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2975 Plaza Blanca, ST 13 1989
Santa Fe, New Mexico, 87505
STONE RIVER
October 7, 1989 NATIONAL

Stones River National Battlefield & Cemetery,
National Park Service,
Rt. 10, Box 495,
Old Nashville Highway,
Murfreesboro, Tennessee, 37130

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Attention: Superintendent, or to whom it may concern:

I visited the Stones River National Battlefield and Cemetery on August 13 of this year to see one the sites where my Great-Grand Father. Alpheus Blakesley fought during the Civil War. I had no information then with me concerning his Stone River participation. However, officials at the Visitor Center informed me that, if I wrote to this address in Murfreesboro and reported the name of his unit-regiment, you could send me additional facts about Blakesley's critical movements in the Murfreesboro area during the battle.

The enclosed pages consist of what I know about my ancestor, taken from 1. the Soldiers' and Patriots' Biographical Album (1892) and the 2. typed pages copied from Blakesley's War time diaries. These pages cover December, 1862 and January, 1863. *2

The original diaries are at the home of my deceased brother's wife in Boulder, Colorado. In ca. 1940, A.M. Blakesley's son, (my Great Uncle) Theodore took the time to make a typed version of them, making it possible for many descendants to read and ponder. Hopefully, you can also find the Blakesley account of interest, as one more survivor's addition to the mosaic of what happened on those fateful days.

I bought the Eastern Acorn Press booklet of the Battle of Stones River, and also the Blue and Gray Magazine of February, 1989, with its feature article on the Battle. (Haven't read them yet!)*If you can give me any additional insight about Blakesley's Stone River activities, it would mean a lot to me. After taking the tour, I am still vague about 'Great-Grand Pa's' involvement with his regiment. It looks like he raced across the River at one point. (Perhaps one of you could mark his possible movements on your small green flyer and send that to me.)

Anyway, it's good to be able to exchange information, and I thank you for your help. I am appalled at the horror and insanity of war, and I wonder if we humans have what it takes to survive the excesses of our survival instincts! That must be our on-going concern as we retrace such searing moments of our shared past.

Best regards,
Charlotte Vedeler
Charlotte Vedeler

Enclosures

P.S. *2 10-10 - A encloses also 8 pages of "lecture and travel notes" of Blakesley where Murfreesboro - Stones River is mentioned.

v-8-89: I've just read the helpful Blue + Gray Spearman article and am trying to find Great Grandpa through the maze! A followed the McCook trail; am I on track?

Capt. Alpheus M. Blakesley, of Rock Island, Ill., one of that city's most enterprising and responsible manufacturing and business men, is the subject of the present notice. He was born April 28, 1835, at Kingsville, Ashtabula County, Ohio, a son of Alpheus and Almira (Webster) Blakesley, the former born Feb. 1, 1798, and the latter, April 16, 1804, a daughter of Clark Webster. The Captain's maternal grandfather Michael Webster, was a soldier in the war of 1812, which he passed safely through, and died at the extraordinary age of 102 years. Capt. Blakesley's father died when the son was only a few weeks old, leaving his widow, and three children, viz: George O., Celia and Alpheus M. The mother died in 1845, the daughter, Celia, having died soon after the father. At the age of ten, after the death of his mother, Alpheus removed to Wisconsin to reside with an aunt, but not finding matters as satisfactory as he could desire, left to fight his journey alone. His struggles in early life were heroic and his misfortunes were realized by none more keenly than himself; therefore, he determined to acquire a good education which he finally accomplished, finishing up at Kingsville academy, Ohio, when 21 years of age. He then learned the tinmer trade, and soon after became interested with his brother in the hardware business at Sterling, Ill., which continued from 1856, for two years, when he removed to Rockford where he continued in the same line.

At the first call for troops in April, 1861, he enlisted for the three month's service in the Rockford Zouaves, a company made up mostly of Col. Ellsworth's first company, and commanded by Capt. G. L. Nevins. His company claimed to be among the first to respond and report for service under the President's call. He reported at Springfield and was mustered into the 11th Ill. Vol. Inf. with W. H. L. Wallace (a brother of Gen. Lew Wallace), afterwards a General killed at Shiloh, as Colonel of the Regiment, and Gen. Ransom, as Major.

Capt. Blakesley served out his term, but owing to very poor health was compelled to abandon the army for a time.

He, however, assisted in raising and drilling a company at Sterling, Ill., and Aug. 13, 1862, he again enlisted as a private at Rockford, where he was mustered in as 2nd Lieut. of Co. E., 74th Ill. Vol. Inf., with Elias Cosper as Captain, and Jas. B. Kerr, as Lieut. Col. of the Regt. On Sunday, Sept. 28, amidst the ringing of bells and a general demonstration, the Regt., 940 strong, left for Louisville, Ky., where, on arrival, it was brigaded with the 75th and 59th Ill., and 22nd Ind., and 5th Wis. Battery, forming the 30th Brigade 9th Div., 3rd A. C. with Col. Post in command of the Brig., Gen. Mitchell of the Div., Gen. Gilbert of the Corps, and Gen. McCook of the Army. In Oct. 1862, the army then at Bowling Green was reorganized under Gen. Rosecrans, and afterwards known as the Army of the Cumberland. The 74th, while still in the 1st Brig., became part of the 1st Div., under Jeff C. Davis, of the 20th Corps, commanded by Gen. McCook.

