

REMINISCENCES
OF THE
CAMPAIGNS AGAINST VICKSBURG
BY
GENERAL JOHN B. SANBORN



(1879)

Foreword

By

Douglas A. Hedin
Editor, MLHP



Historian James M. McPherson writes of the fall of Vicksburg:

All through June, Union troops had dug approaches toward Confederate lines in a classic siege operation. They also tunneled under rebel defenses. To show what they could do, northern engineers exploded mines and blew holes in southern lines on June 15 and July 1, but Confederate infantry closed the breaches.

The Yankees readied a bigger mine to be set off July 6 and followed by a full-scale assault. But before then it was all over. Literally starving, "Many Soldiers" addressed a letter to [Confederate General] Pemberton on June 28: "If you can't feed us, you had better surrender, horrible as the idea is, than suffer this noble army to disgrace themselves by desertion. . . . This army is now ripe for mutiny, unless it can be fed." Pemberton consulted his division commanders, who assured him that their sick and malnourished men could not attempt a breakout attack. On July 3, Pemberton asked Grant for terms. Living up to his Donelson reputation, Grant at first insisted on unconditional surrender. But after reflecting on the task of shipping 30,000 captives north to prison camps when he needed all his transport for further operations, Grant offered to parole the prisoners. With good reason he expected that many of them disillusioned by suffering and surrender, would scatter to their homes and carry the contagion of defeat with them.

The Fourth of July 1863 was the most memorable Independence Day in American history since that first one four score and seven years earlier. Far away in Pennsylvania the high tide of the Confederacy receded from Gettysburg. Here in Mississippi, white flags sprouted above rebel trenches, the

emaciated troops marched out and stacked arms. Union division moved into Vicksburg to raise the stars and stripes over the courthouse. "This was the most Glorious Fourth I ever spent," wrote an Ohio private. But to many southerners the humiliation of surrender on July 4 added insult to injury. The good behavior of the occupation troops, however, mitigated the insult. Scarcely a taunt escaped their lips as Union soldiers marched into the city; on the contrary, they paid respect to the courage of the defenders and shared rations with them. Indeed, the Yankees did what many Vicksburg citizens had wanted do for weeks—they broke into the stores of "speculators" who had been holding food for higher prices. As described by a Louisiana sergeant, northern soldiers brought these "luxuries" into the streets and throwing them down, would shout, 'here rebs, help yourselves, you are naked and starving and need them.'"

The capture of Vicksburg was the most important northern strategic victory of the war, perhaps meriting Grant's later assertion that "the fate of the Confederacy was sealed when Vicksburg fell."¹

You will find none of this in Brigadier General John Benjamin Sanborn's recollections of the battles of Vicksburg, delivered as an address to the American History Department of the Minnesota Historical Society in October 1879. His memories are of daily even hourly troop movements, battlefield encounters, conversations, tactics not strategy. He wrote about what he experienced as he followed orders and marched with his brigade from one battle ground to another, culminating in the march into Vicksburg on July 4, 1863. It is a combatant's close-to-the ground story, not a historian's. It is interspersed with memorable anecdotes. Who would have expected to find a hilarious, ribald courtroom tale by Abraham Lincoln here?

He was a shrewd judge of military character; his criticisms of others were seldom and mild; he was a dependable officer on the fields of war, a quality others saw; and not once did he boast of himself. He was that rare military commander, a modest man, similar to the leader he most admired, Ulysses S. Grant.

¹ James M. McPherson, *Battle Cry of Freedom, The Civil War Era 635-637* (Oxford Univ. Press, 1988) (citing sources).

When he returned to civilian life, he formed a law firm in St. Paul with his nephew, Walter Henry Sanborn, that became one of the most famous in the state's history. The "Sanborn firm" produced two exceptional federal judges: Walter Henry Sanborn served on the Eighth Circuit Court of Appeals from 1892 to 1928, and John B. Sanborn, Jr., the General's son, served on that court from 1932 to 1964.²

When the General's memoir was published, it had captions at the top of each page and many throughout the text. Most of these have been eliminated. A few long paragraphs have been divided and a few misspellings have been corrected (it is Fort "Donelson" not "Donaldson"). Otherwise it has not been changed.

Most of the photographs, portraits, illustrations and drawings that conclude this article are taken from the Civil War Glass Negatives and Related Prints Collection of the Library of Congress, and to it we extend our gratitude. Regrettably a photograph of Colonel Boomer has not been located.



² For more on General Sanborn, see his biographical sketch in Hiram Stevens' chapter on "The Bench and Bar of St. Paul" in General Christopher Columbus Andrews, *History of St. Paul, Minn.* 158-168 (MLHP, 2015)(printed first, 1890), and "Memorial Addresses in Honor of General John B. Sanborn" (MLHP, 2017)(printed first 1905).

For more on Judge Walter Henry Sanborn on the MLHP, see George Thompson, "Biographical Sketch of Walter Henry Sanborn" (MLHP 2012)(printed first, 1892); "Testimonial Dinner by the St. Louis Bar Association on April 8, 1927" (MLHP, 2011-12)(printed first, 1927); Ramsey County Bar Association Memorial, "Walter Henry Sanborn (1845-1928)" (MLHP, 2011-12)(delivered first 1928); and Thomas H. Boyd, "Walter Sanborn and the Eighth Circuit," 26 *Ramsey County History* 22 (Summer 1991).

For more on Judge John B. Sanborn, Jr., see the proceedings of the Eighth Circuit, "In Memoriam: John B. Sanborn, Jr. (1883-1964)" (MLHP, 1912) (published first at 358 F.2d 4-20 (1964)); "Ramsey County Bar Association Memorials-1964" 3-7 (MLHP, 2019)(delivered first, March 28, 1964). Justice Charles E. Whittaker and Judge Gunnar H. Nordbye each contributed "A Tribute to John B. Sanborn," 44 *Minnesota Law Review* 197-204 (December 1959). The most thorough study is Thomas H. Boyd's "The Life and Career of the Honorable John B. Sanborn, Jr.," 23 *William Mitchell Law. Rev.* 203-312 (1997).

For a memorial by the Ramsey County Bar Association to the General's nephew, see "Edward Peyson Sanborn (1853-1934)" (MLHP, 2010)(delivered first, 1935).

REMINISCENCES

OF THE

CAMPAIGNS AGAINST VICKSBURG

NATURE OF THE CAMPAIGNS

Personal reminiscences of the campaign against Vicksburg might, with little impropriety, include reminiscences of all the military operations in the Mississippi Valley, in the war of the rebellion, subsequent to the attack upon Fort Sumpter, in 1861, and prior to July 9, 1863. For the campaign against Vicksburg was a campaign organized and directed by the government of the Union to establish the freedom of the navigation of the Mississippi river, and the complete and undisputed dominion and authority of the federal power in the Mississippi Valley.

This dominion and control could not exist, either over river or valley while a hostile force occupied the commanding position of the Chickisaw Bluffs, as they reach the shore of the river at the point where Vicksburg stands; and to restore and establish it, not only Vicksburg but Island No. 10 and Memphis, on the north, and Orleans and Port Hudson, on the south, must also be compelled to surrender.

The topography, or conformation of the country was favourable for the early capture of Memphis, as the results of battles in the open field, by the armies of the Union, which could use the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers as a line of supplies demonstrated; and the battles of Fort Donelson, Shiloh and siege of Corinth, early and effectually accomplished this work.

The reminiscences of the writer commence with the campaign that followed the battle of Shiloh, directly to gain control of the line of railroad running from Memphis to Charlestown, and, as a result, to force the surrender of Memphis, and open the Mississippi river to Vicksburg.

Composition of the Army.

The army in line in front of Corinth, at the siege, was of enormous proportions. It numbered on the rolls more than one hundred and fifty

thousand men, and while joining, and for the first time forming part of it, the fact that a government that less than one year before had no military establishment worth the name, had organized and brought together such a force, and equipped it for the field, struck the mind with amazement, and led to the conviction that a government that could thus raise and organize armies, could not be torn to pieces or conquered, either by covert foes or organized revolution.

The condition of this great army was exceedingly peculiar. It may be safely said that nothing like it had ever before occurred in history. There was at this time no trusted leader or commander. The sentiment of the army corresponded with that of the public sentiment of the people of the North. Both were fixed by a class of young men, newspaper correspondents, each of whom, as a rule having some pet relative or friend whom he desired to make great in the war. At this time in this army, were Generals Halleck, Grant, Thomas, Sherman, Pope, Schuyler Hamilton, and Sheridan; the latter then in subordinate command. But in public estimation which was about the estimation in the army, General Halleck was a theorist, who could write books on the art of war well, but could not fight battles;—Grant, it was true, had fought Donelson and Shiloh, but fate had saved him in one, and Buell's army in the other,—had shown incapacity at Shiloh, and Halleck had been sent to supersede him; —Pope had captured Island No. 10, but then this was done by his colonels, and many stories were told to lower his character in public estimation ;—Thomas had won a victory at Mill Spring, but it was only a small affair, and whether he could manage a large force was problematical;—Schuyler Hamilton, lineal descendant of Alexander Hamilton, which fact alone raised him in the estimation of the army, had great experience and ability, but no physical power left; —Sherman knew all the books contained about the art of war, but he was crazy, and wanted an army as large as the allied forces at Waterloo, to whip a few southern troops;—Sheridan was known only as an A. Q. M. who had been censured by the general to whose staff he had been attached, for branding the obnoxious letters "U. S." upon horses, mules and other animals captured from the enemy while yet some of the staff officers of that general still had them in possession.

So, each evening, as the colonels were gathered together socially, the leading or ranking officers were discussed; all hoping that each would do well, but greatly fearing that all would fail.

Character of Officers.

Colonels.

It may be truly said, now, and by all future historians, that no nation of any era was ever blessed with more patriotic, determined and brave men than the field officers of that army of one hundred and fifty thousand men gathered about Corinth, and the following year, 1863, about Vicksburg.

They were nearly all professional or business men, intent only upon one thing, and that was the restoration of the national authority and their great desire was the early suppression of the rebellion, and a return to their homes and peaceful occupations. They were not seeking honors nor laying the foundation for future public life, nor seeking preferment before their comrades, but were all jealous of their honor, and intent upon maintaining their then relative rank, if faithful discharge of all duty would do this. There was no rivalry and no jealousy with them as a class. It requires some exceptions to make a rule.

And hence the public sentiment, and estimation in which the more prominent officers were held, changed as fast as personal acquaintance was formed with them by colonels and subordinates.

Real Character of the General Officers.

All these general officers were affable, genial, courteous men, of extraordinary ability, and ready to impart to any volunteer, at any time, all the knowledge they had concerning tactics, engineering, sieges, and all pertaining to the art of war. The writer, soon after joining the army, was directed one morning, to detail three officers and one hundred men, to prepare and deliver at a certain point, in a few hours, one hundred gabions and an equal number of fascines. Just as the officer detailed to take charge came up for instructions, General Sherman came along mounted, with one orderly, and upon hearing the remark from the officer in charge of the detail, that we had been in the service but a short time, and had hardly learned the tactics and much less the matters pertaining to sieges and fortifications, he immediately stopped and fully explained what gabions and fascines were and just how to make them, as fully as a school teacher would explain a lesson to school boys. This was a spontaneous, thoughtless act on his part,—no doubt forgotten in an hour,—but

promoting the service, and giving the general a life long hold upon that detail of men and officers. General Sherman, above all others, made the soldiers feel that he was their comrade and friend, and had all requisite knowledge of the art of war to protect them as fully as possible, and that no serious disaster could occur while he was in command.

Coolness and Persistence of Grant.

To have complete confidence and admiration for General Grant it was necessary to be under him in one movement of the army, or in one campaign at least. His natural modesty made him seem cold and reserved. But observation and study of his movement had produced the same effect, so far as I could ascertain, upon at thoughtful and candid minds. All concluded, as fast as they had taken part in his campaigns, that here was a military genius of the first order, a man of determined purpose that nothing could resist with imperturbable strength and coolness, which permitted his mind, to work under the most intense excitement with as much precision as under the most favorable circumstances. It is but little exaggeration to say of him, that in many battles that he fought he captured two armies, the one he commanded, and the army of the enemy.

The brigade of the writer, upon arriving on the field of Champion Hills, was ordered to a certain position by General McPherson, to act as a reserve of the seventeenth corps. One regiment after the other was ordered into action to support troops already engaged, and had proceeded, under charge of staff officers, till the whole brigade and staff was scattered along the line, supporting Logan's Division of the seventeenth, Hovey's Division of the sixteenth, and Boomer's Brigade of the seventeenth corps. "You can be spared from your command now," says McPherson. "'We are all safe here on the right, and advancing our line. All my staff officers are engaged. Go to the center and find Hovey, or Crocker, or Boomer, and learn the situation there, and report to me at once. If the sixteenth corps is not well up on my left, my command may be cut off from the balance of the army, and all three of the corps be whipped in detail." Horseflesh did its best with its rider, to reach the point indicated in the shortest possible time. Boomer, a most intimate friend, and cool and reliable officer, was first met,—excitedly asked, "Where is McPherson?" "I have just come from him, to learn what the condition is on this part of the line." Inform him, at once, that the whole center has given way. Not fifty men of my brigade can be found together. Hovey's

Division has been fighting desperately since morning, and is exhausted and retreating; and there is no line of battle between where we stand and the enemy, whose line is still in perfect order. Something must be done immediately. I will form as much of a line as possible here, from the stragglers and retreating forces, and make all the resistance I can till a movement is determined upon. If I can be supported by Holmes' brigade, we may be able to check the advance of the enemy." Horse and rider fly to McPherson. By the time he is reached, stragglers from the forest in which the troops had been engaged, confirm the correctness of Boomer's statements. The General heard the report, and instantly said, "Go immediately to Grant, and inform him of the situation, and tell him that the line must be reformed immediately, or my corps will be cut off from the balance of the army; and I recommend that we reform on the ridge to our left and rear, so that the thirteenth and seventeenth corps will be kept united, and the enemy prevented from attacking each in detail." Again the horse did all he could to destroy time and space between these two officers. Grant was riding with a fair number of staff officers along the field, smoking the inevitable cigar. He heard the report, but not with perfect composure. He dashed his cigar to the ground, and asked, "Are there no troops in reserve?" "The last regiment of the reserves to the seventeenth corps has been in action more than an hour," was the answer. "Where can McClernand be, with the remainder of his corps? I sent him orders at daylight this morning, to come upon this field as rapidly as possible, and here it is" drawing his watch (I have forgotten the time stated), "and I have not heard a word from him nor a sound from his guns yet,- and he has fifteen thousand men," said Grant. Then turning to his chief of artillery says, "Where is your artillery?" And this staff officer designated some six or eight batteries, not engaged and near, limbered up. "Bring them into battery on this crest, and open fire with shell over the heads of these stragglers. If the enemy has whipped Hovey's Division and Boomer's Brigade, he is in bad plight, for they are the best of troops, and if we can make some further show of resistance, he may give way."

Fifty pieces of artillery, without any reserve to support them, came into position at once, and opened fire over our retreating soldiers.

"Fortune favors the brave," also the wise. Within five minutes, of the first shot from these guns, colors were seen through the green oaks, approaching from the rear. "What troops are those?" asks General Grant. "Holmes' Brigade of the Seventh Division, that has been guarding

the wagons during the night, already cut down by the battles of last week to twelve hundred men."

"You go immediately to Holmes," says the General, and tell him to move his brigade, as now, by his right, till it reaches the right of the batteries, and then rapidly by the left flank, until stopped by an overpowering force of the enemy."

No movement was ever made with more determination or spirit, and in less than half an hour, even before I could reach any of my own command, more than four thousand prisoners and thirty pieces of artillery had been captured. This little brigade swept all before it, augmenting its strength as it advanced, with the line that Boomer had formed from all the retreating forces.

Self-reliance is one of the most marked traits of the General's character, and although he had great confidence in McPherson's judgment, still he refused to act upon it, and adopted a course that led to victory, when the other would probably have led to defeat; and defeat at that time and place had terrible significance. Probably it meant nothing less than the destruction of this government and the establishment of petty dynasties upon the ruins of the republic. For the loss of any one of the three great armies of the Union at that time would have been likely to have given success to the rebellion. We who were in the army, and knew the feeling and purposes of the troops, had a better appreciation of defeat at that time than those not in the army, and who were ignorant of the deep feeling and determined purposes of the men engaged in fighting these battles.

In a conversation concerning this matter, in the autumn following, with General Grant, the question arose as to what conditions or circumstances would justify a general in hurling six or eight batteries into action without any reserves, and the General's answer, in substance, was, that when the enemy had already been punished severely, that even though your own troops might be in bad condition, still, if you could make a show of an offensive movement, some demonstration towards the enemy, it might and oftentimes did turn the scale. And he referred to the promptness with which the flag of truce was displayed at Donelson, when he had got his lines formed, and appeared ready to attack, on the morning of the third day of the siege, although his army, he said, was in bad condition.

All the time, the general seemed to me to be governed, in great crises, more by intuition, or his own judgment, than by any precedents or rules laid down in works upon the art of war, or in the histories of battles and campaigns.

Grant, Sherman, Rosecrans.

The social and friendly relations which characterized the Army of the Tennessee in 1862, had not diminished a particle at the time, nor after the surrender of Vicksburg. Officers of all grades were wont to assemble on the verandah of the house occupied as the head-quarters of the Army of the Tennessee, in Vicksburg. One evening in July, conversation had lulled a little among the friends and smokers, and General Sherman, in his quick, pointed way, spoke up and said, "Grant, I should like to have you point out to me some author or work on the art of war, or some instance in history, that will justify the movement you made against Vicksburg. You took one of the main armies of your government, upon which it depended for its existence in time of war, and moved it away from all base of supplies, and trusted to the results of battle to open a new base. I should like to have you point out authority or precedent for such a movement." Grant answered, without any hesitation. "It is because there is no authority or precedent for it that it was successful. If I had moved according to the rules laid down in the books, Pemberton would have known exactly what my intentions were, and would then have moved his whole army against me at once, and I should have been defeated, but as it was, he was unable to tell what was intended, and we made a perfect success of it."

