

United States service. The stations along our route were crowded with people curious to see the men who were going to fight, and put down secession. These people were generous with eatables and drinkables, and as we entered our camp at Springfield many of the "boys" were in a hilarious mood.

Colonel Shirley was a native of Virginia, proud of the title of "F. F. V." There were strong suspicions afloat of his entertaining sentiments of sympathy for the South. These rumors, growing in volume and importance as they travelled, reached the ears of Governor Yates. As a result Shirley was rejected, and our organization went to pieces. Part of the men returned to their homes. Of those who remained, two companies entered the Twelfth Illinois, the last regiment to complete its organization under the first call for troops. Captain McArthur was elected colonel, Captain A. L. Chetlain, lieutenant-colonel, and Captain Williams, major.

While the struggle for preference in the organization of the first six regiments was in progress, the medical profession had not been idle. It was observed that men wholly unfit for the position were crowding into the service as surgeons. At the suggestion of some leading physicians, a section was incorporated in the Military Bill, then pending in the legislature, creating a board of medical examiners who were to pass on the merits of those aspiring to places in the medical department. Doctor N. S. Davis of Chicago, Doctor William Chambers of Charleston, and Doctor Stipp constituted the first board. This board met the next day after the passage of the bill and began its work. As soon as it became known that an examination was required, about sixty would-be surgeons had urgent business-calls in other directions.

All the regiments were supplied with medical officers who had passed the examination of the board excepting one. In this case the colonel, ignoring the law, forced his man on the regiment for some private or personal reason. As the governor refused to commission anyone surgeon who had not passed the

examination provided for, his term of service was short, yet long enough to prove his ignorance and unfitness for the place.

The Twelfth Infantry was mustered into the United States service by Captain Pitcher, of the regular army, on the 3d of May. Colonel McArthur gave me the appointment of surgeon, which was followed in due time by a commission from the governor. Having completed its organization and received its outfit, our regiment left Springfield on the 10th of May, under orders to go into camp at Caseyville, opposite St. Louis, where we remained until about the first of June. While at this place the measles broke out in the camp and the surgeons had plenty of work in caring for the sick. We lost one soldier whose case was complicated with pneumonia. He was buried with military honors on the top of the bluff overlooking the Mississippi River. The squad that did the honors fired their first gun under military orders, and seemed proud of the performance. One of the "boys" who had the measles at that time served the state as attorney-general, while Private Joe Fifer was governor.

At the commencement of the service we had not been furnished with proper instructions and necessary blanks for reports and other details of the service, and there was, of course, dense ignorance concerning that part of the work. In one of the companies a man by the name of Williams had enlisted with the expectation of helping to crush the rebellion in short order. He was made color-sergeant. He had been known as the strongest man in Chicago, and could easily lift one thousand pounds. Assistance was required to move the freight that had accumulated in the railroad depot at East St. Louis before the regiment could get all of its baggage and stores. Sergeant Williams was put in charge of a detail to render the necessary aid. It was a wet and disagreeable day, but he took hold of the work with a vim. He took cold and had an attack of muscular rheumatism. This greatly discouraged and demoralized him. He had expected to do nothing but fight. He went to his captain to get his discharge on account of his lameness. The captain referred him

to the surgeon. He was examined and given a certificate in accordance with the facts, written on a prescription paper, and directed to return with it to the captain, who would give him the proper paper. He did so, and asked for his discharge. The captain told him *that* was his discharge, and that he could go home. He came back and reported his conversation with his captain, adding, as he looked at the little slip of paper in his hand, "That is a hell of a discharge." It, however, served the purpose of securing his transportation home; but he was not able to draw his pay on that kind of a discharge, and had a serious time in getting his account settled.

Captain U. S. Grant visited the regiment while at this camp. We first saw him as a plainly-dressed citizen, sitting on a log in company with Colonel Chetlain, who was his neighbor at Galena. Of course he was smoking a cigar. There was nothing about him to indicate that he might belong to the army except the cord on his soft felt hat.

A day or two before we left this camp Captain Emmet McDonald, of the Missouri State Guards, who was captured at Camp Jackson by the forces under General Lyon, was committed to the custody of the regiment as a prisoner of war. He expected to be set at liberty soon, but when the regiment embarked on the steamer for Cairo, taking him along, it became a serious matter with him as he seemed to think his days were few. He was, however, taken to Springfield before the United States Court, and, as no overt act was proved against him, he was set at liberty. He entered the Confederate service and was killed at Pea Ridge.

