April 6th. Camped within two miles of Yorktown on the Pamunky river. As we came nearer and nearer, louder and louder became the booming of cannon on our left, where an artillery fight was going on. The sensation was not just pleasing—we weren't used to this and it was only about a hundred yards to our left. We camped behind a point of woods; the cannonading continued. I went forward to an opening, from which we could see just beyond the point of woods where the fight was on. Some of the boys went along and when we got there, by getting upon a rail fence, we could see the Rebel fort and the gunners blazing away at our battery in the woods to our left, where we could only see our guns smoke. It was to us (so crude and inexperienced) very loud, sharp and dangerous. There were quite a row of us on that top rail, when—boom!—swish!—a cannon ball came quite close, evidently meant for us curious crows. Well! the quickness with which we rolled from that top rail and lit in a jumble on the ground, our side of the fence, was a surprise to all. The boys left, but I had to hunt about in the leaves for my only false, front tooth, which had fallen out (having been broken before and loose). And then, after finding it, I too left for our camp. But our camp wasn't just safe either, although that point of woods concealed us from the view of the enemy, for shells from their mortars occasionally fell very near our position. These shells were shaped like a jug, possibly larger than a gallon jug and our boys called them “secesh jugs with the handle off”. After one lit a few rods on one side of camp and burst, I ran to the spot and the hole made by the bursting shell where it sank was big and deep enough to bury a horse in. A couple of days later we moved our camp farther back, out of range of their bursting shells. Here we put up our small tents and made our sleeping bunks out of puncheons, logs split, making thick, rough pieces which we raised about a foot off the ground, which was quite low and wet, in some places marshy. Here we were set to work by companies, yes, by whole regiments at first, digging roads, ap-
proaches towards the enemy's works; concealed first in ravines and wooded places. McClellan, our General in command, seems to have settled down to a siege. I remember he was much criticized for stopping before Yorktown; it being alleged that he could have driven all the force there at first, if he had had the push. I remember, too, letters criticising this halt, written by Dr. A. P. Reichhold, our Regimental Surgeon, to our home papers, and it was intimated he had to stop these letters. Many of our Company got swamp fever and there was much sickness, with much wet, mucky weather. We also began to build forts and dig trenches in the west side of the timber and even out in the edge of the open ground along our front, in sight of the enemy's forts, but this work was done during the nights, when darkness concealed the workers. I was detailed as an Assistant Engineer, upon General Heintzelman's staff. I merely reported at his H'd Quarters and would be placed in charge of a regiment of workers and was under a Regular officer of the Engineer corps. We laid out forts in which to place mortars and dug rifle pits and trenches for infantry to approach, out into the open ground in front of our forts. The process of digging a trench, for instance, was to give alternate men pick or shovel, with his gun, move out beyond our line of forts in the night time, station the men in zigzag diagonal lines so that trenches, when dug, could not be swept or enfiladed from the enemy's side; then when in line, instruct them to dig in their tracks, throwing the ground out on the side next the enemy. In this way, by morning, we would have an approach nearer and comparatively less dangerous from the enemy's sharp-shooters. There was an orchard in our front and rebel sharpshooters climbed up in the trees and woe to the man who let his head, or any part of his body show. There was a certain conspicuous tree which was situated favorably for a view of the enemy's fortifications and some houses and steeples of Yorktown. It was a temptation to the curious, and used by officers. If you would get behind it and hold your cap around on one side, zip! a sharpshooter would spy it. It was said that some had been hit and every one was cautioned.

I was on the Engineer corps, at work eight days and five nights, all night. I was ordered to report at Gen. H's
Headquarters at six o'clock, where instructions were given or the assistants would be assigned to duty; in day time to forts and works where it was less dangerous and at night to places most dangerous; the Chief Engineer laying out the works and I in charge of carrying out his instructions with the men.

