaching the morasses of the Chickahominy, dependent on bad, slimy water, disease soon spread among the men of our army, killing them off in an alarming state. The Second Michigan now enjoyed the benefit of their previous training, standing the hardships of marches and the exposures of bad atmospherical influences much better than the average, having so far suffered a small percentage only in sickness.

The advance had already crossed the Chickahominy. Key's Fourth Corps were infesting the grounds near the rebel Capitol; Heintzelman's Third Corps were arriving, but owing to floods from the recent rains, the Chickahominy became almost impassible, retarding the main force in getting across it. The enemy discovering this fact, sought to profit by it, by hurling their power suddenly on our two most advanced divisions (Casey's and Couch's) and taking them by surprise, routed them completely out of their position, losing their entire camping stock and most all of them getting captured. The rebels, flushed by success, came charging down upon us, with a fearful yell, on to the lines of Kearney's invincible division, who received them unflinchingly, pouring our well-aimed volleys into their charging ranks, decimating their lines most frightfully and staggering their columns. Our lines now prepared for a

counter-charge, and as the command rang out: "Forward! Steady boys—charge!" our lines swept upon them with felled bayonets and desperately fought the enemy, pressing them back step by step, until we had regained many of our lost positions, also liberating many of our own prisoners. Thus was Fair Oaks battle brought on, on Saturday, May 31st, almost proving fatal to our side.

As night spread its mantle of darkness over the contending armies, hostilities gradually ceased, leaving both armies to their own reflections; and much was speculated upon, on our side, how to-morrow morning would begin. Knowing that the enemy outnumbered us and were receiving fresh forces during the night, and unless support would come to our assistance our situation might become very serious, however we were not left, for early at dawn of day that memorable Sunday morning Sumner, with his corps, was reaching us, with Gen. I. B. Richardson's (our former Colonel) division on the advance. Deftly swinging his sturdy veterans to the front, combining new strength to our depleted lines, and bringing his artillery now into action, the battle was opened in high spirit. The confederates, knowing full well that much depended on the outcome of this battle, swung their whole strength against us, and the contest that day was fearful. Charges and counter-charges were successively surging between the lines, slashing themselves, without any decided gain on either side. However, as night again set in it was observed that the enemy were withdrawing their lines and falling back into the innermost intrenchments around the city.

Richardson and Kearney both on the alert, engaged the

enemy early on Monday morning, and while they were piercing the rebel lines and actually routing them out of their last hold, orders arrived from McClellan's headquarters for them to withdraw and intrench (a most fatal proceeding), which never was clearly explained, and a mistake of vital disaster to our army. Thus again we were put to work day after day with shovel and pick, throwing up rifle pits and breastworks in close proximity of the rebel lines and its Capitol, when suddenly McClellan found himself attacked in flank and rear by Jeb Stewart's cavalry, and together with Lee's concentrated attacking army in front, McClellan was routed out of his position and was compelled to fight hard in self-defense.

The battles of near Richmond, Glendale and Malvern Hill were fought successively, our army retreating and fighting continuously for seven days, and when it reached Harrison's Landing, under cover of our fleet, our loss of men had become so frightful that only a sorrowful-looking and shattered army arrived, and just in time to be saved from being entirely exterminated, as our gunboats made it rather too hot for the Johnny Rebs, and thus was brought to a close a campaign which opened under most encouraging auspices—a powerful army of brave men at disposal, with plenty supply resources, and yet ending most disastrously. Assuredly it was not very surprising that our soldiers felt very sore over it, and that a Nation felt shocked, denouncing the whole affair and pronouncing it a fizzle.

But I will resume my record of the Second Michigan, in which regiment I served, sharing its perils and hardships until the battle of Fair Oaks, where I was wounded in the

right leg and confining me to the Annapolis Hospital for several months before I was again permitted to return to the regiment.

Desiring, however, to follow the course of the regiment, I will continue its record from authentic and official statements.

The regiment remained at Harrison's Landing until August 15th, when, in command of Col. O. M. Poe, it took up the line of march via Charles City to Williamsburg, reaching there on the 18th. On the 19th, marched to Yorktown and next day embarked on the steamer for Alexandria, arriving there on the 21st, and on the 23rd took a train for Warrenton Junction, from whence it marched to Manassas, arriving there on the 28th at noon. At 3 p. m. left for Centreville, and at Blackburnsford met and engaged the rebel cavalry, repulsing them and reaching Centreville at 6 p. m.

On the 29th the regiment, in command of Lieut.-Col. Dillman—Col. Poe having command of the brigade—continued to march, and crossing Bull Run, moved to the front, deployed as skirmishers, and on recrossing Bull Run soon discovered the enemy in force, when they opened a heavy fire with shrapnell and canister from a number of batteries, and soon the regiment was withdrawn across the stream, under a heavy fire from the batteries.

On the 30th, recrossing, it withdrew from the field, became engaged in protecting the rear and flank of the brigade from the numerous assaults of the enemy's cavalry, and although several furious charges were made, they were gallantly repulsed and the march resumed, reaching Centreville about 11 p. m.

On September 1st the regiment, with its brigade, broke camp at Centreville, marching toward Fairfax Courthouse, and when about three miles out met the enemy at Chantilly at 4 p. m., where a severe and bloody engagement took place.

It was during this desperate conflict that our high-spirited and beloved division commander, Gen. Philip Kearney, while making new dispositions to receive the enemy, was struck down by a rebel bullet and instantly killed.

I have used this for the following memorial poem.

IN MEMORIAM OF GEN. PHIL. KEARNEY.

Philip Kearney, noble warrior, veteran of Mexico,
Losing there an arm so precious as you battled with the foe.
Hearing from afar the peril that a war upon us preyed,
How you rushed across the ocean to your country's call
and aid.

Philip Kearney, valiant hero! loyal to your country's right,
How you cheered your men to battle as you led them in the
fight;

Williamsburg was made to tremble as it felt your lines ap-
pear,

Charging on to Fort Magruder with hurrah! and sounding
cheer.

When at Fair Oaks our advances were assailed by rebel yell,
With the cannons' thundering voices belching forth their
 shot and shell,
Spreading terror in our forces as they fell back in dismay.
It was Kearney! one-armed Kearney, who came in to save
 the day.

