



MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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5T u p e l o: Second Day.

Camp near Tupelo; Friday, July 15th, 1864.

I awoke as suddenly from the death-like torpor into which I had sunk in the night before with no consciousness of my personal identity or recognition of the place in which I found myself. The booming of a cannon and the bursting of a shell not far away gave me the first clue to place. It must be a battle-field. Looking down at the snarer of my uncanny sleeping place, I thought a soldier slain. I hurried away and recognized the debris of a battle field, and going farther stumbled upon our first field hospital and the whole scene of the day before flashed upon my mind at once. This was Tupelo and the supposed dead soldier I had left in the dry bed of the creek was my friend Dr. Murdock. I hurried back and found him as I had left him, not dead however but sleeping the sleep of an infant. I had not the heart to awaken him; but hurried away to the last field hospital, where I found the wounded of yesterday with the Surgeons and other attendants. I made some kind of a morning's repast and resumed the duties of the day. The firing had continued at intervals all night; and there was every indication of a hard day before us though for a time the artillery firing had ceased. With the coming of morn the battle was renewed. The shells again made horrid clamor in our camp and there was also the finer and more piercing music of the minnie balls whistling above our heads and through our ranks and some dead and wounded were added to our list. The third Brigade including the 47th Minn. was advanced a half mile. Company E was placed on the picket line. Early in the afternoon I was ordered to take a detail of men and bury our dead, as we had received orders to withdraw from the field that afternoon. The fact was not known to the command and it was necessary to use great caution, and not allow the rumor to get abroad lest it should precipitate the retreat at an earlier period. It was to be a strategic withdrawal from the field. I therefore made all haste with the burial. There were seven dead to be buried the first four having been killed yesterday and two to day. One however could not be found and the supposition was that the missing body had been buried by some other burying party. The Grave, about 4 feet by 7, was speedily dug in a copse or thicket of young trees and during a pretty heavy firing from the enemy's lines. The bodies were lain in threes, the heads of each three at opposite ends of the grave their lower limbs overlapping. and each properly marked; and a few rubber blankets were thrown over. Owing to the danger the service was brief and the only salute fired was from the guns of the Confederates beyond the crest of slope on which the battle was being fought. Though an unintentional honor it may be said; yet a rare one to have an enemy thus salute our dead.

The Field Hospital to day being on the edge of the field of action and my attention being required more there than on the line, I saw less of the engagement than I saw yesterday. Several times I passed back and forth from the Hospital to the battle line. At no time did I witness anything that seemed more than random and irregular at a foe whose battle line lay on, or just beyond the crest of the slope which divided the two armies. It was not at all like the current pictures I had seen in the illustrated Histories. There is waiting in battle scenes as well as action. In our case it was the waiting of two armies watching each other all day for the proper time to strike. This does not look well in a picture. It impresses the beholder that nothing is doing. I did see, however, one heroic or melodramatic scene. It was quite like a figure from one of Horace Vernet's battle pictures, or more like David's equestrian portrait of Napoleon crossing the Alps. The General was rocking back and forth waving his sword and shouting something to the men lying along the line and waiting as I now suppose a charge from Forrest's forces. The principal action in which our Regt. and Brigade were concerned occurred in the afternoon and closed our operations for the day. About noon the 3rd Brigade was ordered into position to await a charge, This was one of our waiting period. Each side was playing. Forrest, or Gen Lee rather, who had appeared upon the scene, and as Forrest's ranking officer had taken command was as anxiously waiting for a charge from Gen. Smith's Army. Neither seemed in haste to take the initiative. Finally Lee grew weary of waiting and as if fearing that another night would close over him with Smith still in the field he advanced his men and they came forward part of the way as though intending to charge our lines. The Third Brigade under Gen Mower did also some waiting. Mower hated delays This was probably what put him in such a bad humor when he was seen prancing about on his steed near the front of lines, He was mad. awfully mad (Note-- I learned years afterwards from one of his aids that he was not at that time, as I had thought at the time making brave speeches to inspire his men with heroism for the charge. but simply using the King's English in a very free and rather reprehensible manner.) It was also in the interest of Gen. Smith and his Army that the affair should be settled before sundown.. Our Brigade was well posted to receive and repel a charge, as they lay on the ground behind a low breast-work of rails and other debris of the farm belongings. But when the Forrest Lee combination halted within a good rifle shot of our lines and refused to come a step farther, but continued to pour volley into our lines, the time had come for action on our part. Gen. Mower, whose wrath had risen beyond the swearing point, ordered the Brigade to charge which was made with such energy and dash that the enemy broke ranks and fled and disappeared over the crest whence they came. Our men pursued them to the limit of safety, there being a possibility that this retreat might itself be a ruse to lure our

Brigade. It was wisest to



GENERAL JOSEPH A. MOWER
AT TUPELO.