One day, Gen. Heintzelman went up in a balloon, presumably to look out over the enemy's operations; a slight wind swerved the balloon towards the enemy, within range of their rifles! We could hear him excitedly shouting down to the men at the ropes and they were not long in getting him back farther, out of range. At another time one of the men digging showed me an old 8 or 10 pound cannon ball which was dug out of the loose, shelly marl, while excavating one of the roads of approach, evidently having lain buried since Generals Washington and Cornwallis' time. It was an interesting find. One night, with a regiment of workmen carrying their guns and pick or shovel, locating them in a single line for work on a trench, a soldier's gun, next in front of me, caught (I presume, on a brush) and went off, killing the man in his immediate front. With a regiment, while superintending the excavating of a road, one of the men had dug a cave into a high bank of rather sandy marl. It had been raining all day and everybody was disgustingly wet and this man evidently wanted shelter. He got it, for suddenly, while a few men were in the cave, to get out of a heavier shower, down came the bank and covered the hindmost, who was running out from under! A crowd fell to, with shovels, uncovered his head and finding him suffering with the weight, but alive, worked vigorously until they got him out and hastened with him to the hospital.

On one of those days, the 63rd Regiment Pa. Vols. (with which regiment we were brigaded all through our experience in the war and it was finally put into our regiment as part of our 105th) were sent with me road making. Capt. B. J. Reed invited me to dine with him. We were sitting on somewhat high ground, on the side of a ravine, with his regiment working on the approach road below; to our right or north was the Pamunky river, where our gun boats were and the supply boats farther down. The rebs at Yorktown frequently, during day and night, sent shells which passed directly over us, enroute for our gun
boats, which passing through the air overhead made a rushing noise, with fuse burning and not infrequently bursting overhead; the dropping pieces of chunks of metal making us cringe uneasily and anxiously until all had lit with a thud or sunk deep in the ground. The Captain’s servant, a darkie, was preparing the meal and about ready to serve it, when the loud “swish” of a shell over us was heard; instantly ducking and looking upwards with rolling whites of eyes and hand waving at it, he shouted—“Gwan, dar! gwan dar!”, in his fright, spilling his best dish of the dinner!

One very dark night, while thus out engaged on duty, our work was on a fort which, in daylight, was in full view of the enemy’s whole line of defences. The night before there had been considerable work on it, which had evidently been taken notice of by them and they evidently expected more the following night; so they had prepared by getting our range. In the night, two or three of us officers were sitting together, the night so dark that every missile’s path of light from either side could be seen and there were thousands of them filling the air overhead and, added to these, the many flashes from both side’s mortars and bursting shells, with their very loud, booming noise, made a brilliant, wonderfully grand display! We were watching and admiring it, talking together, but suddenly, “swish!” “fiz-z-z-s!” “boom!” the rushing air fairly stirring in our faces and a loud burst just behind us and an instant tumble into the deep ditch on our part. They had evidently got our measure pretty close, and the next one might hurt! I can not forget, among many such experiences at this place, one night at a working party, on a placing of mortars for a fort in the edge of the woods in front of that orchard. Having set the men at work with instructions, I had little overseeing to do and it being late, lay down behind a tree for sleep; there was no use, as I did, telling a sergeant to wake me if anything was needed, for soon, having evidently discovered our location, the enemy showered their shells upon us thick and fast; the noise of their bursting, the crashing through the trees and the flashes of bright light made sleep out of the question and rolled up in a blanket, trying it, made one dreadfully nervous and anxious, hearing the thud, thud of falling pieces of shell, close about,
made me most dreadfully uncomfortable, I think because, in part at least, of my enforced inactivity. I have always noticed one is far more fearless in action under fire than when compelled to stand or lie still, inactive, under fire.