Always with his banner flying he would enemies defy,
Charging up his lines to battle for to conquer or to die!
During those successive battles—Seven Pines, Glendale,
 Malvern Hill—

Kearney with a dash was fighting that they called him
 “Fighting Phil.”

When Manassas shook with thunder by the volley's battle
 roar,
And the clashing, surging armies steeped Bull Run with
 bleeding gore,
Kearney, in the front of battle, pressing up his lines with
 might,
Always cheering up his boys in the thickest of the fight.
At Chantilly's ghastly conflict, Kearney struck the rebels
 hot,
And while dashing forward boldly he was killed by rebel
 shot.

Philip Kearney! Dead and buried! Peace rest sweetly o'er
 thy grave,
For thy memory is kept sacred in the heart of every Brave.

The contest continued until darkness set in, which put an

end to the fighting. The regiment remained on picket duty on the battle ground until 3 a. m., then took up the line of march for Fairfax, arriving there at sunrise. During the remainder of the month the regiment made several short marches, finally reaching Fort Ward, where it encamped until the 25th, and then marched to Upton's Hill, and in October the Third Corps (in which the regiment was serving) made a reconnoissance as a corps of observation up the Potomac as far as Edward's Ferry, Md.

On October 11th the Second, with its brigade, broke camp, marching toward Chain Bridge, and crossing it, continued the March via Tennallytown, Rockville and Darnestown there bivouacked for the night, resumed the march next morning and during the forenoon formed line of battle to meet Stewart's Cavalry, then proceeded to Edward's Ferry, reaching there about 7 p. m. Encamping for the night, here we remained on picket duty along the canal until the 28th, when the march was resumed to White's Ford, via Poolsville, then crossed into Virginia, marching towards Leesburg, arriving there on the 31st.

On November 1st the march was continued via Mellville, reaching there on the 3rd, and Waterloo on the 8th.

On the 15th the regiment was transferred from Berry's brigade, Birney's division, Third Corps, to First Brigade, Burn's division, Ninth Corps, and joined the command at White Sulpher Springs same day. The next day we marched to Bealton Station, on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, and pushed on to near Warrenton Junction.

On the 17th we marched towards Fredericksburg, arriving opposite that place on the 19th, where the regiment was

placed on picket duty, and on the 21st went into camp near Falmouth. On the 29th to a point in front of Fredericksburg, where it was placed on duty supporting a battery. The regiment crossed the Rappahannock on the first day of the battle of Fredericksburg (December 12th), and was held in reserve during the engagement, but was shelled by the enemy, and after sustaining a loss, recrossed on the 16th and went into camp.

In February, 1863, the regiment, with its brigade, moved to Newport News, Va., and on the 19th of March took a route via Baltimore, Parkersburg and Louisville to Bardstown, Ky. As this now concludes the record of campaign life which the Second passed through, with all its marches, hardships and battles it took part in during the year of 1862, I will close it as Chapter II., depicting our country's sorrows with the following lines:

God of battle's fury raging,
Spreading sorrow down, and woe—
For a Nation lies a-bleeding,
Struggling with a mighty foe;
Dark rebellion o'er us brooding.
War of gore and fiery red,
Thickly are the mounds arising,
Cov'ring of our fallen dead.

CHAPTER III.

CAMPAIGN OF 1863.

After having been discharged from the hospital, I found the regiment assigned to the Ninth Corps, commanded by Gen. Ambrose E. Burnside, the same acting under special orders, were now protecting Kentucky's loyal citizens from the ravages of Confederate outlaws and bushwhackers. This little army was scattered thereabouts, covering considerable ground, and the "Second," then encamped near Lebanon, a place finely located with plenty of pure spring water, together with a bountiful supply of food, and having only light duty to perform, we enjoyed a regular snap.

Col. O. M. Poe having resigned, Capt. Wm. Humphrey was commissioned as Colonel of the "Second," who, upon taking command, issued the following complimentary order to the regiment, commending their conduct of true heroism while passing through severest perils and sacrifices, cheerfully placing his faith in such men, addressing them thus: "Officers and men! Who have stood without reproach the fiery ordeal of Yorktown, Williamsburg, Fair Oaks, Richmond, Glendale and Malvern Hill, two Bull Runs and Chantilly, fields that have made our Kearney immortal, enshrining his name in the hearts around our hearthstone, will not disappoint the high hopes their uniform valor has inspired. Soldiers of the Second, your past history is un-

sullied, your present standing high. Your future conduct must add new lustre to your past. Then when this war is ended and you shall have returned to the enjoyments of your homes, it will be with an honest pride that you can say, "I, too, was of the Second Michigan Infantry." Now, as I record this, thirty-one years after this order was read to us on dress parade, by Adj. Wm. Noble, I ponder over this gush of patriotic issue with the momentous question, "How has the Second fulfilled their pledge?" and the answer is, "Like heroes!" and I am proud to say, "I, too, was of the Second Michigan Infantry."

After a few weeks of pleasant camp life, recuperating from our wear and tear, which we were sadly in need of, also shaping up the bodies by several good baths, thereby benefiting our appearances greatly, but more important moves were to follow.

On June 3, the Ninth Corps received orders to move down to Vicksburg, Miss., to reinforce Gen. Grant, who held that place with an iron grip, sieging this town, with rebel Gen. Pemberton and an army of 40,000 men boxed up inside. The regiment broke camp at morning, marching to Lebanon, and there took the train via Louisville, Ky., to Cairo, Ill., and from there we embarked by steamer down the Mississippi River.

On arriving at some of those sharp bends which the river is full of, we were attacked from ambush by bushwhackers a number of times, but escaped from any great harm, though the bullets struck the boat like hail. On reaching the end of our journey, we landed at Young's Point on the 14th of June, and after moving around to different locations in the

proximity of Vicksburg, building breastworks and doing picket duty. The activity of a great and spirited siege presented itself here to the eye. The thundering of mortar cannons, with its infernal screech of bomb-shell, together with varieties of lesser caliber, all active in hurling their missives into the enemy's lines, who returned fire on us with a vengeance, altogether impressed me that somebody was getting hell.

