

WAR JOURNAL

A Soldier's Diary of the Closing Days of the Civil War.

By JEROME B. QUINN, Co. E, 123d Ill.

March 23—The command moved at 6 o'clock, marching to Frankfort, Ala. The scouts, going southeast, encountered a detachment of Forrest's cavalry at Pleasantville, on the Charleston and Mississippi Railroad, where we burned the depot, two locomotives and captured 200 prisoners, belonging to the 4th Mich. Cav.

March 24—Marched to Russellville, and went into camp six miles from town. The railroad, as I can generally see, is in a fine condition, except to indicate its movements in a general way.

BURNING BRIDGES AND TRAINS.
I here lay aside my "War Journal," as the reader may become weary of reading the many minor events recorded therein. I shall, however, from this date, simply narrate the more prominent occurrences en route.

At Ringgold on the Milldegreve & New Orleans Railroad the scouts burnt the bridge, captured a train loaded with ammunition and commissary stores, which we also burned. Still moving in a south-easterly direction, we destroyed culverts and bridges, and captured several small detachments of scouting cavalry.

About March 25, we dispersed a force of rebels at Sand Mountain and captured a train on which were many prisoners. Four Confederate officers were on board. Wilder's Brigade was closely following the scouts, keeping within supporting distance. Crossing Sand Mountain, we marched eight miles, crossed a creek, and went into camp.

On the following day we marched 18 miles, in the usual order, the scouts in advance, the brigade and other troops following. At Black Water the scouts crossed and defeated a force of rebels that seemed disposed to oppose our crossing. There was skirmishing the greater part of the day, we driving the enemy steadily.

THE ENEMY IN THE REAR.
On the 27th a rebel brigade was in our rear, attempting to capture the rear guard. The scouts and the rear guard, 123d Ill., skirmished with them nearly all day, driving them off.

Continuing the march southeast, we crossed the Black Warrior River, and the distance beyond, captured the extensive iron works near a place called the "Shades of Death." About this time we were marching in rain and mud, and the enemy, apparently becoming stronger, disrupted our advance more stubbornly.

The march was characterized by similar incidents from day to day—driving the enemy, destroying bridges, portions of railroads, burning shops, and all property that would benefit our enemies, who became bolder as we approached Selma.

A PRESENTIMENT OF DEATH.
Just before going into the battle of Selma, Henry Woodworth, the youngest soldier in Co. E, 123d Ill., dismounted and handed his bridle rein to his father, and said: "I am going to be killed in this fight." His father, much affected, told him that Henry had a good feeling, you hold the horses, and I will take your place in the battle line." Although feeling assured that he would be killed, the brave and courageous soldier, however, never where to take my place and he killed my future life would be miserable. Farewell, brother; I shall do my duty. Thus he rode off, and I saw the scouts in the line when a ball struck him in the forehead, killing him instantly. There were three Woodworth brothers, Edward, Daniel and Henry, all model young men and splendid fighters. They were killed at Selma. The others lived to return home.

GEN. WILSON CAPTURES SELMA.
Having been disabled, I was not in the fight at Selma, but looking through a field glass from the rear, I saw it all, and freely confess that I was worse scared than I had ever been in my life. In fact, I wanted to run away. I could see the enemy's formidable works, hear their big guns, and see the shells fall near our lines. The "Lightning Brigade" and other troops, who were determined to take the works. They crossed the ditch, climbed the embankment, and at last, after a long and bloody struggle, they had conquered the Confederates. This battle occurred on the afternoon of Sunday, April 2, 1865.

Selma, a beautiful town, was strongly fortified. Not all troops could reach the assault such formidable works. We captured Gen. Roddy, 2,000 prisoners, 200 cannon, 26 locomotives, 500 cars, foundries, iron works and an immense amount of war material. The battle was of short duration, but it was the most desperate of any in which my regiment was ever engaged. I cannot say the number of men killed, but I know who were killed or wounded. Among the killed were Lieut. McManis, of Co. G; Henry Woodworth, Co. E; Daniel Cook, Co. C; John Bowman, Co. B; White, Co. H; B. McHenry, Co. G; and Henry Gross, Co. I. Others were killed, and 25 were wounded—all within one hour. The regiment went into the battle about 400 strong.

