

THE FUGELMAN



THE NEWSLETTER OF THE SECOND WISCONSIN VOLUNTEER INFANTRY ASSOCIATION

THE BLACK HAT BRIGADE---THE IRON BRIGADE

1861-1865

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FU-GEL-MAN: A well-drilled soldier placed in front of a military company as a model or guide for others.

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PASS IN REVIEW

From the quill of Lt. Colonel Pete Seielstad



Happy New Year! May the year bring you great achievements!

It is my sincere wish that all of our companies would increase their roster ten-fold. Wouldn't that be a great thing? Successful recruiting is essential to the health of any organization. Even if our attempt at such a challenge should fail, we would have achieved a concerted effort to bring the experience of the American civil war to others.



In 2015 we begin a new campaign with some old challenges still tied to our knapsack.

Several years ago there was a string of thoughts emanating from Mike Lavis commander of the Western Brigade. It involved the notion of “*The Next Step*”. What I have taken from Mike's thoughts is simply this: “We all need to think beyond what we are doing now and take *the next step* toward a better experience in our portrayal of the American Civil War soldier.” I'll try to give more detail on this.

Improvement of the hobby comes from good leadership and equal ownership of the goal that we seek. From the rank of private to colonel we are all leaders. As leaders, we need to take a look at the whole objective and work to bring it to fruition. A private can learn his role as a soldier and develop his persona. Corporals & Sergeants assist in educating their subordinates and offer them additional experiences. These are guard mount, picket duty and other routines of camp.

Lieutenants and captains are charged with keeping order in the camp and providing enlisted men opportunities to complement and intensify the experience. Drill along with patrol, outpost duties, skirmish and battlefield encounters can be added to this list. The role of major and colonel are to bring the companies of the regiment on the field and produce an even higher experience for all of the men in the ranks. Parade formations and battalion drill are the prerequisite for this experience. Demanding proficiency on all these levels will increase the esprit de corps of an entire regiment.

As members of the 2nd Wisconsin, the Black Hat Battalion and all our friends who wear the uniform (friend and foe), we must continually challenge ourselves and go beyond the comfort zone and not become passive in reaching our purpose. To become passive is to wither away as well as this hobby. To become active is to move forward into our understanding of *the next step*.

Your obedient servant,

Lt. Col. Pete Seielstad

HAPPY NEW YEAR'S TO THE MEN OF THE SECOND WISCONSIN

As the year 2014 passes into history and 2015 begins to unfold it is a time for resolutions and celebrations. The New Year celebration is a strange event in some ways. We look forward to the possibilities of the future with anticipation. We also think about how we can become better people formulating resolutions for changes in the coming year. Resolutions such as quitting smoking, being better husbands, being better fathers, or maybe a job change are ways we aspire to bettering ourselves.

We also look back at the previous year. We weigh the challenges we faced and obstacles we overcame. And of course there are the great memories forged in our camps and presentations as reenactors. We remember changes to our families and special events with our friends and families. Call it our year in review if you will.

This editor has always been impressed with the Jewish tradition during Yom Kippur of “looking into the Book of Life” to determine whether their conduct left them in good standing with God and if they had such a relationship that if they die during the coming year they would go to heaven. It is something we could all benefit from in our own lives. Did we care for the poor, visit those imprisoned, look after widows or care for the sick? Did we love others as we loved ourselves? Did we treat others as we would like to be treated? Are we in God’s “Book of Life”? What have we done that would be pleasing in God’s eyes or those of our fellow man?

This editor and your officers know your quality. We know that you are a special breed. You are intelligent, hard working, compassionate men and women. You are historians with the golden opportunity to share your knowledge with thousands of people every year. And you do so with attention to detail and factual material gleaned from hours of study and research. All of your leaders are sure that your names are inscribed in the “Book of Life”!

May the coming year bring you peace, prosperity, and promise for everything good in life! HAVE A WONDERFUL NEW YEAR!!

CAMPAIGN SCHEDULES OF THE COMPANIES AND ASSOCIATION

Jan. 31, 2015 The annual meeting of the Association Fox Lake, WI

REGIMENTAL DISPATCHES

**A SPECIAL EVENT THAT MAY BE OF
INTEREST TO THE COMPANIES OF THE
SECOND WISCONSIN**

Hello to all,

As many of you already know, Lt. Alonzo Cushing was finally awarded the Medal of Honor in November of 2014. It was exciting to see this ceremony live on tv, to witness history, and to pay honor to one of this country's great heroes.

On May 24, 2015 the city of Delafield will be celebrating the Re-dedication of the Cushing Memorial at Cushing Park on it's 100th Anniversary! On May 31st 1915 William B. Cushing's widow and two daughters were in attendance as the monument with it's bronze plaque were unveiled to crowds of people. The park looked VERY different back then, being an open field with no trees around it.

As a member of the planning committee for the 100th Anniversary and Re-dedication, I have been directed to invite re-enactors to the one time Cushing Memorial Encampment- a living history event, to honor the Cushing Brothers, the American Civil War, and the celebration in honor of the monument. At present there are no plans for the Medal of Honor to be there, but there are those working on getting the family to bring it to the park that weekend. What I have been directed to do is to oversee the encampment and invite you there for the weekend.

The details are as follows:

1) This is an invite only event. Space is limited as we are trying to have the encampment in Cushing Park. If you know of other groups that may be interested, please send them to me via email. I would be more than happy to chat with them. Currently no horses will be allowed at the park. Dismounted Cavalry only at this time. There will be NO bounties paid out for this event. It is a volunteer event. The park and area can only accommodate three artillery pieces currently- Cushing's Battery and USS Minnesota being two already.

This is also a UNION only event. We have invited Confederate units but would appreciate if you could galvanize for the weekend should you wish to participate.

2) The event will be Saturday May 23-Sunday May 24th. Hours will be from 10-4 both days. Set up will be on Friday, after 2:00pm. We are currently working with the school districts for a school day, so I would like to prepare with set up time for after that. The camp will close from 1-3 for a parade and the re-dedication on Sunday May 24th. All amenities will be provided: running water, toilet facilities (flushing and port-a-potties), fire wood.

3) Living history presentations to include: scheduled firings of both cannons and muskets, cooking demonstrations, music, ect. A schedule of events has not yet been put together. We are in the preliminary stages of the event. If you have a presentation that you would like to have scheduled, please let me know. I would like to schedule a few things on Saturday for the public.