Operating around there several days, we were ordered to proceed up the Yazoo River, stopping at Snyder's Bluff, moving from there to Millsdale, with instructions to keep on the lookout for rebel Gen. Johnstone, who, with a strong army, was trying to creep to Grant's rear and force the siege off from Pemberton. However, Grant could not be caught napping and sent us to intercept that move. On arriving to our designated position, we at once threw up rifle pits all along the line, expecting an attack at any moment, but before Johnstone seemed ready for such a step, Pemberton and his army of about 35,000 men were forced to surrender. The formal act took place on the 4th of July, at 9 a. m. This was indeed good news and great rejoicings followed this announcement throughout the country, as it was accepted as the first decided victory our army carried.

At noon of that eventful day the Ninth Corps, with Sherman's army, moved now to attack Johnstone, he falling back to Jackson, Miss. Pursuit was made.

The Second, serving with distinction during Grant's campaign around Vicksburg, now moved with the army in command of Col. Humphrey through vast cornfields, the juicy corn which was great sustenance to the army.

Exposed to a July's scorching sun and wrapped in clouds of dust, with scarcely little or no water to be had, we were actually dependent upon the frequent showers, catching the water with a cup as it streamed down the front man, receiving all the dust with it thrown in for nothing. Sunstroke and exhaustion were frequent occurrences, which dropped many to their graves.

Now, let me recall an incident which happened me on that march. One particularly sultry hot day, while moving on through canebrakes, making it extremey stifling, I felt the effects severely on me and had hard work to keep up in line. On towards evening, as the air gradually cooled off, completely overcome by exhaustion and drowsiness, I allowed myself to drop out and, sinking down into the ditch, fell into a deep sleep. On awakening, I found the army had all passed, as everything was hushed in the stillness of night, but also found to my chagrin that during my sleep I had been plundered of canteen and haversack, a loss I much regretted, but having no other resource left, I struck out for the right direction to get back to my place again, and soon found the army in a quiet sleep. On passing along in search of my regiment, the bulky condition of a certain haversack greatly attracted my attention and knowing I needed one, with an easy chance to obtain it here, I weakened to the temptation and made off with it, reasoning thus, "That which is sin in peace may become a virtue in war," and after all it was only an even exchange.

On arrivinig at my company, I sat down beside a fire, examining the contents of the haversack, finding therein some sugar, coffee, hardtack and some bacon. This seemed

like a Godsend to my craving appetite, and I do sincerely hope that my unknown benefactor and friend who had helped me so liberally in need and distress was bountifully compensated, so that he may never have felt the want of it.

Arriving in front of Jackson on the evening of the 10th of July, we were resting under arms all night. On the morning of the 11th the regiment was deployed as skirmishers, moving with greatest precaution through the fields, then entered the woods, coming into a ravine, and, as we were ascending the opposite slope, we were suddenly fired into by the rebel pickets above, killing and wounding a large number. At this moment the order passed our line: "Forward! Double quick! Charge!" Our men advancing with a cheer and shooting down the enemy's picket, now pressing back their skirmishers into their reserves, driving them through their camp and staggering their main support, drawn up in line of battle on the top bank, charging under a hot fire of musketry and artillery, breaking their lines and driving them into their breastworks. Now halting, we waited for our support to come up, when, to our surprise, we found that we had none, and so were ordered to fall back to a line whence we had started an hour ago, bringing our dead and wounded away right in the face of the enemy, who were still all stunned from our onslaught, preparing themselves for another attack now, when really there was no force before them. Gen. Sherman, not wishing to bring on a battle that morning, withheld the support necessary to continue the conflict, and a strong picket line were now drawn before the enemy. However, high compliments and praise were given us from general headquarters, Col. Hum-

phrey also expressing his pleasure upon this fete of bravery, saying that such an achievement stood unparalleled, an undertaking as brilliant in conception as it was audacious in execution. For fallen comrades we mourn, but they fell nobly in the front, with their faces to the foe, leaving a bright example of their daring deeds, worthy of our highest emulation. Although no general battle was fought there there was enough spirited picket and artillery firing kept up, strongly resembling a siege. Johnstone, not relishing that state of affairs, hastily withdrew his troops and evacuated the town on the morning of July 17.

On this the regiment was sent over to Madison Station to destroy the railroad track and telegraph and, after having performed our task satisfactorily, the march was taken up back to Millsdale, arriving there on July 23.

After resting there for a few days, the order came to return to Kentucky, and embarking on August 3, proceeded to retrace our route, arriving at Crab Orchard on August 24. Leaving there on September 10, the Ninth Corps engaged in the movements made by the Army of the Ohio. The Second, with its corps, now entered into a campaign of unusual hardships, great exposure and terrible suffering.

The army marching en route via Cumberland Gap, into East Tennessee, arriving at Knoxville on the 26th and encamped in that neighborhood until October, the Second participating in the engagement at Blue Springs on the 10th of October, 1863, and routing the rebels from there.

We returned to Knoxville, arriving on the 20th.

On the 29th of October we again left Knoxville for Lenoir

Station, with instructions to put up winter quarters there. After choosing good localities, with pure water and plenty of wood, the army fitted up fine bunks for themselves, with the expectation to enjoy comfort and rest, having traveled a distance of over 2,100 miles that year.

However, on the morning of November 14, the regiment was called out, marching to the Tennessee River, below Loudon, to oppose the advance of rebels under Longstreet, then moved toward Knoxville, lying under arms during the night. The next morning we commenced falling back, closely followed by the enemy.