May 4th, 1862. I have been out on our front line all night, heard in the early morning unusual noises of a stir and went out and mounted on top of the parapet of the nearest fort and from there, to my surprise, saw a wonderful sight. The stars and stripes were floating over Yorktown! On my right a large column of infantry was marching towards the town, banners, guidons and every regimental flag, old glory! floating! and their guns glistening in the sunrise! To me it was a surprise, grand and inspiring! I took the chance of going over the intervening ground at once to Yorktown and there saw much that was interesting, which I could not have seen, if I had waited for the march with my company, as I could not then have left the ranks. Their fortifications seemed to my inexperienced eye strong; we found in them many long pikes with sharp blades, old fashioned arms for repelling an enemy. I never saw them anywhere else. It was said quite a number of hidden traps had been exploded that morning by our troops and we were warned. A few were killed; exploding shells, concealed torpedoes, etc., about the main roads. Every house was deserted, as well as all of the fortifications. Stragglers, like myself, were more intent than I upon picking up relics, large bowie knives, guns, pikes, swords, etc., etc. I wandered through town and down to the river landing, where we found a very few abandoned stores, in and around the old warehouse. Knowing our regiment might soon be ordered on the move I took half a cady of long plug tobacco on my shoulder and carried it back to our camp, nearly a mile and there found them packing up for the march! I distributed my prize among the chewers of my company (I didn't chew) and we were soon under way. There was something of a fire among the brush, I think, started by the band and I had noticed a strange officer riding close, observing it. Later, Ves Galligher, of the Band, said to me—"Who was that old fellow with one arm and his bridle in his teeth, who came riding along swearing at us about that fire?" I could not tell him but soon after learned it was General Phil Kearney, our Division Com-
mander! Well, we also marched victorious,—with many others, brigades, artillery, cavalry crowding, bands everywhere playing lively tunes,—through and beyond Yorktown! An army on the move—a great sight.

Evening, May 4th. Arrived about three miles beyond Yorktown; and are now trying to make ourselves comfortable for the night.

May 5th. Awakened by the rain in my face, having slept on the open ground, with blanket and poncho, and knapsack for pillow. It continued raining and we marched in the mud all day; when within about three miles of Williamsburg heard heavy firing in that direction. By courier, ordered to unsling knapsacks by the road side (a big pile of them) and started double-quick for the action; nearer, louder and sharper, the roar of battle. The rains and tramping of cavalry, infantry and artillery, with also, baggage wagons of both armies, have made the roads very deep mud; no use trying a rod or two outside of the road, it's all deep mortar; in the roads are abandoned baggage wagons sunk to the hubs and an occasional mule or horse, dead, deep in the mud. We wade in it, running many times, sinking to the knees and splashing upon the fellow in front from our feet; I noticed little John C. Dowling, my Captain, plastered so completely from the back of his cap, all over his back and legs thickly with mud, so one couldn't see or tell the color of his clothes. The rattle of small arms is now heard amid the roar of artillery, as we plunge on, still double quick! Soon we see bleeding wounded, coming from the front and now we see them by crowds, some standing some lying, the surgeons working among them. As we come up closer to the fight, bands of music on each side of the road inspire us with their lively, patriotic music amid the fast repeated, loud, crack, crack, sharp cannon, and close ahead, of our light artillery duels with the enemy's batteries, the woods are crowded with soldiers who have been in it, evidently, and retired. We are led up very near to the battle line, where, just in front of us, the now loud, continuous, rattling fire of infantry is close, and an occasional shot from the enemy's side reaches us, striking among the trees, (for this is in the woods) though we can see its edge to the fields between us and the enemy's forts. After being a-lined, fronting towards the enemy, per order,
we fixed bayonets, ready for a charge.—Perhaps, because it was so near dark, we were not sent forward, but left there standing, prepared, for some time. Then moved back a rod or so in close column, there in our very wet and plastered-over-with-mud clothing, arms in our hands, without supper, or any chance to even make coffee, we were left for the night. The ground was too wet and muddy to lie down; we were very much exhausted with our three miles hurried run. Capt. Thompson and I moved about in the woods, here and there stumbling upon a dead man, until we reached the crowds of wounded, where the surgeons were operating upon those worth trying to save, even if legs or arms had to be taken off. There were many, lying in the mud and wet, we were satisfied were dying. I will not attempt a description of the sights of that night among the dead, wounded and dying. It was a hard sight for a young, inexperienced soldier. Our artillery had come upon the retreating enemy entrenched in mud forts in fields east of Williamsburg, and planted their guns along the edge of the wood with only a field between them and those forts; the infantry had been sent in, charging repeatedly across that field while the artillery fire was going on, in an effort to dislodge them, but they held on until night. Thousands were killed and wounded on each side. What impressed me was the fighting of the artillery at such close quarters and the necessarily killing on both sides of the men in the batteries. The scene of the fight of our battery at the opening of the road into the field was dreadful! horses mangled and sunk, half buried in mud and dead and mangled men the same! and that mud, still red with their blood, when we marched by in the morning! Yes, here was my first real insight into the horrors of war, mixed, also with some of its glory, pomp and splendor (so called). For next morning, I did see a splendid sight! Columns marching by company front, beautiful flags and guidons waving, bands playing; the sun, all bright and clear, shining on their glistening arms; across the field the line of the enemy's deserted mud forts, and spires and steeples of the city, with hospital flags floating from many of them.—all together, made such a bright contrast with the dark gloom and depressing scenes of the evening before! Four companies of our regiment were sent ahead as skirmishers this
morning and so we were the first to take possession of the town; and the whole regiment, for two days, were the city's guards to keep order, stationed like police within it. I saw quite a number of confederates who were taken prisoners and many hundreds of their dead, piled two and even three deep in their court house and in some other buildings, whose bodies, by this time, had become very much swollen! In the churches were many wounded, being attended by surgeons. As police of the town, we gathered such slaves and negroes as were found to help bury these dead, placing them in trenches.