men into an ambushade.. Under the circumstances it was certainly glory enough to drive the enemy back into their own lines; and so we rested and did no more fighting during the day; but remained in a defensive attitude, meanwhile quietly getting ready for withdrawing from the ground. Was this in reality a retreat? We did not know, but hoped it was only a strategic change of base for some wise purpose not explained to us.. We supposed the main purpose of the campaign to Tupelo was to destroy railroad communications; but we nothing of tearing up railroad tracks, and do not recall even the sight of a railroad track. I do not remember passing through either Tupelo or Harrisburg and so have some reason to doubt the their existence.. (Note--1909. Cram's "Unrivalled Family Atlas" of 180p makes no mention of Harrisburg but ranks Tupelo as a thriving village of 1500 inhabitants. The location of the battlefield is very near to Tupelo and several miles from Harrisburg; and yet Gen Forrest and other confederates speak of the action as the battle of Harrisburg. There seems to be no good for connecting the name of Harrisburg with the battle. As to the destruction of railroad communications at Tupelo we find no mention in the reports of officers made subsequent to the battle.)

Afternoon of the 15th.
WITHDRAWAL FROM THE FIELD.

The word withdrawal sounds a little better than retreat. The last word carried with it the idea of defeat; which on this field none are willing to admit, since in every separate engagement of the three days preceding our troops had been successful either in holding our own position or driving the enemy from theirs. The first thought was for wounded and disabled, and to bury the dead. This was all done quietly and in order and in such a way as to excite no alarm in the command. The wounded were all removed to the Field Hospital excepting such as were less seriously affected, who were to be carried along with us in ambulances.. That the movement might be more successfully executed, the Artillery was to remain in position till the Cavalry and Infantry had left the field keeping up a constant firing upon the enemy, this to cover the withdrawal and be a check upon the enemy should the movement be discovered. Toward the last there was a slight panic among the teamster who being among the last to leave were about the first first to realize the nature of the movement. A panic at an earlier period might have resulted in a disastrous rout. I reported to Col. Marshall that the wounded were all in Hospital except Lieut Lewis Hardy of Co. E. and that he was mortally wounded and could not be moved.. My orders were to remain with him and bring him from the field alive if possible, and if not alive to bring his body.; and so I sat by him hailing every ambulance that passed, only to be refused on the ground that there was not enough room for the living and that the Lieut. was too nearly dead to endure a removal. I saw regiment after regiment pass with their ambulances crowded with wounded, their

their drivers in a wild panic refusing to listen to my appeals. Finally when nearly all had passed and the Artillery wagons began passing their horses in a mad gallop, and I was facing the possibility of my being left on the ^{field} with my dying charge, General A. J. Smith our Corps Commander came riding by furiously towards the rear and seeing me halted to inquire what I was doing. When I explained the situation, he answered by a great oath that sounded to me like an evidence of Grace in heart, saying as he did the moment after, that no brave soldier of his man or officer should be left living or dead on the field. He told me to wait a moment.

He halted the next artillery wagon by the side of the dying soldier ordered the artillerists to fasten the Lieutenant's body to the box and myself to jump up beside him; and away he went to the rear like a human whirlwind. By the time we had fastened the Lieutenant to the caisson, he had breathed his last. . This is how General Smith came to be the last to leave the Battle Field of Tupelo; and how it happened to come into our camp, already made, riding on an artillery wagon. It was the swiftest, hardest roughest ride I ever took. We buried the Lieutenant near midnight and by torchlight. The Confederate artillery continued shelling our deserted battlefield, and ascertaining at last that the field was deserted, sent a few shots hurtling in the direction of our masterly retreat. But he was too badly beaten to pursue us any great distance.

N O T E S .

Our losses in this battle were as follows. Killed on the 13th 1st ^{Surgeon} Lucius B. Smith, of Taylors Falls Minn. Buried on the 14th on the field. His remains afterwards remove to Taylors Falls and reinterred in Kah-ba-Kong Cemetery. On the 13th day George ^{Blackwell} was mortally wounded was left in the Field Hospital at Tupelo in the hands of the Confederates. Was by them removed to Mobile, where died August 6th 1864.

The killed on the 14th were, (according to Roster of Minnesota in the War) were : Company D.--John Bolin

John Bolin, . James Davis, Jacob Van Slyke,

Company E.-- Oliver H. Essington, Lars Jacobson.

Company F.-- William Henderson.

Company H.-- Conrad Warnicke..

Those supposed to be mortally wounded and left in the Hospital with the Confederate wounde who had been in our care were as follows:---