In Oct. 1862, at Chattanooga, when the reorganization of the Army of the Cumberland occurred, the 74th was brigaded, during the remainder of the war, with the 36th, 44th, 73rd and 88th Ill., 22nd Ind., 2nd and 15th Mo., and 5th Wis. battery, forming the 1st Brig., 2nd Div. and 4th Corps, with Col. Sherman of the 88th Ill. or Gen. Kimball, as Brig. commander; Gen. Phil Sheridan commanding Div. a part of the time, and Gen. Gordon Granger the Corps. Moving from Louisville, Capt. Blakesley was in almost daily skirmishes with Bragg's army. The Regt. was held in reserve at the battle of Perryville. From this time until Nov. 7th when Nashville was reached, the Regt. was almost constantly on the march. At the battle of Perryville, our subject acted as Adjutant of his Regt. It continued in camp near Nashville, having occasional skirmishes with the enemy, until the latter days of Dec., when it became evident that a deadly struggle was soon to occur in the vicinity of Stone River. The Union army advanced their lines, driving the rebels before them towards Murfreesboro. At Nolansville, on the 26th, the 74th being in advance, came upon an outpost of the enemy, strongly supported by a battery. Here the Regt. received its first real test under fire. It gallantly drove the enemy from the hill under heavy fire. In this charge our subject was partially disabled by a cannon shot, but by the aid of two of his men went through the charge. They continued in the advance bivouacking without fires, being engaged Dec. 30th, with constant skirmishing and heavy artillery firing, and resting that night upon their arms and without fire.

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Before daybreak the 74th was in line and as the day dawned the confederate shots were observed moving up the left flank, when the column to which the 74th was attached moved by the right. The rebels then charged Johnston's Div. to the right, completely surprising it, and capturing the batteries before a gun was fired. Johnston's Div. having fallen back, exposed the Brig. to an enfilading fire, to avoid which, it changed front, fell back some 60 rods, and took position behind a fence. The rebels advanced in three lines, and as they did so, Gen. Davis rode along in front and turning to the men said: "Give them hell, 74th, keep cool and fire low." Firing commenced immediately, but the 74th reserved its fire until the enemy was close upon them when it opened with volley after volley, making the solid lines to recoil. Meanwhile the 5th Wis. poured in grape and canister at short range, amaking fearful havoc in the closely pressing confederate ranks. Being confronted with an immensely superior force and to escape capture, the 74th fell back, three quarters of a mile, reformed, checked the enemy, then drove him back a considerable distance. The regimental casualties in this action were 8 killed, 35 being wounded, and 42 missing or captured, being a loss of one-fifth of its force engaged. The same evening the 74th repelled a persistent Cav. attack made by the Texas Rangers and Morgan's Cav. In this engagement our subject was complimented by the commanding Col. for the skill in which he handled the skirmish line. The bravery and skill displayed by the 74th during the battle of Stone River was highly commended by Col. Post, who said of the 74th: "The deliberation and order in which the 74th retired is especially commended." Jan. 2, the Regt. was again engaged, but it soon terminated by the enemy starting on full retreat. It continued near Murfreesboro during the winter, then started on June 24, upon the Tullahoma campaign, one of incessant march, battle and skirmish, which terminated in the fierce struggle of Sept. 19th and 20th on the line of Chickamauga, and the occupation of Chattanooga by the Union forces. On the last day of this battle, Mr. Blakesley's Brig. was entirely cut off from the army, and in imminent danger of capture, but on the following day, cut their way through the rebel lines, and joined the main army. Nov. 14, his Regt. received

a flag from the ladies of Rockford. Nov. 25, Sherman made several ineffectual attempts upon the confederates' right, at Mission Ridge, but early in the afternoon, Sheridan's Div. and the 4th Corps were ordered forward to carry the rebel rifle pits at the foot of the Ridge.