Williamsburg is a pretty, fine town; the first few days we saw a very few women about the windows and no men. I think many of the citizens had left. Those we did speak with seemed surprised at our treatment and order, admired our troops and equipment, probably said so to be conciliatory, for they were usually more outspoken against us and bitter. Camped just outside the city.

May 9th. Left camp, marching rather leisurely, until 10 P. M. In the morning, Saturday, resumed the march; the roads are strewn with abandoned confederate munitions of war, caissons, pieces of wagons, of battery, ammunition, and poor wagons, etc. More yellow pine timber than I expected to see hereabouts; weather for three days fine and clear.

May 11. Evening, camped. 12th. Tried to find entertainment, reading whatever I could find and lay hands on. Tried reading Young and sometimes an old copy of Shakespeare I picked up somewhere. I have found the old Bible much more interesting than of yore, lately. I believe there is something in these warm Southern days that takes the life out of one; I became so much overcome several times since here in this locality, with such an unaccountable aversion to any activity that it shames, yes, annoys me, for it affects my writing even home letters; and the feeling is such extreme dullness that it requires the utmost effort to read, even for a very short time any book and it is much the same with anything. It is hard to fight it.

Tuesday, 13th. Took short marches. Wednesday, was paid and on picket at night; rain all night.

Marches about nine miles today, passing through New Kent Court House, a small village, and arrived in rain and mud at a place on the Pamunky river, called Cumberland Point. River narrow, but deep, and crowded with trans-
ports carrying army stores; these transports were later to take the sick back to the hospital. Here was abundance of opportunity to spend our pay, just received. Sutler stores opened in abundance, prices way up; butter, 40 to 60 cents; cheese, 40 to 50 cts. per lb; bread, 20 to 25 cts. per loaf; hams, 25 cts. per lb., about triple prices asked at home, when we left (because of the risks and expense in getting here, the prices may not be so far off as it seemed to us). Remained here, drilling vigorously every day. Sunday, heard a good sermon by the Chaplain of the 40th N. Y.

May 19th. Orders received, 5 A. M., to pack for march at 7; everybody busy hustling; down go the little shelter tents, packed nicely in knapsacks. Soon, where quite a city of tents stood, there will be nothing but smoking cook fires, poles, forked stakes and camp rubbish to be seen. Loading up, falling into line, now we march off lively to the music of bands, regiment after regiment. It is really quite a pretty sight; weather warm and pleasant. We leave our sick here on the boats, one of them, Emanuel Haugh, of my Company, died on the hospital boat on which he was placed, on May 20th, next day. 9 A. M., halted in woods, soldiers in great numbers, lying down—the rain patterning upon their rubber covering quite briskly; 3 P. M., we march about a mile farther and encamp in a forest of pines near New Kent.

May 20th. Aroused at 3 A. M., got under way by daylight, marching about six miles before 8 A. M.—then a pleasant camp. I am Officer of the Guard today but the regiment kept at drilling, except the camp guards.