Company E. wounded July 13th.- George Blackwell

Company C Sergeant Andrew Colby,

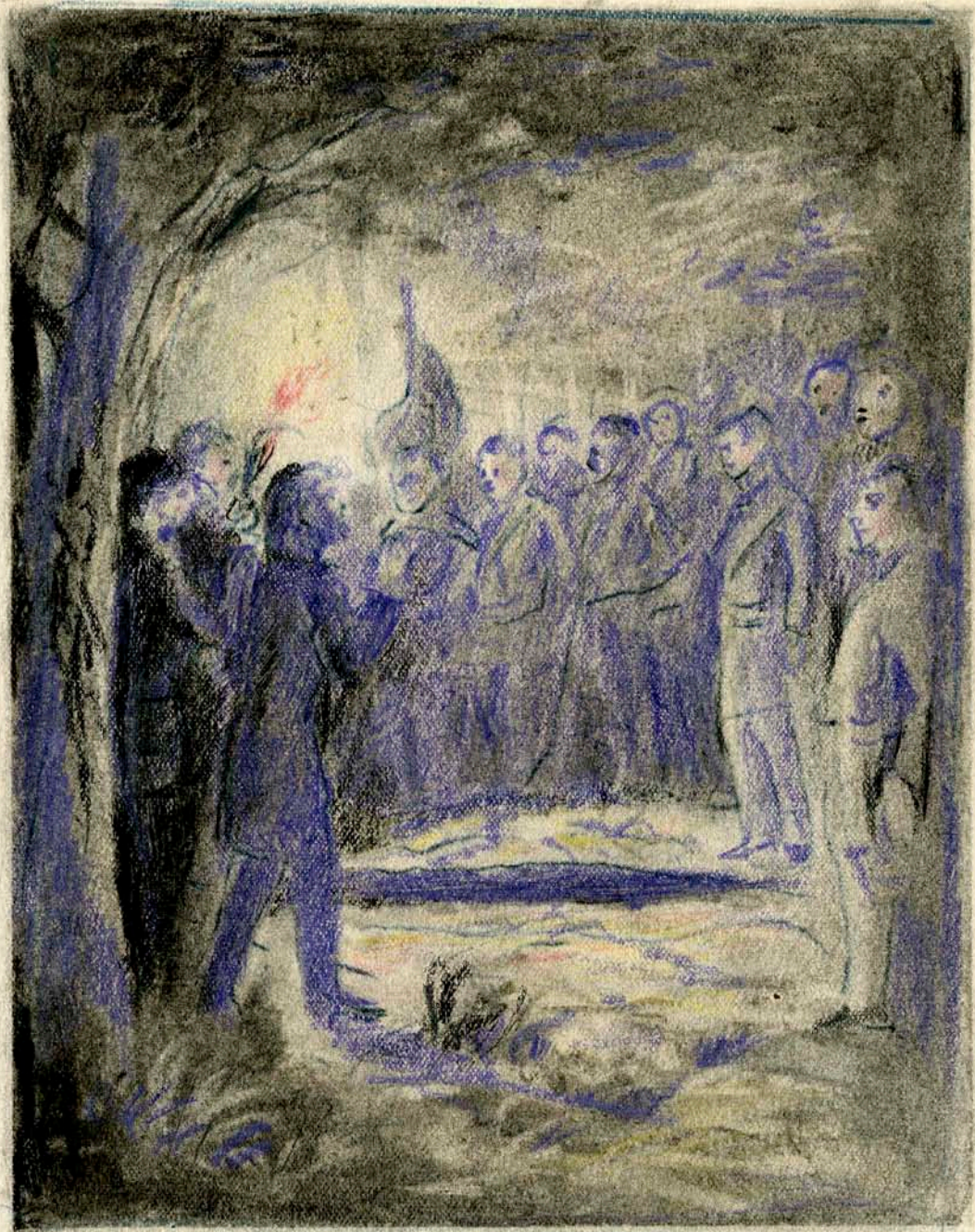


Body of Lieut. Hardy carried from the Battle-Field of
Tupelo, July 15th, 1864.



GENERAL A. J. SMITH,
The Last to leave the Field of Tupelo.

" We buried him darkly at dead of night."



Burial of 1st Lieu. Lewis Hardy, of Co. E. 7t. Minn.

July 15th, 1864.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him."

Notes Continued.

Company C.

Sergeant Andrew C. Colby, wounded July 14th. Left in Hospital and removed with other wounded and prisoners to Mobile Ala. where he died and was later buried in the National cemetery there.

Corporal Perer Anderson. Died at St Louis Oct. 8th 1864.

Company A. H. Fuller Wounded at Tupelo July 15th died on July 16th. I cannot find other mention of Corporal Fuller.

Melzer Eutton Wounded July 14th or 15th. Left in the Hospital. Fate unknown but supposed to have died in Macon Ga.

Assistant Surgeon Percival O. Barton was detailed to remain with the wounded prisoners and assist in caring for them. Sergeant David A. Caneday of Co. C. was detailed for the same purpose by Col. Marshall; but through some defect in his papers, was afterwards subjected to much difficulty in clearing his record, though after being exchanged promptly he promptly returned and served with his regiment until the close of the war.

I must apologize for deficiencies in my record of the battle of Tupelo on the ground that the service was entirely new to me, I having been but eight days in the service when the Battle began and owing to the strenuousness of our rapid march had made but few acquaintances amongst men or officers.



A MEMORY
OF

TUPELO.

RETURN FROM TUPELO TO MEMPHIS.

" He that fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day."

Camp No. 1. July 16th, 1864.

It is not in entire seriousness that I quote the above couplet. The fact that we are running away is not yet decided. It is therefore wrong to speak of it as a fact. So far everything looks that way. We are certainly making hot haste for our old quarters at La-Grange near Memphis. The roads are rough and we are marching very rapidly. Weather warm to the limit of endurance.. One of our wounded died to day and as we were late getting into camp, I buried him by moonlight in the apple orchard, in which our camp was located.