They succeeded in surprising the enemy and carrying the pits, taking the surviving occupants as prisoners. Orders were then given to storm the Ridge, which after a terrible and sanguinary conflict was carried. In this charge Capt. Blakesley was knocked senseless by the concussion of a shell, but soon regained consciousness and led his company on "to do or die". He has never fully recovered from the effects of this injury. In this charge the 74th's new flag was borne by Sergt. C. E. Allen who soon fell wounded. It had scarcely fallen from his grasp, before it was seized by Alba Miller of Co. C., who a few minutes later fell severely wounded. It was then taken by Corporal Compton, who in time fell mortally wounded, whereupon, it was snatched from the dying Compton by Corporal Hensy who soon planted it pierced by 15 bullet holes upon the rebel works, the first Union flag to wave upon the hard won crest of that rugged hill. In this assault the 74th lost 14 killed, 39 wounded, and 6 missing. The Regt. took part in the expedition to Knoxville and the occupation of Loudon. That winter will long be remembered for the intense suffering by the exposed troops, from the severity of the weather. In Feb. 1863, our subject was promoted to be 1st Lieut., and on Feb. 8, 1864, was commissioned as Captain of his Co. In the spring of 1864 he participated in the Atlanta campaign and was actively engaged in the batteries of Tunnel Hill, Rocky Face Ridge, at which he worked all one night, with others, hauling two parrot guns by ropes up the Ridge, giving the rebels an early salute the next morning. The view from this point presented an imposing sight of the contending forces. Then followed the battles of Dalton, Resaca, Calhoun, Lost Mt., assault at Kenesaw Mt., Marietta, Vining Station, Peach Tree Creek, Atlanta and Jonesboro. During the assault upon Kenesaw Mt., the 74th suffered a loss of 18 killed, 39 wounded, and 6 taken prisoner. From this time forward the 4th Corps under Gen. Thomas was detailed to keep the rebel Hood, and his forces in subjection, going first to Chattanooga, then to Resaca, thence to Pulaski, Nashville and Spring Hill, where the 74th engaged the enemy, moving

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the same day to Franklin. About Nov. 11, Capt. Blakesley, owing to the absence of the Col., was placed in charge of the Regt. when he in turn was granted a furlough, rejoining his Regt. again at Huntsville, Ala., Jan. 6th. It was while encamped near this place that the Regt. was complimented by the Gen. in command of the Corps, as excelling all others in the Corps, in the neatness, cleanliness, and comforts of the camp. In the latter part of March they moved to Knoxville, and whilst in camp near there, received news of the surrender of Gen. Lee and the assassination of the President Lincoln. No tongue or pen can describe the intense excitement in camp, of those few days. His Brig. then marched to Nashville where, on June 12, it was mustered out of service with 343 officers and men, then placed en route for Rockford, arriving there on the 29th, where they were tendered a public reception at the hands of the citizens.

As the Regt. moved homeward it was detained at Indianapolis, Ind., awaiting transportation. Gov. Morton, on hearing this, sent an urgent request that they go to the Capitol Grounds to receive his congratulations, with other returning troops. The boys were in a scarcely presentable condition, and at first hesitated, but finally yielded and were marched to the grounds under the command of Capt. Blakesley, who modestly sought a seat upon a concealed corner of the platform. He was soon called upon for a speech, but at first declined the honor. He was lifted bodily and passed over the heads of the people to the front of the platform amidst wild enthusiasm, where he made a short address to the assembled multitude. The Regt. continued on to Chicago, where they were finally discharged, and started for their respective homes.

After the war, the Captain removed to Beloit, Wis., where he embarked in the hardware and stove trade, and remained until 1869, when he removed to Kinwatha, Kan., and there resumed the same business. In 1875 he removed to Chicago, continuing there for two years, then went to Rock Island, working with the old R. I. Stove Company until Dec. 1880, when with Messrs. Mitchell & Mixer, he formed a co-

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Copy sent Stone River
Nat. Battlefield

partnership under the style of Rock Island Stove Company, for the manufacture of stoves and ranges, which has grown to be an extensive and flourishing business. On July 19, 1865, he married Mary Ann Avery, of Belvidere, daughter of Egbert H. Avery, and, by whom he has the following children: Ella Avery,* George Webster, Charles Alpheus, and Theodore Seward.

In politics he is a Republican; a member of the G. A. R.; and a member of the Broadway Presbyterian Church at Rock Island, of which he is an elder and trustee. He has always been characterized by his pronounced views upon moral, religious, and temperance subjects, and is admired and respected for his honest methods in all his business transactions.

* Ella Avery - mother's mother to
Charlotte Roach Vedeler
2975 Playa Blanca
Santa Fe, New Mexico
87505

(505) 473-1277.

C. Vedeler has supplied Stones River Nat. Battlefield with this information. (10-1989)

From Ella, alone, there are, in 1989 at least 75 descendants of A.M. Blakesley.

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(During 1890's visits to old battle sites)

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8-15-93

At Nashville. Commence at river above
Lebanon — Murfreesboro -- Nolansville --
Granny White — Hillsboro — Hardin — Charlotte
and University. Visited Ft. Negley and others. Fisk
University. Vanderbilts University, State House.
Not a flag out in the whole city. Called to see
Buttolff. Had a tooth pulled here. The hardest
part of me left here.

8-15 - 95

Stone River Cemetary 6139 Union Soldiers
buried here. Over one-third of them unknown. A
fine place. Not a flag in sight at Murfreesboro
Sunday. Take a team and drive to place where we
checked a calvery on our train guards on Murfrees-
boro pike at our right and rear. December 31, 62.

8-16-

Tullahoma, Tenn., has grown some but not
much.

8-16-95 Kennesaw House at Marietta, Ga.
A good hotel and fine town. 8 of us get a good
team and darkey driver and drive around the mount-
ains and over to the right of our position. The
country seems so changed. Lots of earth works
remain yet, but trees and shrubbery have grown
up so. Was near our position.