It became evident early, that Sherman was the great military scholar, and Grant the great military genius.

General Rosecrans joined the army at Corinth a few days before the evacuation. He rode to the picket lines in front of my command the day after his arrival, and drew the fire of the enemy's pickets, and had his horse severely wounded. He brought with him, the prestige of victory. He had won several minor battles in Western Virginia, and his presence seemed to inspire more confidence in the troops. He was a bold, resolute man, and commander; had wonderful power of organization, and understood thoroughly the art of war. But he had a nervous temperament and in the most important crisis, the turning points of battles, it seemed to me, that his nervous system, and mental powers, in some measure gave way, and the splendid esprit de corps of the army, under his command,

and the magnificent strategic movements were likely to be followed by disaster or failure in the very crisis of battle. One thing is certain, and that is, if General Rosecrans failed at all it was as a field marshal, and not as a strategist or organizer.

Gov. Ramsey's Visit.

In July, 1862, Gov. Ramsey visited our camp, then between Rienzie and Jacinto, in northern Mississippi. As we were marching back to Corinth, to still further satisfy the troops that he could ride a horse with ease and safety,—his experiment at Fort Snelling on the review, not being entirely satisfactory on this point, as he was thrown from his horse that day,—he demanded a horse, and rode at the head of the column. He was very active all day, visiting all the families in that region, to find two things,—one, butter, milk, and the other, a man, woman or child that ever heard the name of George Washington. The former he found, though not in abundance, but out of twenty families upon which he called he found but one person who had ever heard of George Washington, and that person said that George Washington was a n-----r and a slave of old Buford, who lived near Boonville. The ignorance and destitution of the poorer classes of southern people that remained at home was, and still is, beyond description.

General Stephen D. Lee, Confederate.

The first real confidential and friendly conversation that I had with any confederate officers of rank was after the surrender of Vicksburg, and the conversation that I now remember best is the one with Stephen D. Lee, of South Carolina, one or two evenings after the surrender. Volunteer officers of both armies were most interested to know when the war would terminate, and this was the principal topic of our first conversation.

At this time, this officer, young, gallant, and, it seemed to me, far-seeing, frankly admitted "that the Southern Confederacy was a failure, and could not be maintained against the power of the north." He said, "true policy would dictate a surrender of all our forces upon the best terms we can get. If we cannot maintain our authority over this river, we cannot anywhere, and there ought to be no more bloodshed. But," said he, "although I know this, and we all know it, the fight cannot stop here. The people of the confederacy will carry on the struggle until they are completely exhausted, and nothing can prevent it." The sequel showed the correctness of his views.

Personal reminiscences of the campaign against Vicksburg, recited in detail, would fill volumes. Hence, what to write and what to leave unwritten, is a troublesome question. No officer connected with that campaign can permit his mind to turn back to it without a feeling of inexpressible sadness. Death never reaped so rich a harvest in so short a time. The colonels and field officers of that army were the flower of their generation, in the full vigor of manhood. Not one, to my knowledge, had reached forty years. Yet several years have passed since most of them were laid away in the tomb.

The patriot cannot express a better wish for his country, than that in those days of darkness in the future,—which, as they come on all nations, must come on us also,—officers as patriotic, as capable and faithful may be found, to uphold the national authority and rightful power of government, as those officers who now sleep the last sleep.

The kindness of all officers of the regular army, and their readiness to assist, in every way in their power, every deserving volunteer, is worthy of special mention, and should always be remembered to the credit of the regulars and of West Point. All information and all aid at their command was freely given to me always, and was of immense advantage.

The plan of the campaign that culminated in the battle of luka, was, like all the plans of General Grant, one that if fully executed would have resulted in the capture of the rebel army at that point. The plan failed of execution. The battle resulted in a victory for the union forces in battle, and the failure of the campaign. Ord was to attack from the north and drive south, and Rosecrans was to cut off the retreat and force a surrender. Instead, however, Rosecrans attacked from the south and whipped the enemy, who retreated by the right flank and, joined the force under Van Dorn and compelled us to fight the combined force of both armies at Corinth, thirteen days thereafter.

Enstrangement of Rosecrans.

These campaigns led to the estrangement between Generals Grant and Rosecrans, which it is to be regretted continues to this day, and will to the end of the days of these heroes. Perhaps it may be improper to say more now than that this continuance is not the fault of General Grant, and that towards the close of Grant's recent administration, conferences

were had upon the matter, without any solution of the difficulty. Mrs. Grant went far to effect reconciliation. Rosecrans conferred freely with the writer, pending the matter, who urged him to accept all that was offered in the same spirit in which it was offered. But nothing was accomplished. "A wounded spirit who can heal?"

Battle of Corinth.

The battle of Corinth was one of the most brilliant field engagements, for the union army, of the war. The loss of the confederate forces was four times as great as that of the federal forces, and the enemy's force engaged was double that of the union force. The writer, during the war, never went into action so depressed in spirit, and, at the same time, under circumstances that precluded him from communicating his feelings to any one of his inferior officers.

The brigade had lost at luka, thirteen days before, about six hundred men in killed and wounded, out of twenty-two hundred for duty in all; and, as we marched near the head-quarters, on the morning of the first day, General Rosecrans said, "your command suffered so severely at luka, you will be held in reserve in this battle, and will not be put into action unless it becomes absolutely necessary." But at about four o'clock in the afternoon, when the command was out about three miles on the Purdy road, and the enemy's lines of skirmishers appeared in front, General C. S. Hamilton in confidence informed the writer, that he saw no way of saving the position of Corinth; that the enemy's center was near the town and our depots; that his lines extended across the road by which we marched out to our position, which, in fact, was our rear; and that he supposed that the army would retreat during the night, and would try and cross the Tennessee, at Pittsburg Landing and try and effect a junction with Buell's army, in northern Tennessee or in Kentucky, and that, in that event, my force must act as rear guard, and fight and hold the enemy as long as possible, at all available points. This was a thunderbolt. I had formed no idea of the seriousness of the situation. I went into action feeling that all was lost but the army, and that we must fight with desperation to save that. The attack made by my regiment upon the enemy's left and rear was successful. It checked his advance. It caused delay, and necessitated the formation of a new line of battle on his part. It was almost dark when I returned to the place where the doleful condition had been communicated to me, to report to Hamilton for further orders. Rosecrans was there, and the generals were engaged in

the most earnest conversation. "This movement has worked splendidly," said Rosecrans to Hamilton, "and I think you had better move right forward in the same line to-morrow morning." Hamilton responded, "Rosecrans, it will never do. Our whole line must be reformed during the night. Each division must be so formed that it will support and command the front of the other, and each battery must be so placed that it will support and command the front of every other battery, or we shall be all torn to pieces before nine o'clock to-morrow." Rosecrans looked steadily and thoughtfully down upon the pommel of his saddle for a few minutes, and says, "Hamilton, I believe you are right. Bring in your command, and we will reform during the night." Hamilton at once said to me, "Withdraw your command as quietly as possible, and march to Corinth via the Farmington road, and bring in all the wounded and all the public property." The command reached Corinth at midnight, and no man ever appreciated more highly the whiskey and sleep found in that bivouac. The result of the attack of the enemy next day, showed the wisdom of this movement. The history of the war does not record a more gallant attack and assault than that made by the enemy on the following morning, nor a more decisive and disastrous repulse.

March to Oxford.

The campaign down the Mississippi Central Railroad, in November, 1862, to reach Vicksburg by that line, was filled with exciting incidents, but no real battle between the armies. The command of the writer reached the Yokeny Potoffa river, about ten miles below Oxford, Mississippi, which was as far south as any infantry marched in this movement.

While in this position, on one quiet, smoky Indian Summer afternoon, information was received that Van Dorn, with a column of ten thousand cavalry, had passed north ten miles east of our left flank. This meant trouble with our lines of communication and our supplies.

Everything was put in readiness for action or marching. By ten clock the next day, the information that Holly Springs and all our supplies and amunition had been captured or destroyed was received. Orders were expected momentarily. It was past twelve at noon when they were received, and directed the command to fall back to Oxford.

The march was made with vigor, and Oxford was reached after sunset. The troops of the brigade occupied the same camp as when they rested there over night marching south, and the commander occupied the same

bed room, which had a bed that would pass for a rough one in St. Paul, but seemed quite a luxury in the field. Profound sleep, after a hard march, naturally came early upon troops and commander. At midnight there was pounding upon the door "Who is there?" exclaimed the sleeper. "Aides-de-camp of General Grant and Quimby, with orders," was the reply. The door was of course opened, and the orders read. In substance they directed the brigade to move, without delay, to the west of the town (the camp was on the east), across the railroad, and to form in line of battle in the position that would be designated by the aide, and to be prepared and held in readiness for action at that point until further orders.

The long roll was beaten, the troops formed, and the march made, and the line of battle formed, and the troops ordered to rest on their arms. Upon reaching Grant's head-quarters, which the command had to pass, the windows were all aglow with light, while all others in town were dark. I went in. General Grant had retired, but General Rawlins was roaring like an enraged lion. The burden of his wrath was, that the campaign for Vicksburg had failed through the faithlessness of certain officers, whom he dared to name; and that the cavalry had reported that the whole rebel army was advancing by our right, and would reach our flank at Oxford, by four o'clock in the morning, and he supposed a general engagement between the two armies would be fought in the morning. "Is the army concentrated, General," I asked. "All the commands are moving towards Oxford, and the most remote can reach this place by ten o'clock in the forenoon;" and he added, "compel the enemy to form in line of battle as far out as possible, and make all the resistance you can, and we will have troops enough on the field by the time the skirmishers are driven in." This, from the Adjutant General of the army, made the battle a reality to me. No doubt was left in my mind that a general engagement was to be fought in the morning, and that my command was to bring it on. Four companies of infantry and a section of artillery were stationed a half mile from the line, and about half-past one in the morning the orderly took charge of my horse, all saddled and ready, while I reclined against a tree. A half mile beyond the infantry picket, a strong cavalry picket had been stationed, by the commander of the army. At just about half-past four, a lieutenant of this cavalry force came in upon full gallop to me, and, with great excitement, delivered a dispatch in writing, from the officer in command of the cavalry, to the effect that the head of the enemy's columns was within a mile of his position, and that he was advancing rapidly with an immense force of

infantry and artillery. The infantry and artillery settled the question that it was the whole army, and with the impression on my mind left by Rawlins' instructions, not a doubt was left that it was the opening of a great battle.

Tragical Becomes Ridiculous.

I wrote upon the back of this dispatch the time of its receipt by me, and directed the officer to proceed with it to General Grant's head-quarters. I moved out immediately, with six companies more of infantry and two sections more of artillery. Before reaching the picket station, the drums were beating and bugles blowing in all directions about Oxford. Before the line of skirmishers was fully formed, another cavalry officer came up, as excited as the first, but not so serious a look on his face, and at once said, "that column that we thought was the enemy, is one of the army trains that has been lost and marching all night to get away from the enemy and join the army at Oxford."

I proceeded with great speed, with the officer, towards Oxford. My own command had torn down fences, houses and barns, while I was gone, that all obstructions to their fire might be removed. Columns were coming upon the field, by every avenue leading from Oxford. Generals and staffs were riding in all directions. Upon reaching Grant's head-quarters, his horse and those of all his staff officers were caparisoned, and some of the staff were mounted. The general stood in the door, giving a verbal order to one of the staff. He looked surprised at my approach, and I at once said, "General, this is all a farce, that column is one of our own trains." "Well," said the general, "the cavalry has reported that this column was the enemy, positively. It seems impossible to me that the enemy would bring on a general engagement here." The sudden change did not seem to be the occasion of joy or sorrow. He was unmoved. The hurrying to and fro and mounting in hot haste was soon succeeded by general quiet; and the only farce in which I had to play in the war was over. All the anxiety and excitement of a general battle had been suffered or enjoyed, without the battle, and the army marched quietly back to Memphis, but not till after much discussion and doubt.

Rawlins insisted that the army could move down to Jackson, and east to Vicksburg, subsisting on the country, which was full of coon, with a good supply of cattle and swine, and that the result of the movement would be the evacuation of Haines' Bluff, which would give us the Mississippi as a

line and base of supplies. Boomer and many of the colonels concurred in this idea. General Grant believed it was feasible, but in view of the general condition of the country, he considered it would be unmilitary to thus risk the whole army of the Tennessee. Sherman was already demonstrating on Haines' Bluff, and the enemy were rapidly concentrating there, and whether the further prosecution of this campaign of November, 1862, down the Mississippi Central Railroad, relying wholly upon the enemy's country for supplies, and trusting to the result of battle for a new base, involved any greater hazard than the campaign that was successfully made to the rear of Vicksburg, from the south, is a question to be determined by the future writers upon the art of war, and future historians. If the question had been left to the colonels of that army, at that time, they would have voted, so far as I know, to continue the march south to Vicksburg, without any base of supplies, subsisting wholly upon the enemy's country, and opening our base, when we reached there, by battle and victory, if necessary. The commander of the army, probably more wisely, ordered otherwise, and all attempts to reach Vicksburg, by using railroads as a line and base of supplies were abandoned.

Late in the winter of 1863, the Yazoo Pass Expedition was organized, with the renewed hope of turning the enemy's right at Haines' Bluff, and compelling the evacuation of that position, and using it as our landing and base in the operations against Vicksburg. My command formed part of this expedition. About twelve thousand men and two iron clad monitors were transported through this narrow pass to the Coldwater river, down the Coldwater to the Tallahatchie, and down the Tallahatchie near the junction of the Yallahusha, where we came upon gun-boats, forts, enemies' forces, and a flooded country. The waters were so high that no troops could operate except by means of transports; and running Mississippi steamers through forests was anything but satisfactory. The currents were swift, the channels narrow and overhung with trees. The pilot's bells were constantly ringing to the engineer, and the captain of the steamer Pringle, upon which I had my headquarters, was constantly shouting to the engineer, "back her, Dan," while the steamer with seven hundred tons freight, would go right on through cottonwood forests, snapping off trees from three to nine inches in diameter as if they were pipe stems. After a day's performance of this kind, I went down to see the engineer, after the boat had tied up for the night, and asked him how he had got along. Said he, "O, pretty well. I am only twenty-five bells behind for the day, and nearly all of them are to back her, and I am going to make them up the first thing to-morrow morning after we

start." That force that went into the Yazoo Pass was in great peril, and the enemy ought to have captured it. It could not be landed anywhere to operate, and there were many points where batteries might have been stationed, beyond their reach, that would have rendered it impossible for the transports to pass. As soon as General Grant was advised of the situation, he ordered the command back, and added, that he should wait with great solicitude the arrival of the troops in the Mississippi river. The command returned safely and joined the main army, at Milliken's Bend.

General Quimby, who had commanded the division in this movement was sick when the command came out of the pass, and for the first time,—March, 1863,—the command of a division fell upon me, while we lay just below Helena, in Arkansas, and this was continued until after the battle of Port Gibson.

During this time, under orders from the War Department, officers were detailed for the Eleventh and Twelfth Louisiana Regiments, colored troops. This created a very bitter feeling among the troops raised on or near Mason's and Dixon's line. The Fifty-ninth Indiana was raised along the Ohio, and the Tenth and Twenty-sixth Missouri felt bitterly for a time, but all opposition soon passed away, and those regiments took their quota of officers of the colored troops with great alacrity.

The march from Milliken's Bend to Grand Gulf was not more difficult nor more tedious than was anticipated. Still there was that in it that would remind you that it was war, horrible war! The army, at certain points, marched over cotton lands, protected by levees; which lands were lower than the surface of the river. All the teams of the artillery and supplies had to be doubled, and in the roads over which the horses and mules tumbled and floundered, were corpses of dead young men, with every particle of clothing torn from them by the feet of these struggling animals. When marching over one of these fair and lifeless forms, with Colonel Alexander riding by my side, he looked up, and with great solemnity said, "*There is the glory of war.*"

When I reached the point on the Mississippi opposite Grand Gulf, McClelland's Corps had been across the river some three or four days. Logan's Division of the Seventeenth Corps had crossed the day before my arrival.

This point was reached in the early morning, after forced and hard marches for two or three days and parts of nights. General McPherson met the column with beaming smiles, and said, "Halt the column just where it is, and give the men a good rest. You need not cross the Mississippi till in the afternoon any way, and, perhaps, not until to-morrow morning."

This information ran along the line, and but a few moments passed before the perfumes of coffee and breakfast filled the air.

Before the appetite was satiated dull, heavy sounds of artillery were heard east of the river, and seemed eight or ten miles distant. The enemy has attacked McClernand, was the conclusion and rumor that ran along the line. Anxiety was great; sleep was impossible. In less than an hour the aide of McPherson came riding up, with a dispatch of the following purport: "General McClernand has reported to General Grant, that the enemy is in front with heavy force, and has called for reinforcements. I have ordered General Logan's Division forward, and leave with my staff for the field immediately. Come forward, at once, with your division. You will find all the transports and gun-boats on the west bank, to transport the troops to Hard Times landing." In two hours and a half from the time I received this order, the division, consisting of twelve regiments of infantry, four batteries of artillery, and a squadron of cavalry, numbering for duty that morning about six thousand five hundred men, was on the east bank of the Mississippi, at a point ten miles below the point of embarkation, and marching toward the point from whence came the sound of artillery. The crossing of the Mississippi river by so large a command in so short a time, without accident or delay, has always been a source of great satisfaction and some pride with me. The division was in line to protect the left flank and rear of the army before nightfall. At midnight, another dispatch was received from the general, of the following import: "We have had a glorious day. The enemy has been driven at all points. Come forward immediately upon the receipt of this dispatch." The line of march was again taken up, and before sunrise the command was with the advanced lines of the army.