NOTE: The home letter descriptive of our return to Memphis and which contained my field sketches illustrating it never came to hand I am able, however, by the assistance of the diary kept by Sergeant Williams to recall some things in their proper sequence, and maintain the form of the Diary throughout. The sketches I cannot replace.

Camp No. 2. July 17th, 1864.

We were given an early start again to-day. Yesterday and to-day there has been some skirmishing in front and upon either flank. This dispels the idea that some of us had cherished as a pleasant conceit that while we had been running from Forrest had been running away from us at the same rate of speed in the opposite direction.. There is much suffering in the Corps to-day of the rapid marching over rough roads, the great heat and our scant supply of food. We are now subsisting on one third rations and the men are hungry as well as footsore and weary.. The ration consists of hard tack and the Hard-tack spoiled at that.. To-day is Sunday, my second Sunday in the service.. There is no opportunity on the march for song or sermon or worship.. My sole religious duties thus far have to speak a word of cheer to some soldier on the march, to commend the dying to the infinite mercies of God and lastly " To carry off the wounded-
To cover up the dead."

Camp No. 3. Monday, July 18th, 1864.

Williams writes in his Diary " Broke camp at 3 o'clock this morning. Saw very hard times to-day. The men are very pale and haggard and on very short rations.. Went into camp at 10 o'clock, P.M.. We had marched 25 miles. "This is regarded as a remarkable march for so large a body of men. The question "Wherefore this unwonted hurry when

when there is no enemy in pursuit. The answer seems to be that there is another General in than Forrest or Lee, namely General Starvation. The supply of rations is nearly exhausted and the country through which we are passing has been so impoverished by raiders of each army that foraging on the farmers living along the route is impossible, there being nothing eatable left. The people themselves are in most cases themselves on the verge of starvation. With our rations reduced two thirds, and no foraging possible, there is good reason for our double-quick movement. It is hinted also that we are short also of ammunition.

Camp No. 4.--

Tuesday, July, 19th Camp No. 4.

Had again a very early start, but lost some time by coming along a road that led us eight miles out of our way.. As it was, we made 16 miles advance passing through Ripley on our way, and going into camp at 9 o'clock, P.M. A good day's march under the circumstance. Sergeant Williams, whose diary while very economical as the number of facts stated is the very soul of accuracy as to what it does record affirms that this march was made on a single hard-tack & one small piece of pork called in the soldier's vernacular "sow-belly." to each man.. As Williams was a sergeant and was therefore fully posted on the question of the distribution of rations we must accept him as an authority on this subject.. His statement demonstrates the wonderful powers of endurance of the members of this Corps. It gives also the real reason why such haste was made by the heroic General in getting his Army Corps back from Tupelo to Memphis.

Camp No. 5. Wednesday, July 20th

The Regiment was on the march at 5 o'clock A.M. The heat was not so great as on yesterday, and the men suffered less and were more buoyant in spirit, realizing as they did that the next day's march would bring them to La Grange, their late camp.

Camp La Grange; Thursday, July 21st; 1864.

Left camp at 8 o'clock this morning, and after an easy march, arrived at LaGrange at 8.15 A.M., and immediately took possession of our old camping ground. There was much jubilation over this return to a land of comparatively plenty.. And we hoped for a rest; but this evidently was not on the programme, as in two hours later, we were ordered to be ready to march somewhither, the somewhither not being stated. In reviewing this retreat if retreat it is to be called, it seems wonderful that it should have been accomplished with so little loss from the hardships and dangers of the march. Under fire a part of the way and half-

famished during the remainder,, we lost but two from death. We attempted to bring a number of wounded men with us from Tupelo; and one as already mentioned was too severely wounded died on the first dayout.. We carried our wounded for the most part safely; and when within a day(s) Journey of LaGrange, had opportunity of sending them forward to the Hospital at Memphis.

Camp at Memphis. Friday, July 22nd. 1864.

At 19 'clock this morning we took cars for Memphis and arrived at 3.P.M. Camp one and a half miles from the City. Here we rest for a few days and never was rest more grateful.. Have visited the wounded in Hospital and find them doing well. Two boys of Co. K. sent to Hospital to-day

Camp at Memphis - Saturday, July 23rd, 1864.

Captain Carter of our Mess is quite sick and will probably go into Hospital this evening. He has been ailing on the march, and for his heroic efforts to keep in the field and attend to his duties well deserves a rest. I have had no symptoms of breakdown, but my duties were comparatively light.. None of us injured our health by over-eating. There is some danger from that cause since our arrival in camp.

Camp at Memphis. Sunday, July 24th, 1864.