May 21st. Very warm; heard heavy firing yesterday and last night, but some distance off. Trying to occupy my spare moments with Young and Shakespeare. 22nd—drilling until 11 A. M., when we were ordered out, with one day's rations and blankets. Marched to the banks of the Chickahominy river at long bridge, where remaining until 2 P. M., we were ordered back to the rear as train guards for the Division. (Heintzelman's Corps, composed of the divisions of Hooker and Kearney). Very bad roads delayed us, and we marched by fits and starts until about four o'clock in the morning, through darkness and mud, a dreary time of it. Lying by the roadside until daylight, we then marched about five miles, when we came up with our brigade encamped at a saw mill on or near the railroad.
May 25th, Sunday. Again struck tents and after a march of five miles, were said to be within eleven miles of Richmond; this was very muddy marching but now the day is fine and pleasant. The wagon trains are ordered across the Chickahominy and we get more ammunition, cartridges.

Monday, 26, 27, 28. Continued drilling. 29th, moved back and to right of our former camp near the Railroad. Lieut. Barr, with part of Co. B and Co. C was sent to work on a bridge at the Chickahominy. 30th. Drilling. Picked up some strawberries today; weather pleasant, but cloudy. We are just across the creek, on the left of the York River Railroad. We hear firing in the morning. I see the General's aid riding into camp and rounding about. hurriedly and excitedly! Near noon, Gen. Jameson, our Brigade Commander, comes riding into camp, calling out as he goes,—“Fall in, men! Fall in!” So quickly away we went on the double quick march, up the Railroad and at Savage Station, turned to the left; we hear the noise of battle—soon we meet a stream of wounded, some walking, a few on horses, sitting one on each side, in panniers, others by the side of the road, still others passing, carried on stretchers! The things they say to us vary from discouragement to cheer. One soldier lying at the root of a tree, picking with his fingers at the stump of a leg torn off, “Go in, boys, I’m sorry I can’t go with you!” Another, “You fellows will get enough of it out there!” Another, “Hurry up, boys, they need you over there!”, etc. Cannon balls went skurrying by us and I couldn’t help thinking another might come (we were running in fours by the flank) right through our whole regiment from Co. A to B at the end, where I was. They were flying, occasionally, on either side of us. How one could rip us up if it went a few feet either way! We were halted at the battle line a few moments, faced left and lined up in two ranks, my place near the left of company at the left of the line, two paces behind the men. The balls were chipping through these woods; a small six inch tree was within two steps behind me and I stepped behind it, as part protection, but after a few moment’s thought, looking at my men without any protection, I stepped back into my place, taking some chances with them. This was early in the war, remember; it must, I thought, have shown at least timidity, where I
should have shown indifference at least; but not so later, when everybody's duty was and we were so instructed, to hunt, seek for protection, men and officers, where ever it could be used without impairing the success of the fight and to fight from that protection. In a few moments we moved, filing right into a large open ground and faced, left face towards a slashing between us and the enemy. The balls were making the air about our bodies sing ping! ping! zip!, so very thick did they come as we charged into that slashing, to reach and drive out the enemy. Men were here and there shot, as we rushed on; we got so close I could see the rebs behind corded wood piles, peeping over and around the piles with guns blazing directly at us. By keeping stooped we could avoid their having direct aim and each man, when his gun was loaded, would rise, aim and shoot from our side. The enemy is keeping up a murderous fire. In a stooping posture, one struck me on the right eyebrow, cutting it close to the bone, entered downward in the inner corner of the right eye, passing through the narrows of the nose into the mouth, near the center of the roof, through the tongue, a little to the left of center and inside the left jaw, leaving a piece of lead on the bone, then on down and out the left side, half way down to the shoulder. It came out close beside the jugular vein. On my face I fell, bleeding profusely at the eye, nose, mouth and neck. The pain of the shot didn't seem so great; the immediate sensations were like the whirling of a piece of a shingle on the end of a string, a whirring sound, I presume, of blood rushing; there was a sadness of feeling that I would at once die; this the end of my hopes of boyhood, college education; thoughts came of home, father, mother, brothers and sister and of their grief; a prayer for them and more resignation when I thought of Our Father and Saviour above. All those thoughts flew swiftly, when expecting the end. But hopes rose for life—I felt the left side of the neck to see if the jugular vein was cut and found it beating regularly, all right; my mouth filled with clotted blood, but it was not flowing so much as before. Sergeant Kelso came and told me he believed the enemy was giving way and I was boyish enough to remember Gen. Wolf's dying words, when they reported to him, of the enemy—"They fly! they fly!"—"Then I die content!" (To think of that, then!) I told