4) Outdoor Church Service on Sunday at 9:30.

5) We would like to have a group of folks that would go into downtown Delafield on Friday night during the dinner hours (from 5-8) to hand out flyers and mingle with folks. Currently working on some avenues for that as well.

More information will be forthcoming as our planning committee continues to move forward. But we wanted to get the information out to you and your groups/units so that this could be added to your schedules for next year.

Please RSVP to me via our Facebook

Page: <https://www.facebook.com/groups/1517299718552276/>

Information will be shared on that page as well.

Thank you for your attention, and I hope to hear from you soon!

Jenna Theissen

Historical Timekeepers event coordinator

Coordinator Cushing Memorial Encampment

sasymonstr@yahoo.com

262-366-1220

AGENDA

2ND WISCONSIN VOLUNTEER INFANTRY ASSOCIATION

31 January 2015

It should be noted that the proposed agenda as it appears here may change between now and the date of our annual meeting on January 31st, 2015.

- I. Call to Order**
 - A. Invocation**
 - B. Pledge of Allegiance**
 - C. Moment of silence for those absent from our ranks**
 - D. New Members' Oath (All present)**
- II. Minutes**
- III. Treasurer's Report**
- IV. Board & military Officers Reports**
 - A. Board President-Kevin Hampton**
 - B. Secretary - Dave Sielski**
 - C. Lt. Col. - Pete Seielstad**
 - D. Major - Doug Rasmussen**
 - E. Company Officers and/or President Report**
 - 1. Co. A (Citizen's Guard) - Scott Frank**

- 2. **Co. B (La Crosse Light Guard) – Bill Bessler**
- 3. **Co. C (Grant County Grays) - Inactive**
- 4. **Co. D (Janesville Volunteers) – Unassigned**
- 5. **Co. E (Oshkosh Volunteers) – Dave Sielski**
- 6. **Co. F (Belle City Rifles) – Unassigned**
- 7. **Co. G (Portage City Guards) – Gary Klas**
- 8. **Co. H (Randall Guard) –**
- 9. **Co. I (Miner’s Guard) – Unassigned**
- 10. **Co. K (Wisconsin Rifles) – Ryan Holbrook**
- F. Battery B, 4th US Artillery – Brandt Doty**
- G. Competitive shooting – Gary Van Kauwenbergh**
- H. Keeper of the Colors – Tom Bass/Pete Seielstad**
- I. Fugelman - James Dumke**
- J. Website – James Johnson**
- V. Nomination & Election of Officers**
 - A. President**
 - 1. Kevin Hampton (term expired)**
 - B. Vice President**
 - 1. Tom Bass (term expires Jan. 2017)**
 - C. Treasurer**
 - 1. Scott Frank (term expires Jan. 2016)**
 - D. Corporate Secretary**
 - 1. David Sielski (term expired)**
 - E. Lt. Colonel**
 - 1. Pete Seielstad (term expires Jan. 2017)**
 - F. Major of Infantry**
 - 1. Doug Rasmussen (term expires Jan. 2016)**
 - G. Major of Artillery**
 - 1. Brandt Doty (term expires Jan. 2016)**
 - H. Quartermaster**
 - 1. Tom Klas (term expires Jan. 2017)**
- VI. Old Business**
 - A. Scholarship continuance (Y/N)**
 - B. Surplus funds disbursement**
 - C. Insurance assessment**
 - D. Approved flag placement on graves of 2nd Wisconsin soldiers at Gettysburg report: Gary Klas**
 - E. Bylaw clarification of Association membership report: Kevin Hampton**
- VII. New Business**
 - A. Presentation of awards**
 - B. Event calendar**
 - 1. Association**
 - 2. National**
 - 3. BHB**
 - 4. Company event: Co. E (Oshkosh Volunteers)**

C. Spring Muster & Battalion Drill (Date/Location)

D. Special event

1 Return of the 6th Wisconsin-Madison

**E. Motion to offer a \$100.00 donation to Community
Congregational Museum- Fox Lake (Use of building and
amenities)**

VIII. Announcements

**A. Annual meeting January 30, 2016 @ Community Congregational
Museum- Fox Lake**

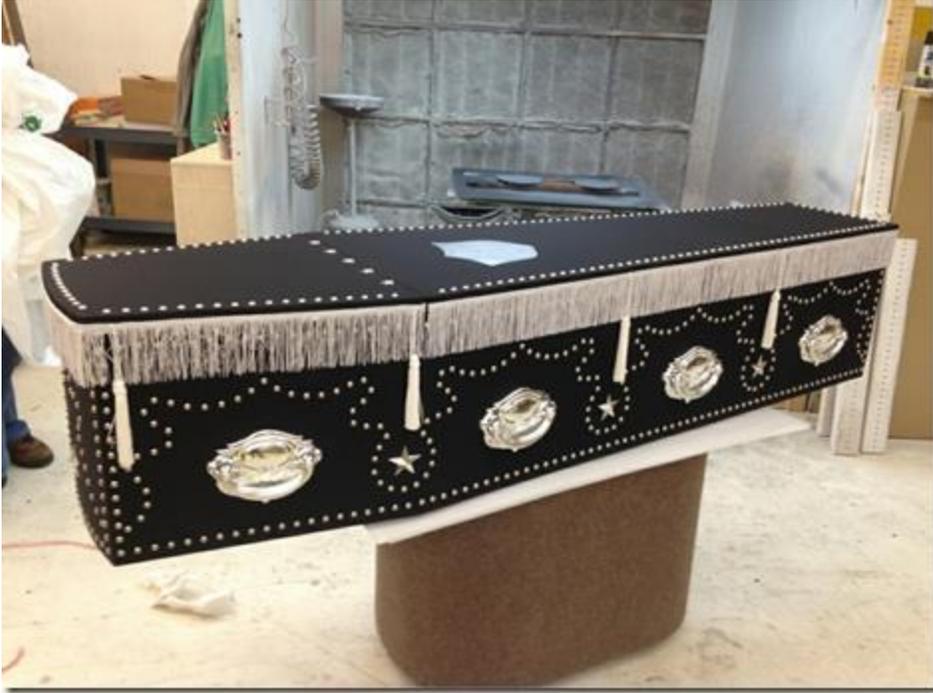
B.