On the 16th the entire Ninth Corps took up the retreat, our brigade covering the rear of the army and getting strongly pressed by the rebels, we made a stand near Turkey Creek, engaging the enemy that morning, with a spirited attack, checking McLaw's entire rebel division, but owing to the bad and broken roads, our supply train moved along very slowly, which the rebel advance had discovered and, desiring to capture them, dashed boldly into our flanks. We were prepared and coolly received them with well-directed volleys, but their attack being renewed in concert with a battery of light artillery, and not wishing to lose our train, we were forced to bring on the battle of Campbell's Station. The action was brought on in the afternoon, November 16, the fight lasting about four hours, the rebels attacking us with a dash and spirit. The struggle became desperate for us, as we were severely handled and our loss of life heavy; however, our point was now gained, for the train had moved ahead sufficiently to be out of the enemy's reach, so falling back in good order, with the enemy close onto our heels,

we arrived at Knoxville about midnight, finding our little army deftly at work with pick and shovel, building up Fort Saunders and its defenses, so important for our protection. The next morning Longstreet demonstrated several attacks along on our lines, but Burnside's veterans now behind their defenses, repulsed them gallantly, with heavy loss to them. Longstreet, finding himself baffled in his undertakings, as all his assaults miscarried, and knowing our supplies to be very limited, he resolved to starve us into submission, and swinging his army around us, he had us completely hemmed in. Thus was a regular siege pressed upon us, carrying with it sufferings of intense severity and extreme loss of life.

The enemy ,now determined to have us alive or dead, commenced shelling us and advancing their picket line right close to Fort Saunders, their sharpshooters actually shooting down our men inside the fort. Our own picket line was also severely exposed to rebel bullets, and we were forced to bury ourselves in the ground for protection, with only one man at each hole on picket for twenty-four hours, made it very hard; but to contend with chilly rains, filling the hole with water, hard frosts and without a fire, with less every day to eat, until three ears of corn had to carry a man for twenty-four hours, harrassed constantly by shell and bullet, keeping us shifting, moving, working day and night, without rest, except what nature would steal at the peril of the soldier, with scanty clothes, worn-out shoes. This altogether made us most miserable and our condition came to the verge of despair, but for despair there was no time, and so we suf-

fered; but every man held out firmly during those extreme trials.

An order was issued by Gen. Ferraro to Col. Humphrey, who in turn transmitted the same to Major Byington, to call out the Second for a charge into those advanced rifle-pits and drive the rebels out. So about 7 a. m. on November 24 the regiment, led by gallant Byington and sustained by our batteries as long as it was safe to fire over our heads, we went down the long slope over the falling trees and through the debris in front, upon the double quick, attacking and driving out the rebels from their pits, which we then occupied, holding it for about half an hour, fighting hand to hand with the rebels over the impalement. But striking a whole brigade and being overpowered, we sent for reinforcements. Meantime, our Adjutant, Wm. Noble, and Lieut. Galpin were killed, Major Byington and Lieut. Zoellner mortally wounded and our whole line swept down. Perceiving that to hold our ground further would be fruitless, the Major ordered the men to retire and was immediately after made prisoner.

As I write upon this subject thirty-one years after and the mind reverts to those trials of fearful carnage and extreme sufferings during that most eventful siege, together with that frightful charge of the Second, the outcome of which was so ghastly and bloody, I marvel at the possibility for any of us to have escaped death or imprisonment. Assuredly, a kind Providence must have kept a protecting hand over this little army of the Ninth Corps, with an especial guard to the survivors of the Second Michigan Infantry. This is what our former commander, Gen. Poe, says,

touching upon that charge: "On November 24, 1863, the Second Michigan, with 150 men in line, charged the enemy's rifle-pits. The Major lost his leg, Adj. Noble and Lieut. Galpin killed, Lieut. Zoellner mortally wounded, six Sergeants shot down, the Color-Bearer shot and the rank and file almost annihilated, in all over eighty-four killed and wounded—about 60 per cent." Those reminiscences have stirred my feelings to noblest thoughts and dictated to by such impulses I have written a poem, calling it the:

MEMORABLE CHARGE OF THE SECOND

MICHIGAN INFANTRY.

As the hordes of Longstreet's army
Burnside's braves to Knoxville pressed,
Hurling missiles of destruction
Deathly on Fort Saunder's crest,
Came an order from headquarters,
Charge those rebels, who best can,
Humphrey he calls up the "Second,"
Trusty boys of Michigan.

"Fix your bayonets!" came the order,
"Forward! Steady boys, move on!
Charge now in the rebels' breastworks!"
Shouts our gallant Byington;
Shot and shell are thickly flying,
See them charge the rebel van,
Ho! They are the brave old Second!
Loyal sons of Michigan!

Clashing steel and cannons roaring,
Sweeping line with ringing knell,
Byington, with Zoellner, Noble,
And a host of others fell
Overwhelmed and ghastly bleeding
Fought they nobly, man to man.
Lo! They were the dying Second!
Veterans of Michigan.

* * * * *

Years roll by, the war is ended,
Peace reigns sweetly o'er our head,
And a nation kind, remembers
All her country's heroes dead.
Let them rest, our nation's fallen,
Spirits gently guard that span,
Till the last man of the "Second"
Shall have passed from Michigan.

Such was the situation of affairs when at 11 p. m. of Saturday, on the 28th of November, the air cold and raw, the sky black with clouds and the darkness dense, Longstreet proceeded to attack Fort Saunders. On this memorable night I had just been relieved from picket from one of those most advanced posts to the enemy's line, having only a little mound of dirt, with a hole in the ground for protection, and in there I was stuck for twenty-four hours, with a cold drizzling rain all day, filling the hole up with water; enemy's sharpshooters closely in front and outnumbering our strength, kept firing into us with a vengeance. Under such conditions, drenching wet, with teeth a-chattering and

trembling with cold, of food only a little raw corn for my support, I was forced to hold out, and kept low down in that hole, for water or not I did not wish to be murdered by a rebel bullet, and so had to endure it. But oh! I did rejoice when relief came at last, for how I suffered during those twenty-four hours no mortal can better be judge of than I, myself.

Although drawing a pension now for wounds received in the late rebellion, there may be some begrudging me that pittance, but let me tell him that all the money of our government could not compensate for a single day of such suffering. Nicolas Thierry was among the number who were surprised by the enemy's assault and was made prisoner. After the rebels had captured our picket line, their charging lines lay right down before our defenses, but as the night was pitch black, we could not see them. An evil-boding stillness was preserved between those two lines, until about 6 a. m. November 29, when a furious cannonade opened upon us. Then, with a tremendous yell, the rebels rushed forward at the double-quick to storm the fort, their lines stumbling over a wire netting which we had drawn around in front of the fort, as a part protection for us, and prostrating whole companies by it; but over it they came, swiftly moving on, and gaining the ditch, they were now storming up into the fort, when the double-shotted guns of Gen. Ferraro were fearfully playing upon the Confederates, under the direction of Benjamin, (Burnside's chief of artillery), that officer attacking shells in his hand and, igniting the fuse, throwing them into the ditch, with terrible effect. McElroy's Thirteenth Mississippi Regiment scaling the parapets, their Col-

onel planted the flag on the summits and, commanding our surrender, was hurled down with his men, his body pierced, and left in the ditch.