None of the colonels of this old division, which had done much to save luka and Corinth, having been promoted, and the generals being determined that none of it should be placed under the command of the brigadier-generals, who had received their promotion by hanging round Washington, after consultation with us all, and with our consent, a West Point graduate and, splendid officer, Gen. Crocker, of Iowa, was

assigned to the command of the division at Port Gibson, and with my old brigade I took the advance of the army, and marched as far as the North Branch of Bayou Pierre that afternoon and evening. The suspension bridge across this bayou was burning when we arrived. Some negroes were trying to extinguish the flames, and, with the aid of our troops soon did the work.

A Hungry Staff.

The cooks of my mess had a serious time that night. No other mess wagons had come up. Some were still on the other side of the Mississippi. Before I was through, General Crocker and the division staff came up for supper, and before he was through General McPherson and staff had come up and had no provision for supper and had to be supplied, and, before General McPherson and staff had been supplied General Grant and staff came up, and had to eat at the same mess. It was fortunate that we had cooks and servants; otherwise no supply of provisions would have prevented a hungry night.

The night was cold. Profound sleep to all, except the large detail to repair the bridge, which worked all night, followed the previous sleepless nights and weary days. We were sleeping in the open air and upon the ground. In a half conscious state, the impression was made upon my mind that some intruder was punching my back with his knees and elbows. To such an extent did this proceed, that, being fully aroused, I made a great effort to expel the fellow, at the same time asking "Who are you?" and a boyish or childish voice answered back, "I am Fred Grant: I am cold." A larger share of the robe was furnished, and greater quiet followed.

After a short rest on the Black River, waiting for Sherman to get round with his corps, which had been left behind to perform the hard and inglorious part of threatening Haines' Bluff, and drawing the enemy in that direction, while we were crossing the river and getting a foot-hold on the east side, we advanced, and the battles of Raymond, Jackson and Champion hills followed in quick succession, and victory crowned all our efforts.

On the day the battle of Raymond was fought, the seventh division (now Crocker's) was entitled, in the ordinary course, to lead the seventeenth corps. A battle was expected, and Logan, who has been accused by some of caring alone for fame and glory, demanded the advance.

McPherson ranked Logan, but Logan in many respects commanded McPherson. McPherson apologized to Crocker and the brigade commanders, and gave Logan the advance. Soon after the column was in motion, Crocker remarked, "Logan has demanded the front to-day, and got it, when he was not entitled to it. Now he may fight his own battle. We will do just as we are ordered to do to-day, and nothing more. We are in no danger of being whipped, and we will see how much of a battle, Logan can fight without us."

Musketry firing in front is soon heard. Soon the column halts. Shortly artillery is heard, and the musket firing is more general and nearer.

Logan and McPherson.

The writer asked Crocker if we ought not to corral our train, and get the road clear, and be prepared for action. "Logan has sought the opportunity to fight this battle; now let him fight it," was the answer. The firing got alarmingly near, and suddenly aide after aide arrived, with orders to come forward immediately, double quick; the enemy has turned Logan's right, and is advancing. Crocker gave the orders a good deal modified. "Come forward in an ordinary gait. This is all a scare; just what I wanted Logan to get."

But when we attempted to go into the position assigned, it seemed that we had the worst of it. For the brigade was exposed for a whole half mile to the fire of a full battery and was thus compelled to show its left flank squarely to the battery, but this compelled the enemy to abandon the field. McPherson made a personal request that Logan should have the credit of fighting the battle of Raymond alone. It is doubtful if from the official reports it will appear that any troops were engaged in that affair except those of Logan's division. Men were killed and wounded in my command.

The battle of Jackson was fought the next day by Crocker's division, as sharp, vigorous and determined an affair as we had in the campaign, in the most terrific thunder storm. We camped in Jackson for the night and the next morning at daylight the army faced west and marched towards Vicksburg. The next morning, after leaving Jackson the weather was fair and comfortable and the sound of artillery greeted our ears soon after taking up our line of march. Boomer's brigade had the left of our division, my brigade the right. About seven o'clock General Grant and his staff came up from the rear on a fast trot, and as he passed he said:

"Colonel, we shall fight the battle for Vicksburg to-day. Pemberton has moved out with his whole army. Come forward with your brigade as rapidly as possible and have your men in condition for action when you reach the field." I have already related the incidents of this battle that impressed me the most deeply, and which did not belong to official reports.

The result of the charge upon the enemy at Black River the following morning when communicated to the army produced the wildest excitement, and the most conservative began to conclude that we should capture Vicksburg without a siege and all knew that the advance of Sherman's corps on the right would compel the evacuation of Haines' Bluff and give us a base of supplies and something to eat and drink, which we had not felt sure of for a single day after we left Black River,

Vicksburg Invested.

Three miles east of the main crossing of the Black River, orders were received from McPherson to construct a pontoon and forward to Vicksburg the artillery and teams, but remain with the infantry on the east side of the river till further orders.

Cotton bales and the timber and boards of a cotton gin made a pontoon across the river, in a few hours, strong enough to cross a battery of twenty-pounder Parrotts, drawn by eight horses, and all the trains.

A strong force of cavalry was kept constantly reconnoitering to the rear.

On the afternoon of the second day after the artillery and trains passed, Major Mudd, of the cavalry, came in and said that General Joe Johnson was advancing, with a strong force of infantry and artillery, and he thought would reach that point the next day. This dispatch was forwarded by me to General Grant, and the orderly who took it returned in a few hours, with orders for me to come forward to Vicksburg with my command, and to destroy the pontoon as soon as my command was over. It was a welcome order, and promptly obeyed, and in the afternoon of the following day the command formed on Logan's left, and became a part of the line investing Vicksburg.

On the afternoon of the twenty-first of May, written orders for a general assault upon the enemy's works, by the whole army, were received, and

read at all the head-quarters. As soon as it was dark, all the colonels of my command and myself moved out among the abatis in our front to find places through which troops could make their way. The enemy's pickets were everywhere, and talking scandalously about the damned Yanks, but would agree not to fire nor retain us if we would bring over some coffee and exchange for rice. Some points were easier to traverse than others, but to advance through that abatis, under fire, seemed to me to be impossible. The trees and lopped limbs were from four to six feet high, and so thick that it was impossible to crawl through and carry a gun. You could crawl along like a snake, as we did.

That evening Mr. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War, General McPherson, Colonel Boomer and Colonel Alexander, came together to my tent. The order for assault was read and discussed. Mr Dana asked me the direct question, what I thought the result would be. I answered, "You ask for my judgment. You must not take my answer as evidence that I do not want the assault to be made, or to take part in it. I shall do all I can to make it a success, and my command will go as far as any other in the army; but if the enemy has protected his whole front as thoroughly as he has that portion in front of my command, we must fail." "O, pshaw," says Dana, "You don't take into account the demoralization of the enemy. He will fly as soon as we advance." My answer was, that "no men behind such breastworks, and protected by such abatis, were ever known to fly." All the other three added, "We are certain to succeed."

Death of Colonel Boomer.

When these officers were about to leave the tent, there occurred one of those incidents that is always attended with gloom. My determination to assault with all vigor, was full, and I had not thought of being killed. Colonel Boomer said, very seriously, "If I am killed to-morrow, have my remains sent to my sister, Mrs. Stone, at Cleveland, Ohio." Alexander laughed, and said, "Yes, Boomer, we'll attend to that." When the day's fighting was over, Boomer was among the dead, and the instructions as to his remains, were complied with. I append a communication written by me to his sister, soon after his death, at her request, and which she had the kindness to publish in his biography, written by her, not because of any special interest to this State and Society, but because of the many incidents of the campaign contained in it, and which were written at a time when they were all fresh, and therefore must be correct.

Early on the morning of the twenty-second, the whole army was in line, and the artillery opened from every position, and after the first hour the enemy's batteries seem to slacken their fire. In an hour more our columns advance, and while struggling in the abatis, are met with a murderous fire of musketry. Most of the columns halt, form in line, and hold fast, covering themselves as best they can. My command, and the whole Seventh Division, were holding easily all that had been gained in the first movement, and without serious loss up to two o'clock in the afternoon. General Quimby, commander of the division now, had just returned from a severe sickness; still weak and unable to take the field in the morning, and sent word to me about 1 o'clock, that he was wholly exhausted, and that I would consider myself in command of the Division the balance of the day.

About 2 o'clock, the famous McClernand dispatch came to me as commander of the Seventh Division. The original dispatch was in my possession for a long time, and what has become of it now, I don't know. All the writing was in pencil. I can see that dispatch and the difficult, rapid handwriting now. On the face it read (I may not get the words exact, after sixteen years):

GEN'L GRANT: I am in part possession of three of the enemy's works. The flag of the United States waves over the stronghold of Vicksburg. If my right can be properly supported, I can carry the enemy's position in an hour.

McCLERNAND.

On the back of this dispatch were the following words, which proved of fearful import

GEN'L McPHERSON, Commanding Seventeenth Corps, will send one division of his corps to the support of McClernand's right.

GRANT.

Then followed:

The commanding officer Seventh Division, Seventeenth Corps, will immediately move with his command, to the support of Major General McClernand's right.

McPHERSON.

The division moved out with the greatest gallantry and enthusiasm, and marched a mile or more to the left, and was met by a staff officer of General McClernand, who indicated the points of support and attack. The movement of reinforcements towards these points, had caused the enemy to reinforce, no doubt. And as the first and second brigades moved forward to the attack, they met a determined and destructive fire. If McClernand had any right there to support, it was not found by me; and if he had any other "part possession of the enemy's works" than all other commands of the army had had all day, viz., the outside of them, while the enemy had the inside, it could not be discovered by me. Four hundred of the officers and men of the first and second brigades went down in this fruitless effort; while to aid or, rather, relieve these struggling brigades, Sherman assaulted with his whole corps, and Logan with his division, so that fully twenty-five hundred men were among the killed and wounded as the result of that historic dispatch. The first brigade reached the ditch of the enemy's works, and could easily have gone over, but it was evident that to do so would be to go into captivity. After reaching the ditch, the command was suffering less, but was losing still. While the command was in this condition, Colonel Tourtellotte, of the Fourth Minnesota, came to the writer, and said, "Colonel, we have suffered terribly," and named several officers who were either killed or wounded, and says, "I seem to be almost the only one not disabled, and here is a bullet hole through my hat;" which was true, and so low that it had taken some of the hair from his head. He said further, "We must have orders; we must advance or retreat. We can go over the works in one moment, if you say so." My answer was, "Hold your position ten minutes, and if I cannot get orders by that time from my superiors, I shall withdraw the command." I rode back a short distance, to find McClernand, or some staff officer, but could find none. Colonel Boomer's adjutant came to me and said, "Colonel Boomer is killed, and the brigade is in line, covered by the crest of a ridge, and making no effort to advance." By him I sent orders to the ranking colonel to withdraw the brigade from the assault. Captain Martin, my adjutant, was at once directed to order the regiments of the first brigade to fall back in such manner as to insure the least exposure and loss, and to bring back the wounded. The command bivouacked a short distance from the scene of the last assault. It was near dark. The surgeons had retired exhausted. Hundreds of wounded were groaning in the hospitals unattended to. The staff and staff horses were also played wholly out. I rode alone at ten o'clock to the tents of Surgeons Ham and Murphy, and found them both retired, and informed them that the wounded of the Seventh Division

would require them to operate during the night, and guided them to the place.

After this General McPherson's head-quarters were visited. It was now twelve o'clock; the General was just retiring. My rage was beyond my control, and no effort was made to control it. The whole situation and trouble was explained to him fully, and I added, "if these things are to be tolerated, I will leave the army, and if I cannot get out any other way I will desert or commit some offence of magnitude sufficient to result in being shot out of it." The general heard all with patience and then said, "You go to your tent and write an official report of just how you found things and just what transpired and I will call in the morning by seven o'clock and take it to General Grant's head-quarters." This he did, and but a day or two elapsed before General Ord was in command of the sixteenth corps that on this fatal day had been commanded by McClernand.

For two days great quiet prevailed along the lines, but at headquarters all was activity. On the evening of the second day during the twilight, McPherson came to my head-quarters and said he was sorry to call for the purpose he had. But he did not feel like issuing orders to me to make the movement contemplated, and had come to talk the matter over.

General Frank Blair.

He said that he had just come from Grant's head-quarters and that the general had just received a dispatch from the colonel of the Illinois cavalry reconnoitering up Black River, that General Johnson had crossed about forty miles up the stream and unless checked would immediately threaten our line of supplies now at Haines' Bluff and the rear of our line of investments, and added with great earnestness, "he must be checked, and if possible driven back across the river. Grant has called for reinforcements but it will be from six to ten days before they arrive, and we have concluded to send out three brigades that have seen the most service in the army to make all possible resistance to his advance. These brigades must be withdrawn from the line of investment under cover of night, so that the enemy in Vicksburg may not know of the movement, and it is important to meet Johnson's army as far away from Vicksburg as possible so that the sound of the guns cannot be heard here. Now are you willing to move out with your brigade in an hour, with three days' rations in knapsacks and forty rounds of ammunition to each man?"

The condition was evidently far more trying to the commanders of the army and corps than to us subordinates, and the suggestion was given the force of orders with the greatest alacrity. The brigade was moving north in an hour, in dense darkness, under a guide furnished by the corps commander, and continued the march until two o'clock in the morning. About daylight General Leggett came up with his brigade and an hour or two later General Frank Blair came up with a brigade of his command, and being the officer highest in rank, had command of the whole force. The day's march was made without resistance, but rumors of a formidable enemy in front came thick and fast. We bivouacked within about two miles of the enemy's line of battle, according to the reports from the cavalry. General Blair called a council of war, of the brigade commanders. This was the first and only one I ever attended. Blair read all the dispatches, and the substance of them was, that the enemy is near in heavy force and in line of battle; he submitted the question, shall we fight or fall back? It is said to have been a trite saying of Napoleon's, that "councils of war never fight." The vote was two to one in favor of falling back. Blair said at once, "General Grant has sent us up here to find out what force the enemy has, and to gain for him all the time possible, so that his reinforcements may arrive before Johnson gets up. The command will advance in the morning, at four o'clock."

Vicksburg Entered.

The advance had proceeded but a short distance before it was brought to a halt by the enemy's artillery, at the point where the cavalry had drawn the fire for the three preceding days. A heavy line of skirmishers was deployed and sent forward. A few rounds from the battery were fired, and a cloud of dust gave token of the retreat of the enemy. A regiment of cavalry and a battery was all the force. We halted near Statartia for the day and night, and moved back to Haines' Bluff by easy marches and upon the arrival of the first reinforcements again took our respective positions in the line of investment. The siege progressed with lively routine until flags of truce appeared at many points along the enemy's works, on July the third.

On the evening of the third of July, my brigade was designated, with that of General Stevenson's, of Logan's Division, to occupy Vicksburg and parol the prisoners of war. The balance of the army turned east to whip or capture Johnson. General Sherman was given command. Generals Grant and McPherson made headquarters in Vicksburg.

Marching into Vicksburg was a great Fourth of July celebration. The day was clear, bright and intensely hot, and most officers and the band and many others had donned a new uniform, but the joy was so great that the band played every step from our camp to the Court House and the officers with their full, heavy uniforms seemed as light and cool as Minnesota air.

We stacked arms for a while, and reconnoitered the city. I proceeded to the house of Colonel Stevens, who was accustomed to spend much time in Saint Paul, before the war, and who was a brother-in-law of our old-time citizen, Marshal Miller. Stevens was under great excitement but received me kindly, and said the surrender was wholly unexpected to them. The people and garrison were greatly reduced in subsistence supplies. My haversack was on when I called, and contained a fair amount of hard tack. A little child of Mrs. Craft's, a refined and elegant lady of Holly Springs, who was visiting there, cried for some of this delicious bread, and upon being handed some, eat it down with the greatest avidity and satisfaction. When tender mothers fail to give their children sufficient food, a great scarcity of the article may be presumed.

News from Gettysburg.

While paroling these prisoners of war, and estimating the supplies and arms captured, my acquaintance socially with the generals and their staffs became more intimate than it had before been. At this time, General Grant was in receipt of dispatches from General Halleck daily, and he was wont to read them to us every evening. I well recollect that when he read the dispatch wherein Halleck informed him that the army of the Potomac, under General Meade, had won a decisive victory at Gettysburg, and that he, Halleck, had ordered forward, as I now recollect it, forty thousand fresh troops to aid in the pursuit, with what positiveness the general asserted that "Lee will be compelled to surrender his army now." Without intending to utter one word in disparagement of General Meade, I must express a sentiment, which at that time was general in the army of the Tennessee, that if General Grant had been in command, with the same opportunities, that the general's own prediction would have been realized.

One evening, not far from the tenth of July, General Grant read a dispatch from General Sherman, then investing General Johnson at Jackson, indicating that he had that army cornered, that his right and left

wings rested on Pearl river, and that his batteries commanded the space between his wings, in the rear of Johnson's army, and he remarked. "I think Johnson will surrender to Sherman to-morrow." We all felt great interest in the situation, and I rode early to head-quarters, to learn the news from Sherman. The dispatch was read by Grant himself, to the effect that Johnson, with his army, had escaped under the cover of the darkness. The general expressed regret, but did not utter a complaining word, nor censure any one in the least.