Close

THE LINCOLN COFFIN COMPLETED AND THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE RECEIVING VAULT

The reproduction of Lincoln's coffin for the 150th commemoration of the funeral for President Lincoln has been completed by The Great Rivers History Coalition. The photo below is of the completed coffin. The editor must say it was an excellent recreation of the original used in 1865. The photo was provided by Ted Henry, one of the event organizers.

The two other following photos are of the restoration of the original vault where Lincoln was originally laid to rest. His body would remain within the confines of this vault until it was moved to the current monument once it was built. The original receiving vault was immediately behind the current monument in the cemetery.





The restoration of the receiving vault for President Lincoln's body in Springfield, at Oak Ridge Cemetery. Another project to recreate the President's funeral for the event in May, 2015.

ATTENTION TO ORDERS



**THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE SECOND WISCONSIN
REGIMENT**

Officers and men of the Regiment:

On January 31st, 2015, the members of the Second Wisconsin Infantry Volunteer Association will hold its annual business meeting in Fox Lake, Wisconsin. The meeting is scheduled to begin at 10:00 a.m.

The location of the meeting is the Community Congregational Museum at 206 College Avenue, in Fox Lake.

It is important that those who can should attend the meeting as there is much work to do and if you want a voice in selecting events, officers and all the other issues that need to be addressed you must be there to add your input. In order for the Association to address the desires and needs of the membership it is important to be there to have a voice in the future of our great organization. Please make every effort to join your colleagues at our annual meeting!

A DISPATCH FROM THE ASSOCIATION SECRETARY

All,

Just a reminder it's that time of year again to collect your dues for the 2015 campaign season, please see below for what needs to be turned in.

- Dues should be made payable to Second Wisconsin Volunteer Inf. Assoc, please also include an updated Roster of all members that the dues will be covering.**
- For each company I need to update your civilian leadership, please include a list of President, Treasure, Secretary, etc.**
- I also need a copy of your military leadership for each company.**
- A list of events the company plans to attend so I can put together the master schedule.**

If everyone can get your info turned in by the Assoc meeting in January it would be greatly appreciated, please feel free to contact me with any questions.

Happy Holidays.

Dave Sielski
Assoc. Secretary

SELF-IMPROVEMENT + PRIDE = ESPRIT DE CORPS

The following is a reprint submitted by our Lt.Col. Seielstad and worthy of our consideration once more!

JUST A REMINDER:

Study the school of the soldier and keep uniforms and equipment in good repair. Individually, we will need to accomplish a few things during these winter months. They are procuring, and improving.



Procuring: As we progress in the hobby our uniforms have become war-worn and will need to be repaired or replaced. Take pride in your uniform of the Second Wisconsin. If it needs replacing, now is the time to order. If it needs mending now is the time to repair it. The first inspector is you, then your sergeant, next your captain followed by that damned lieutenant colonel. Company quartermasters can help you make the correct choices on selecting equipment.

Improving: By improving your impression you will become a better voice for the soldier of the American Civil War. Develop a first-person persona. In doing so, you will bring to the field and to school presentations a real person with a real-to-life background. If your persona farmed, learn about farming techniques. If your father was a merchant, what did he sell and where was the store? Was your family wealthy or poor? Were you a laborer? If so, what did you do? If you can respond to these questions you are well on the way to developing your first-person impression.

Reprinted from January 2014 Fugelman

**FROM THE CAMPS OF THE
COMPANIES OF THE SECOND
WISCONSIN**

INFANTRY



COMPANY E

**COMPANY E ANNUAL MEETING AND ELECTION
OF OFFICERS**

On December 6th, 2014, the members of Company E held their annual organizational meeting. Thirty members of the Company attended the meeting, a good turnout!

At that meeting civilian or corporate officers were elected to serve a one year term. Dave Sielski was elected president. Charles Bagneski was elected secretary and Marvin Kostka was elected treasurer.

Military officers elected at the meeting were corporal David Vargas, corporal Lucas Wright, corporal *Todd* St. John, and corporal Scott Blood. (I am reminded of President Lincoln's remark about God only needing one "D" whereas the Todd family needed two on their name)

The remaining NCO's and officers for 2015 will be Captain Charles Bagneski, 2nd Lieutenant Marvin Kostka, 1st Sergeant Robert Schwandt, and 2nd Sergeant Scott Boesel.

Your comrades extend their deepest congratulations to the new and re-elected officers from Company E. Your comrades have posited their trust in your leadership and now you must rise to that level of service that rewards their faith in your abilities.

COMPANY B

COMPANY B ANNUAL CHRISTMAS PARTY

Company B recently held its annual Christmas Party. The photos below are from that event. The editor is grateful to Bill Beseler for sharing these photos with us.

The poem below was written and performed by John Dudkiewicz at the party. John provided these details and photos for the newsletter. Thank you John!





**Hardtack the Colonel's Grey Mount
Was a very skinny sort
And when the battles raged on
He would stay inside a fort**

**All of the other horses
Would ride along with 'Capt and 'Sarge
They never let poor Hardtack**

Join in any Cavalry charge

**Then on Christmas Party night
Said Colonel dressed as Nick
“With antlers and a Corp Badge Nose
Like a deer of old your fame now grows”**

**Then the horses shouted
With Traveler and Cincinnati
Hardtack the Colonels Grey Mount
You’re reenacting History!**

***Poem by John Dudkiewicz
Pictures from Bill Beseler
Co B Christmas Party December 12.***



THE SKIRMISH TEAM



Gary Van Kauwenbergh updates us on the status of some of our comrades on the skirmish teams during the holiday season.



Cody Nelson arrived home for Xmas leave yesterday:



Matt Barbour and his wife are expecting their first around Xmas:



Katie Barbour graduated last week:



The Graff's had their family photo taken for Xmas (the only purebred in this bunch is bottom row middle)



And finally, Cathi gave Roy a haircut for Christmas:

NICE DOO!

SKIRMISH SCHEDULE FOR 2015

Gary Van Kauwenbergh has posted the schedule for skirmishers for 2015.

2015 Skirmish Schedule (Marksmanship Team). For details see: <http://acwsa.org/Pages/Schedule.htm>

April 25-26, 2015 - Springfield, IL

June 6-7, 2015 - Appleton, WI

July 18-19, 2015 - Bristol, WI

September 31 - August 2, 2015 - Boscobel, WI

September 4-6, 2015 -Rhinelander, WI

September 19-20, 2015 - Bristol, WI

INFORMATION ON LORENZ RIFLE

Gary Van Kauwenbergh provided the following information on the Lorenz rifled musket. While much of the information is important to live-fire skirmishers, there are others who own a Lorenz among our companies. This information should be of value to everyone who owns a Lorenz.