9-17-95

Atlanta, Ga. We find this city has grown
wonderfully. But little patriotism manifested
judging from the absence of decorations. Ride
out to where Gen. McPherson fell. His monument
a large seige gun. Saw the spring where he took his la.
drink. But few of the old forts and breast works left.
The Great Fair not half ready yet and all is disorder.

*Copied from Lecture & Travel notes of
A. M. Blakesley -*

Written during latter part of 19th Century.

At Indianapolis I had hard work to persuade the Ohio staff and those heroic hoosier boys that it was the 74th Illinois who put down this rebellion. They freely admitted however, that we did our share alright.

The few weeks of compliments at Nashville. We had to endure the torture of drill and camp discipline when peace at home was so near and yet so far. Hungry for home and loved ones. Impatience boiled over at times. It was harder to hold the lion by the tail when the door of the cage that had held him for three or four years was breaking open. The last battalion drill, you remember the writer had command of it, and with difficulty could restrain a sly shot here and there of a blank carteridge from a super-abundance of the pent-up feelings of this new liberty; too great to be controlled in the drill when ordered to fire. Your humble servant here received his first disgrace in his three years of service by being placed under arrest for allowing the above outburst by our heroic Opedyke. But if an outrage to feelings or discipline were committed at this stage it was like the impulse that fired the blank carteridges at the drill. And no doubt but that the recording angel kindly passed upon many petulant errors of frail humanity whispered in his ear, "No record of this please". As he did when in playful glee, when one of my most faithful men tied a tin can to the tail of that poor yellar pup of our Lt. Col. Bryant, a few days previous and had to pay the penalty for this indignity to Col. Bryant's dog by carrying a rail on his shoulder in front of the Col.'s headquarters for a few hours. Both were brave faithful men but such was war discipline.

There comes a bubbling up from the depths of memory an emergency when I bravely assumed the roll of chief Camp Cook. I was proud of my efficiency as a cook in my younger days. It happened that rations run high on rice and low on everything else --- so it was rice or starve. So I ordered a liberal meal for my company of rice. A camp kettleful and directed my

assistant to set the kettleful a boiling while I was on other duty. I had not been gone long before he came to me on a rush -- hatless and breathless and said the rice was swelling over everything and that he had not kettles enough to hold it. We kept borrowing kettle after kettle until the regimental supply was nearly exhausted. In the process the flavor had taken on a big flame and camp kettle sort. That day and in fact that week it was boiled or burnt rice -- hot and boiled rice cold for a change three times a day till not a man now of that company after that but would starve before he would eat rice cold or hot. I resigned at once from the office of chief Company Cook.

For liberty and freedom.

We had paid out not only untold treasure but what is infinitely worse the life blood of our nations most precious blood. Has it paid? Did it pay? The answer comes back to us from every city, state, hamlet, workshop, schoolhouse and every home in this broad land of ours. From the millions of the enslaved into freedom and citizenship by a glorified people. With new aspiration that will insure a greater love for all that goes up to make it out of all the generations to come a purer and greater people. Out of which a government by and for the people shall forever go far toward moulding all the nations of the earth into a lasting peace and good will to all mankind. The bitterness of the War belong to the past but it's glories are the common heritage of us all. 300,000 patriotic graves in silent but eloquent solemn power rebuke the living who in boodle hinder to proper legislation for selfish gains.

All that is good in the world has been purchased at great cost. All the living are eternally debtors to our heroic dead.

The times were so out of joint they indeed tried man's souls forcing the inexpressible conflict to the front with it's heroes who were to test with steel and shot right against wrong.

There are greater dangers than War. Danger lurks in much luxury and prosperity. A poet truly says:

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Danger lurks
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"Ill fare the land,
to hastening ills a prey
Where wealth accumulates and
men decay."

Times of peace and great prosperity too often
lead to indulgences and vices which sap the best
strength of our manhood. Adversity brings our
greatest men into action.

The earlier years of the War were full enough
of dark days desponding and even agony but in the
memory of man there is scarcely darkness of despair
seen as settled over the country in the summer of
1864.

Rockfords' hospitality. Opening is proverbial.

No more searching for cooling streams. No
more dry hard marches after Gaul. Bragg Ohio's
hosts through old Kentucky. 28 miles a day. No more
beds in the beautiful snow at Bowling Green.

No more quinine for those who answered the
quinine call, sick or wished they were just before
the battle.

No more drills and parades for exercise, sick
or well, hungry or dry.

No more building of "shebangs" and laying out
of camp in the morning to have them at night.

No more to be drawn up in fine array --- a
shinning work, for rebel batteries as at Nolansville.

No more shivering through sleepless nights among
the cedars of Murfreesboro and being inserimoniously
hustled for the rear at daybreak without breakfast

✓ as at Stone River. I have never liked the wailing moving sound of the winds through the cedars since.