The resistance was too heavy for the assailants and hundreds of them surrendered. Fort Saunders was now saved and with it, without a doubt, Knoxville, and possibly Burnside's army.

Longstreet had promised his soldiers that they should dine in Knoxville that day, but they were engaged in the mournful duty of burying their dead outside of its defenses, by permission of Gen. Burnside, who lent them ambulances to remove the bodies of their dead comrades within the Confederates lines. Thus terminated the struggle for Knoxville.

Longstreet, after losing 1,200 of his best men, wisely concluded to raise the siege around the city, and as Gen. Sherman was on the way with his army for our relief, the rebels hurried on towards Virginia.

Our small army, exposed to cold winter weather, and scantily clothed, besides an inefficiency of food, we were subject to the worst extremity, and many of our men were forced to use the hide from recently killed cattle and bundle their feet up, for want of shoes and stockings, memorizing this campaign with the following poem:

During our great civil struggle,
Clashing with the rebel foes,
In the Tennessean Valley,
Where the winding Holston flows;

In that vale there moved an army
Full of grit and resolute,
With a Burnside for their leader,
That could settle all dispute.

And this army kept a-moving,
Chasing after rebel bands
Who were raiding through the valley
With most devastating hands;
When it struck on Longstreet's legions,
Who came pouring down, en route,
For to crush that little army,
With intent to wipe it out.

Burnside's "braves" had now to suffer,
Through the mud and chilling rain,
Scantily clothed, short of rations,
On that wintry, bleak campaign;
Pressed into a siege at Knoxville,
Hemmed in by the rebel might,
And cut off from all subsistence—
They were in a starving plight.

But in loyal soldier spirit
Had prepared for rebel calls
And defied the rebel forces
At Fort Saunder's threatening walls;
Longstreet, fuming, he demanded
A surrender on the spot!
But our "Burny" answered, "No, sir!
Just excuse, but I will not."

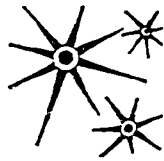
Longstreet massing now his forces
For a charge, one chilly night,
To assault and storm the fortress
At the morning's dawn of light;
See them charge through withering volleys,
Pressing on with might and main—
Doomed! while climbing the approaches
From the ramparts down were slain.

Lo! the battles that were fought there
Many were the "braves" that fell!
Facing death in stern defiance,
As they met with shot and shell;
On the front, Fort Saunder's ditches
Were with gory bodies paved,
Rebs were mowed down with a vengeance,
And our army there was saved!

On December 8 the regiment, in command of Capt. John V. Ruehle, marched to Rutledge, and on the 15th met the enemy at Thurley's Ford, and thence on the 16th to Blain's Cross Roads, where it remained to the middle of January, 1864. At this place 198 (including myself) of the regiment re-enlisted as veterans and proceeded to Strawberry Plains. From here we again returned to Knoxville, thence to Erie Station, where the regiment encampd until February 4. Here we received orders to report at Detroit, Michigan, arriving there on February 24, 1864.

And here my record of the regiment up to this time closes with these lines, describing the feelings of our country:

Dark and threatening hangs the war-cloud
Over us with chilling blast,
Fearful is the country suffering,
And our Nation feels downcast;
Will this war-cloud ever sunder,
With peace blessings on our way?
But it always is the darkest
Just before the break of day!



FOURTH CHAPTER.

CAMPAIGN OF 1864.

The regiment arriving at Detroit, its men were furloughed for thirty days, and having received our pay we had money, and now plunged into pleasures, enjoying the many good things we had so long been deprived of. Thus time fitted rapidly, bringing our furlough to a close. The regiment, after rendezvousing at Mt. Clemens, were ordered on the 4th of April, 1864, to proceed to Annapolis, Md., and join the corps, which in the meantime had moved from East Tennessee to reinforce the Army of the Potomac. Here again we were to share the fortunes of war with an army that had been so ill-fated in all its operations, its commanders and its glories.

This army, first brought into existence by Gen. McClellan, who led it in the Peninsular Campaign "Onward to Richmond" and winding up with disappointment and rout.

Upon this McClellan was relieved in favor of Gen. John Pope, who started from the Rappahannock with "Onward to Richmond" and after desperate battles fought on the historical Manassas Plains, stretching over the Bull Run grounds and Chantilly, suffering frightful losses and ending in a rout to Washington, and Pope was relieved. At this the command again merged into the hands of McClellan,

who now moved his army into Maryland, to check off an invasion of Gen. Lee's army and, meeting them before South Mountain, Sharpsburg and Antietam, terrible carnage ensued at these places, with frightful losses to our army, with a barren result. At this McClellan was again relieved in favor of Gen. Ambrose E. Burnside, who opened his campaign before Fredericksburg, Va., with "Onward to Richmond," and after the fearful contest at crossing the Rappahannock and in carrying the banks opposite, suffering a loss of about 10,000 of our men, the attempt was given up as a failure and Burnside relieved, and the army was now placed in the hands of Gen. Joseph Hooker, who opened before Chancellorsville, where again the armies met, and after another most desperate and bloody fight, our army was repulsed and Hooker relieved.

Lee, again planning an invasion, already crossed his victorious army across the Potomac, menacing our northern cities.

Gen. George Gordon Meade was installed as our army commander, with instructions to head off the enemy, and immediately went in pursuit, meeting Lee's powerful army near Harrisburg, Pa.