A translated copy of the Austrian manual for the Model 1854 Lorenz is now available online

at <http://acwsa.org/Documents/LorenzManualTranslation.pdf> . Hundreds of thousands of these muskets were imported by both the Union and Confederacy, but documentation on them in English is scarce, and I've never seen a copy of this manual translated. Some highlights are:

- The table on page 45 is useful to all musket shooters, not just Lorenz owners. It lists common problems, the probable cause(s), and what needs to be done to fix them.**
- All measurements have been converted, but the original measurements appear alongside of them in case you want to do your own conversion.**
- The original page numbers have retained to ease referencing back to the original document, which is available from S & S Firearms (www.ssfirearms.com).**

Other Interesting items:

- 1. The M1854 was designed to use a paper-patched Wilkinson bullet.**
- 2. The rifled musket used Josef Lorenz's version of progressive rifling from the rear sight to the breech. Do a find on the word 'Fall' for more detail.**
- 3. The cleaning kit is described in detail. In an era before disposable patches, pipe cleaners, Q-tips, petroleum lubricants and bore lights, they used a set of reusable cloths, feathers, olive oil and tallow, and a mirrored disc.**
- 4. While the preferred method of unloading a rifled musket was to fire it, the concept of 'Guard ammunition' is covered for use in areas where discharging the gun could create a problem.**

CIVIL WAR MILESTONES

JANUARY

- | | |
|----------------------|--|
| Jan. 1, 1863 | Lincoln signs Emancipation Proclamation |
| Jan. 8, 1821 | Gen. James Longstreet, CSA, born |
| Jan. 9, 1861 | Mississippi secedes |
| Jan. 10, 1861 | Florida secedes |
| Jan. 11, 1861 | Alabama secedes |

Jan. 14, 1836	Gen. Judson Kilpatrick, USA, born
Jan. 13, 1865	Adm. Porter, USA, attacks Fort Fisher
Jan. 16, 1815	Gen. Henry W. Halleck, USA, born
Jan. 18, 1862	Battle at Mill Springs
Jan. 19, 1807	Gen. Robert E. Lee, CSA, born
Jan. 19, 1861	Georgia secedes
Jan. 19, 1862	Battle at Mill Springs
Jan. 21, 1813	Gen. John C. Fremont, USA, born
Jan. 21, 1824	Gen. Thomas J. Jackson, CSA, born
Jan. 26, 1861	Louisiana secedes
Jan. 26, 1863	Gen Joe Hooker takes command of the Army of the Potomac
Jan. 28, 1825	Gen. George Pickett, CSA, born
Jan. 31, 1862	President Lincoln issues General War Order No. 1 calling for all United States naval and land forces to begin a

general advance by February 22, George Washington's birthday.

DESTINATION: ATLANTA

By [Terry L. Jones](#)

September 4, 2014 5:39 pm September 15, 2014 6:14 pm

One hot August day in 1864, Cpl. Joseph W. Ely of the 19th Michigan sat down in his camp in northern Georgia to write his sister Adelia. Ely's regiment had been engaged in almost constant marching and fighting since the Atlanta Campaign began three months earlier. Now the men were on the outskirts of Atlanta, hunkered down in trenches under deadly rifle and artillery fire.

Apparently, Ely had read that the folks back home were under the impression that the Atlanta Campaign was all but over. In his letter, he disabused Adelia of that notion:

I see the people in Michigan have been made to believe that we have taken Atlanta, but they are slightly mistaken. It is no child's play to take it. Many good lives have been lost trying to take it and I fear a good many more will be lost before our army marches into the streets of Atlanta.

Gen. William T. Sherman's Atlanta Campaign, which ended with the city's fall in early September, has often been described as one of maneuvers more than large battles. While that may be true when compared with Gen. Ulysses S. Grant's much bloodier Overland Campaign in Virginia, underway that summer, in fact few Civil War campaigns were as grueling in terms of poor living conditions and daily combat attrition.



Union troops during the siege of Atlanta. Credit Library of Congress

The 19th Michigan certainly saw its share of the suffering. Mustered into service in September 1862 under Col. Henry C. Gilbert, it was placed in Col. John Coburn's brigade with the 22nd Wisconsin and the 33rd and 85th Indiana. The men spent nearly a year on occupation duty in Tennessee before being ordered to join Sherman in Georgia.

The regiment's first significant action took place on May 15, at Resaca, Ga., when Coburn's brigade was sent forward against a fortified Confederate artillery battery. In the ensuing fight, the regiment helped capture the four rebel cannons, but Colonel Gilbert was mortally wounded, and three color bearers were shot down. In just a few hours of combat, 23 of the 19th Michigan's soldiers were killed, and 64 were wounded.

After Gen. Joseph E. Johnston abandoned Resaca and retreated to another strong defensive position, Sherman left his railroad supply line and marched southwest toward New Hope Church in an attempt to flank the rebels. Gen. Joe Hooker's 20th Corps, which included the 19th Michigan, led the march. As they approached New Hope Church on May 25, the men learned that the rebels had discovered their maneuver and were waiting for them somewhere in the dense woods ahead.

The sun had already set by the time Coburn led his men through the thick brush toward the enemy. The dark forest exploded with musket fire just as a violent thunderstorm swept over the area. Blinding sheets of rain pelted the men, jagged lightning lit up the battlefield and the sound of musket fire mixed with ground-shaking peals of thunder. Henry Noble, a member of Ely's company, described the fight in a letter to his wife:

Forward we went, the front lines falling back as we came up. It was so dark by that time that we could hardly see the confederate lines, but the flash of their guns was a sure guide. There we lay for the space of an hour firing as fast as we could load.

The soldiers nicknamed the area the "Hell Hole." One Confederate who visited the battleground wrote, "The trees looked as if they had been cut down for new ground, being mutilated and shivered by musket and cannon balls. Horses were writhing in their death agony, and the sickening odor of battle filled the air."

That evening, 51 men of the 19th Michigan were killed wounded. When the shooting slackened that night, Ely, Noble and two other men found one of their comrades, Frederick Campbell, groaning in the mud from a chest wound. Noble recalled carrying him to the rear:

He requested us to let him rest and we laid him down. I held his head until we perceived that he was gone and then we left him. He told me to give his love to his father, brothers & sisters and then died without a struggle.