At Cairo we went into camp on the outskirts of the town, where we staid during the rest of the three months' service. A regimental hospital was soon established that was very comfortable. One of our men had been taken sick suddenly while in town, and was taken into a sort of post hospital that was in charge of an assistant surgeon attached to a battery of artillery. He was a small man in stature and fresh in the service, taking

great pride in his uniform, green sash, and dress sword, which he constantly wore when on duty. As soon as our hospital was ready, one of the sick man's comrades was requested to bring him in. The young assistant refused to let him come, claiming that, as the patient fell into his hands first, no one else had any right in the case. Our lieutenant-colonel spoke to the young surgeon about the matter, but was told that he "had got the patient in *his* hospital, and all hell could n't get him out."

While at Cairo our men were "spoiling for a fight." To relieve the monotony of camp life, the officers got up a sham battle between the two wings of the regiment. The right was commanded by Colonel McArthur and the left by Captain A. C. Ducat. After maneuvering a while for position, the battle began with blank cartridges; but as the lines approached each other the men became so excited that it resulted in a hand-to-hand fight, in spite of the efforts of the officers to prevent it. Many heads were hurt, and numerous other casualties were reported. The number of men unable for duty the next day alarmed the officers commanding the opposing forces. They requested me to report an epidemic of measles, diarrhœa, or anything to prevent an investigation. The matter was smoothed over so that nothing was said about it outside of the regiment. The ground over which the battle took place had a heavy growth of stramonium or Jamestown weed. The odor of this weed was not agreeable, and the occurrence has since been known by those who participated in it as the "Battle of Stinkweed Valley."

Our regiment reënlisted for three years. After a short stop at Bird's Point, Missouri, it was ordered to Paducah, Kentucky, where we went into camp on the banks of the Ohio in September. The officers went to work in earnest to perfect drill and discipline and the sanitary conditions. They were untiring in their efforts, not sparing themselves day or night. It was from exposure at this time that our good friend, General Ducat, con-

tracted a disease, camp dysentery, from the effects of which he has never recovered and never will.

Just before Grant made the attack on Belmont, November 7, our regiment was ordered to march toward Columbus, Kentucky, thus threatening that place in the rear. I was absent on special duty at the time, but returned the day after the regiment got back to camp.

One of the soldiers, a fine young fellow, had been wounded accidentally in pulling a loaded gun out of a wagon, seriously injuring his right arm near the shoulder. Hemorrhage had been controlled by a field tourniquet. He was taken to the post hospital at Paducah, where the hemorrhage recurred during the evening. The medical director was called and proceeded to ligate the artery in the axilla. The bleeding, however, did not stop, and the man died before morning. He was the only son of wealthy parents. I found Colonel McArthur very much dissatisfied over the loss of the man. He thought the man ought to have been saved. He requested me to go to the post hospital and make an examination of the case. I did so in the presence of some of the officers of our regiment and several surgeons, including the medical director who had performed the operation. Upon laying bare the vessels and nerves in the axilla, the ligature was found tied tightly around the principal nerve instead of the injured artery; hence the fatal result. The operator left at once and was not seen again that day. The next morning he came to my tent very despondent. He said that he had contemplated suicide, and but for the thought of his wife and children would have carried it out; sometimes the thought came to him it was the best thing he could do in any case. I consoled him as well as I could by talking of the mistakes of eminent surgeons; but he could not forgive himself, and I never heard of his using a surgeon's knife afterwards while he remained in the Western army.

On February 6, 1862, under General C. F. Smith, we marched against Forts Heinman and Henry. On our approach,

About noon of the second day news reached us of the surrender. Every demoralized soldier about the hospital rendezvous at once became brave and started for the front. Every wounded man who could walk hastened to the scene of victory. The badly wounded were sent to hospital boats or to the town inside the fortifications.

While we were engaged in our work at the field hospital in the afternoon of the first day two female nurses came, under assignment by the head of the corps. Every room in the house and in the out-houses and cabins, and every bed, was filled with the wounded. What was to be done with those women for the night? The room in which we operated was furnished with an old-fashioned wood fireplace. We built a good fire, spread blankets across the room on the floor in front of it, and placed the chaplain to the right, the women in the centre, and the surgeon to the left, while the assistants fell into line on either side, forming the wings. We fought it out on that line until daylight came to our relief. These women did everything in their power (as they did everywhere during the war) to alleviate the sufferings of the wounded and dying. They were of great assistance to us during that battle. It is gratifying to know that many of these faithful women have been remembered by the pension office.

The day after the surrender I was placed in charge of a boat-load of the wounded to be conveyed to the general hospital at Mound City, Illinois. On my return after performing that duty I was detailed by order of General Sherman, who was in command of the post at Paducah, Kentucky, to assist the medical director of the department, the latter being confined to his room by sickness. My wife was staying with friends at Smithland. She hastened to meet me at Paducah. She, with the wife of Surgeon Hartshorn, accompanied me on my return to the regiment. Hartshorn was on the staff of General C. F. Smith.