Do you remember the eve of the conebray fight between _____ and the 4th regulars. One of the grandest sights of the War. How we were complimented for checking the conebray charge and so forth.

✓ How the night we stayed sore hungry and weary upon the rain soaked banks of Stone River. Some alive sharing the blanket of the dead. The devil of artillery and sharpshooters all night. The distressing cries and moans of the wounded in our front. We could not help.

✓ In marching back the next morning do you remember the swollen streams — how we pulled a soldier we thought severely wounded out of the edge of a stream nearly engulfing him when we found he was only refreshing himself with sleep.

✓ How we went into camp of the dismal swamps as it were — near Murfreesboro and lost more men through those winters, more by exposure and sickness than by all the battles.

✓ Here that winter I first experienced the real horrors of hospital life. Being taken sick from outpost duty to hospital where I lingered a few days nigh unto death.

Do you recall the day Valandingham was passed through our lines to the rebels how hard it was to restrain our men from demonstrations and so forth. Such a night on Buzzard Roost Ridge when the lightening and thunder and wind and rain vied with each other in pandemonium and confused.

The long weary marches toward Chattanooga.

The battle of green corn cobs with the 22nd Ind. boys in the volley before crossing Sand Mountain when all we had was green field corn to eat and not even salt enough. And the numerous rattle snakes. How

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about that strong mutton the 22nd Indiana stole
from us.

The darkie boys and flour sacks at Huntsville,
Alabama. It is better to be white for a few
moments than never to be white at all.

The written reports at Springfield, a history
of the 74th is it's birth and death as Gen. Post
died at your first meeting. What of its unwritten
history so full of valour. So full of patriotic
duty. So full of blood and sacrifice. The half
was never told.

The news of the surrender of Gen. Lee to our
army was like a burst of refreshing showers after
a long heartbreaking drouth.

And then the news of the cruel assassination to
Lincoln come like an earthquake and a dark pall hung
over our national firmament.

He, who but on a few weeks before on his second
inaugural address had said both parties had depre-
ciated war, but one of them would make war rather
than let the nation survive and the other would
accept war rather than let it perish. Then came
these immortal words, "With malice toward none --
with charity for all, with firmness in the right,
as God gives us to see the right let us strive on
to finish the work we are in to bind up the nation's
wounds. To care for him who shall have borne the
battle and for his widow and his orphans --- to do
all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting
peace among ourselves and with all nations." These
were inspired utterances of the purest and greatest
soul since the advent of the great messenger of
peace and good will to man.

Let us not forget the words left us by the
immortal Lincoln --- Charity toward all ---
malice toward none and Grant Let us have peace.

The northern soldier does not begrudge homage paid to Gen. Lee. The two great Captains: Grant and Lee are linked together and each reflect military glory upon each other through all time.

May our children's children forever keep fresh in memory and emulate the good deeds of these men who died for God and country, as long as patriotism and courage rank as virtue.

Let us pledge anew to aid and assist those who are left among us. Are we not our brother's keeper? Are they not a sacred charge on a nation or state? Let us hold sacred the last resting place of our sacred dead which are in every town.

In the eternal fitness of things, the tidal wave of retribution will inevitably overwhelm any people or nation who forgets the distinction between right and wrong.

Where man sins most --- there he suffers most. This is the law of the wages of sin. Our southern brother realized the force of this truth more in 1865 than 1861.

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In charging the rebel works at Resaca a regiment surgeon noticed an Irishman who had fallen behind had taken a bloody bandage from a dead soldier and was in the act of wrapping it around one of his legs. One being remonstrated with that he was not wounded and to join his company -- his Irish wits came to him in time and he replied, "Faith sir, and I was just practising like how to bind up me leg, if one of thim grey devils should shoot one leg off."

Yet as a rule we had no better soldiers than the Irish. In fact the same might be said of other nationalities.

I have in mind our color bearer who took the colors over the works at battle of Missionary Ridge. Also James Hallam of my company, who received his mortal wound on the rebel works way ahead of his company in charge that fatal day at Kenesaw Mountain. No braver, nobler soldier ever shouldered a musket than he. When brought to the rear he was still alive and showing me his gaping wounds he said, "You see Captain, the chances are that this is my last battle. Tell them at home -- I did my best."

Who can tell the story of such deeds or erect a towering monument befitting thousands of just such examples of personal heroisms? Alas, for the silent dead.

General Post: He was one of the sublimest types of American manhood.. A hero indeed.

While the 74th were rushing to the left front and across Stone River on that eventful last eve of the terrible onslaught on the rebel lines of January 2, we passed a regiment in line being harrassed too furiously by its Colonel. One of Company E yelled to him in thunderous tones that he had better join the rush to the front (He was likely a late senator) and do his speech making to the rebs.

from a typed copy of Civil War diaries of Alpheus
Miles Blakesley (4-28-1835 to 8-9-1916) Diaries from 1-1-1862
Birth Death to 12-28-1865

End of November, 1862

27- Williams comes after that body. Allen starts home with them. The cars run off the track and smash things up by us. Only one killed. An officer of Brigade. Arrest one man asleep on guard. See Esard Kilgour.