Our scouts continued to operate as heretofore, with similar results. They released 25 Union soldiers who had been in prison five months. They said, however, that they had been held in a rebel camp, and that 15 men, whose homes were at Selma, came in and surrendered.

AMBUSHED.
A Captain of the 4th Mich. and 20 men, while scouting were ambushed. All were killed, except one, who came to camp and told the story.

While in camp at Selma we were supplied with new clothing. Taking advantage of the opportunity, we wrote letters home relating incidents of Wilson's raid and telling of the victories won within the month.

While encamped on the Alabama River, 80 miles from Montgomery, deserting rebel soldiers reported that Grant had taken the city of Selma, and that he was marching southward, being far away from our base, we had received no official news of the downfall of the rebel capital.

On April 2 we moved southwest 25 miles, and captured 300 horses and mules, and a Confederate Colonel. On the following day, continuing the march, we encamped on a plantation belonging to Capt. Minty, who commanded the 1st regiment at Selma. We learned that he is a cousin of our Col. Minty, commanding the Third Brigade, Second Division of the Cavalry, and who won a crown of laurels in his gallant charge at Selma.

While still moving southward, rebel deserters continued to report the evacuation of Richmond and the surrender of Lee. At Columbus, April 17, while we were moving toward Macon, Ga., the rebels in our front saturated cotton with turpentine, lining the bridge with it. After the rebels crossed they intended to burn it, but just as their rear guard crossed, we arrived and opened with our Spencer rifles, driving them away so hurriedly that they had no time to apply the matches. We marched the greater part of that day and all night. At Thomaston, on Flint River, the rebels made another ineffectual attempt to burn a bridge.

A colored man, slave of a rebel Colonel, told the Lieutenant commanding the scouts that the rebels appear upon the scene. Apparently in overwhelming numbers. These rough riders, Joe Wheeler's men, no doubt, dashed upon our rear, their war-whoop mingling with the bawling of stampeding cattle. The scene was so demoralizing that we of the rear and center squad immediately went out of the camp, seeking a place of refuge. The scattered bovines went bellowing into the surrounding fields and woods, and the men dashed higher and thicker, shouting carelessly, and yelling like Co. Comanches. As Capt. Foreman says, we were in the minority by a large majority, and we had no time to exercise any discretion. I had been a prisoner at Lynchburg and Belle

Isle, and was not anxious to again become a guest of the Southern Confederacy. Going friskily up the road toward Atlanta, I was instantly determined to "shun the broad road." Passing through the gap, I ran along the fence, which was densely covered with vines and screened by bushes. Suddenly several shells were fired, and I saw a rebel soldier with a rifle, and I fell for the result of indiscreetly making my bed upon briars among which there were no roses. However, visions of Belle Isle, Libby and Andersonville did not occur to me to enter my uncomfortable couch in a Georgia fence corner. Peering from my "retreat," I could see the Johnnies picking up our "drovers" and their ludicrous attempts to corral the rebels, and I was glad to see that Wheeler's gay cavaliers passed within 10 feet of me, going toward Atlanta, presto, change! Fortunately, some Union cavalry up and heard the racket, and I was rescued, and when they met the said gay cavaliers, charging them instantly they put them to flight. The heading running of those Johnnies was an interesting and pleasant sight, especially to the "man in the fence corner." In the running flight the Johnnies were compelled to release a number of their prisoners, their attention being diverted, also, from the cattle.

I do not know how many cattle were lost, as my memory has been fading for the many years that have been going by. It is probable that the rebels got away with the greater part of my section, but I do not think they secured many of the front drove. I hope Capt. Foreman will tell the story more in extenso, as his opportunities for observation were doubtless excellent, and he was in the scene from the fence corner being somewhat obscured.