The campaign against Vicksburg was now over, and courts-martial and promotions were now next in order. There are personal reminiscences of this portion of the campaign that I cannot give without referring to myself more than good taste will permit, yet which, as matters of history, ought to be given, and as they can now be given without any feeling, I venture to give them here. The official records of the Adjutant-General's office, of the State, show that I resigned from the service August 4th, 1863, while, in fact I was in the service continuously, from December 22d, 1861, to June 1st, 1866. It seems right that this matter should be explained by me while living, as there will be no one to explain it when I am gone.

Sanborn's Resignation.

Two officers of my brigade had been recommended by me for promotion, for gallant and valuable services at the battle of luka, Mathias of the Fifth Iowa, and Colonel Boomer, of the Twwnty-sixth Missouri. I was recommended for promotion by General Hamilton, the commander of the division, and General Rosecrans, commander of the army. All of us were appointed by the President, about December, 1862. When the question of confirmation came up, the appointees from other States, whose names had been sent in on my own report, were confirmed, while the public men of Minnesota allowed my name to fail and thereby, contrary to the recommendations of the commanders in the field, the junior was made the senior, and the inferior in rank made the superior. In this alone is the secret of a colonel commanding a division a portion of the time in the siege of Vicksburg and in this alone is all the misfortune. It was not rank considered as such that was wanted, but the desire was to retain relative rank.

The day after the surrender, General McPherson came to my head-quarters and announced, with exultation, that General Grant had informed him that his, McPherson's recommendations for promotions

should head the list that he would send on, for gallant and valuable services in the campaign against Vicksburg, and added, "I shall put your name second anyway, and will head the list with it if you ask it, but if left to myself, I shall put Colonel Chambers, who is a regular army officer, first, and yours second." The result in the spring before led me to believe that it had been determined by the members of Congress from Minnesota, that I should not be promoted anyway, and I communicated this belief to McPherson, and he answered, "If my recommendation and General Grant's, with those you have previously had, don't carry through, we might as well disband the army, for it will be impossible to maintain any *esprit de corps*!" I then asked him, if in case the appointment of all the others on the list came back and mine did not, if he would approve my resignation. He said that he would, at once, and would resign if he were in my place, and that he could get General Grant to accept the resignation at once.

About the first of August, the whole list of appointments of those recommended for promotion came back, with the single exception of my name. I thereupon wrote out my resignation, and took it to McPherson, who approved it and then rode with me to General Grant's head-quarters, and the General accepted it, and directed the proper staff officers to give me transportation to Saint Paul, to allow me to take out my horses, and to turn over to me the colors captured by my command at Jackson. One of General Grant's staff officers communicated the secret, that Grant had written a personal letter in regard to my case, and that the promotion would surely come.

I issued the following address, in the form of General Orders, to my command, and left for Saint Paul.

HEAD-QUARTERS 1ST BRIGADE,
7th Division, 17th Army Corps
Vicksburg, Miss, August 5th, 1863

GENERAL ORDERS,
No. 16.

Soldiers of the First Brigade :

Having determined to leave the Military Service, the Colonel

commanding announces that he sincerely regrets to part with that brave command, whose hardships, privations, honor and glory he has had the good fortune to share for more than a year past. During this brief period you have been called upon to fight for the honor of our Flag, and the maintenance of the authority of the Government many times, and have won immortal honors on many fields.

At the siege of Corinth, your constant and sure approaches, by great labor in the trenches, aided to drive the enemy from a most important position, and scatter the largest army yet brought together in the Confederacy.

At luka, alone and unaided, except in the last moments of the battle by the gallant 11th Missouri, you, at fearful sacrifice, resisted the repeated furious charges of the enemy, and drove three times your number from a hard contested and most bloody field.

On the first day of the Battle of Corinth, seemingly as the forlorn hope of a day of bad fortune, you made a fierce and most perilous attack upon the flank and rear of the enemy's steadily advancing columns, and compelled him to fall back, when he had almost gained the town, and to wait the fortunes of another and more auspicious day. And on the second day of the same battle, when the enemy's advance had gained the town, and all seemed lost, again, by a most desperate attack upon the enemy's flank, you cut off his entire reserve, and compelled him to give all he had gained, and contributed vastly in wrenching from his hands a most brilliant victory.

When the sound of the enemy's guns at Port Gibson broke on your ears, although the broad Mississippi rolled between you and the enemy, you crossed as by magic, and moved as if on wings, toward the scene of conflict, to aid your brothers in arms to win a victory in what you knew to be a most important contest, and long before the sound of battle ceased, you were in position protecting one flank of our Army.

At Forty Hills, by a steady and constant advance upon the enemy's batteries and lines, you drove him from strong positions across the "Big Black."

At Raymond you moved up on the run, through terrible dust and heat, and under a most gallant fire, to the support of a most gallant division, but hard pressed by superior numbers; your presence precipitated the retreat of the enemy from a well chosen and hardly contested field.

At Jackson, by a most perilous and gallant charge upon a hidden foe, supporting well manned batteries of artillery, you drove a superior force of the enemy from a most favorable position, and carried your standards in triumph to the very dome of the Capitol of Mississippi.

At Champion Hills, every one of you were engaged constantly for four hours, at no time taking any step backward, aiding the balance of the three small divisions there engaged, to drive the enemy from a well chosen position, that our Army might advance and wrench from the enemy's grasp the key that would unlock the navigation of our Mississippi.

At Vicksburg, you were among the first to reach the enemy's works at the assault, and the last of all to retire, although your position was unfavorable and exposed; and after this you immediately moved nearly fifty miles to the rear, and aided to develop the movements of the enemy in that direction, and then again took your position in front of the enemy's works, and aided by your deadly rifles, by trench and mine, to reduce this stronghold.

In addition to these services on the field of battle, you have made long and perilous campaigns, always successful and without loss to the Government. *Yours is indeed a glorious record!* Few organizations of the Army have been so fortunate. In future to strive to emulate your own example in the past, and nothing but glory can await you. Brave and faithful soldiers, I bid you Farewell.

By order of Colonel John B. Sanborn.

JOHN E. SIMPSON,
Captain and A. A. A. G.

Soon after my arrival home, the senators offered to give me letters to the President, and really seemed anxious that I should return to the army. But in the army of the Tennessee, I had lost relative rank to such an extent that my usefulness would be much curtailed. But after much deliberation, I concluded to return to the army, and went to Washington with the letters of the senators.

Sanborn's Resignation Refused.

General Frank Blair was there, and wanted to go with me to meet the President. I had not seen the President since March, 1861. The interview was peculiar, amusing and interesting. We were invited in immediately upon sending in our cards, and found most of the cabinet officers present. Seward, Chase, Welles and Stanton remained quite a while, and heard us answer questions asked by the President about the campaign. At length I handed to Mr. Lincoln the letters from the Senators. He looked at them, and says, "Then they are ready for this now, I will give you a letter to Stanton." He immediately wrote it, and after the interview closed I took it over to Mr. Stanton, who opened it and handed it right back to me, and I have it still, and said, "Why didn't you come to me in the first instance? What did you go to the President for?" And he immediately revoked the order of General Grant accepting my resignation, and made the appointment a second time, saying that he had known all about the case all the time. Hence I was not out of the service a day, from December 22d, 1861, the day I mustered in, to June 1st, 1866, the day I mustered out.

The course of Minnesota was certainly very different from that of other States. Other States seemed to push their men and officers forward with great zeal, while Minnesota seemed disposed to hold hers back, and lost all opportunity of commanding influence in the army, and otherwise diminished her power.

President Lincoln.

This was the last time I ever saw Mr. Lincoln. He seemed as genial and social as if in a law office in Illinois. After handing to me the letter he had written to Stanton, he turned over another leaf of his portfolio, and says, "Blair, I want to read to you a letter I have written to McClelland, and get your opinion of my epistolary powers. McClelland has applied to me to call a court of inquiry upon his conduct and that of General Grant, in the campaign against Vicksburg; and you know McClelland and I are

old friends, but this is something that I can't do, and I am trying to get out of it the best way I can. You see Grant has given us about the only good things we have had so far in this war, and the people, the country won't see him ordered before a court of inquiry now; so here is what I have written." And he read the letter. It was quite lengthy for an official letter. The chief point of it was, as I now remember, that the orders and acts of both McClernand and Grant, had been in the presence of tens of thousands of their fellow citizens, and it would matter little what a court composed of a small number of these citizens might find the facts to be, basing their findings upon the evidence of a few more such citizens, and closing with declining to call the court. He added that he had studied pretty hard on that letter, and that he believed that the best he could do.

General Blair congratulated him on his success. Mr. Lincoln then illustrated the case by a very apt story, which, like many of his illustrations, cannot be given just as told it. But the gist was, that long years before, when he was district attorney in Illinois, he had proceeded with the trial of a case of assault with intent to murder, without any previous consultation, with the complaining witness; the county attorney having attended on the grand jury, and drawn the indictment. He proved his *prima facie* case easily by the complaining witness. The prisoner had shot at him with a pistol loaded with a leaden bullet, and hit him, proved the time when and the venue, and rested. The counsel for the defense commenced to cross-examine the witness with great ferocity. "In whose house were you when you were shot?" The witness stammered out, "In the prisoner's house." "Who was there with you?" With still more stammering, he said, "The prisoner's wife." And so it went on, till the question was asked, "Where did the bullet hit you?" Whereupon the witness stopped and refused to answer. The judge told him he must answer, and he still refused; and at last Mr. Lincoln said to the witness, he couldn't see as it would do any harm for the witness to answer so simple a question, and, "You may as well answer the question; it: can do no harm." Whereupon the witness, with great emotion, said, " Well, Mr. Lincoln, if you must know all about this, the fact is, that he took me on the rise." With a hearty laugh, he added, I think McClernand wants to take Grant on the rise, for he has already risen pretty high in the estimation of the people.

Concluding Remarks.

But sixteen years have passed away since the events above detailed, and the saddest, gloomiest feature of this review of unwritten history and

unrecorded events, is the havoc made by death with the actors in those days. Not a group comes before the mind that has not been thinned or annihilated by death. Of the five colonels of the first brigade, Boomer, Alexander, Eddy and Mathias, that were wont to meet and converse as friends during the siege of Corinth, are dead, and I alone remain. Of the group that met at my tent the evening of the 21st of May, 1863, Dana, of the New York Sun, and myself, are all that survive. McPherson, Boomer, Alexander, Eddy, are all gone. Of all those met in September, 1863, in the Executive Mansion, not one continues but myself. Lincoln, Seward, Chase, Welles, Stanton and Blair, are all numbered with the dead; of the staff, Rawlins, Bowens, and others are gone. And this dueely impresses me with the thought, that if any of us who took part in those exciting days and scenes, are carrying in our minds portions of the unwritten history that may be of interest or profit to nposterity, we must commit it to writing soon, or the darkness of the grave will exclude it from the light forever.

The order of General McPherson, read to the troops of his command, at dress parade, on the evening of July 4th, 1863, is also appended.

Reminiscences of this kind of this campaign do not afford a glimpse even of the great struggle, gigantic effort, the unutterable sufferings and sacrifices made by the army of the Tennessee to miaintain the supremacy of the Federal power by reducing this stronghold and gaining the undisputed mastery over the Mississippi river. Were all the official reports of all the officers of the army read here to-night (and these reports fill volumes) but a faint idea would be obtained. The great motive power of this effort was pure love of country and sincere devotion to the welfare of organized society. In the failure of this effort the leading spirits of that army thought they saw, or feared that they saw, the overthrow of this government, and in its overthrow they clearly saw the failure of the last great republican government on earth; society disorganized and reduced to chaos; intelligence and virtue overwhelmed into a sea of ignorance and brutality; and religion and purity superseded by bacchanalian revelry and superstitious degradation. Hence, in the estimation of these men, the struggle was to save the government and all the blessings that upon it depended. Institutions of learning and religion, the liberty of the masses, and civilization itself, were at stake upon the decision of the issues of that hour. And their full appreciation by the army nerved it to like such blows as would and did ovelwhelm all opposing forces.

APPENDIX.

HEAD-QUARTERS OF 1ST BRIGADE,
7th Division, 17th Army Corps.
VICKSBURG, July 27th, 1863.

Mrs. S-,

Dear Madam: Had I known positively your name and address, I should have done myself the honor of writing you a letter of condolence at the time of your brother's death, knowing as I did, from his own remarks, that you were more to him than any other living being. It is indeed true that I am familiar with his military career, and it is all bright and glorious; so that it would be a most difficult task to recite facts or incidents that would have peculiar significance or interest. His whole life as a soldier, and all the incidents of it, seem equally interesting. .

His mind was adapted to the service in every respect; and when he knew what movements our army was about to make, he was never at a loss to know what the movements of the enemy would be. For three long and tedious campaigns, namely: against Corinth, against Vicksburg, by the Central Mississippi Railroad, and against Vicksburg by the river, comprising almost every variety of movement and strategy, all of which were discussed and considered, no movement was made the effect and result of which he did not exactly foretell before it was commenced.

When a large portion of our army below Corinth was sent forward to General Buell in Cincinnati last summer, I recollect how confident he was that we should be attacked on that line at an early day. You will remember how soon the battle of luka and Corinth followed. Again, last December, when we were below Oxford, on the Yokeny Potoffa river, he constantly discussed the great danger we were in of having our supplies cut off by a raid upon the road, and came one day to request me to go with him to Grant's head-quarters, and urge the necessity of the army being supplied immediately with twenty or thirty days' rations of hard bread and coffee, so that, in case the road was destroyed, the army could march on down to Vicksburg and open communications by river, and thus no delay be incurred in reducing the place by any movement of the enemy in the rear. Subsequent events, which came speedily upon us, proved how well founded his opinions were.

When the last spring campaign opened we were ordered to land about fifteen miles above Lake Providence, and open a way for boats above Bayou Macon, with a view of going through to Red River to reinforce General Banks at Port Hudson. and clearing the river as far up as Warrenton. The distance to be traveled through these narrow, crooked bayous and small rivers, through the enemy's country, would have been at least four hundred miles. Your brother at once took the most decided stand against the programme, and when the division commander gave the usual military reason for carrying it out, namely, that it was so ordered, he went so far as to say that such orders must not be obeyed until a full consultation was held upon them, and the whole matter reconsidered. He immediately took a boat and went in person to Lake Providence, to have a private interview with General McPherson on the subject, and impressed him so strongly with the insurmountable obstacles to a successful campaign thus ordered, that the general made a trip to Young's Point to see General Grant on the subject, and the whole plan was dropped.

We were ordered down the Tallahatchie river by the Yazoo Pass, which was also a movement in which your brother had no confidence, and he often remarked, before we sailed, that the campaign would be immensely expensive, and result in no advantage to the Government; and so it proved. But when the last movement was commenced by way of Bruinsburgh, he was filled with confidence and hope, and often remarked that he could foresee its certain success. In battle your brother conducted himself with as much calculation, deliberation, and calmness, as in the most common occurrence and affairs of life, and he dared to do what he saw clearly was best without orders, and even against orders in an unquestionable case.

At the battle of luka, after the enemy's skirmishers were driven back to the main line by a portion of his regiment, and a fire received from nearly the whole of the enemy, Boomer applied to me for an order to bring in his skirmishers at once, to form the whole regiment into line of battle, and be ready for an advance of the enemy, which was evidently about being made. I told him my orders from General Rosecrans were, to have the skirmishers hold their line, or advance if possible, and bring the whole body of infantry forward to their support. He said the line the skirmishers were on could not be maintained a moment, and if I did not choose to take the responsibility of ordering the skirmishers in, he would bring them in without orders, and accordingly did so; and I obtained an

order to the same effect while he was doing this. Hardly had a moment elapsed after he accomplished this before the whole line of the enemy came forward like a tempest, and almost swept away the imperfect formation we had made.

Your brother was not overcome at all or disquieted by this shock, his regiment being in reserve, and he having full discretion as to the point where and a time when he should move, personally led to the front line, where it was most weakened, and where the fire was most destructive, with four of his best companies; and seeing at a glance that all our reserve forces were needed there, he attempted to bring them up. While doing this he was shot, and fell, as was then supposed mortally wounded.

While laboring under the pains of what he supposed, with all his friends (except his surgeon), was a mortal wound, his courage and spirit did not fail, and was only anxious for the issue of the battle. His only regret was that he was not able to complete the movement he had commenced, which he felt confident would have relieved the whole line in a great degree.

At Jackson, Champion Hill, and before Vicksburg, he exhibited the same judgment, calmness, determination and zeal. He was following my brigade to the right of our line at Champion Hill, when he received an order to move back quickly and support General Hovey's Division, then being engaged and over-whelmed by superior numbers in the center. It was but a few minutes before the whole center of the enemy's line was falling back before him.

The enemy was speedily reinforced at that point, and even commenced driving back the thinned ranks of Colonel Boomer's Brigade. He came to me and spoke as calmly and coolly as on any occasion, saying, "Sanborn, the enemy are too strong for my brigade where I am, but with two more regiments I can clear that part of the field. Can't you let me have the Fifty-ninth and Forty-eighth Indiana from your brigade!" When I assured him that my troops were all engaged, but that the Third Brigade was close up, and I had heard General Grant order it at once to his support, he responded, "that is all I want," and rode off as cheerful, as if it were a holiday.

In less than a half hour that part of the field was cleared, and clearing that cleared the whole; so that your brother performed a most conspicuous part in that battle. When the general order was given for the army to assault the enemy's works on the 22d of May, Boomer was disposed to favor it, and to believe it would be successful, and not attended with any very heavy loss. He based this belief on the fact that the enemy had been recently defeated in several engagements, and was consequently demoralized, and would not make a strong stand.