28- Orders to march at eight A. M. Move over the river three miles south of Nashville. Camp in woods. A fine place. Pass Rebel Goldcroffer's old residence. Orderly and I go foraging.

29- I take the Col. Kerr's horse and go to town. See our boys sick and the captain. Dine with him. Have my picture taken. Return with Brayee too late to drill. Our pickets with Destoher meet with the enemies and fire a few rounds.

30- A fine day. It rains. The captain comes to see us. Powell is taken very sick -- is deranged. An alarm. We are all ordered out in advance. Orderly and I set up to make out pay roll and get wet.

December, 1862.

1- I take the company out on picket duty. A pleasant time. A letter from Lissie and silk handkerchief.

2- A fine day. Paymaster here does us no good though. Juell and Bacon arrive to work for us. Cook and so forth.

3- Receive strict orders. In 75th tree is felled across tents, one man hurt. At four P. M. we receive orders to go scouting with 74th and one-half days rations. We go over the mountains over five miles to meet enemy pickets. Col. Kerr in chasing a citizen reb goes too far. We find his pistol and hat. That is all.

4- We have a good brigade drill. I command. Dr. Fisher and Strong arrives. I start a petition to remove Dr. Eilenwood. It takes.

(1989: The original diaries in safekeeping - letter from Boulder, Colorado home.

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I write to Lissie. Hear 15 cannon shot. Rebel calvery attack our right.

5- It snows. We draw some clothing. Inspect the boys breeches. Babbit's appetite good yet. I weigh with sword 150 pounds.

6- A fine day. Inman sent to hospital very sick. Get my pictures. Heard guard Allen is not expected to live. Have a skirmish drill. Allen is dead.

7- Read general orders to the men. Inspection. Indiana boys get drunk at our sutler wagon. Woodworth, one of our company, is dead.

8- Go out on picket. Expect an attack. A beautiful moonlight night. At night double the guard. Talk with a rebel and I hear firing over on our left in Sheridans Division.

9- Come off guard all night. Have orders to march at a moments warning. No details. Write to Addie H. Read Daniel's letter in the K paper. Make up clothing account.

10- We are up at one-thirty o'clock A. M. with orders to march. March two miles in advance and camp in fine woods. Our Sergeant and Powell stay back sick. Expect an attack. Captain Remington acts as major.

11- A fine smoky day. A brigade drill. Get the President's Message. We like it. Receive shelter tents or "pup tents" as we in our indignation choose to call them. I think we will be glad of them before long.

12- A fine day. Read the articles of war to the men. Lt. Col. Kerr takes us by surprise. He is paroled. We were glad to see him. Tickman from Rockford comes also.

13- We go on picket duty. A pleasant time. Jason Marsh makes the grand rounds. See picking cotton. I have out 25 men. We make a bivouac. The robins are thick and sing beautiful in the canebreak.

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14- The boys have eatables sent through.
We come off guard. A warm day. Have a sermon
by Rev. Daniels of Winnebago. Orders to get
ready to march again.

15- Col. Kerr starts for Columbus, Ohio to be
exchanged. Write some to Sacketts and Miss
Childs. Hear of hard fighting before Williams-
burg. Powell hears bad news of his wife's
being sick and decides to resign. The company
start a petition for the Captain to resign.
It rains. Our tent leaks.

16- Powell leaves us to go to hospital.
Trouble on our right. The brigade out on
alarm. Post says we may meet Bucker tomorrow.
Draw clothing. Try to make out Orderly Bros
discharge.

17- I drill the boys as skirmish. A fine day.
They forage trains. Shells the Regiment.
Pickets back. The Regiment drills in forming
squares. The 74th Ohio drill fine. The boys
have sport chasing squirrels, chopping down
trees for them.

18- A frosty night. A dispatch for Powell.
His wife is not expected to live. Hear that
our darkie Carey died. We officers draw
rations again. Hear that Jeff Davis is at
Murfreesboro.

19- Am introduced to Col. Post. Have a long
brigade drill. Our Colonel gets in a fog
again. Post gets us out. Hear the attack
on Fredericksburg a fizzle. 1000 loss.
Captain Cosper comes. We go over to Col.
post's headquarters. Dr. Daniser to get
Powell's discharge signed, it goes through
alright. Hear a band play.

20- At noon the company meet in line to fill
the vacancy. I am unanimously elected 1st Lt.
Sherman 2nd Lt. and Lippet Orderly.

Another long drill. Hear heavy cannonading. The boys send that request for Captain Cosper to resign.

21- Have inspection. Write to George. Hear Conant preach. A letter from D. C. Moffat and Mary Avery. The boys have sport hunting robins in the canebreak in the night. It is being cut to put in fortifications at Nashville.

22- A long drill. A fine day. Write to Captain and send my recommend to him of promotions. A fine day. Commence to make out new muster roll. Lt. Sherman and I hunt robins in the canebreak and get lost.