Like Capt. Foreman, I will cheerfully donate my interest in those cattle to the Lee Monument, provided always, it shall be set up in the neighborhood of the South Pole.—S. W. HART, Co. H, 29th Ohio, Danville, Ill.

duced to their normal proportions, I was ordered into the ranks of a provisional battalion that was to "escort" some 1,000 or 1,500 cattle to Gen. Sherman. The cattle were divided into two sections, and the "escort" into three—one squad marching in front, another in the center, the third bringing up the rear. In the beginning, the "extraordinary march" was cheerfully undertaken, our song being as merry as a wedding bell, probably as lively as many hymenial bells. We were commanded, I think by a Major and two Captains, to whom I presume Capt. Foreman was one.

When we arrived at a crossroad between Calhoun and Cartersville, I being in the middle squad, we saw two rebel scouts disappear in the woods. This indicated the presence of the enemy, and probable trouble. Not until the rear of the procession, however, had reached the crossroad did the rebel actors appear upon the scene. Apparently in overwhelming numbers. These rough riders, Joe Wheeler's men, no doubt, dashed upon our rear, their war-whoop mingling with the bawling of stampeding cattle. The scene was so demoralizing that we of the rear and center squads immediately went out of the camp, seeking a place of refuge. The scattered bovines went bellowing into the surrounding fields and woods, and the men dashed higher and thicker, shouting carelessly, and yelling like Co. Comanches. As Capt. Foreman says, we were in the minority by a large majority, and we had no time to exercise any discretion. I had been a prisoner at Lynchburg and Belle



"AT CLOSE QUARTERS THEY CONQUERED THE CONFEDERATES."

that 50 horses had been run off from the plantation only an hour before our arrival. We immediately started in pursuit, but when we had gone about four miles my horse became so nervous that I was obliged to dismount him and took possession of his animal. The mule was slow and I fell far behind the procession. Coming to the forks of the road, I turned to the left, while the scouts had gone to the right. When I had gone about three miles I saw a cloud of dust in my front. Thinking I was about to overtake the scouts, I urged the mule forward, and overtook some negroes who had charge of the horses we were seeking. Firing my Spencer, I scared the negroes and made them turn about and drive the horses toward the camp. I was following the rear of the rebels, and was very close to them. The scouts, on some occasions, wore gay jackets to deceive the enemy. It was, however, a risky business. I turned mine that evening.

A FLAG OF TRUCE.
On April 20, when within 10 miles of Macon, we met a flag of truce, the officer in charge announcing that Lee had surrendered and that Lincoln had been declared the victor. The rebels, citizens and soldiers, were in fine spirits, rejoicing that the war was over.

"Wilder's Lightning Brigade" entered the city at 9 o'clock in the morning. The scouts started for Andersonville, some 35 or 40 miles distant, but when they had gone about 15 miles, they met some of the stoutest of the prisoners who had been released. My pen cannot adequately describe the appearance of those men released from Andersonville. Emaciated and nearly naked, they were certainly the most hideous looking human beings mortal eyes ever beheld.

From Macon and vicinity Gen. Wilson sent scouts in every direction where Jeff Davis was likely to be found. On the 8th of April he was arrested, and he had long returned and reported to Gen. Wilson, stating that the Southern Confederacy had ceased to exist. He disbanded us and ordered us to report to our respective commands.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.
While we were in camp at Macon, May 13, the 4th Mich. arrived, escorting Jeff Davis, wife and little daughter and Gen. John C. Breckinridge's wife. The Star Spangled Banner was attached across the street, and the Jeff Davis party was marched under it on the way to Gen. Wilson's headquarters, the band marching in front and playing "We'll Hang Jeff Davis to a Sour Apple Tree."

GOING HOME.
May 23 we started North, arriving at Chattanooga June 3. The boys wandered over the famous battlefields and ascended Lookout Mountain, from whence they could have a good view of the historic battle of the 23d of November, 1863. At Nashville, we were mustered out, and on April 28, at Springfield, Ill., July 5, we received our discharges and final pay.

THESE "COWBOYS" LOSE SOME CATTLE—AN EXTRAORDINARY TIME IN GEORGIA.
EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I read with peculiar interest, Capt. Geo. W. Foreman's story, "Joe Wheeler Got the Cattle." I think I was a member of the "escort" on that unfortunate occasion when the rebel cavalry struck our cattle train in Georgia.