But after the movement had commenced, and the condition as well as disposition of the enemy became apparent, he had no confidence of our success, and became much depressed. This depression did not seem to be the result of any gloomy forebodings about himself, but of a fear—well founded, I think—that the assault would be carried so far, that we should lose the strength and flower of our army, and as a consequence Vicksburg, which we were sure to capture and reduce by delay.

Later than twelve o'clock that day he told me he had become convinced that we could not gain the parapets without the loss of more than fifty per cent of our men; that this would leave the enemy the larger force, which would be fresh, while ours would be exhausted and worn out, and that we had no chance of success. He asked me once if I did not think some one of us should go and see General McPherson in regard to the matter, and try to have the men ordered back to the camps. This, however, was but a few moments before we received a dispatch from General McClernand saying, that he was in part possession of the enemy's works; that if he could be supported he could carry the position, etc., and an order for us to move to his support.

As we left our position to go to the support of McClernand, I saw your brother for the last time alive. He gave a broad full smile, such as you know he could give, which seemed to say, "I don't believe a word of the dispatch, but am willing to go and see how it is."

A half hour afterward we were both warmly engaged with the enemy in our new position, when your brother was killed. He fell at the time of his greatest usefulness, and when moving rapidly forward in the pathway of glory. In his case how speedily it led to the tomb?

"The decree went forth, and the arrow sped
By fate's irrevocable doom;
And the gallant young hero lies low with the dead;

But the hallow of glory that encircled his head
Remains uneclipsed by the tomb."

Your brother will never be forgotten by his companions in arms; and we all, even before we could realize that we should see him in the flesh nevermore, in heart exclaimed: "Wise counselor! Brave soldier! Genial and faithful friend! Hail! and Farewell !"

Very truly yours,
J. B. SANBORN,
Brigadier-General.

HEAD-QUARTERS, 17TH ARMY CORPS,
DEPARTMENT OF THE TENNESSEE,
VICKSBURG, MISS., JULY 4TH, 1863.

GENERAL ORDERS,
No. 20.

SOLDIERS OF THE 17TH ARMY Corps: Again I rejoice with you over your brilliant achievements, and your unparalleled success.

Hardly had your flag floated to the breeze on the Capitol of Mississippi, when springing to the call of our NOBLE COMMANDER, you rushed upon the defiant columns of the enemy at "CHAMPION HILLS," and drove him in confusion and dismay across the "BIG BLACK" to his defence within the stronghold of Vicksburg.

Your assaulting colums, which moved promptly on his works on the 22d of May, and which stood for hours undaunted, under a withering fire, were unsuccessful only because no men could take the position by storm.

With tireless energy, with sleepless vigilance, by night and by day, with battery and with rifle pit, with trench and mine, you aade your sure approaches, until overcome by fatigue, and driven to despair in the attempt to oppose your irresistible progress, the whole garrison of over *thirty thousand men with all their arms and munitions of war*, have, on this, the anniversary of our NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE, surrendered to the *invincible troops* of the ARMY of the TENNESSEE

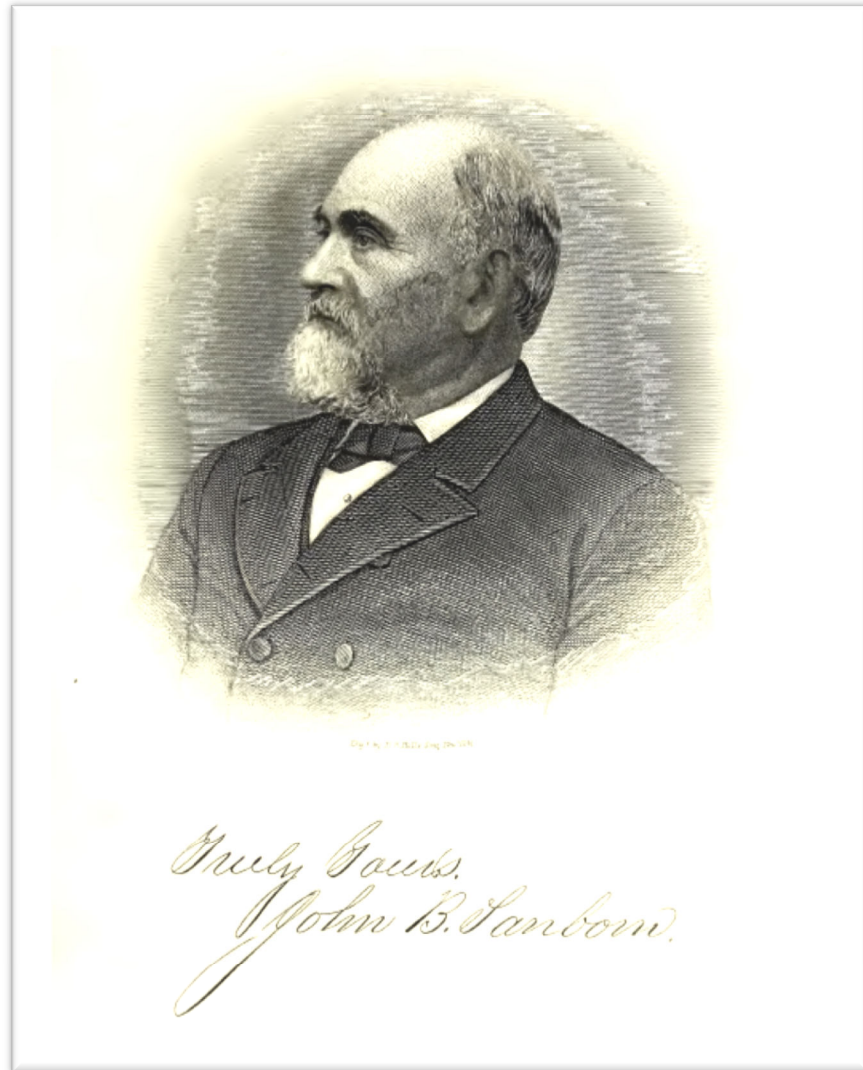
The achievements of this hour will give a new meaning to this memorable day, and "VICKSBURG" will brighten the glow in the patriot's heart, which kindles at the mention of "BUNKER HILL" and "YORKTOWN."

This is indeed an auspicious day for you. The GOD OF BATTLES is with you. The dawn of a *conquered* peace is breaking upon you—the plaudits of an *admiring world* will hail you wherever you may go, and it will be an *ennobling heritage* surpassing all riches, to have been of the 17th ARMY CORPS on this 4th of July, 1863.

JAS. B. McPHERSON,
Major-General.



An Album of Photographs, Portraits,
Illustrations and Drawings of Officers
and Events of the Campaigns Against Vicksburg.



General Sanborn

Etching from Isaac Atwater, "Territorial Bench of Minnesota,"
7 Magazine of Western History 650, 667 (April 1888).

President Lincoln's order promoting Sanborn Brigadier General.

Executive Mansion,
Washington, Sept. 11, 1863.

Hon. Sec. of War
Sir:

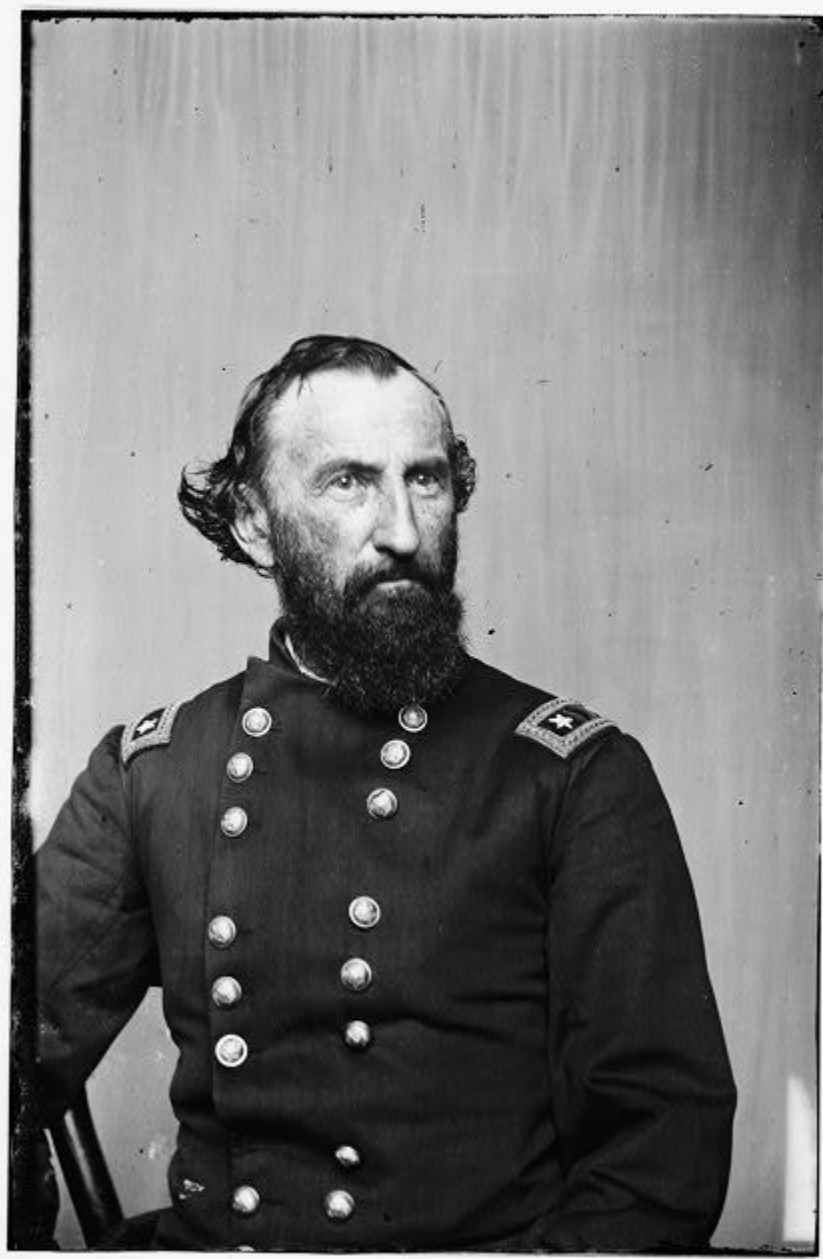
It seems Col. John
B. Sanborn, of Minnesota, was
with Gen. Grant's army, and on
his recommendation, with others,
was appointed a Brigadier Gen-
eral, and the appointment sent
to Vicksburg, but on its reach-
ing there, he had resigned his
Colonelcy and gone North. Upon
this information coming back here,
the Brig. Gen. appointment was re-
voked. He denies the appointment;
and the Minnesota Senator, as appear-
ing by the accompanying letter, also denies
him to have it. Let him have it
if there is not any real complacence
in the case.

Yours truly,
A. Lincoln

Source: John B. Sanborn Papers, MHS (Two page letter combined).



45



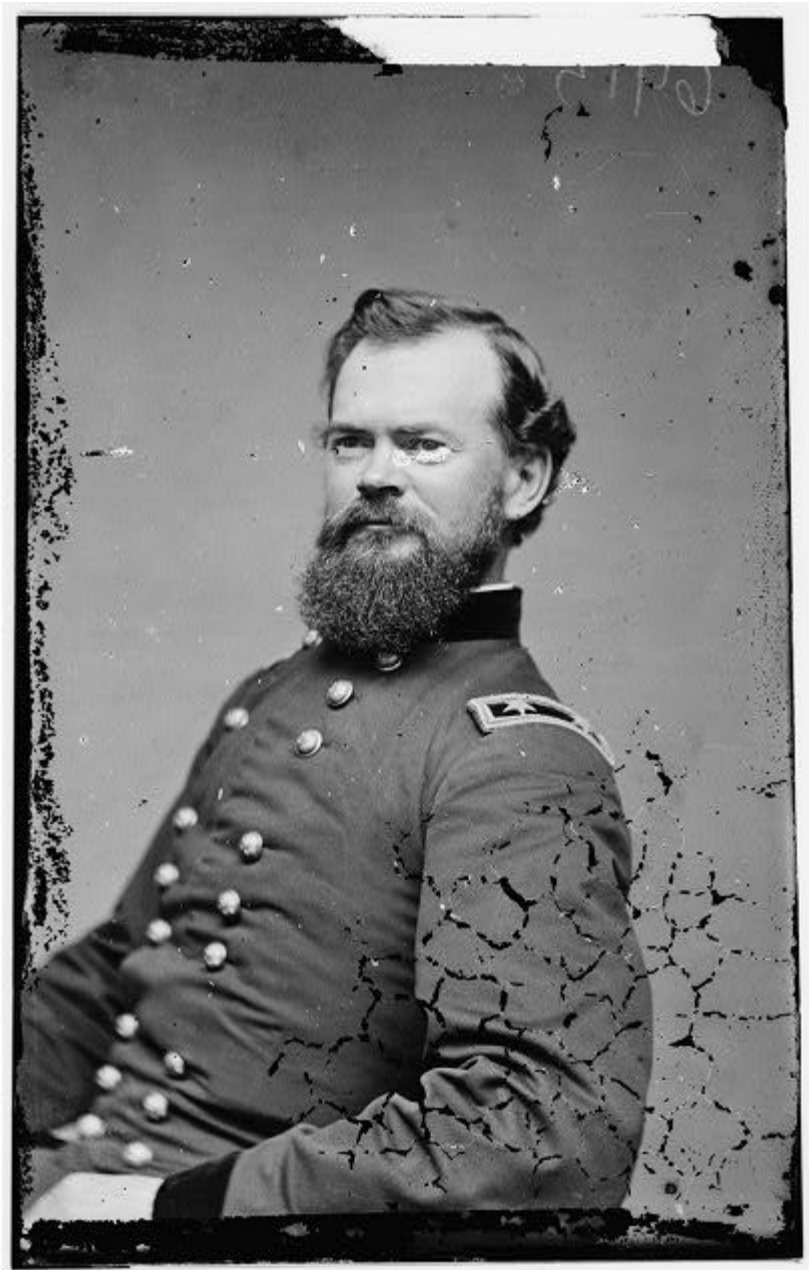
General John A. McClelland (ca 1861-1870).

Library of Congress,
Civil War Glass Negatives and Related Prints Collection.



Major General William S. Rosecrans (ca. 1862).

Library of Congress,
Brady Photograph Studio, Milhollen & Mugridge Collection.



Major General James B. McPherson (ca. 1861-1865).