Held my first Service in camp to-day.. There is no compulsory attendance at these services and yet there was a goodly number present. Text- Matthew x. verse 34th. "Think not that I am come to send peace on eath; I am not come to srnd peace, but a sword." I prefer saying nothing about this sermon. For some reason it was the most difficult sermon I had ever attempted. The conditions were new and stange. I had an audience of soldiers in uniform under a profusion of American flag. My audience fresh from a hard fought battle and not yet rested from the atigues of a forced march of six days duration, my audience chamber a small clear space in the shadow of the trees, with none of the ordinary accompaniments of congregated worship, rendered my position only the more embarassing. The singing was without musical accompaniment. I could not at the close announce another service; for none of us knew in what part of that war-wasted land another SUNDAY should find us and whether on the march or on the battle field.

Camp Memphis; M^onday July 25th 1864.

Visited OVerton H^osital and spent some time rambling about the city., but I feel indisposed either to write up what I saw, or make pictures. These few days in camp are for rest, and besides the glowing S^outh-
ern sun is beginning to tell on my nervous energy I feel as if I could

Camp at Memphis. Tuesday, July 26th, 1864.

Memphis is occupied as a Rebel City and is therefore strictly under military rule. Col Geddes is in charge. His Regiment the 8th Iowa, acting as patrols. These patrols are exquisitely dressed in new and clean uniforms wearing in addition to their blue uniforms polished shoes and white gloves, and thereby present a striking appearance as contrasted with the tattered and soiled uniforms of the Corps popularly known as "Smith's Guerrillas." Officers and men seem always on dress-parade. Squads of these holiday soldiers patrol the various parts of the city enforcing elaborate military rules and regulations, that seem to savor too much of useless dred tape. None of our soldiers was allowed to walk the streets without the regulation pass. I was myself arrested for appearing without one. It was one of my duties to visit the Hospitals and this I did every day. I had been passed without notice a few times without notice, and supposed myself a privileged character, when to-day, as I attempted to pass the guard the clear voice of the dandified officer in charge rang out "Halt!" There was a clang of arms. The officer approached, extended as I innocently supposed to extend me the courtesy of a hand-shake, so ignorant of military usages. I was about to grasp it in a true western manner when he further remarked "Your pass, if you please." When he heard my answer to the effect that I had none, he asked me to give my Regiment and rank which I did, adding that I was on duty and was visiting the Hospitals, he responded: "Chaplain; consider yourself under arrest, and report immediately to the Head Quarters." I considered myself immediately under arrest and reported at once to my Regimental Head Quarters, and was duly laughed at.

Camp at Memphis, Wednesday, July 27th, 1864.

Dr. Levi Butler, late Surgeon of the 3rd Minn. Regt. arrived in camp this evening just from St. Paul, commissioned by Gov. Miller to visit and report the condition of the sick and wounded in the Hospitals at Memphis.

Camp at Memphis; Thursday, July 28th, 1864.

During the Tupelo Campaign we were most of us short on tents, and going and returning I slept on the ground with no covering but my blanket, and over that the starry counterpane of heaven. I am to have a tent henceforth. I give an illustration on the next page. It is what is called a shelter tent, light and easy of carriage and easy to pitch and strike and convenient for transfer. I was offered a wall tent but for two reasons preferred this, namely for convenience in transportation and because when pitched it is cooler and more easily ventilated. Our food is both good and abundant and well cooked. It consists of the



TENT OF THE

CHAPLAIN. To say the least

it was well ventilated.

custoary hard tack and pork, with beans, potatoes, apples (dried) peaches, and soft bread,, sometimes blackberries, pies always coffe and sometimes (dried or occasionally pickles.. I lost weight on the Tupelo Raid astonishingly bu tut have since regained it.. Yet with these rapid changes I have not consciously suffered in health.. The health of the Regiment is not generally good, and this I think is due to the privations of its recent brief but severe campaign. To begin with, the Regiment was not furnished with sufficient food. This want of food was one cause if not the principal cause of the ruthless pillage of the farmers along the way. It seemed as if the powers planning or directing the campaign expected the soldiers to subsist upon the country through which they passed. The peril in the return from Tupelo consisted chiefly in an attempt to send so large a body of men on one third rations through a country so war-wasted that a crow flying over it could not pick up a living. In the second place the men were not supplied with tents and camp equipage.. They were subjected in consequence to forced marches of unusual length and severity. Visiting the Hospitals to day with Dr. Butler and was astonished at the number of Minnesota sick & wounded in the various hospitals from the 7th, 9th and 10th Regiments and him

The object of Dr. Butler' mission is to secure the removal of the sick and disabled Minnesota soldiers to northern hospitals where their chances for recovery would be greatly augmented. Dr. Butler had visited all the Minnesota sick and wounded except those in the extreme south, at Mobile and other places.. Dr. Irwin Surgeon in charge of the Hospitals here has been ordered to send 500 of these sick to the Hospital at Mound City and St Louis This order was issued by Sugeon Gen. Wood.. How the Minnesotians are distributed amongst these 500; but all will be done that is possible to favor them.

(Note:.. In my Diary as originally written, I find that I have recorded the the sick and disabled of Minnesota in Hospital as 180, of the 7th Regt.., I presume, as 180 is far below the number reported for the total number of Minnesota Regts. At this remote period it seems almost incredible that more than one fourth of men at that time on the roll of the 7th should be in the hospitals. I have a doubt now as to the correctness of the figures used. I can only say definitely that the hospitals were over-crowded with Minnesota men The conditions were very serious and a transfer to northern hospitals was an absolute necessity.-- Oct. 23rd, 1909.)