Both armies dug in and engaged in deadly trench warfare for the next week. On one occasion, Ely's ramrod was shot from his hands, and the next day Noble was writing his wife when a nearby commotion startled him:

There! A ball from a confederate sharpshooter's gun came among us and killed the Orderly Sergt. of Co. D not over two rods from where I am writing. I tell you Ruth, life is uncertain here. The bullets are whizzing past us all the time and every few minutes some one is getting either killed or wounded. The same ball that killed the sergt. wounded another man in the leg.

Coburn's exhausted brigade was finally relieved on June 1. The 19th Michigan had entered the campaign with 717 officers and men. Now, just a month later, it was down to 404. Sgt. Phinchas Hager noted the effect the strain was having:

The boys are all very much tired out, and very much effected by the circumstances under which we are placed. There is not half the levity and profanity that I have usually seen in camp. Few men can look upon death with indifference; and especially upon death under such appalling circumstances, as we view it here.

Accepting the stalemate at New Hope Church, Sherman disengaged and moved back east to the railroad. Johnston followed suit and established a strong line near Lost Mountain. On June 15, near Gilgal Church, the 19th Michigan attacked across a road under heavy artillery fire to support another unit that was being hard-pressed. One shell tore off a sergeant's leg, and a lieutenant had the skin ripped off his leg from kneecap to hip. Maj. Eli Griffin, the new commanding officer, was shot in the chest, just like his predecessor, and taken to the rear on a blanket. Although surgeons removed the bullet, Griffin died the following morning. Ten days earlier he had predicted to a comrade, "I am going to get killed," and left instructions for the care of his belongings.

Johnston next withdrew to a line near Kennesaw Mountain, and on June 22 Coburn was ordered to occupy a small hill near Kolb's Farm. He did so with minimal losses, but among the wounded was Corporal Ely. It was only after the charge was over that he noticed his hand felt warm and saw that his ring finger had been nearly severed at the first joint. Rather than risk returning to the field hospital under fire, Ely cut off the fingertip with his pocketknife and wrapped the stub with a handkerchief. Cyress Wheeler, one of Ely's comrades, suffered an identical wound to the index finger but chose to return to the rear to let the surgeons amputate it. He contracted gangrene, lost his arm at the shoulder, and died a month later. Ely lived until 1923.

Ely was assigned to the field hospital while his finger healed but dutifully kept a record of his regiment's casualties. On the Fourth of July he noted in his diary:

Lieut. [Augustus] Lilly was taken sick yesterday, he was sun struck. A number of men were sun struck. ... Carlton Norton was wounded to day with a piece of shell. Several were wounded with shells. ... I took care of him for three hours. The piece of shell is still inside of him.

Johnston's constant retreating angered Jefferson Davis, and the president finally replaced him with John Bell Hood. Hood immediately assumed the offensive and launched a vicious attack on July 20 against Gen. George Thomas's Army of the Cumberland as it crossed Peachtree Creek.

One of Coburn's men happened to see the approaching rebels while beyond the lines picking blackberries and informed the colonel. Coburn immediately formed his brigade and charged the approaching enemy. The fighting was brutal and often hand-to-hand, but the rebels were defeated. During the battle, the 19th Michigan's Capt. Frank Baldwin charged into the enemy line and captured a Confederate battle flag and two officers, an act for which he was awarded the Medal of Honor (he was awarded a second medal during the western Indian wars).

Afterward, while burying the rebel dead, Pvt. Justin Austin was shocked to find a badly wounded woman in a Confederate uniform. He wrote home, "She was shot in the breast and through the thy & was still alive & as gritty as any reb I ever saw." The 19th Michigan had taken 300 men into the Battle of Peachtree Creek and suffered 40 dead and wounded. Maj. John Baker, who had replaced the fallen Griffin, was severely wounded and the regimental command fell to the senior captain.

By the end of July, Sherman's armies were within shelling distance of Atlanta and began firing as many as 3,000 rounds a day into the city. Ely enjoyed watching the bombardment, and in one letter to his sister wrote, "It is a beautiful sight to see the shells burst over the houses. ... It is terrible what those people are going through, but they deserve everything they are getting!"

To break the stalemate, Sherman left the 20th Corps north of Atlanta to guard the railroad, and took the rest of his force around the west side of Atlanta to attack Hood's supply lines. After several bloody battles, the tactic proved successful, and the city fell on Sept. 2.

Throughout the night of Sept. 1, Coburn's men heard massive explosions inside Atlanta, but Sept. 2 dawned strangely quiet. At 6 a.m., Coburn took most of the 19th Michigan and parts of other units and crept toward the silent Confederate trenches. He found that the rebels had abandoned Atlanta, and the mayor and a small group of civilians were waiting to surrender the city.

Of the 717 men in the 19th Michigan who started the campaign, 225 had become casualties. Only their sister regiment, the 33rd Indiana, had suffered more, with 242 casualties. But there was still eight months of war to go, and the regiment accompanied Sherman on his March to the Sea and Carolinas Campaign before being mustered out of service on May 24, 1865. During its three years of service, 1,238 officers and men served in the 19th Michigan. Ninety-five were killed or mortally wounded, and 142 died from diseases and other causes.

*Sources: William M. Anderson, "They Died to Make Men Free: A History of the 19th Michigan Infantry in the Civil War"; Terry L. Jones, "The Flash of Their Guns was a Sure Guide': The 19th Michigan Infantry in the Atlanta Campaign," in Theodore Savas and David Woodbury, eds., "The Campaign for Atlanta and Sherman's March to the Sea"; Terry L. Jones, "This Cruel War:' Joseph W. Ely and the Nineteenth Michigan in the Civil War" (M.A. thesis, Louisiana Tech University, 1979); John McBride, "History of the Thirty-third Indiana Veteran Volunteer Infantry"; and United States War Department, *The War of the Rebellion: The Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies.**



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Figure 1 GENERAL WILLIAM T. SHERMAN IN CIVILIAN CLOTHING

THE RAIL SPLITTER vs. THE LITTLE GIANT.