Preceding the bovine episode, I had been in bad luck. The day after the battle of Resaca I waded the Gostanaula River while in the service of the 1st Michigan, where I came in contact with some poisonous vines, the result being that my feet and legs became so swollen that I was sent to the hospital at Chattanooga. When my feet and legs had been re-

THE BATTLE OF PORT REPUBLIC.

Shields, not Fremont, was responsible for our failure at Port Republic.

Nearly the whole of McDowell's Corps followed Shields's Division to Manassas, through Manassas Gap, to Front Royal. Shields placed one brigade on the Strasburg road, another on the Luray Valley road. When McDowell's army was ordered to move to Strasburg with his entire division, to intercept Stonewall Jackson's march up the Shenandoah Valley. Instead, however, Shields crossed the Carth Branch of the Shenandoah, taking the route to Winchester, his line of march leading him to Jackson's rear instead of his front. When McDowell learned of Shields's errand march, it was too late to aid the driver. The string of General was then permitted to march in the direction of Luray, being ordered, however, to keep his division in compact formation. Marching up the Luray Valley, the Third Brigade crossed the Columbia Bridge.

Toward night we made a retrograde march of six miles, and went into camp. Soon thereafter we were ordered back to the Shenandoah Bridge, where we were to await the Second Brigade, marching far in front of us. On the following morning, June 7, the Third Brigade resumed its march, being in the vicinity of Port Republic, where it met the Second Brigade, marching far in front of us. When the Third Brigade reached the vicinity of Port Republic, it was found that the Second Brigade had been driven back, and was then near the river, some two miles below.

Port Republic is at the junction of the forks of the Shenandoah, and the Shenandoah River, the most of it being on the west bank of the river. At Cross Keys, six or seven miles distant, was Fremont, in Jackson's rear. Fremont had been ordered to the rear, but he had not yet reached the rear. On the previous day, June 8, Fremont confidently expected Shields to place his division in Jackson's front and prevent his escape. But Shields, who was in a close place, his only avenue of escape being the bridge at Port Republic, and right there was Shields's opportunity. Had he not made that retrograde march to the Shenandoah Bridge, and kept his division closed up, according to orders, he could have interposed his whole force in Jackson's front before any part of his army, pressed by Fremont, could have been able to get to Port Republic. When Tyler reached the field the Chief of Artillery advised an immediate attack, but no thing was done. Shields went into bivouac for the night. Shields's instructions to withdraw from Fremont's front and advantageously dispose his troops in readiness for any emergency on the morrow.

At daybreak it required no trained military tact to perceive that Jackson was no longer in a trap. His columns debouched upon the plain in our front, moving to attack us. Our artillery opened, and the battle of Port Republic began. In an hour the enemy turned on our left, the rebels went into the woods and up a spur of the Blue Ridge, moving rapidly. Two regiments were sent to stop the attack on our left, and when they were unable to do so, the other regiments were sent to their support. Abandoning the attack in that quarter, the enemy retired from the woods, crossed the field to our right and united with the main body of the rebels.

All this time the 7th Ohio had been in the tall wheat in front of Hunnington's Battery. The enemy's movement was directed against our place of concealment, and when they were discovered, Col. Creighton gave the order to rise and fire. Then pandemonium broke loose, and fire, indeed, was hell. I hope I shall never be in a better place. We finally succeeded in retreating to our bivouac, losing them a half mile, or more. The 5th and 29th regiments were with us, and no troops could have fought more nobly than they. The enemy showing no disposition to retreat, we withdrew to our former position and awaited developments.

Soon the Confederates made a furious attack upon our position, and the 7th Ohio charged to the front, and the rebels were again driven back, their loss being heavy. They then charged the center of our line, with like result, their losses, however, being less than ours. The 5th and 29th Ohio were ordered to retake the guns. Moving by the left flank, under a heavy fire, to the rear of the position, we dashed up the hill and, dispersing the rebels, we captured a piece of artillery and some prisoners.