A most bloody fight and terrific battle was opened on the Gettysburg grounds, commencing on the 1st of July, 1863, and raging fiercely until the night of the 3d. Lee's army, for once thoroughly beaten, hastily recrossed the Potomac, falling back on his old grounds before Richmond, Va. Meade, finding his army sorely cut up, having suffered a loss of some 23,000 men, he allowed his men some rest and then took up the line of march, crossing the Poto-

mac, and placed them in the defenses around Washington. Now, again a new commander was placed at the head of this army. Its choice fell upon Ulysses S. Grant, a general who had successfully operated throughout the West, and this man, possessed of an iron will and a stoical mind, was now to try his chances on the Virginia Plains and cope against Gen. Lee, the greatest man in the Confederate army, and so far the ablest, as our Generals had found to the terrible cost of our army.

On the 22d of April, the Second left Annapolis, Md., for Washington, participating in that grand parade through the city, and on the 5th of May, in command of Col. Humphrey, the regiment, in First Brigade, same division and Ninth Army Corps, crossed the Rapidan River to join the Army of the Potomac, which was led by Gen. Grant, now moving "Onward to Richmond," and participating in this great campaign upon which it had just entered, the Second now shared with it its sufferings, its privations and its glories.

On the 6th of May the Second participated in the bloody strife at Wilderness, a name, I think, very appropriately given, for I never saw a wilder looking place of scrubby pine woods, and among this copse the armies met each other, with terrible destruction of life. Here the carnage of battle raged for three days. Gen. Grant bringing forth his fighting metal of pluck, shrewdness and determination to full account, but finding in Lee his master, and unable to gain any advantage, quietly moved his army off on the right flank to Spottsylvania. Gen. Lee, fully on the alert, swung his army to hold good positions, and challenged Grant to battle,

and Grant, fully prepared, struck the enemy some fearful blow, and thus, "diamond cut diamond," charges and countercharges surged between the lines, each side developing their whole fighting capacity, and while the armies were slashing each other their leaders vied each other to gain some advantage, but as they could not, they had to be satisfied to make it a draw.

During those terrible struggles before Spottsylvania on the 10th, 11th and 12th of May, Col. Humphrey, commanding the brigade, received two bullet wounds while bringing his men into action, but would not leave the field. Capt. Farrand, having charge of the Second, was killed while the regiment was bravely supporting and defending a battery, which was positioned on a commanding slope, its spirited fire raking the enemy's line fearfully, and not silenced until two entire rebel brigades charged upon them. A section of this—Wright's Artillery—had its cannoneers all shot down, while the charging rebel line approached within ten feet of the pieces; then the Second stunned them with a telling volley and remanning those pieces with men who volunteered from the Second, they putting in double charges of cannister to that already in, and with these guns loaded to the muzzle opened a terrific and most destructive fire, slaughtering down the enemy, checking their further attacks, saving the batteries and preventing an overwhelming attack on the Union troops in that locality; also taking a great many prisoners. On the 23d of May, the regiment again engaged at Oxford, the same days also at North Anna. On the 24th, holding the rear that day, new recruits having ar-

rived for the Second, they were received and assigned to their company, swelling the depleted ranks.

On the 30th we became engaged while crossing the Pamunkey River at Tolopotomy, in fact, marching and fighting had now become a daily matter of occurrence, and took it in with as much relish as our daily portion of hardtack. On the 1st of June we struck the enemy at Bethesda Church, and on the 2d at Cold Harbor, where those terrible battles continued until June 12. Here Grant was at last convinced that as his army had dwindled down awfully from its continual fearful losses, that he could not attain those advantages he so sought for, but holding good to his words, which he dispatched to Washington, by which he demonstrated his iron will to the authorities, with these few words: "I shall fight it out if it takes all summer."

While changing his tactics from the North and East, he blamed no one for this failure, calling for reinforcements, but not waiting for them. He continued to move by the left flank and throwing his army over the James he advanced to Petersburg.

On the 3d of June, while the whole army in battle line charged into the rebel breastworks in defiance and in face of furious artillery fire, among the thousands of wounded during that terrible assault I was struck down by a rebel bullet, shot through the right hip, inflicting a painful and, as it proved, a very serious wound, confining me to my bed for nearly a year, at David's Island Hospital, New York Harbor, and maiming me for the rest of my life.

Although interrupted from serving any further in line with the regiment, I contain sufficient knowledge to follow

the course of the regiment's record to the end of the war.

On the 14th of June, the regiment crossed the Chickahominy River, and on the 15th crossed the south side of the James River, participating in the engagement before Petersburg during the 17th and 18th. The regiment was now commanded by Lieut.-Col. Edwin J. March (Humphrey having been specially assigned as Brigadier-Commander), who was wounded on the 18th.

During the attack which followed the springing of the mine on the 30th of July, the Second, in command of Capt. John Young, was very hotly engaged, with severe loss to the regiment, Capt. Young among the killed.

The Annual Cyclopedia gives the following account of this unfortunate affair: * * * * "At length the Ninth Corps was reformed, after a fatal delay, and with Gen. Potter's division on the right, Ledlies' in the center and Wilcox's on the left, under fire of two guns, began the charge. At every step the fire of the enemy in front and on each flank concentrated with greater fury upon them, and ploughed their ranks with greater slaughter. The charge was checked on the side of the crest, there was a halt, and finally the whole line, wavering under terrible odds, recoiled to the fort." * * * * Withdrawing from in front of Petersburg, the regiment marched with its corps to the Weldon railroad, and in the action of the 19th of August, again in command of Lieut.-Col. March, it participated in the movement on the right flank of the rebel army. On the 30th of September, in the engagement near Poplar Springs Church, it also took part and lost a number of their men. The regiment then went into camp near Peeble's farm until October

27. Then it advanced on the Boydton Plank Road, where it was engaged, with loss of fourteen men, among them Capt. Frederick Schneider, who was wounded and taken prisoner. On the 28th it returned to its camping grounds and was now employed in constructing fortifications and on the usual picket duty, until the 29th of October, when it moved with its corps about ten miles to the right, on the old City Point & Petersburg Railroad, where it relieved a part of the Second Corps at that point, and was engaged in the trenches assisting the siege of Petersburg, and on the 25th of March, 1865, the regiment, in command of Capt. J. C. Boughton, participated in the affair at Fort Steadman, sustaining a heavy loss; also taking part on April 2 and 3 in assaulting the enemy's works, and fighting from traverse to traverse, until Lee's indomitable lines were shattered and routed to his final retreat. Fighting hard every day, Gen. Robert E. Lee was at last forced to surrender himself and what was left of his army, about 28,000 men, to his conqueror, Gen. Ulysses S. Grant, the formal announcement taking place at 4 o'clock in the afternoon on the 9th of April, 1865, the formalities signed at the house of Wm. McLean, Appomattox Court House, Va., and thus this unfortunate and terrible bloody war was brought to a close, which had destroyed about 329,000 men from the Army of the United States. After the surrender the regiment moved to the South Side Railroad, about eighteen miles from Petersburg, and remained there until the 18th, when it embarked at City Point, in command of Col. Frederick Schneider, and reaching Alexandria, remained there a few days, and moved into camp at Tannally Town.