23- A fine day. Work at muster rolls. Adjutant drills the Regiment. We have dress parade and the Colonel reads orders to march at daylight. A letter from Mary Robinson. Hear that Morgan has gone traitor.

24- Get ready to march full up and pack. It rains some. The boys have fun chasing darkies. We march out a few miles and return. Get our tents back and pitch them.

25- We, with the brigade go out within the rebel-picket lines foraging. We drive them in. Load up and return. We stay with the wagons. In the evening write to Mary Avery.

26- We pull up. Seta our tents and so forth back and advance through rain, muddy and steamy roads and cedar woods. Skirmishing along until near Nolensville where we form in line and advance. We draw the fire of rebel batteries. A sharp shooter nearly hit me. We drive them through the town where the sharp fight begins.

27- We drive them back. Capture some, not many killed. We slept in our dog tents. It rains all night. In morning we march. It rains hard. Some cannonading in advance. Many troops passing. Go into camp in the rain towards night. Pitch our

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shelter tents. Out of rations. The boys kill
beef and pork. Keep hollering "crackers".
There is a general advance and a big fight
ahead sure.

28- A clear beautiful morning. We parch corn
for breakfast. I read Valley Farm. The camp
fires look fine from the hills. We draw
rations, flour which the boys make into bread
without tools. We have a turkey.

29- We start early on our way through the
mud. We come to a pine valley before Murfrees-
boro. A beautiful view. We camp ten miles
this side of Murfreesboro. It rains in the
night. We get wet and pitch our dog tents.
We are ordered out for picket.

30- At nine we march through mud and rain for
Murfreesboro. Through cedar woods and fields
of corn and cotton. Some skirmishing. At
night we advance on their lines, within three
miles of Murfreesboro and lay by our guns all
night. One of the company regiment killed.
Brisk skirmishing. Some of us hit.

31- At daylight we meet the rebels, flanking
our right, black flag flying, brisk firing.
They surprise Johnston. We keep falling back
and finally form behind a fence and give them
a few rounds and check them. My boys hang
to it well. Fall back in disorder and rally.
Our force is drove back a few miles in a
little panic. I get a gun and go in. Captain
Prim battery taken and his leg shot off. We
rally and gain our ground back. We retire to-
ward night. Rebel calvary capture some of
our train and we take it again. My company
with some others skirmish at some rebel cal-
very and we give them a few. Then our cal-
very come in and a fight driving them. A
grand sight. Cold clear moonlight night.
Captain Ward hurt. Parmlee killed.

January, 1863.

1- A fine day. It opens with brisk cannonading and skirmishing without much result. Prospect very gloomy. Afraid they are flanking us. Am detailed with company for picket. We are not allowed fires. Have charge of the division picket. A cold clear night. Hear mysterious movements. Have only 17 men. Many do not come up. Captain Pinny dead. General Kirk wounded.

2- In morning take my command out in advance. Skirmishing. Feel unweel. But little sleep. Short of rations. Heavy cannonading and skirmishing. We make barricades. Allen good on skirmishing. We are allowed fires. At nine P. M. the fight commences in advance center. Terrible cannonading for some time. We finally drive them. Our forces charge and take several of their batteries. We are finally ordered out to help flank them. We advance two and a half miles fording Stone River on the double quick as hard as we could run after them in the dark, leaving the dead and dying behind. It is dark too. Raining and cold but we push on and drive their hosts into panics. Camp in advance. Two miles this side of Murfreesboro. We lay among the slain. A good deal of picket firing. We sleep without our blankets and it rains hard towards morning.

3- Still rains. The enemy quiet except skirmishing. The whistle of frequent trains heard. The sharp shooters worry us. It rains nearly all day. We build stockades of logs and bury the dead. Rebel loss heavy. Trees around us completely riddled with shot. Captian Cosper comes up. We find some nice bacon hide. Draw rations. Allowed no campfires. Heavy skirmishing till late in the night. We lay (a few of us) in the dog tents. It rains all night.

4- At two in the morning we are ordered out in the rain to retreat back across the river two miles through thick mud to the rear. All the forces

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drawned this side of Stone River. At daylight it clears off fine and we are drying and resting ourselves.

5- Murfreesboro is evacuated. Our forces to occupy it. Our loss is heavy but the enemy loss is immense. I got into the fight with thirty men and come out with fourteen only. Hear Richmond is taken. Lt. Stagner and I take a walk over part of the battlefield. Find many dead. See the crowd at the hospital. A painful sight. See Captain Pinny. He is very low. Will have to have his leg amputated. We find some trees not eight inches in diameter with 18 shots not six feet from the ground. The stump I dug behind had three bullets pass through it while I lay behind it. We hear heavy cannonading and advance towards night. Heavy thunderstorm in night.

6- Trains come up and some of the men. Some baggage lost. My mess chest has been rummaged shamefully by our own men. Sergeant Lippet and Carey. They are, sorry to say, skedaddled. Parties out burying the dead. Only three men wounded slight. Orders to pull up. We move through Murfreesboro crossing the tottering R. R. bridge by dark. Camp in woods three miles beyond town.