No record of Abraham Lincoln's career would be complete without the story of the memorable joint debates between the "Rail-Splitter of the Sangamon Valley" and the "Little Giant." The opening lines in Mr. Lincoln's speech to the Republican Convention were not only prophetic of the coming rebellion, but they clearly made the issue between the Republican and Democratic

parties for two Presidential campaigns to follow. The memorable sentences were as follows:

"A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this Government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved; I do not expect the house to fall; but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all the one thing or the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in the course of ultimate extinction, or its advocates will push it forward till it becomes alike lawful in all the states, old as well as new, North as well as South."

It is universally conceded that this speech contained the most important utterances of Mr. Lincoln's life.

Previous to its delivery, the Democratic convention had endorsed Mr. Douglas for re-election to the Senate, and the Republican convention had resolved that "Abraham Lincoln is our first and only choice for United States Senator, to fill the vacancy about to be created by the expiration of Mr. Douglas' term of office."

Before Judge Douglas had made many speeches in this Senatorial campaign, Mr. Lincoln challenged him to a joint debate, which was accepted, and seven memorable meetings between these two great leaders followed. The places and dates were: Ottawa, August 21st; Freeport, August 27th; Jonesboro, September 15th; Charleston, September 18th; Galesburg, October 7th; Quincy, October 13th; and Alton, October 15th.

The debates not only attracted the attention of the people in the state of Illinois, but aroused an interest throughout the whole country equal to that of a Presidential election.



Figure 2 MAJOR GENERAL AMBROSE BURNSIDE

LINCOLN A GREAT GENERAL

Throughout the four years of war, Mr. Lincoln spent a great deal of time in the War Department, receiving news from the front and conferring with Secretary of War Stanton concerning military affairs.

Mr. Lincoln's War Secretary, Edwin M. Stanton, who had succeeded Simon Cameron, was a man of wonderful personality and iron will. It is generally conceded that no other man could have managed the great War Secretary so well as Lincoln. Stanton had his way in most matters, but when there was an important difference of opinion he always found Lincoln was the master.

Although Mr. Lincoln's communications to the generals in the field were oftener in the nature of suggestions than positive orders, every military leader recognized Mr. Lincoln's ability in military operations. In the early stages of the war, Mr. Lincoln followed closely every plan and movement of McClellan, and the correspondence between them proves Mr. Lincoln to have been far the abler general of the two. He kept close watch of Burnside, too, and when he gave the command of the Army of the Potomac to "Fighting Joe" Hooker he also gave that general some fatherly counsel and advice which was of great benefit to him as a commander.

CONCERNING THE WISH TO BE DEAD

By Ambrose Bierce

Two men sat in conversation. One was the Governor of the State. The year was 1861; the war was on and the Governor already famous for the intelligence and zeal with which he directed all the powers and resources of his State to the service of the Union.

"What! *you*?" the Governor was saying in evident surprise—"you too want a military commission? Really, the fifing and drumming must have effected a profound alteration in your convictions. In my character of recruiting sergeant I suppose I ought not to be fastidious, but"—there was a touch of

irony in his manner—"well, have you forgotten that an oath of allegiance is required?"

"I have altered neither my convictions nor my sympathies," said the other, tranquilly. "While my sympathies are with the South, as you do me the honor to recollect, I have never doubted that the North was in the right. I am a Southerner in fact and in feeling, but it is my habit in matters of importance to act as I think, not as I feel."

The Governor was absently tapping his desk with a pencil; he did not immediately reply. After a while he said: "I have heard that there are all kinds of men in the world, so I suppose there are some like that, and doubtless you think yourself one. I've known you a long time and—pardon me—I don't think so."

"Then I am to understand that my application is denied?"

"Unless you can remove my belief that your Southern sympathies are in some degree a disqualification, yes. I do not doubt your good faith, and I know you to be abundantly fitted by intelligence and special training for the duties of an officer. Your convictions, you say, favor the Union cause, but I prefer a man with his heart in it. The heart is what men fight with."

"Look here, Governor," said the younger man, with a smile that had more light than warmth: "I have something up my sleeve—a qualification which I had hoped it would not be necessary to mention. A great military authority has given a simple recipe for being a good soldier: 'Try always to get yourself killed.' It is with that purpose that I wish to enter the service. I am not, perhaps, much of a patriot, but I wish to be dead."

The Governor looked at him rather sharply, then a little coldly. "There is a simpler and franker way," he said.

"In my family, sir," was the reply, "we do not do that—no Armisted has ever done that."

A long silence ensued and neither man looked at the other. Presently the Governor lifted his eyes from the pencil, which had resumed its tapping, and said:

"Who is she?"

"My wife."

The Governor tossed the pencil into the desk, rose and walked two or three times across the room. Then he turned to Armisted, who also had risen,

looked at him more coldly than before and said: "But the man—would it not be better that he—could not the country spare him better than it can spare you? Or are the Armisteds opposed to 'the unwritten law'?"

The Armisteds, apparently, could feel an insult: the face of the younger man flushed, then paled, but he subdued himself to the service of his purpose.

"The man's identity is unknown to me," he said, calmly enough.

"Pardon me," said the Governor, with even less of visible contrition than commonly underlies those words. After a moment's reflection he added: "I shall send you to-morrow a captain's commission in the Tenth Infantry, now at Nashville, Tennessee. Good night."

"Good night, sir. I thank you."

Left alone, the Governor remained for a time motionless, leaning against his desk. Presently he shrugged his shoulders as if throwing off a burden. "This is a bad business," he said.

Seating himself at a reading-table before the fire, he took up the book nearest his hand, absently opening it. His eyes fell upon this sentence:

"When God made it necessary for an unfaithful wife to lie about her husband in justification of her own sins He had the tenderness to endow men with the folly to believe her."

He looked at the title of the book; it was, *His Excellency the Fool*.

He flung the volume into the fire.

II

HOW TO SAY WHAT IS WORTH HEARING

The enemy, defeated in two days of battle at Pittsburg Landing, had sullenly retired to Corinth, whence he had come. For manifest incompetence Grant, whose beaten army had been saved from destruction and capture by Buell's soldierly activity and skill, had been relieved of his command, which nevertheless had not been given to Buell, but to Halleck, a man of unproved powers, a theorist, sluggish, irresolute. Foot by foot his troops, always deployed in line-of-battle to resist the enemy's bickering skirmishers, always entrenching against the columns that never came, advanced across the thirty miles of forest and swamp toward an antagonist prepared to vanish at contact, like a ghost at cock-crow. It was a campaign of "excursions and alarums," of reconnoissances and counter-marches, of cross-purposes and

countermanded orders. For weeks the solemn farce held attention, luring distinguished civilians from fields of political ambition to see what they safely could of the horrors of war. Among these was our friend the Governor. At the headquarters of the army and in the camps of the troops from his State he was a familiar figure, attended by the several members of his personal staff, showily horsed, faultlessly betailored and bravely silk-hatted. Things of charm they were, rich in suggestions of peaceful lands beyond a sea of strife. The bedraggled soldier looked up from his trench as they passed, leaned upon his spade and audibly damned them to signify his sense of their ornamental irrelevance to the austerities of his trade.