Brady Photograph Studio, Milhollen & Mugridge Collection,
Library of Congress,

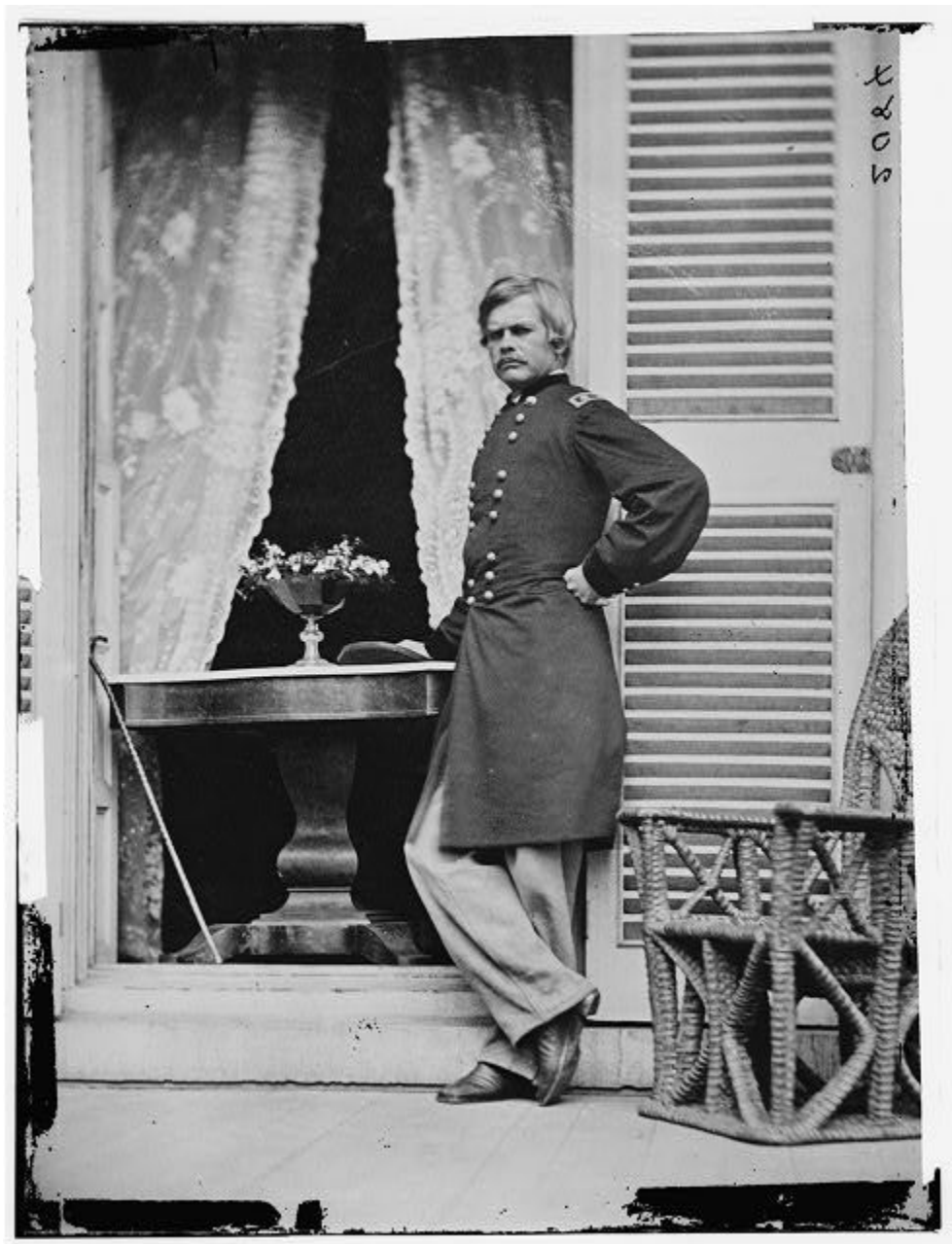


General Grant (ca. 1860-1870)
Library of Congress,



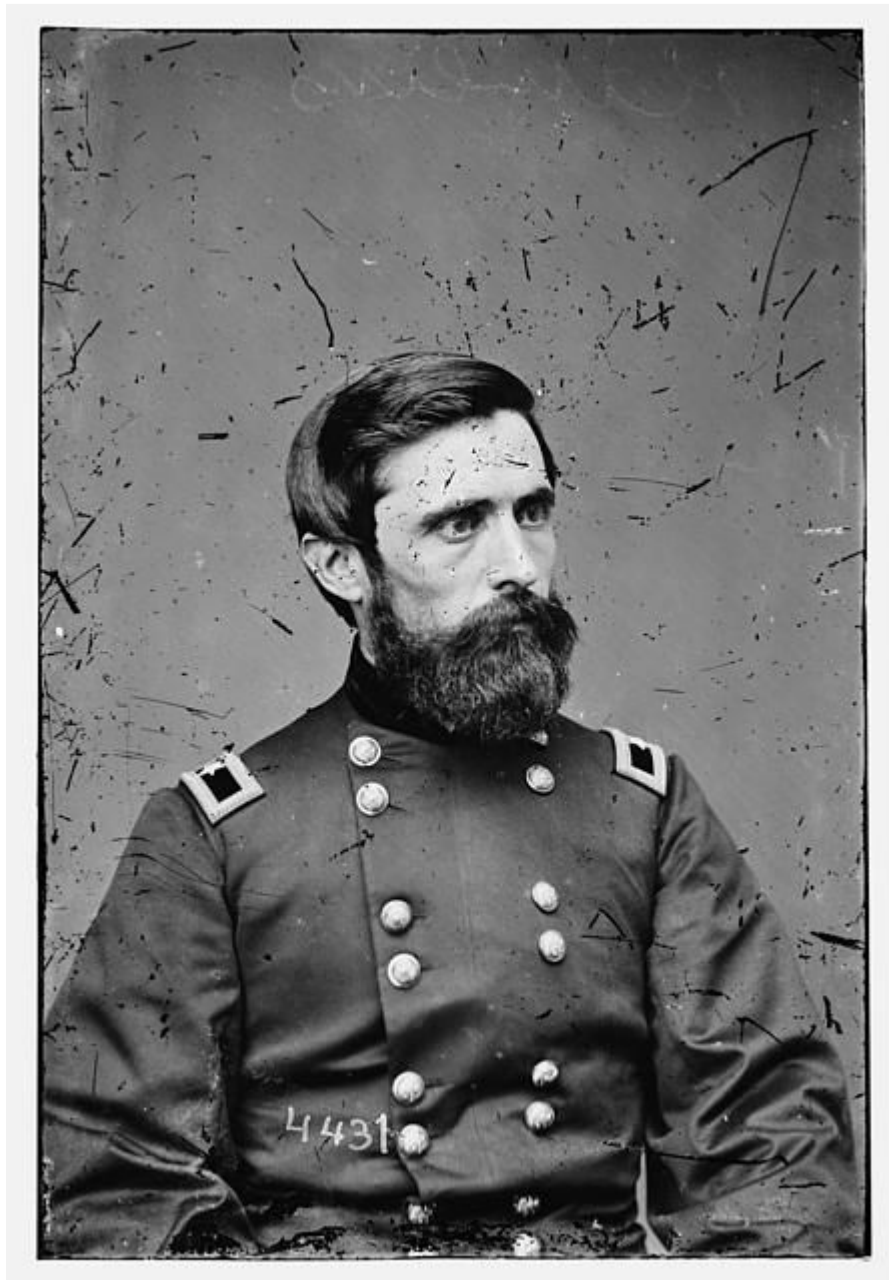
General William T. Sherman (ca. 1861-1864).

Library of Congress,
Civil War Glass Negatives and Related Prints Collection.



General Ord (ca. 1860-1870) took command of the Sixteenth Corps, replacing General McClelland.

Library of Congress,
Civil War Glass Negatives and Related Prints Collection.



General John A. Rawlins (ca. 1861-1865).

Brady-Handy photograph collection,
Library of Congress, Prints and Photographs Division.



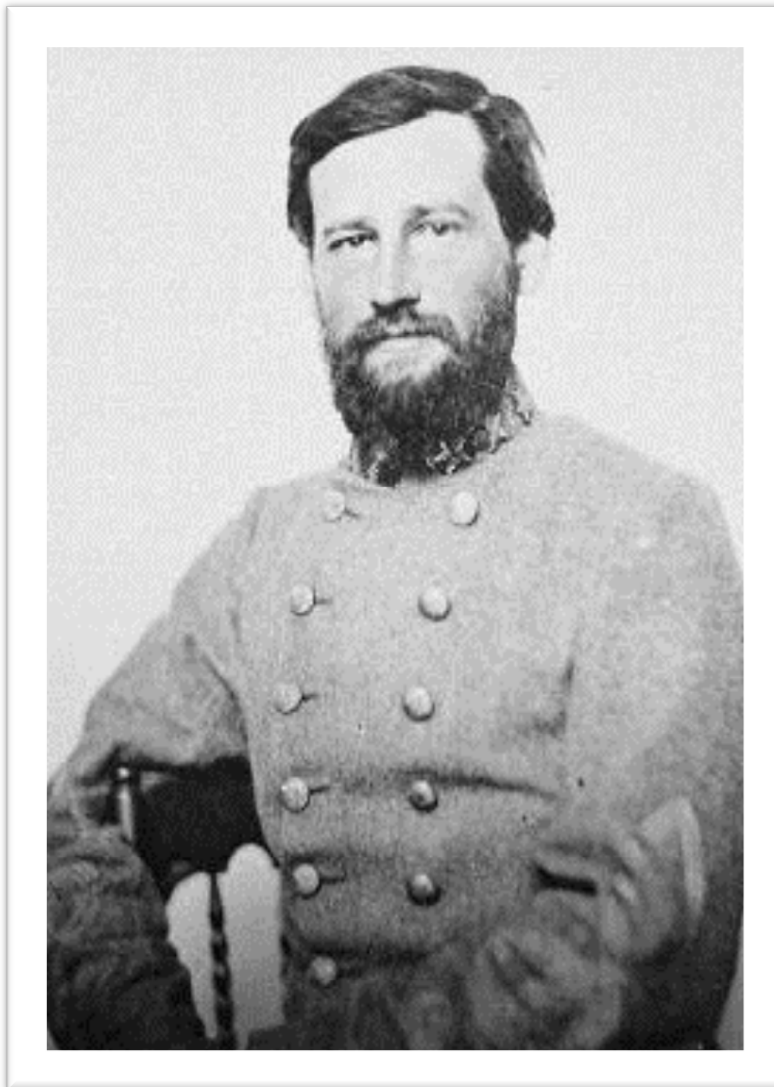
Maj. Gen. Schuyler Hamilton (ca. 1860-1865).

Library of Congress, Prints and Photographs Division.



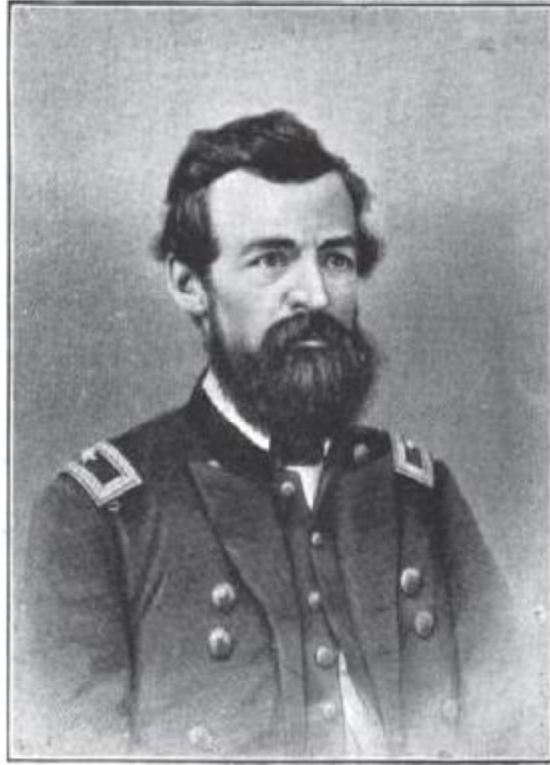
Confederate General John C. Pemberton (ca. 1860-1865)

Library of Congress, Prints and Photographs Division.



Confederate Brigadier General Stephen D. Lee (ca. 1860-1865).

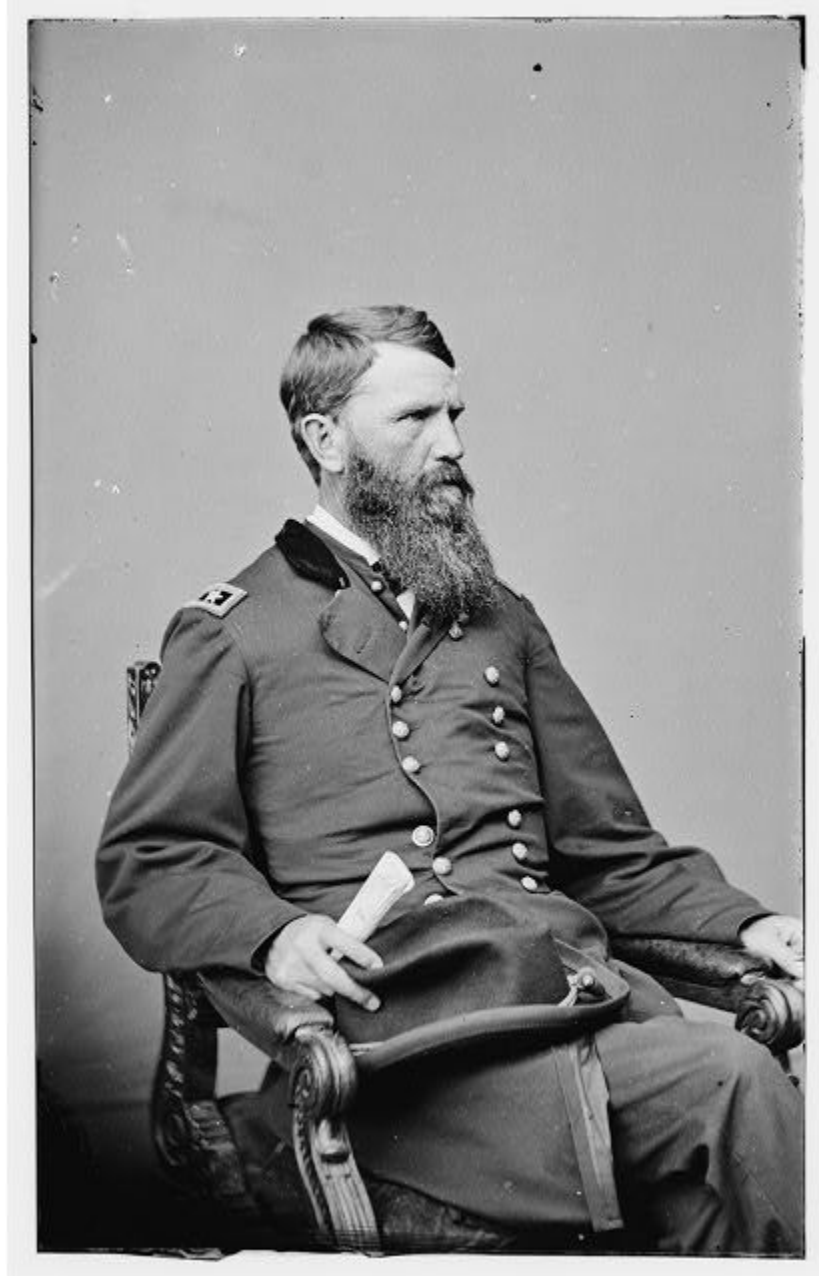
Source: Wikimedia/National Park Service



*Yours truly
M. M. Crocker*

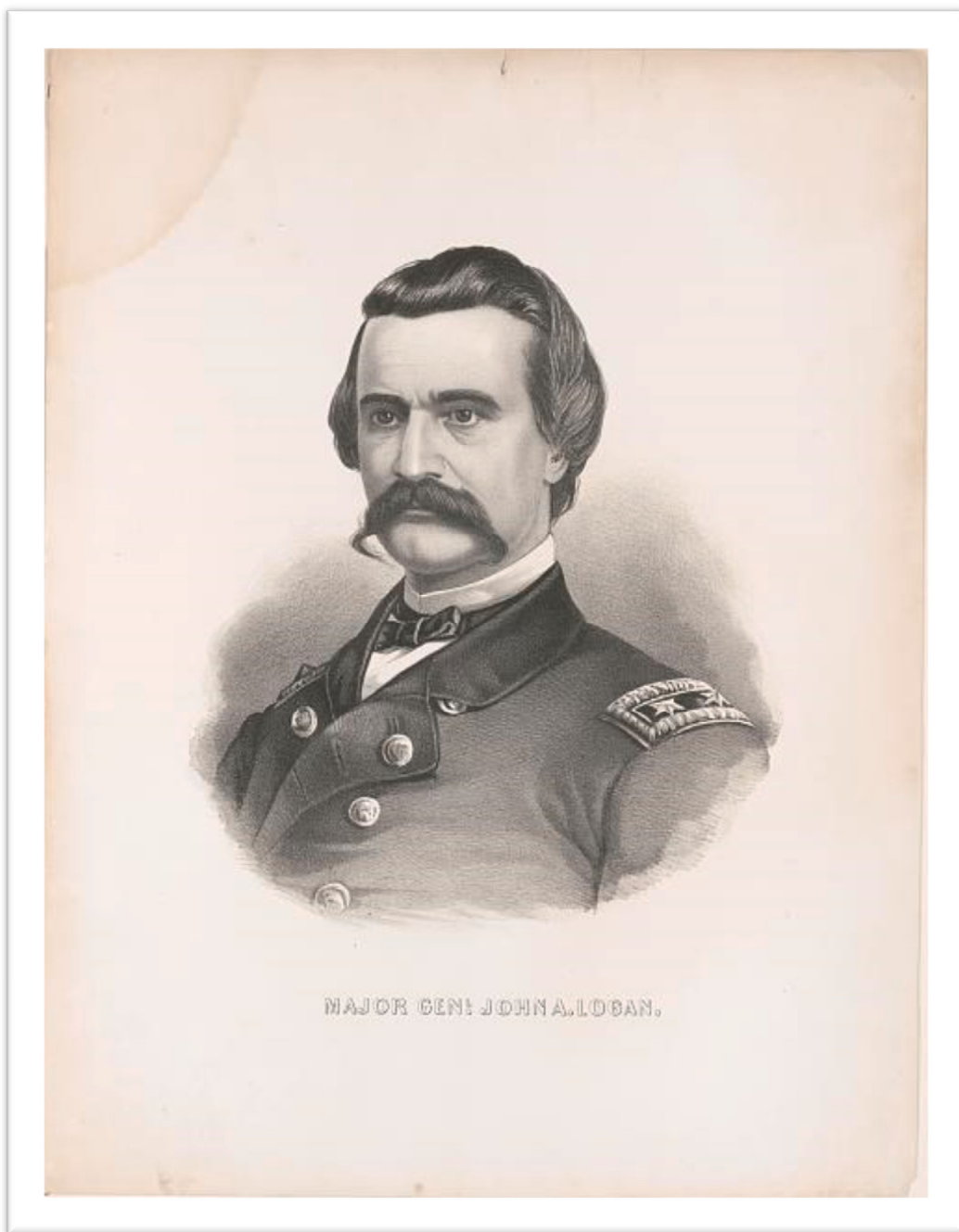
Brigadier General Marcellus M. Crocker

Source Wikimedia Commons.
Second Biennial Report of the Historical Department of Iowa.



General Frank P. Blair (ca. 1860-1870).

Library of Congress,
Civil War Glass Negatives and Related Prints Collection.



Major General John A. Logan (ca. 1861-1870).

Library of Congress.



Colonel later Brigadier General Alvin P. Hovey (ca. 1860-1870).

Civil war photographs, 1861-1865,
Library of Congress, Prints and Photographs Division.



Confederate fortifications at Vicksburg.



General Pemberton's Headquarters, Vicksburg, Miss.

Library of Congress,
Civil War Glass Negatives and Related Prints Collection.



Major General John A. Logan's division in trenches
excavated during siege of Vicksburg (1863).
In background is the Shirley House also known as Wexford Lodge.

Library of Congress,
Civil War Glass Negatives and Related Prints Collection.