Sergeant Kelso to send word to my Captain, Dowling, as he was a physician; I hoped he might do something for me but the messenger came back to tell that "Dowling was dying, shot in the neck!" I then told Kelso to keep the men on the left well in his care and to watch for orders, or movement to comply. (K. was wounded in the leg.) Lt. Barr was absent with that party at the bridge. I also asked John Webster or Parsons to find a log or stump, if any near, to put me behind, for the fire was still pretty hot, but they found none. Sure enough, another shot did come down my back, tore the seat of my pants and entered through the boot leg, into my left ankle at the "Tendo achiles" and lodged against the heel bone. This made more pain than the other by far, making me fairly quiver with pain, when it struck. I got one of the boys near to pull off the boot and tie my handkerchief above this wound, with the idea that I must save all my blood and strength. Soon Kelso came back again, telling me he believed the right was falling back, and the shots were coming from that direction. I told him to keep all well together and go with the others of the regiment. One of my boys, by me, wounded in the shoulder, rose, saying, "Well, Lieutenant, I'll give them a parting shot, but I don't know whether I can raise my gun for sight." But he did raise it and gave them "one more". Lt. Clyde came past and I tried so hard to call, that he came; then he and Kelso carried me back, part way; Kreis and John Moore helped. (Since my diary was written, Wm. Blose has told me that he, also, helped.) I remember that it took several, for my head would swim if not held up, and permitted to hang. Crossing an old rail fence their handling hurt my leg badly. They finally left me under some young pine sappings, on some old rails covered with pine leaves, in the edge of the woods, bordering the field where we entered the fight. It was on Saturday, May 31st, 1862, and the locality is now called "Fair Oaks". Some one gave me a blanket. Here I lay until Monday, near noon. That evening and all night long, among the dead and wounded, was a dreadful experience. I suffered much for want of water, my tongue, neck and eye swelling. Most piteous sounds, not spoken; groans, cries for "water", "water", "Oh! God, water!"; sometimes, even a shout; also some praying, among the wounded and dying. One soldier, badly wounded, lay beside me, suffering much and
complaining of his wound and I shared with him my blanket and canteen. Soon after break of day, I saw a Confederate soldier going about and got him to give me water in my tin cup, which I carried in my haversack; he filled it from some pool nearby (it having rained recently) and gave me a canteen, a cedar one, full of water. He also told me their men would be along for the wounded and would take me, too, to their hospital. I gave my wounded comrade an occasional sip of water, but was as saving of it as I could be, to break up cracker, "hard tack" from my haversack. I soaked it in my cup, hoping I could get some nourishment from at least drinking off the soaked cracker. I was getting tenacious of life; could feel my wounds, knew the right eye was swollen shut, neck swollen greatly and face all covered with blackened blood, sticking full of pine needles. I must have had a dreadful look, with the leg bloody and tied up also. I could raise up a little and look around out of one eye. Later in the morning there was pretty sharp firing across that open field northward; the balls that fell around me must have been from our men, beyond, for soon some regiments of Confederates marched into the woods, a couple of rods behind my position, facing it, and towards that field; evidently preparing for action. I raised my head and motioned for some one to come; one came and I asked him to place me behind any log or protection, for the missiles were falling around; he seemed to be able to understand my motions and efforts, with my badly swollen sore tongue, to talk, and he said his officers would not let him leave ranks then to do so. They stayed in that wood behind me but a short time. Even then they had placed standards so that they were interpreted by me, at least, that they would be engaged in the direction in which the firing was continuing. So I crawled off my few rails on the side opposite from whence the shots were coming. Those Confederates wore then very good uniforms and moved as well drilled soldiers. They moved soon after in regimental line across that open space towards where the enemy was then in progress. The engagement and uproar of battle increased shortly after they disappeared, in that direction. Another regiment came in about the same place, planted their flag just in front of where I lay and soon was called into the fight. This Sunday was a hard day. Occasionally, some
Reb, at my earnest entreaty, would fill my cup from a puddle; one Irishman gave me a canteen full of water. They called me "Yankee". One reproached me with bringing on the war! Another that their surgeons would be along soon and would take me to Richmond! and treat me well, although I was an enemy. Evening, one of our men came by (what he could be doing out here I could not tell) but I got him to promise he would come back right away, with help, to take me. Rebs also came later and I saw no more of my man; heard a shot, but while it had been quiet for some hours, I couldn't infer that he had been shot. Another long, bad, bad night, much like the last. My companion wanted water and I held my canteen over to his mouth for a sup, but only that. I felt him pulling my blanket over himself. How I wished for plenty of water to pour on my sore wounds, especially that tongue swollen till it became harder to breathe.