7- A cold day. I read Valley Farm. We form lines, and pitch tents. The boys bring in forage, meat and so forth. Murfreesboro a place of 5,000, I should think. Was a pleasant place. We are glad to get in camp and get something to eat.

8- No mail yet. Write to George. Still burying the dead. Difficult to find them all being scattered all through cedar thickets and corn fields and cotton, high grass and woods and brush. See many large trees, say 18 inches in diameter cut in two by cannon shot.

9- Hear of Rosecrans strategy -- of making the enemy think we are reinforced. By building camp fires through the woods and running a heavy cason over the road all night. Make out muster rolls. The company elect non-commissioned officers and Babbit 2nd Sergt. Chandler Lt. Bacon 5. A letter from Lippit. A paper from Addie H. It rains.

10- The Colonel wishes me to send in a request for reducing Lippit and Carey to the ranks and put in Charlie Allen, Orderly, instead. Don't like to do it yet. Work on muster rolls. Sid Grumon is in our tent sick.

11- A fine Sabbath. Writes to Mary K. Captain Cosper calls to see me. He says we have 3,000 rebel prisoners. He found Mr. Chellis, an old Rockford man, a rebel surgeon, a prisoner in town. Orders to march early in the morning with one days rations.

12- The boys all feel blue. We march out on Shelboville Pike, three miles, for guard. Sherman stay in home, only 15 men. Hear Captain Mc Moore is missing. Supposed to be taken prisoner. We fall a bee tree and get some good honey. Hear the pickets were shelled yesterday. Some of a forage train is drove back. We relieve the other pickets. A terrible mucky place. I make the grand rounds in night. Get lost, once outside the lines, and come near being shot. Get the joke on Major Dutcher about his "rebel battery" taht was agoing to shell us at daylight. George Goddier comes up.

13- We come off guard. A letter from Powell and Lissie with Webbie's picture. Write to Eddie, to Mc Affee and Powell. Get acquainted with Captain Sabin 44th Ill. Orders to commence drill again.

14- A rainy day. We all feel blue. Captain Erving going to resign. A hard joke on him running to Nashville the day of battle. Hear we are repulsed at Vicksburg. Will Densmore calls and it rains so he stays all night. The tent leaks bad.

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War's end.*

15- Rains most all day, but raising the Cum-berland. Sherman officer of guard. We hear the whistle of train at Murfreesboro. Send in appointments of sergeants. Hear the rebel railway communication cut off near Chattanooga.

16- Am officer of the day. It is snowy and cold. Finish a letter to Jennie B.

17- A cold day. No mail. In evening Captain Brian and I call to see Major Harbert and Captain Sabin in 44th Ill. The Colonel calls us together to talk quartermaster. He wants his brother Volney. An insult to all of us. We want Frost. We leave in disgust.

18- Am not very well. The regiment are called out on picket. Sherman takes command of company. The first time I have missed duty. Have the bloody flux some.

19- Am not very well. Write to George and Lissie. Also to one in our company in Rockford, Franklin. Have a "whiskey punch".

"Aren't you ashamed?" (written by Mary Avery)

20- Lt. Andrews resigns and starts home. Others trying to resign. The Colonel is reputed to-be trying. Too good news. Captain Ward and Lt. Barker also sign a petition against V. Marsh and for Frost for quartermaster to send the Governor. Make out discharge papers for S. Grummon.

21- Ordered out on picket. Colonel Marsh taken unwell. News of the Indiana Copperhead insurrection. C. Bacon comes near digging up a niggers grave in search of potatoes in garden nearby.

22- Come off guard. Get a letter from George and Addie H. Find Dillingham and Franklin up from Rockford.

23- Have bunks made out of cedar poles and bows. Commence drills again. In the night have orders to march anytime in night with three days rations -- then countermanded. Dillingham send back to hospital with measles.

24- Boys receipt for clothing and so forth. It rains again.

25- Go over to 75th. Lt. Barbes going home. Go over to 88th. Take supper with Colonel Bross. See their dress parade which is good.

26- We go one and a half miles on the other side of town to work on entrenchments. Captain Douglass and I go back to town and see Captain Cosper provost martial. We go to different hospitals. A wicked sight to see the wounded. Talk with secesh wounded. Take tea with Captain Cosper where old Morgan used to stop. It rains. Get shoulder straps.

27- Make new muster rolls. Orders to be ready for a five day excursion.

28- Lay around camp. A gloomy day. Rumors of Vicksburg being taken. I am officer of the day. Start Franklin's discharge papers.

29- Brad Mc Kinney comes. Seemed good to see the old seceshor democrat. Lt. H. Baker sick.

30- We go out twelve miles foraging. The Adjutants commands the regiment and Colonel of 22nd brigade. He gets the 78th to holt. A tiresome train. A letter from Miss Childs.

31- The division ordered off on six days expedition. Am not very well and so stay in camp. Major D. puts me in command of camp and convalescents. Mr. Dickerman of Sherry Upright comes. Give Dickerman a list of my men to take home.

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