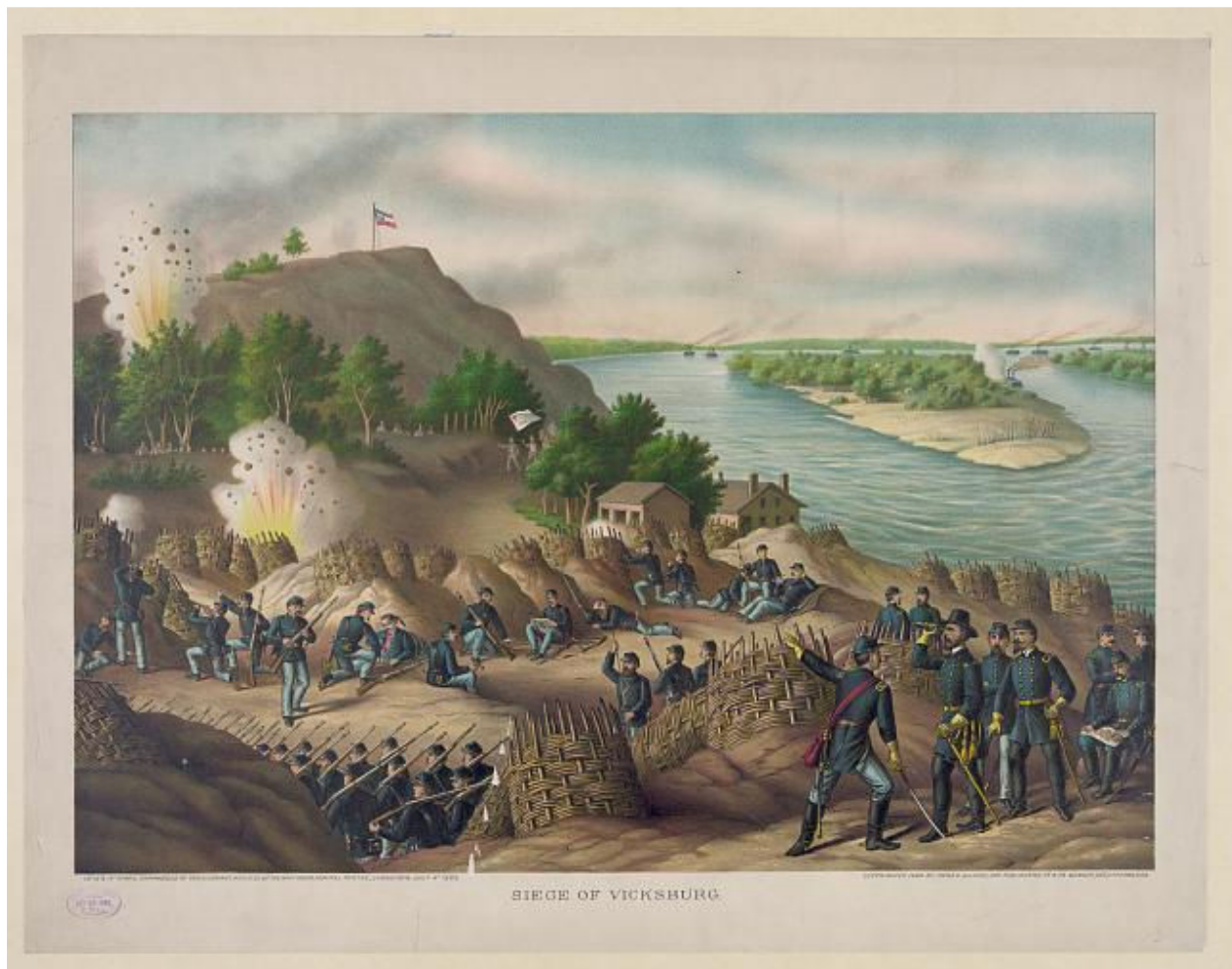
Confederate Gun known as "Whistling Dick" at Vicksburg.

Library of Congress,
Civil War Glass Negatives and Related Prints Collection.



Battery Sherman, Vicksburg, Mississippi (ca. 1861-1865)

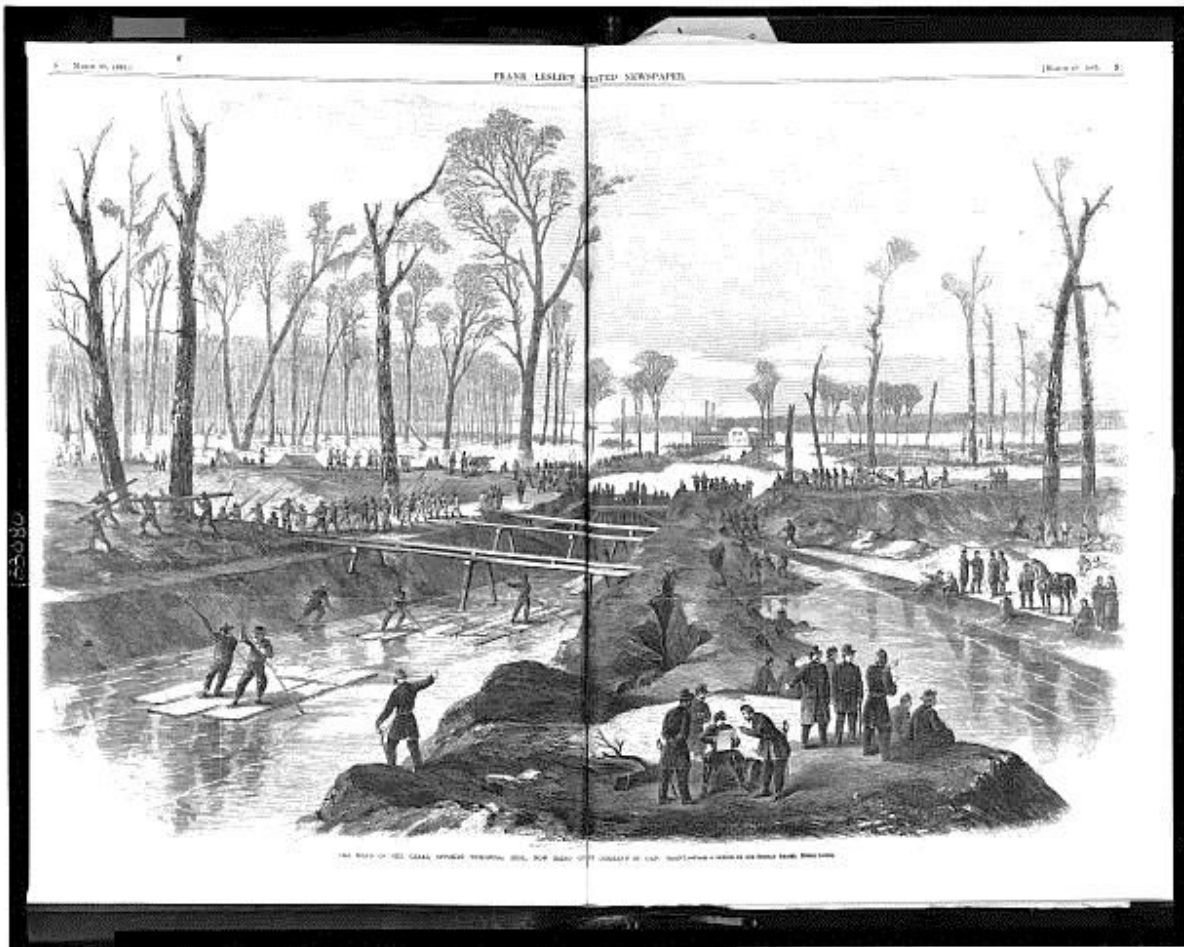
Library of Congress,
Civil War Glass Negatives and Related Prints Collection.



Siege of Vicksburg

13, 15, & 17 Corps, Commanded by Gen. U.S. Grant,
assisted by the Navy under Admiral Porter.

Color lithograph created 1888.



The head of the canal, opposite Vicksburg, Miss.,
being cut by command of General Grant.

Source: Sketch by artist Henri Lovie.
Frank Leslie's illustrated Newspaper (March 28, 1863).



The siege of Vicksburg.

The fight in the crater of Fort Hill,
after the explosion, June 25, 1863.

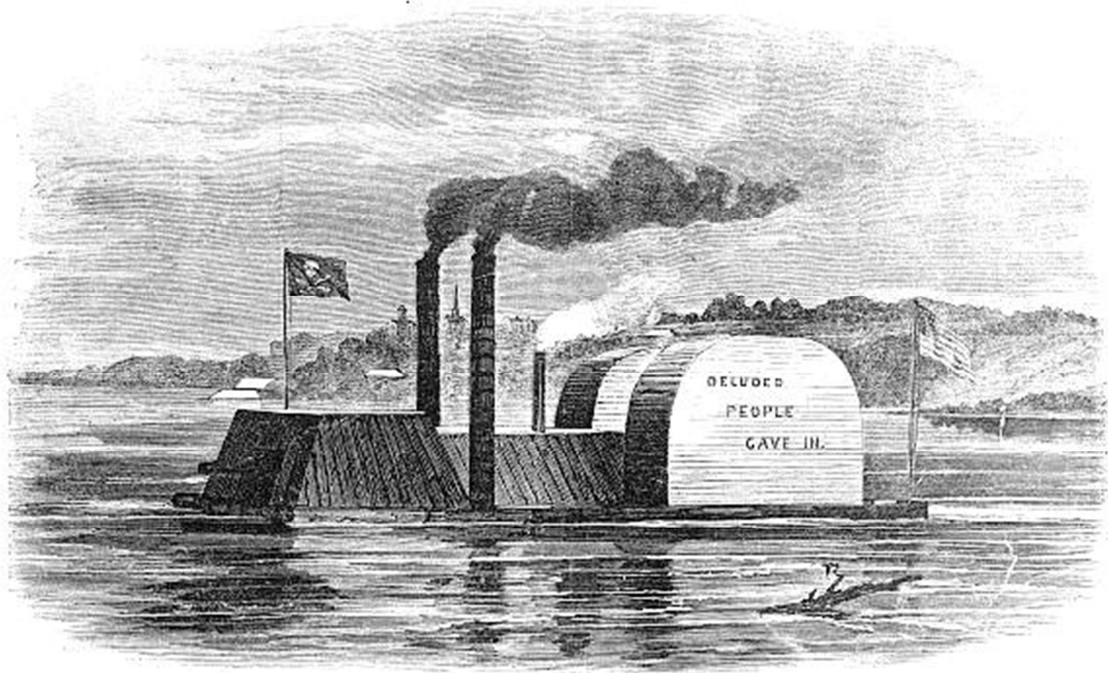
Print shows Union soldiers in trench and behind wooden walls and gabions
as an assault is made on Fort Hill during the siege of Vicksburg, Mississippi.

Sketch by A.E. Mathews, lithographer.
Library of Congress.



Big Black River Battlefield of May 17, 1863.

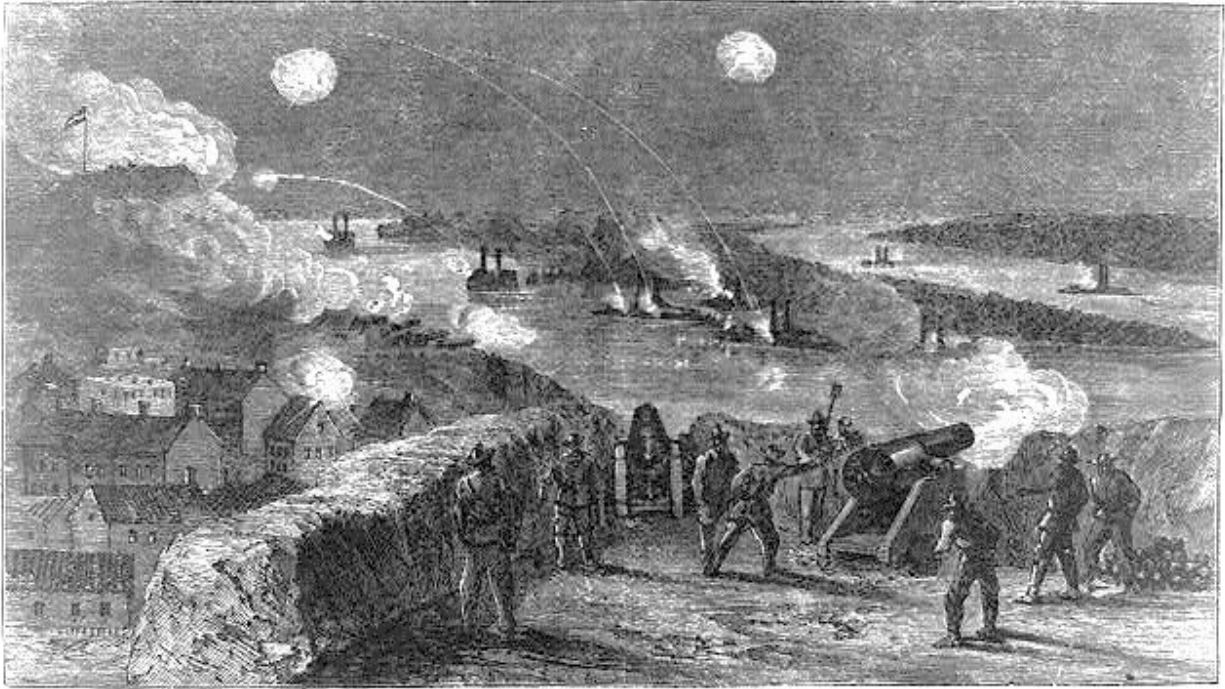
Library of Congress,
Civil War Glass Negatives and Related Prints Collection.



ADMIRAL PORTER'S SECOND DEMMY BURNING THE REBELS AT VICKSBURG. — (See Page 25.)

A phony ironclad made of wood meant to fool the
Confederate batteries on the Mississippi River
at Vicksburg into wasting ammunition
trying to sink the dummy vessel.

Wood engraving.
Illustration in Harper's Weekly, April 11, 1863.



GRANT'S TRANSPORTS RUNNING THE BATTERIES.

Grant's transports running the batteries at Vicksburg, 1863.
Confederate gun crew in foreground.

Wood engraving, printed in 1894.

Library of Congress,
Civil War Glass Negatives and Related Prints Collection.



Federal entrenchments in front of Vicksburg.

Library of Congress,
Civil War Glass Negatives and Related Prints Collection.



Panoram no. 1 of battlefield, Vicksburg, Miss.



Panoram no. 2, battlefield, Vicksburg, Miss.



Panoram no. 3, battlefield, Vicksburg, Miss.



Panoram no. 4, battlefield, Vicksburg, Miss.



Panoram no. 5, battlefield, Vicksburg, Miss.



Panoram no. 6, battlefield, Vicksburg, Miss.



Panoram no. 7, battlefield, Vicksburg, Miss.



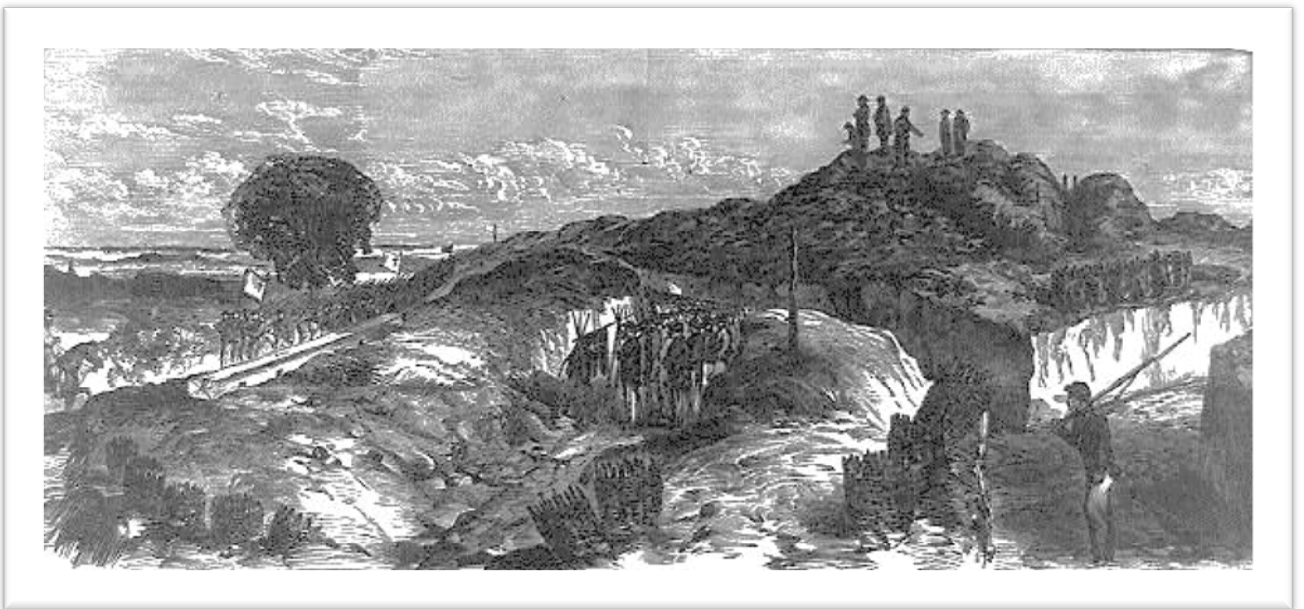
Panoram no. 8, battlefield, Vicksburg, Miss.



Panoram no. 9, battlefield, Vicksburg, Miss.