Camp at Memphis; Friday, July 29th, 1864.

called at ^Hospital Overton on Sergeant Williams and learn from him that Corporal Johnson just promoted to be Sergeant, died in ^Hospital on the 26th. Sergeant Williams is seriously indisposed, and will be compelled to remain in Hospital for some time, and will be absent from our next Country Excursion Scheduled according to rumor to commence to-morrow or day after.. Captain Carter of Co. K. will leave Hospital and join his Regiment.

The Provost Guard still keeps up a rigid suveillance by arresting all suspicious personages, and examining the contents of wagons entering or leaving the city.. The latter practice is frequently witnessed on the street near our camp. In an open field not far off, I witnessed some under guard and marching regularly back and forth, each one accoutred as was old J^hohn Brown, "With his knapsack strapped upon his back." These are they who played the shirk and coward at Tupelo and are paying the penalty by carrying back and forth knapsacks full of stones. They have been sentenced to march 10 miles a day for 17 days carrying weight, after which they are to be drummed out of the service. Theirs is a hard lot, but the culprits doubtless prefer it to being shot. Everything about Memphis is military. The soldier is everywhere; the civilian is not much in evidence, keeps in the background, -does not appear on the streets or frequent the public place. It is said the male population capable of bearing arms is in the Rebel Army, Many of the principal citizens not in the rebel army are under arrest and imprisoned for disloyalty

The clothing of the soldier does not seem well adapted to the climate of the region in which they are compelled to live, move and have their being..It is the same uniform they wore in the colder climate of Minnesota There the heavy overcoats and thick tightly-fitting under-

garments were the proper things to wear; but here, under fiercer sun-beams and with more tropical surroundings, they are simply unendurable. The coat, blouse or rounabout should be of lighter material and not so tightly fitting The trousers should also be of thinner, and

and as light a material as is consistent with strength. They should also be baggy and gathered and gartered about the knee or a little

below it, Zouave-fashion. In fact the uniform of the entire Corps in

the South should be an adaptation of the Zouave, the colors being lighter, dark clothing being too great an absorbent of the solar ray.

I am aware of the difficulty of making such a change. There is, as in other things too much red tape about the attire of the soldier to admit of any sudden change, even when common sense requires it..The uniform of the officers especially when on dress-

parade is too warm and tight-fitting for

comfort or efficiency of movement. We note among the higher officers a tendency to tear away some of this red

tape and adopt at least when off duty a more sensible head-gear, they taking their cue from the habits of the native southrons. I give two illustrations. the first being a hat worn by a resident Memphian; the other an adaptation of the idea in a hat worn by Gen. A.J. Smith. The leading advantage of each being the reservation of an air-chamber between the crown of the hat and the head of the wearer. This hat is scientifically constructed for ventilation. The wearer is able by means of the current of air which passes continually over his head to keep his brain cool on the hottest day.. This is not however the General's fighting hat, which is a broad rimmed felt, fitting tightly on his head Its only advantage being that it looks better in a



picture.

Camp at Memphis; Saturday, July 30th; 1864.

This is our last day in this pleasant Camp, -pleasant because of its safety, because of its position in the suburbs of Memphis, because of its supply of good and abundant food, and for the grateful rest it has afforded us.. I have however been unwontedly busy making last rounds in the Hospitals. The condition of many of the inmates is very serious, and can only be improved by a speedy transfer to a more northerly latitude., and there is so much red tape to be untied before this can be done that it gives us serious concern. There are also two classes of sick and disabled, namely those in Hospital and those in Camp. The condition of some of the latter is serious enough to be a matter of concern. Many of these last disabled by swollen and blistered feet, and have pimples and carbuncles on their bodies, while others are afflicted with the ordinary camp diseases such as diarrhea and fever with touches of rheumatism, and these are not in Hospital the Camp in the opinion of the Medical Staff have decided that the milder cases can be treated better in camp than in hospital. I neglected to say sooner that Albert A. Ames, late Asst. Surgeon, has been commissioned to succeed Dr. Lucius B. Smith killed at Tupelo on the 13th inst. This a first class appointment and gives great satisfaction to the regiment. It is through no distrust of the hospitals that Surgeon Ames has adopted the policy of sending only extreme cases to the hospitals, partly on the their over-crowded condition, and partly because of the depressing atmosphere and influence of those necessary adjuncts of the army service. The depressing influences The sick, wounded and dying and dying lie in cots so closely crowded together that there is scarcely room for the nurses to pass between them. Dr. Ames affirms that in many cases it is equivalent to a death sentence to send them to the hospital. As the Command has been ordered to start on another Expedition, Campaign or Raid to-morrow, this class of semi - invalids including many whose cases are really serious must be to-day transferred to the hospitals. A few in the hospitals who have recovered sufficiently are to be dismissed and ordered to rejoin their regiments.. Therefore the business of to-day is important and pressing. My cares have been increased by a summons to attend a Court-Martial as a witness in a trial of an officer for drunkenness during the late battle at Tupelo. I know nothing of the case, and had not even heard of it. I was excused from attendance.. My impression is that the officer was acquitted. I have heard no more about it. Some of the sick sent us from the hospitals will be returned as unfit for service. As a rule the men in hospital prefer to take chances with their comrades in the field. To this there are a very few exceptions. One of these has given me much trouble.. There is absolutely nothing the matter with him but want of courage. He is a born coward and cannot help it. He was almost carried with us to Tupelo. He was forced into the battle, but was found lying in an unconscious condition. There was no wound upon his body. Tests were applied and he was found to be very much alive. He said a m