Monday, June 2nd. After dawn I tried to crawl, but when on hands and knees, my head would at once become very dizzy and my weakness too evident. Then I sidewiseed around a few feet, by holding my wounded leg in front; tried to break partly rotten pine limbs, for short crutches under my armpits, with legs forward, holding my head uppermost; could make little headway but could see a little better from the edge of the field to the eastern (our side most likely) side of that field. All this took a great deal of time; it must have been eleven o'clock, when I thought I could distinguish a bayonet over the top of that side's fence! It raised hope! I took the handkerchief from my wounded leg, tied it by the corners to a stick and waved it back and forth and kept that up for quite a while to attract attention, if there really was a picket line behind that fence. Probably in about half an hour, two or three men came forward cautiously to where I was and they promised to send men with a stretcher to take me and send me to the hospital. How long it seemed! But surely this time they would come! And they did! Took me some distance into a wood, about ¾ of a mile, where there was an ambulance and a surgeon, who washed my wounds, and when the ambulance was full, we were taken through a woods road to Savage Station. I thought at times I could not survive the shaking and jolting over that woods road.
I had been reported as killed in the N. Y. and Philadelphia papers, and in letters home; was mourned there as dead by many home folks and my obituary published in the "Jeffersonian", in Brookville, and was regarded as left for dead, in the regiment; but when now, unloaded near, apparently, in the front yard of a big white house, at this Station and lying there on a stretcher, among hundreds of other wounded, some boys of the 105th discovered me and started with me down the Railroad track about a mile to where those of our regiment and brigade were. On the way, Chaplain D. S. Steadman stopped my carriers and said, "Boys, who have you got there?" and, uncovering my face, "My God! Lt. Craig! and alive!" His letter, enclosing a short note from me to father, written that day, was received at Brookville, taken by the Postmaster, old Mr. John Scott, about midnight to our house; father and all being awakened by Scott calling out "Good news, Craig, your son's alive!" (I learned this later at home.) The boys carried me to one of our hospitals—a negro's one story house of logs, beside the railroad, where I was nursed by one of my company, Jimmie Dowling, brother of my dead Captain. He watched by me, I remember, through night and day, while there, very kindly.

June 5th. About midnight, I was taken to the Railroad and loaded on a freight car, with other wounded and taken to White House Landing, where, on the 6th, I was placed upon the Steamer "State of Maine". When all the boat could hold of our wounded were aboard, we were to be treated by surgeons, who had come from Northern cities, to help attend to the wounded in the Fair Oaks battle. (Lt. Col. Duff told me this year (1911) that if this was the first treatment I had received, it must have been on the 7th, Saturday, a week from the day the injuries were received!) Well, on this boat I received the first treatment, except the washing of wounds in the woods, when put on that ambulance.

June 7th. Surgeons had me placed on a chair on deck and cut out all loose bits of bone in the hole from the eye to mouth, by this time very sore. I remember fainting, when I felt cold water poured upon my head; then they probed the track of the bullet through the tongue and below to the exit on the side of the neck. They showed me a bit
of lead taken from where it lodged inside the left jaw and bit of bone off the same. After this operation I was taken down to the hold, a large room below deck and placed in a second story narrow berth, which berth seemed to fill both side or walls of the room; it was just big enough for me and there was a little square window hole, possibly ten to eighteen inches square, for air and outlook, over Bay and Atlantic Ocean, en route north. I hear and feel the movement of the vessel and suppose we are leaving Fortress Monroe. These days, movements and suffering have wearied me. I haven't had my clothes off or a change since sometime before the battle. I had a twenty dollar bill in my pocket which has disappeared. I told those doctors there was a ball imbedded in my ankle, but they didn't even probe for it. The floor of the hold about me and the two rows of individual bunks on the sides are full of wounded men and all the floor space filled with stretchers, nurses (men) rushing about waiting on them; I hear and see a great deal of noise and confusion. One poor fellow cries out—"Nurse, Nurse! come and take the maggots out of my wound, they're eating me!" Was his mind affected, or was it literally true? I couldn't tell (it was possibly literally true, since it was over a week since he was wounded!) Other cries and prayers during the night. Looking out across the water, I conclude we are on the ocean; not having seen shore since yesterday. This is Sunday; I have received no attention, since the dressing of my wounds.