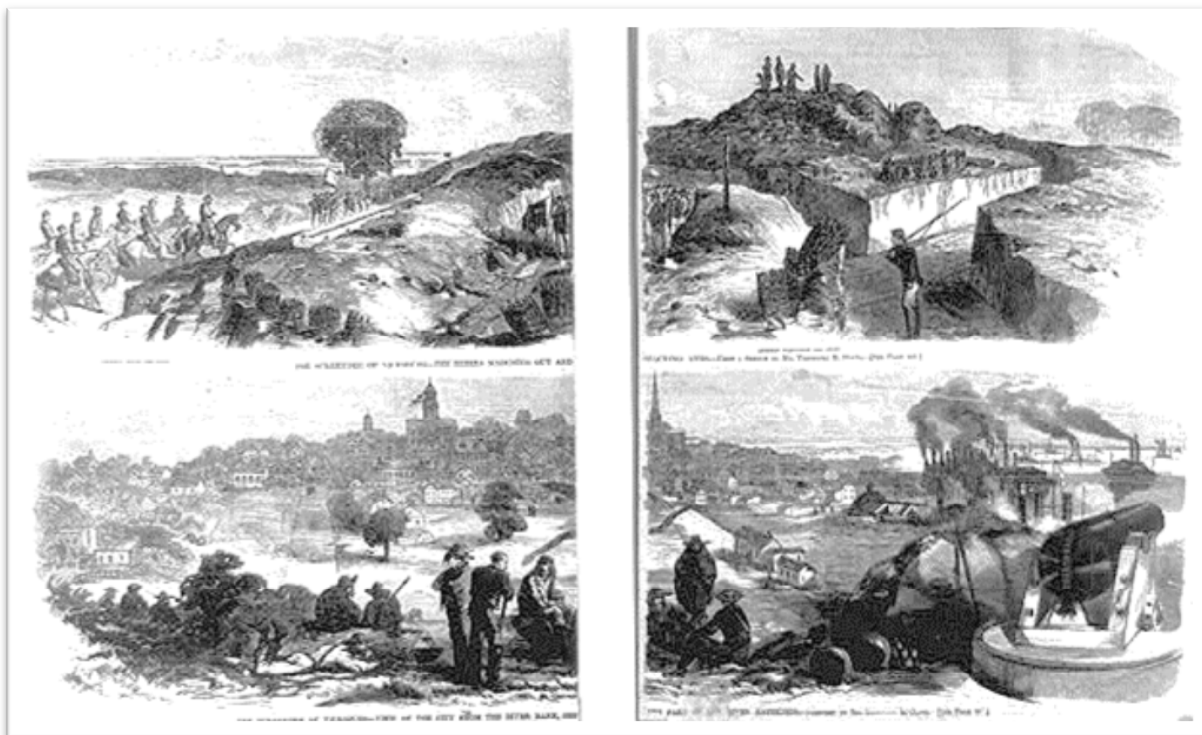
Haines Photo Co., March 11, 1910.

Library of Congress.



The surrender of Vicksburg, July 4, 1863

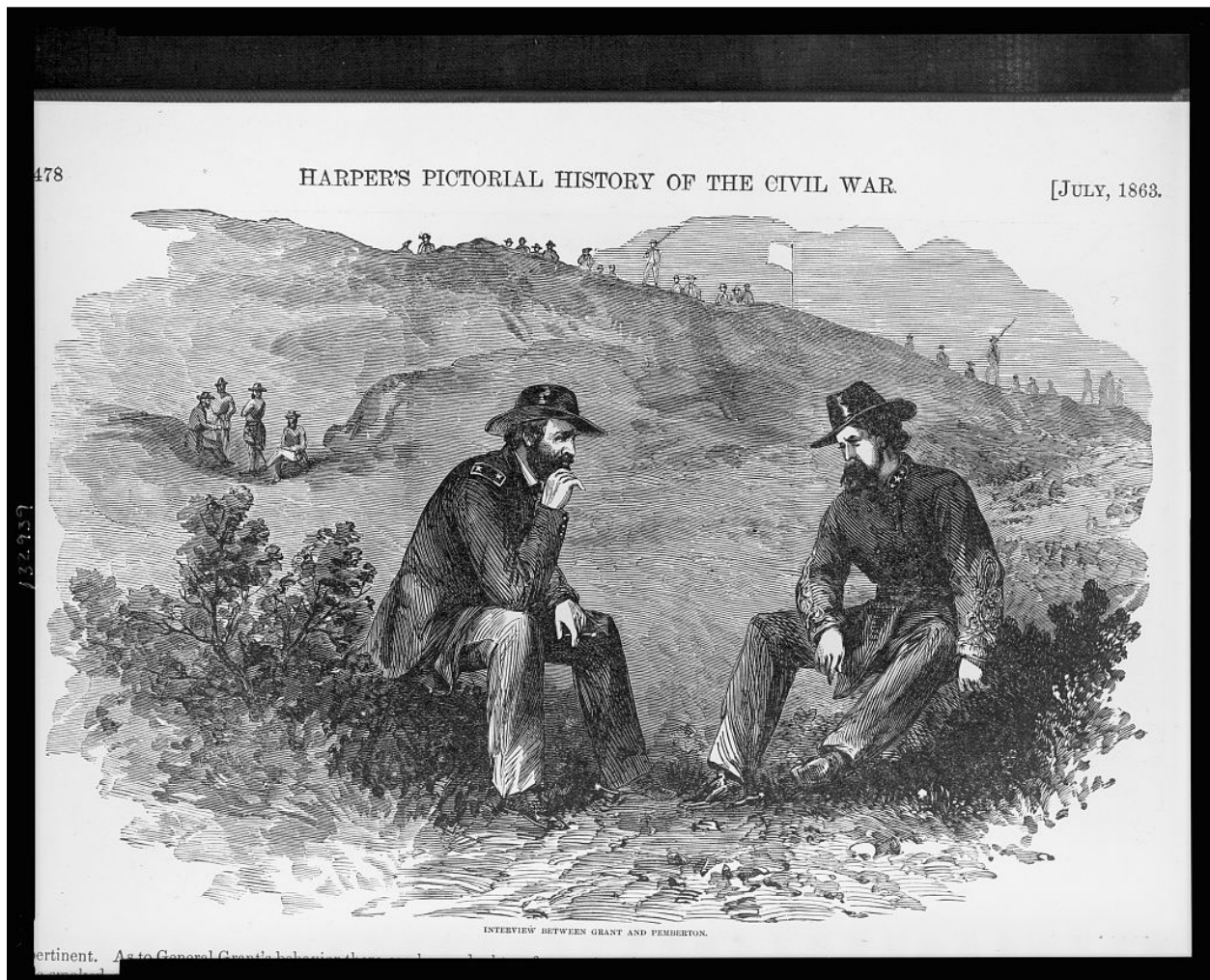
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The Surrender of Vicksburg

The rebels marching out and stacking arms, with Gen. Grant and staff on horseback, meeting marching soldiers on left and Gen. Pemberton and staff on right; view of the city from the river bank, showing part of the river batteries, with soldiers standing and sitting near cannon in foreground.

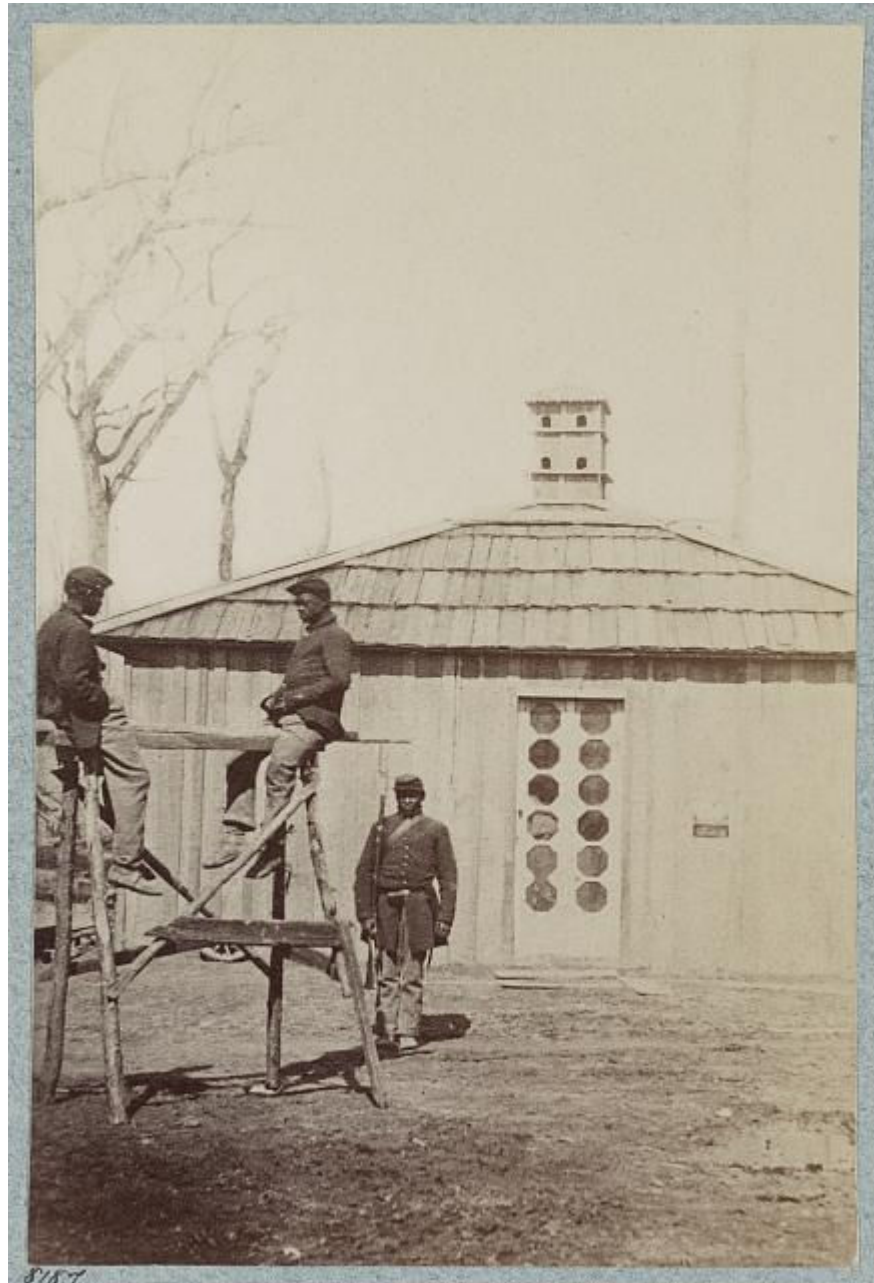
Source: Harper's weekly, Aug. 1, 1863
(two pages wood engraving by Theodore R. Davis).



Interview between Generals Grant and Pemberton

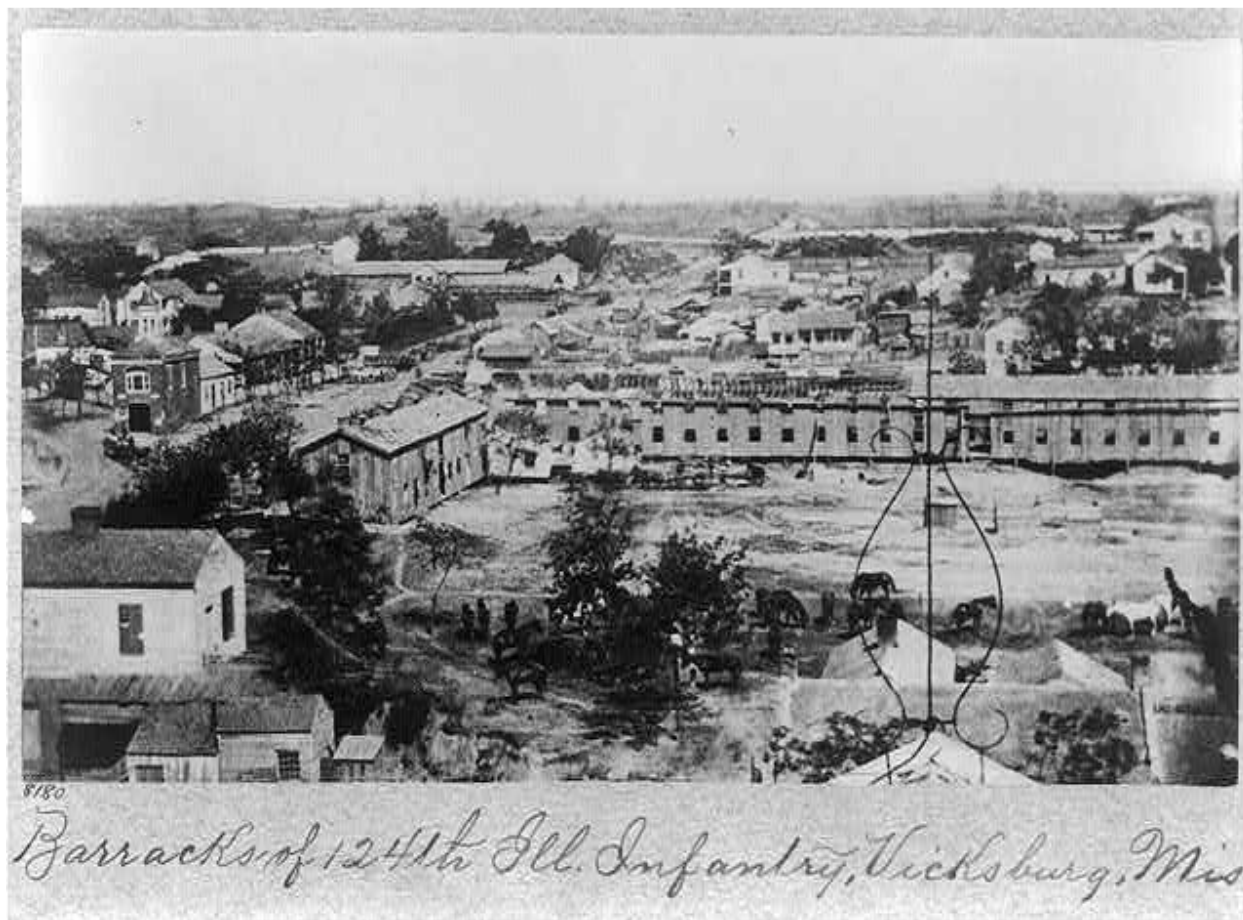
Union General Ulysses S. Grant and Confederate General John C. Pemberton discuss the terms of the capitulation of Vicksburg, bringing to an end the Union siege of the city.

Print created 1894 to illustrate Harper's Pictorial History of the Civil War.



Provost Marshall's Guard House in Vicksburg

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Barracks of 124th Ill. Infantry, Vicksburg, Miss.

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Street View, Vicksburg, Mississippi

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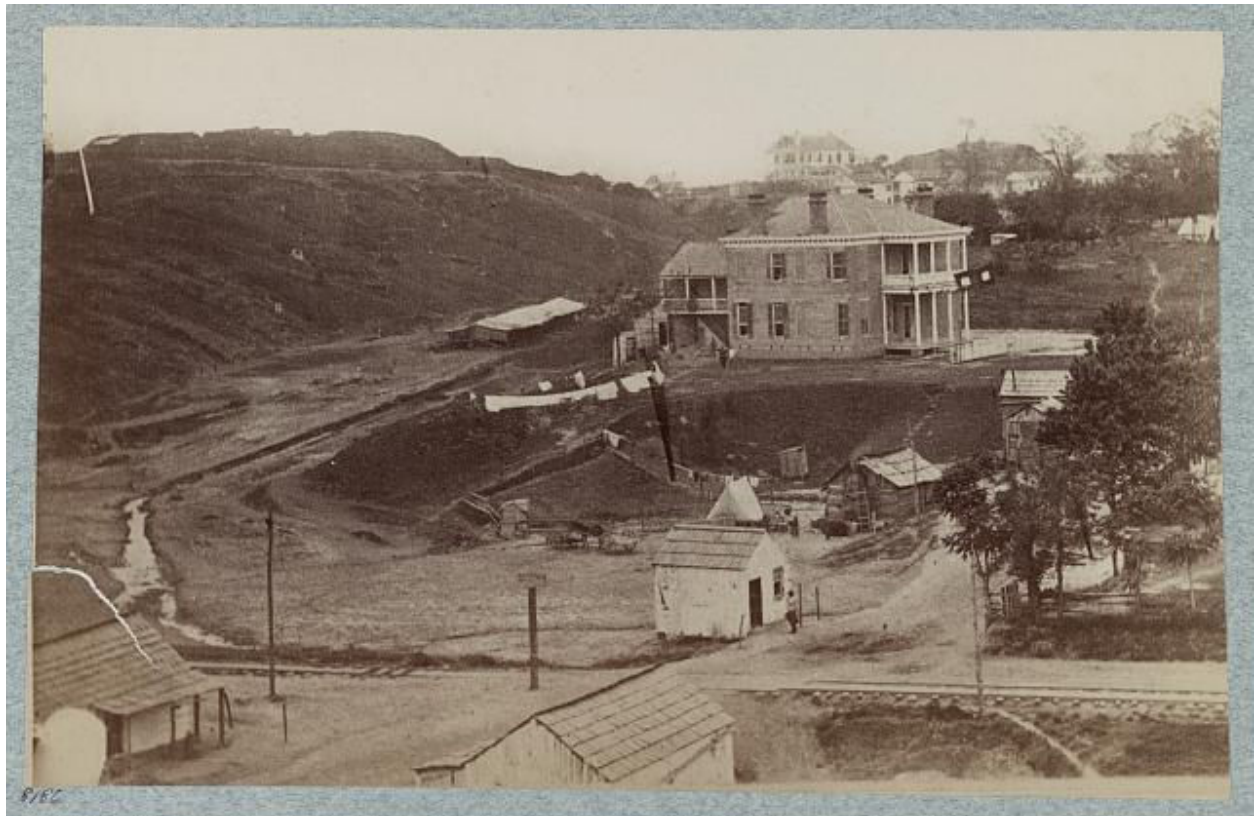
Market House, Vicksburg.

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U. S. Army Headquarters, Vicksburg, Mississippi.

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U. S. Signal Corps Headquarters, Vicksburg.

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Vicksburg, Mississippi (February 1864).

Library of Congress,
William R. Pywell, Photographer,
Civil War Glass Negatives and Related Prints,
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Vicksburg, Mississippi (ca. 1861-1864).

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Vicksburg, Mississippi.
(ca. 1860-1865).

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Bust of John B. Sanborn
at the Vicksburg National Military Park,
Vicksburg, Mississippi.

Date of photograph: November 10, 2016.
Photograph by Carol M. Highsmith,
Library of Congress.