His is a serious case. He is regarded by the Surgeons as mentally irresponsible; and yet under military law he must be treated as though he were normal and be forced into the battle line even though he be dying with fright.

Memphis; Sunday, July 31st, 1864.

T H E O X F O R D R A I D .

This writing is dated at Memphis though the Regiment left Camp this morning for La Grange going thither by rail cars.. I have been detailed to remain here a day or more if need be and look after the sick and then re-join the Regiment wherever it may be.. There are about 40 sick men remaining sent out of the ranks at the last moment most of them bitterly disappointed, preferring the campaign with its perils to the uncertain issues of human life at the hospitals. With proper supervision it would be better to form them into a Convalescent Camp and leave them till our return. It is however too big a question for me to deal with and I shall ask for orders. Captain Carter is to remain also for a couple or three days, and perhaps longer in command of the convalescents in our otherwise deserted camp. The convalescents will have charge of the "impedimenta" that the Regt., in its rapid campaign will be unable to carry with them. This solves the question of what shall be done with the men unable to march with the Regt. and who are not as yet fit subjects for Hospital treatment. This is a great favor to Captain C. who has not sufficiently recovered from the hardships and starvation of the Tupelo raid.

As the Regiment departed early this morning there was no Sunday Service in Camp. I attended instead a service in one of the city churches, and heard a sermon by the pastor. The sermon was full of disloyalty, being based upon an incident in which the citizens of Jerusalem rebuilt the walls in the presence of the enemy each builder with his sword girt about him building over against his own house. The application to the Southern people was obvious.

At the invitation of Mr Waters, Supt. of the Soldiers' Home, I took supper and lodged for the night at that Institution. The only memorable event of my stay was the loss of my watch at least till the repairer can put in his work. I had placed it on the mantle before going to bed, and sometime in the night, I heard a metallic clang accompanied with the clinking of broken glass. One of the lodgers had been fumbling with his hand along the top of the mantel piece and inadvertently knocked it off. I found what remained of it next morning. It bore on its broken face its last coherent message, --- the exact time to a second when the mishap occurred.

Head qrs 7. Min. Inf.
Memphis July 31. 1864

Chaplain S. P. Edwards, of this
regt will remain behind - the
regt being under orders to move
to Lagrange today - to look
after the sick sent to Hospital.
He will rejoin the regt at
Lagrange as soon as practicable

W. R. Marshall
Cal. Comd'g 7. Min. Inf.

Approved

By Order of

Col. J. F. Woods

Comd'g 3rd Brig. 1st Div. 16th A.C.

Henry Hoover

Lt Col

Memphis, Monday, August 1st, 1864.

My last day in Memphis was marked by no incident worth recording. Visited the Hospitals and the Convalescent Camp, and wrote a few letters--that was all. Wrote a letter to the Central Christian Advocate yesterday, for publication ..

O N T H E W A R P A T H :

Near Holly Springs; August, 2nd, 1864.

This morning took the warly train for Holly Springs, where the Uth is supposed to be encamped. The train made but slow progress even for a southern railroad. The track was in very poor condition and our engine was old and wheezy. There was a lack of grit in its driving wheels which caused them to spin round and round upon the track as if said tracks had been greased for the occasion. The country like all the country we have yet seen has a desolate and war-wasted appearance. We saw but few Whites along our course; but plenty of Negroes appeared at the stations and not only gazed admiringly at the troops aboard who were hurrying (if such a term is admissible as applied to such slow coaches as ours.) sing snatches of song, and dancing, and some of the more youthful standing on their heads in sheer delight. Their antics showed very clearly that their sympathies were with their northern invaders. Peach trees grew wild along the track and in some cases intertwined their boughs above it.. Some hats were knocked off thereby., the cars on which the soldiers rode being uncovered box cars, or freight cars with soldiers riding on top. It was a merry though not a rapid ride. The train halted for the night within 8 miles of Holly Springs. As there were no hotels, I found a sleeping place on the top of a box car, and safely enough though haunted by a fear that I might roll out of bed before morn should dawn. No one on the train fared any better.

Holly Springs; Tuesday, August 3rd; 1864.