"I think, Governor," said General Masterson one day, going into informal session atop of his horse and throwing one leg across the pommel of his saddle, his favorite posture— "I think I would not ride any farther in that direction if I were you. We've nothing out there but a line of skirmishers. That, I presume, is why I was directed to put these siege guns here: if the skirmishers are driven in the enemy will die of dejection at being unable to haul them away—they're a trifle heavy."

There is reason to fear that the unstrained quality of this military humor dropped not as the gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath the civilian's silk hat. Anyhow he abated none of his dignity in recognition.

"I understand," he said, gravely, "that some of my men are out there—a company of the Tenth, commanded by Captain Armisted. I should like to meet him if you do not mind."

"He is worth meeting. But there's a bad bit of jungle out there, and I should advise that you leave your horse and"—with a look at the Governor's retinue—"your other impedimenta."

The Governor went forward alone and on foot. In a half-hour he had pushed through a tangled undergrowth covering a boggy soil and entered upon firm and more open ground. Here he found a half-company of infantry lounging behind a line of stacked rifles. The men wore their accoutrements—their belts, cartridge-boxes, haversacks and canteens. Some lying at full length on the dry leaves were fast asleep: others in small groups gossiped idly of this and that; a few played at cards; none was far from the line of stacked arms. To the civilian's eye the scene was one of carelessness, confusion, indifference; a soldier would have observed expectancy and readiness.

At a little distance apart an officer in fatigue uniform, armed, sat on a fallen tree noting the approach of the visitor, to whom a sergeant, rising from one of the groups, now came forward.

"I wish to see Captain Armisted," said the Governor.

The sergeant eyed him narrowly, saying nothing, pointed to the officer, and taking a rifle from one of the stacks, accompanied him.

"This man wants to see you, sir," said the sergeant, saluting. The officer rose.

It would have been a sharp eye that would have recognized him. His hair, which but a few months before had been brown, was streaked with gray. His face, tanned by exposure, was seamed as with age. A long livid scar across the forehead marked the stroke of a sabre; one cheek was drawn and puckered by the work of a bullet. Only a woman of the loyal North would have thought the man handsome.

"Armisted—Captain," said the Governor, extending his hand, "do you not know me?"

"I know you, sir, and I salute you—as the Governor of my State."

Lifting his right hand to the level of his eyes he threw it outward and downward. In the code of military etiquette there is no provision for shaking hands. That of the civilian was withdrawn. If he felt either surprise or chagrin his face did not betray it.

"It is the hand that signed your commission," he said.

"And it is the hand—"

The sentence remains unfinished. The sharp report of a rifle came from the front, followed by another and another. A bullet hissed through the forest and struck a tree near by. The men sprang from the ground and even before the captain's high, clear voice was done intoning the command "At-ten-tion!" had fallen into line in rear of the stacked arms. Again—and now through the din of a crackling fusillade—sounded the strong, deliberate sing-song of authority: "Take ... arms!" followed by the rattle of unlocking bayonets.

Bullets from the unseen enemy were now flying thick and fast, though mostly well spent and emitting the humming sound which signified interference by twigs and rotation in the plane of flight. Two or three of the men in the line were already struck and down. A few wounded men came limping awkwardly out of the undergrowth from the skirmish line in front; most of them did not pause, but held their way with white faces and set teeth to the rear.

Suddenly there was a deep, jarring report in front, followed by the startling rush of a shell, which passing overhead exploded in the edge of a thicket, setting afire the fallen leaves. Penetrating the din—seeming to float above it

like the melody of a soaring bird—rang the slow, aspirated monotones of the captain's several commands, without emphasis, without accent, musical and restful as an evensong under the harvest moon. Familiar with this tranquilizing chant in moments of imminent peril, these raw soldiers of less than a year's training yielded themselves to the spell, executing its mandates with the composure and precision of veterans. Even the distinguished civilian behind his tree, hesitating between pride and terror, was accessible to its charm and suasion. He was conscious of a fortified resolution and ran away only when the skirmishers, under orders to rally on the reserve, came out of the woods like hunted hares and formed on the left of the stiff little line, breathing hard and thankful for the boon of breath.

III

THE FIGHTING OF ONE WHOSE HEART WAS NOT IN THE QUARREL

Guided in his retreat by that of the fugitive wounded, the Governor struggled bravely to the rear through the "bad bit of jungle." He was well winded and a trifle confused. Excepting a single rifle-shot now and again, there was no sound of strife behind him; the enemy was pulling himself together for a new onset against an antagonist of whose numbers and tactical disposition he was in doubt. The fugitive felt that he would probably be spared to his country, and only commended the arrangements of Providence to that end, but in leaping a small brook in more open ground one of the arrangements incurred the mischance of a disabling sprain at the ankle. He was unable to continue his flight, for he was too fat to hop, and after several vain attempts, causing intolerable pain, seated himself on the earth to nurse his ignoble disability and deprecate the military situation.

A brisk renewal of the firing broke out and stray bullets came flitting and droning by. Then came the crash of two clean, definite volleys, followed by a continuous rattle, through which he heard the yells and cheers of the combatants, punctuated by thunderclaps of cannon. All this told him that Armisted's little command was bitterly beset and fighting at close quarters. The wounded men whom he had distanced began to straggle by on either hand, their numbers visibly augmented by new levies from the line. Singly and by twos and threes, some supporting comrades more desperately hurt than themselves, but all deaf to his appeals for assistance, they sifted through the underbrush and disappeared. The firing was increasingly louder and more distinct, and presently the ailing fugitives were succeeded by men who strode with a firmer tread, occasionally facing about and discharging their pieces, then doggedly resuming their retreat, reloading as they walked. Two or three fell as he looked, and lay motionless. One had enough of life left in him to make a pitiful attempt to drag himself to cover. A passing comrade paused beside him long enough to fire, appraised the poor devil's

disability with a look and moved sullenly on, inserting a cartridge in his weapon.