We expected to find the regiment at Nashville. We were

duty to find their position. In doing so we had to pass through an open wood. We could see no one. Our troops had got into line and lain down in some hazel brush, as I afterwards ascertained. The small detail with me was the only part of our forces visible in that locality at that time. One of the enemy's batteries paid its compliments to us in the form of three or four rifled shells, which passed over our heads, bursting a short distance beyond us. As each succeeding shell came down nearer to our heads and directly over us we concluded they were firing with malice aforethought. We lay down out of sight, therefore, and the firing ceased. Resuming our search for the regiment under cover of a little bluff we soon found its location, selected a spot protected by a low bluff as a rendezvous for the wounded, and notified the regiment where we could be found in case of need.

Scarcely had I got back to the rendezvous when our line was attacked and the regiment in vigorous action. Wounded men came or were brought back to the number of ten or a dozen, hurriedly dressed and sent on to the central rendezvous at the Landing. Captain Swain, of Company H, was shot through the abdomen and came to me with his bowels protruding. He died a few days later on his way home. The enemy's bullets came in volleys over our heads, until it was evident our lines were retreating. We moved away under cover of the bluff, so as to get out of the range of the enemy's guns. We then took to higher ground, and could see the enemy near the brow of the bluff that had protected us. It was a question of a few moments as to whether we should be prisoners or not. The regiment was gone, we knew not where. Going to the general rendezvous for the disabled at the Landing, I was assigned to the duty of operating upon and dressing the wounded. There were four thousand of them there at that time.

Near sunset I was working over a brave soldier, whose right arm was maimed in a fearful manner. A citizen physician

from Chicago, who had come with the sanitary commission, attempted to assist by administering chloroform. Just as he began, the rebel sharpshooters commenced firing at a battery Colonel Webster had planted between us and the enemy's lines to protect the Landing. Every wounded man who could move went scrambling over the bluff for protection. I saw one poor fellow, whose leg had been amputated, on his back, holding up the stump of his limb, and working his way over the edge of the bluff. We got behind a large oak tree and again attempted the dressing of the wounded limb. At that moment the gunboat, under command of Captain Shirk, began firing heavy shells up a ravine at the enemy. The boat was about a hundred yards from us. At every discharge of the gun the doctor would drop as if he had been shot. The soldier laughed at him. The doctor said "he could not help it." I had to be my own assistant in finishing the amputation.

An amusing thing occurred while we were on this bank. A demoralized cavalryman came rushing down and attempted to swim his horse across the river. After proceeding about fifty yards the horse threw up his nose, let his body down nearly perpendicular, turned about, and struck out to return to the shore. As the man slid into the water from the back of the horse he caught the animal by the tail, and was towed back to the landing. The ducking cooled his excitement. Mounting the horse he rode quietly off in search of his comrades.

As night came on, dark clouds arose, and a heavy rain set in. As many of the wounded had been taken aboard of the boats as possible, so I went on board one of the boats to render what assistance I could. On the hurricane deck I found a soldier bleeding from a badly shattered arm. Amputation was necessary to save his life. With the light of one tallow candle, which a drunken assistant held and protected from the wind as best he could, I amputated and dressed the arm. The next morning I was gratified to find my patient doing well and able to walk about.

Under orders from the medical director, I remained at the rendezvous during the second day of the battle, standing over the operating table until five o'clock in the afternoon. About eleven o'clock a young officer came rushing in, calling for the surgeon. I gave him a seat. He began shaking his foot, saying "Take it off, it will have to go." "Where is your regiment?" I asked. "All cut to pieces, I think I am the only man alive." Upon examination it was found that a small shot, probably buckshot, had passed through the fleshy part of his little toe. I afterwards learned he was the only man in his regiment who was hurt. In marching to an assigned position, the regiment had been fired upon from ambush by the enemy. The surprise so demoralized the men that they took to their heels. Fortunately the firing of the enemy was too low for any serious results. This young officer informed me that my regiment had gone back to the camp at evening of the first day's fight. I also learned that while the men were preparing supper a shell had fallen in the quarters of Company K and exploded, killing one man and wounding several, two of whom each lost a leg as a result.

At five o'clock I was relieved of duty at the rendezvous, and hastened to the regimental camp to the care of the wounded men. The Battle of Shiloh was won. The field was ours, with its ghastly scenes and relics of the deadly strife.

There has been a good deal of discussion over the question of a surprise on the first morning of the battle. So far as we were concerned it *was* a surprise. Our immediate commanders were in arrest on account of a trifling affair. Our regiment was wholly unprepared for battle. After the battle opened, our officers had to draw clothing, arms, and accoutrements for the men before going into action. General Grant says in his *Memoirs*, page 333 of Volume I.: "The fact is, I regarded the campaign as an offensive one, and had no idea that the enemy would leave strong intrenchments to take the initiative, when he knew he would be attacked where he was if he remained."