On May 27 it was detached for duty in the City of Washington. When on the 29th of July having been mustered out of service, it started for Michigan, arriving at Detroit on August 1, where it was paid off and disbanded. Gen. Grant, before the army was disbanded, issued on the 2d of June the following touching general order, announcing the termination of hostilities, in his own pathetic words:

“Officers and Men:

‘Your marches, sieges and battles, in distance, duration, resolution and brilliancy of results, dim the lustre of the world’s past military achievements, and will be the patriot’s precedent in defense of liberty and right in all times to come. In obedience to your country’s call, you left your homes and families and volunteered in her defense. Victory has crowned your valor and secured the purpose of your patriotic hearts, and with the gratitude of your countrymen and the highest honors a great and free nation can accord, you will soon be permitted to return to your homes and families, conscious of having performed the highest duty of American citizens.” * * * And thus the great army disbanded. The returning members of the Second Michigan now turned to some peaceful pursuit; they have scattered abroad, each toiling faithfully. Mayhap for the pleasure of meeting together at the yearly reunion of the Second, which, I hope, will be regularly kept up, until old Father Time shall have sounded his roll-call to the last man for his final rally:

Following is a list of battles the regiment engaged in during the war:

1. Blackburnsford, Virginia, July 18, 1861.
2. Bull Run, Virginia, July 21, 1861.
3. Siege of Yorktown, Virginia, April 4 to May 3, 1862.
4. Williamsburg, Virginia, May 5, 1862.
5. Fair Oaks, Virginia, May 31 to June 1, 1862.
6. Near Richmond, Virginia, June 18, 1862.
7. Glendale, Virginia, June 30, 1862.
8. Malvern Hill, Virginia, July 1, 1862.
9. Second Bull Run, Virginia, August 28 to 30, 1862.
10. Chantilly, Virginia, September 1, 1862.
11. Fredericksburg, Virginia, December 12 to 14, 1862.
12. Siege of Vicksburg, Mississippi, June 22 to July 4, July 11 to July 18, 1863.
13. Jackson, Mississippi, July 11 to 18, 1863.
14. Blue Springs, Tennessee, October 10, 1863.
15. Loudon, Tennessee, November 14, 1863.
16. Lenoir Station, Tennessee, November 15, 1863.
17. Campbell's Station, Tennessee, November 16, 1863.
18. Battle of Knoxville, Tennessee, November 24, 1863.
19. Fort Saunders, Tennessee, November 29, 1863.
20. Siege of Knoxville, Tennessee, November 17 to December 5, 1863.
21. Thurley's Ford, Tennessee, December 15, 1863.
22. Strawberry Plains, Tennessee, January 22, 1864.
23. Near Knoxville, Tennessee, January 24, 1864.
24. Wilderness, Virginia, May 6 to 8, 1864.
25. Nye River, Virginia, May 9, 1864.

26. Spottsylvania, Virginia, May 10 to 12, 1864.
27. Oxford, Virginia, May 23, 1864.
28. North Anna, Virginia, May 24 to 25, 1864.
29. Tolopotomy, Virginia, May 30, 1864.
30. Bethseda Church, Virginia, June 2 to 3, 1864.
31. Cold Harbor, Virginia, June 3, 1864.
32. Petersburg, Virginia, June 17 to 18, 1864.
33. The Crater, Virginia, July 30, 1864.
34. Weldon Railroad, Virginia, August 19 to 21, 1864.
35. Ream's Station, Virginia, August 25, 1864.
36. Poplar Spring Church, Virginia, September 30, 1864.
37. Pegram Farm, Virginia, October 2, 1864.
38. Boydton Plank Road, Virginia, October 8, 1864.
39. Hatcher's Run, Virginia, October 27 to 28, 1864.
40. Fort Steadman, Virginia, March 25, 1865.
41. Capture of Petersburg, April 3, 1865.
42. Siege of Petersburg, Virginia, June 17, 1864, to April 3, 1865.

CHAPTER V.

ANECDOTES AND INCIDENTS.

LIBERTY!

Liberty from sleep awoke,
Flashing up the smoldering fires,
Shaking off the tyrant's yoke,
Stood for freedom's cause, her sires,
Striking down the tyrant's fist,
Freedom smiles with gladdened heart
To protect that sacred tryst
Is our noblest duty part.

Starry flag to breezes high,
Fluttering from our nation's dome;
May that banner always fly
To protect a free man's home.
Traitors perfidy must quail,
Where those Stars and Stripes appear;
Loyal patriots, thrice hail
In the garb of volunteers.

Liberty! Sweet gift of God,
Freedom's mansion! Sun of light—
Hallowed by thy chastening rod,
Will thy sons stand up for right;

Baptized in its noblest blood,
Have our sires fought to be free—
Freedom always sweetly bud
In our hearts for Liberty.