It was but 8 miles from Holly Springs, and yet, though we started early enough, it was nearly noon when we arrived.. Here found the 7th Regiment encamped in a beautiful grove near a College building. In times of peace Holly Springs must have been a beautiful village. There are still visible many signs of its former beauty and sightliness. There are some stately residences. It is said to be a place of some historic importance with literary associations. During Civil war times it has been the scene of conflict, and some Rebel triumphs. Here it was that Col. Murphy surrendered his command, outwitted it is said outwitted by the wiles of the beautiful southern ladies here resident. Let some one else tell the story. As I had not my tent with me I found a snug sleeping place in the deserted

College building; and so escaped an unusually severe storm that occurred during the night. The lightning flashed with such continuous rapidity that by its incessant brilliancy I was enabled to read without pausing the C VIIth Psalm. The rain came down like an avalanche than any rain I ever witnessed. It was like Niagara.

Camp Waterford; Friday, August 5th, 1864.

Though most of that storm I slept as peacefully as I did on the top of the box car the night before. I was awakened by the reveille at 5 this morning and hurried off to Camp and had barely time for a very lunch between the reveille and the order to fall into line and march to the cars for another stage of our journey. We continued our snail-like trip on the cars for ten miles and disembarked at Waterford having completed a journey of ten miles.. Of all the shabby towns in this southern land Waterford seemed the shabbiest; but our camp was pitched on a beautiful wooded hill, and our souls were glad.. At the base of this hill was an slightly swamp through which meandered a turbid stream, swollen by the last night's rains till it seemed impassable. Our camp however was an old one, and swarmed with the peculiar types of insect life peculiar to old camps. Near this camp is the famous Tallahatchie River; and as I suppose marks the limit of our journey by rail.. The road is out of repair. In addition to this the enemy is in force not far off and at any time may give us battle.

Camp Waterford; Saturday, August 6th; 1864.

We remained here quietly all day, in momentary expectation of orders to march out. There is an engineering project on foot. A bridge is to be made or repaired for the railway across the Tallahatchie near this place, though why we are set to keeping railroad bridges in repair for the southern people I cannot well understand.. It is possible that the bridge is to be built for our own use, our ultimate destination being somewhere else. We are however only a part of the 16th Army Corps, consisting only of the 11th Mo. Cavalry, 35th Iowa, and 7th Minn.. We are temporarily scattered; but are all (3rd Brigade under the command of Brigadier Gen. Hill (or Woods) cannot understand the complication) We have been inactive to-day.

Camp at the Ford of Tallahatchie, Sunday, August 7th.

Though it was Sunday, we were so busy preparing for marching orders that we found no room for a Sunday service. The order however did not come till noon. We bade a cheerful adieu to our hillside camp and moved a short distance to a point on the Tallahatchie, known as the Ford. I suppose that we should have gone on had the river been fordable; but owing to recent rains the water was at too high a stage. There was no getting across it.

We are to take and hold this ford or crossing while the Pioneer Corps constructed a bridge over which the rest of the 16th Army Corps should pass.. This explains why a few Regiments were sent forward some days in advance of the main body. Our mode of progression in this case is far different from what it was on the Tupelo Campaign, in which the whole Com-marched more or less closely together. We have also journeyed to this point by rail. This has been one of the hottest days of the season. There were many evidences in the country through which we passed of former raids. There were many residences abandoned and falling into ruins,, while monumental chimneys stood over the ashes of other homes destroyed by the torch of the invader. The weeds had conquered the fields, and the brambles and b briars had over run and ruined the gardens. It is said that Grant passed this section, and that the country is very much as he left it The absence of rail fences is a striking evidence that that the soldier has at some time pitched his tent thereabouts. We passed two churches, the one brick, the other frame By one of these was a churchyard gleaming with new white monuments,-the only thing not ancient that we had seen in all this land. Toward sunset we approached a valley bordered by tall, dark trees that cast a gloomy shade on the ground beneath. The beams of the setting sun glorified for a moment on the summits of these trees glorifying and transfiguring them and then faded away leaving the whole valley enshrouded in gloom. Our cavalcade marched down into this valley passing some old earth-works as we entered the forest when the sound of cannonading fell upon our ears There ~~was~~ also the sound of other firing than that of artillery, the sharp report of musketry and we knew our further progress as being con- tested by the Rebel forces lined up in all probability on the other side of the Tallahatchie which we were approaching. There was evidently a battle on with a friendly river between us and our enemies., and we knew that at that late hour neither of us could cross the stream.. A blessing on thee, O friendly river ! As we hurried on we met a wounded soldier limping to the rear, who informed us that one man had been killed. We moved more rap- idly in the direction whence the firing came; and when in gunshot of the river ; and short were formed in baile line; and shen shortly after when formed another line. Finally two companies of the Regiment were ordered for- ward, the remainder being ordered to stack their arms, and make arrangements for a speedy supper as the emergency seemed to allow it. the firing having cea- sed.. Fires were speedily lighted and the air was soon redolent with the mingled odors of a supper on a battle field odors of frying meat, and boil- ing coffee. The gloom of the forest was rendered more gloomy still by the red light of the camp-fires below. The forest was so dense that not a star shone through any openings in the leafy canopy above. The fires reveal- ed only the giant trunks reaching upwards into the undefined darkness of