A heavy force attacking our left, where the 66th Ohio was supporting Clark's Battery, after a short struggle, were repulsed. The 5th and 7th Ohio were ordered to retake the guns. Moving by the left flank, under a heavy fire, to the rear of the position, we dashed up the hill and, dispersing the rebels, we captured a piece of artillery and some prisoners.

Thus Stonewall Jackson escaped, and the assistance of the 7th Ohio in his battles with McClellan, J. C. LINDBSEY, Co. G, 7th Ohio Inf., Ravenna, O.

The 12th W. Va.'s Eagle.
EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: In your last issue of your paper (the soldier's friend), I find a letter from Comrade Wm. G. Giddens, of the 12th West Virginia, which tries to make your readers believe that the 12th W. Va. was not in it at Fort Gregg, April 2, 1865. In proof will you kindly insert the following affidavit:

"This day personally appeared before me in my office, Clerk of Circuit Court of said county, West Virginia, J. C. Matthews, Deponent Commander G. A. R. of West Virginia, having in his possession a bronze eagle bearing the following inscription, as read by myself: 'Presented to the 12th W. Va. by Maj. G. Giddens, of the 12th West Virginia, for gallant conduct in the assault on Fort Gregg, Petersburg, April 2, 1865.'"

"Clerk of the Circuit Court of Marshall county, West Virginia."
—J. C. MATTHEWS, Mountsville, W. Va.

Kind Neighbors Will Help Out.
EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Tell the Deacons not to fret about the corn, but stay till after the wedding. I and Deacon Gray are going out and see that the corn is planted, and old Mrs. Scroggins is going along to see to making Mrs. Klegg's soap. My wife will stand with Amanda, and see to cleaning up the kitchen, and take care of the Jersey heifers. Tell Mrs. Klegg that my wife will also take care of the chickens, and the hen of the Manda's stockings. I hope Amabel has the wedding garment ready, and that the wedding will be a grand affair. I hope Gen. McCallister and the Adjutant will be in the city in a few days. I also know that I always knew Shorty would make his mark in the world. I love the Deacon.—W. H. REED, Sergeant, Co. F, 10th Cal., Nokomis, Ill.

A Captured Sword.
Comrade Geo. C. Rood, United States Signal Corps, Manassas, Va., writes that a Confederate soldier living in Manassas has a sword captured on May 16, 1864, on the Herndon Hundred Front, in the "fog fight," which was captured by E. H. Hodge, Co. A, 5th Pa." He would be glad to find Lieut. Hodge and restore the sword to him.

Another Eye-Witness.
James M. Jordan, Leona, Va., writes: "The Poll was killed by a shot fired from Terrill's Battery—5th Regular Battery, belonging to the Regular Brigade. The battery consisted of four brass pieces and two companies of riflemen. The General being fired from one of the latter. I witnessed the firing of the gun, and saw Gen. Polk fall from his horse."

BRAVEST OF 'EM ALL.

The Artillery Driver, Who Encountered All the Danger, and Got Neither Glory nor Promotion.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: As Charlie Hackett was wont to begin, "I wish to be right here." All his own to the husky cannoner who fought his gun from start to finish, and all charity for him who did not have a fortification upon which he should have been at his gun, for we have known such. But what of the driver? He stood to horses with no work to do, and he was not a soldier. He was a wounded horse, or helped a disabled comrade to the rear. If the fight was obstinate, he was sent to the rear to fill a spongelike bucket and the driver was left behind the shelter of the hill.

He rode first into the fight, turned round in action front, and again in limber to the rear. The march he stuck to the country at will, and all he bodied "Joshua" took everything possible merit on his own. In the camp he was in the camp he cared for his team, took his regular beat at guard and fatigue with the cannoner, and many a night on the march went far afoot for a bundle of forage or a load of hay, or a bundle of blankets, or a load of smoozing in his blankets dreaming of Rachel. I've known him to wade a river to an island, of a dark February night, to cut a bundle of young corn for the team. The cannoner who wrote a word of praise for the artillery driver? Disgruntled at some recent promotion, when offered a Corporal's commission, he refused to accept it, and the old Battery, refused with caustic remarks about the paucity of the honor, but they never became cheap enough to offer one to a driver. 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