June 8th, Sunday evening. Arrived at New Haven, Conn. Rode in fine carriages, Capt. A. C. Thompson with me, to the State Hospital, where I was put into a nice bed, in a small room. I asked Capt. T. why he hadn't come to see me on the boat (he was my young friend). His excuse was—"I couldn't go down into the hold, it stunk so, it was awful!" T's wound at this battle was a light one. Here we had excellent care by the Surgeons and every delicacy, even pressed upon us by visiting ladies. A nice looking young lady made the rounds almost daily with her basket, loaded with good things (I couldn't eat) and she always visited my small room. One day, wanting to do something, she saw the fixings on my stand left for me to use (swab for mouth, etc.) and she insisted upon doing it for me, but knowing it would be a disagreeable job for any one but a
doctor, I had to, politely as my inability to talk plainly would permit, refuse her kind offer!

June 12th and 13th. Walked about a little; feel in pretty good spirits; the wounds healing but I am still weak and shaky and bothered with the pus still flowing freely into the mouth. Not many days until I was out walking over the city with Capt. Thompson, who left about this time for home. Soon after, I got my discharge from the hospital and left, too. I would fix a wax plate over the hole in the roof of the mouth and could thus talk and, en route, take soup drinks at Philadelphia and Indiana, until I reached the care of home and its loved ones.

August 11th, 1862. Left home again to join my regiment. At Washington was directed to go to Baltimore for a boat to Fortress Monroe. Here I was detained eight days, by reason, I later learned, of the confusion of movements of the various corps of the army, as to their being reached. Visited with Lt. Col. Corbett and other officers, at Norfolk. Leaving Fortress Monroe on Tuesday, on board the steamship Mystic for Yorktown and learning that our division had embarked for Acquia Creek, we took passage by first boat for same place and what boat, could you guess it was? To my pleasure, in one way, and surprise, it was "The State of Maine!", which had taken me to New Haven. Yes, and I immediately went down into the hold to see the place where I had suffered two of those long, weary days, between almost certain death and rapid recovery to life and health! How I thanked the Father that it had, under Him, come out that way!

(To be continued)

NOTES

12. "In its relation to military purposes the beginnings of the war balloon must be sought in the history of the Civil War." Lincoln called the noted American aeronautical scientist, T. S. C. Lowe, to Washington in the Spring of 1861 and an Aeronautical Corps was organized which functioned until the Spring of 1863 when, for reasons not stated, the use of balloons by the Union Army was discontinued. They were used mainly by the Army of the Potomac which had at least five and probably several more. The Confederates manufactured at least one balloon and when it was captured by the Federals it was said that the last silk dress was taken from the South.—Captain W. A. Glassford, "The Balloon in the Civil War", Journal of the Military Service Institution, XVIII (1896), 255-266.
Count Zeppelin, who served as a second lieutenant in the Union Army, made at least one ascent in a captive balloon with Lowe. The latter was in charge of the balloons at Yorktown and that might have been the scene of this early flight of the man who was to play so large a part in aeronautical development.—T. R. McMechen, "The Man Who Built the Zeppelin", *Everybody's Magazine*, XXXII (1915), 295f.

13. In the Battle of Fair Oaks which began on Saturday, May 31, 1862, the Union forces were driven back in the early part of the afternoon. Several regiments, including the 105th Pennsylvania, were cut off by the advancing enemy and fought from late afternoon until dark, "losing heavily, but holding in check the rebel right". It was in this fighting that Craig was wounded and, in the rapid shifting of lines, left in the midst of the enemy. The fighting continued on Sunday, June 1, and during Sunday night the Confederates withdrew from the contested ground.—Alexander S. Webb, *The Peninsula: McClellan's Campaign of 1862*, pp. 102-117.