In all this was none of the pomp of war —no hint of glory. Even in his distress and peril the helpless civilian could not forbear to contrast it with the gorgeous parades and reviews held in honor of himself—with the brilliant uniforms, the music, the banners, and the marching. It was an ugly and sickening business: to all that was artistic in his nature, revolting, brutal, in bad taste.

"Ugh!" he grunted, shuddering—"this is beastly! Where is the charm of it all? Where are the elevated sentiments, the devotion, the heroism, the—"

From a point somewhere near, in the direction of the pursuing enemy, rose the clear, deliberate sing-song of Captain Armisted.

"Steady, men—steady. Halt! Commence firing."

The rattle of fewer than a score of rifles could be distinguished through the general uproar, and again that penetrating falsetto:

"Cease firing. In re-treat.... maaarch!"

In a few moments this remnant had drifted slowly past the Governor, all to the right of him as they faced in retiring, the men deployed at intervals of a half-dozen paces. At the extreme left and a few yards behind came the captain. The civilian called out his name, but he did not hear. A swarm of men in gray now broke out of cover in pursuit, making directly for the spot where the Governor lay—some accident of the ground had caused them to converge upon that point: their line had become a crowd. In a last struggle for life and liberty the Governor attempted to rise, and looking back the captain saw him. Promptly, but with the same slow precision as before, he sang his commands:

"Skirm-ish-ers, halt!" The men stopped and according to rule turned to face the enemy.

"Rally on the right!"—and they came in at a run, fixing bayonets and forming loosely on the man at that end of the line.

"Forward ... to save the Gov-ern-or of your State ... doub-le quick ... maaarch!"

Only one man disobeyed this astonishing command! He was dead. With a cheer they sprang forward over the twenty or thirty paces between them and their task. The captain having a shorter distance to go arrived first—

simultaneously with the enemy. A half-dozen hasty shots were fired at him, and the foremost man—a fellow of heroic stature, hatless and bare-breasted—made a vicious sweep at his head with a clubbed rifle. The officer parried the blow at the cost of a broken arm and drove his sword to the hilt into the giant's breast. As the body fell the weapon was wrenched from his hand and before he could pluck his revolver from the scabbard at his belt another man leaped upon him like a tiger, fastening both hands upon his throat and bearing him backward upon the prostrate Governor, still struggling to rise. This man was promptly spitted upon the bayonet of a Federal sergeant and his death-gripe on the captain's throat loosened by a kick upon each wrist. When the captain had risen he was at the rear of his men, who had all passed over and around him and were thrusting fiercely at their more numerous but less coherent antagonists. Nearly all the rifles on both sides were empty and in the crush there was neither time nor room to reload. The Confederates were at a disadvantage in that most of them lacked bayonets; they fought by bludgeoning—and a clubbed rifle is a formidable arm. The sound of the conflict was a clatter like that of the interlocking horns of battling bulls—now and then the pash of a crushed skull, an oath, or a grunt caused by the impact of a rifle's muzzle against the abdomen transfixing by its bayonet. Through an opening made by the fall of one of his men Captain Armisted sprang, with his dangling left arm; in his right hand a full-charged revolver, which he fired with rapidity and terrible effect into the thick of the gray crowd: but across the bodies of the slain the survivors in the front were pushed forward by their comrades in the rear till again they breasted the tireless bayonets. There were fewer bayonets now to breast—a beggarly half-dozen, all told. A few minutes more of this rough work—a little fighting back to back—and all would be over.

Suddenly a lively firing was heard on the right and the left: a fresh line of Federal skirmishers came forward at a run, driving before them those parts of the Confederate line that had been separated by staying the advance of the centre. And behind these new and noisy combatants, at a distance of two or three hundred yards, could be seen, indistinct among the trees a line-of-battle!

Instinctively before retiring, the crowd in gray made a tremendous rush upon its handful of antagonists, overwhelming them by mere momentum and, unable to use weapons in the crush, trampled them, stamped savagely on their limbs, their bodies, their necks, their faces; then retiring with bloody feet across its own dead it joined the general rout and the incident was at an end.

IV

THE GREAT HONOR THE GREAT

The Governor, who had been unconscious, opened his eyes and stared about him, slowly recalling the day's events. A man in the uniform of a major was kneeling beside him; he was a surgeon. Grouped about were the civilian members of the Governor's staff, their faces expressing a natural solicitude regarding their offices. A little apart stood General Masterson addressing another officer and gesticulating with a cigar. He was saying: "It was the beautifullest fight ever made—by God, sir, it was great!"

The beauty and greatness were attested by a row of dead, trimly disposed, and another of wounded, less formally placed, restless, half-naked, but bravely bebandaged.

"How do you feel, sir?" said the surgeon. "I find no wound."

"I think I am all right," the patient replied, sitting up. "It is that ankle."

The surgeon transferred his attention to the ankle, cutting away the boot. All eyes followed the knife.

In moving the leg a folded paper was uncovered. The patient picked it up and carelessly opened it. It was a letter three months old, signed "Julia." Catching sight of his name in it he read it. It was nothing very remarkable—merely a weak woman's confession of unprofitable sin—the penitence of a faithless wife deserted by her betrayer. The letter had fallen from the pocket of Captain Armisted; the reader quietly transferred it to his own.

An aide-de-camp rode up and dismounted. Advancing to the Governor he saluted.

"Sir," he said, "I am sorry to find you wounded—the Commanding General has not been informed. He presents his compliments and I am directed to say that he has ordered for to-morrow a grand review of the reserve corps in your honor. I venture to add that the General's carriage is at your service if you are able to attend."

"Be pleased to say to the Commanding General that I am deeply touched by his kindness. If you have the patience to wait a few moments you shall convey a more definite reply."

He smiled brightly and glancing at the surgeon and his assistants added: "At present—if you will permit an allusion to the horrors of peace—I am 'in the hands of my friends.'"

The humor of the great is infectious; all laughed who heard.

"Where is Captain Armisted?" the Governor asked, not altogether carelessly.

The surgeon looked up from his work, pointing silently to the nearest body in the row of dead, the features discreetly covered with a handkerchief. It was so near that the great man could have laid his hand upon it, but he did not. He may have feared that it would bleed. ■

<http://www.ambrosebierce.org/outposts.htm>