While on the march from Millsdale to Jackson, Miss., pursuing the rebel forces under Johnstone, and under the rays of a July's southern sun, mainly dependent on the soft corn, which was found abundantly in these vast fields growing on the stalk, our appetites became hungry for other food, and frequently for fresh meat, which was at that time very scarce, as these parts had been thoroughly swept by friend and foe, and was now held in safe keeping by those guerrillas or bushwhackers, who would lurk in their hiding places and be ready to pounce upon anything, and woe to the Union soldier who fell prey to them, as he would be enslaved to their brutish desires, to the most fiendish tortures, until finally death would relieve him from his misery; but as our appetites frequently craved for change of food, it was not infrequently that some of the boys ventured out on expeditions of their own in spite of the dangers around, simply taking their chances in their own hands and trusting to good luck. I myself on one of those days slyly slunk out of the ranks and struck out into a piece of woods with the purpose of hunting some fresh meat, and after a search of several hours suddenly espied some pigs in the distance, and making up my mind to have one of them, I very cautiously crept up to shooting distance, and taking good aim, I fired, and seeing my pig drop, I rushed for him, but now

the pig suddenly sprang up and, squealing as if possessed of the evil one, it raced off through bushes and brambles, and seeing it hobbled only on three legs, I chased after it, but Piggie was a game one, for it madly tore through the thicket and setting up its horrible squeal whenever it caught sight of me, which terribly provoked me, as it exposed me to great dangers around there; but not wishing to give up, I rallied every muscle to action, and rushing on now with the speed of a hound, I succeeded in capturing Piggie at last, and after bleeding it I shouldered it and tramped about six miles before catching up with the army.

Fortunately our brigade that day covered the rear. It soon turned into camp, and we had an excellent roast of that "piggie," which was a regular feast for us on that evening, and ever since my mind will revert to this incident with pleasing memory, and as "piggie" died so game, I have written this poem, calling it

A TALE OF SOLDIER AND PIGGIE.

Soldier, who was hungry bad,
After grub was heeling—
Shot a pig, and Piggie mad,
Started up a-squealing;
And for life now piggie raced
Through the brambles leading,
While the soldier hotly chased
After piggie bleeding.

From the soldier's bullet true—

Piggie's leg was busted,
Though it madly onward flew,
On three legs it dusted;
Soldier, piggie, now in strife,
Of who should be master—
Soldier, while he run for life,
Piggie run still faster.

On they sped through distance fast,
High the flanks were heaving,
When, lo! Piggie felt at last
That his strength was leaving;
Piggie fagged and strength all crushed,
Tottered nigh to falling;
Soldier onto piggie rushed
For to stop his squalling.

Piggie now to corners brought,
In despair was wrangling,
Soldier had now what he sought,
Piggie limp and dangling.
Soldier now took up his tramp,
Piggie on him lying;
When the soldier reached the camp
Piggie soon was frying.

* * * * *

And its roast was good, my friends,
Though some may think it priggy;
So this tale has come to end
Of soldier and his piggie.

My tale is told to you, so please
From this your moral taketh,
What may sinful be in peace,
War a virtue maketh.

THE ENCAMPMENT DREAM.

During my stay in Washington, while attending the National Encampment of the G. A. R., and participating in that grand parade, I became very tired from the march, and so retired to my quarters to lie down for a good night's rest. However, my mind was so overcharged with the grand scenes I beheld there during that eventful day that I dreamed a most wonderful dream, and standing out clear in my memory the next morning, I concluded to write down its subject and call it "The Encampment Dream."

Suddenly I beheld myself on the cupola of the Capitol at Washington; vast armies with flowing banners kept marching by to the quick time of the fife and drum, when among the thousands that passed I was riveted to the likeness of a youth who was looking very tired from the unaccustomed burden he carried, though marching manfully in rank and file, and while pondering upon him the image of myself reflected suddenly of many years ago, but before I had much time to think of it a rumbling noise from the distance could be heard sounding sharper and more terrific as it came nearer, and instantly I beheld myself in the midst of a tumultuous battle field. Cannons were thundering, mus-

ketry rattling their withering volleys, charges and counter-charges followed in succession, with mangled bodies thickly strewn about, and many were crushed to a massless shape by cannon wheel or cavalry horse.

While gazing at this gory strife, lo! among the number of wounded I beheld a bleeding form, begrimed with powder and smoke, exerting his last strength by rolling himself into a ditch for self-cover, forcibly impressing me as a counterpart of my own likeness.

While pondering on its credulity the scene before me again changed, and I now beheld masses of troops marching through the city with flying banners, all perforated by grape-shot and bullets, bearing the marks of hard, struggling service. The men also looked much worn and begrimed, but carried themselves with even step, in true veteran style, as they passed on in grand review.

Again the scene changes. Great bodies of men now came marching through the city, all nicely uniformed, adorned with badges, flying colors and keeping step to the notes of martial music. What a grand and beautiful sight they were to behold, but as I watch them I discover that many of them are limping and have a hard time to keep up in line. However, they carried themselves nobly and impressed me that they might be a formidable force yet to contend if it came to a pinch.

While I was thus contemplating a veteran stepped up to me and beckoned me to follow him. He led me through manufacturing shops, where the pulse of business made itself manifest, as thousands of people were industriously employed, looking strong and happy.

Next I beheld the gigantic nettings of railroad tracks, with its moving trains all laden with commercial traffic and employing thousands of people, all looking cheerful and happy.

Then we passed through banking houses, beholding mountains of coins and piles of bills, all indorsed by U. S. as guarantee to its circulation. From there he led me back into the Capitol, showing me there the embodiment of the mind, the intellectual machinery making laws and governing statesmanship.

After this we ascended higher and higher until we reached the Goddess of Liberty, my guide leaning himself on the statue and stretching forth his arm, exclaiming: "Behold these are the fruits of our work, and while we keep guard over it no enemy shall destroy it." And as he said these words his body suddenly transformed into gigantic size, his pulse beating with new strength and power, and as he grasped the Stars and Stripes he swung it merrily to the breeze, and while its folds were touching and kissing the Goddess of Liberty he vanished from sight, softly humming "My native country, thee" in most beautiful accord, the air vibrating with sounds of sweetest music, becoming louder and louder, until the very heavens seemed to re-echo it in voices of thunder.

On awakening my soul thrilled with inspiration of the vision I had seen and felt, and, actuated by these impulses, I have composed

THE VETERAN.

See! There comes the grand old army,
How they rally into line!
Flowing banners and with music
They come marching, looking fine.

As our country's honored legion,
He keeps step in rank and file,
For he always knows his duty
In true loyal veteran style.

Aged, though, and from wounds contracted
He may limp on tottering feet,
But whene'er his banner calls him,
Young again his pulses beat.

These pulsations are the bulwarks
Of a nation strong and free;
Cherish and esteem that spirit,
Guards, they are of liberty.