

George S. Scofield Journal

Excerpts from the journal of George S. Scofield

COMMENCING SEPT, 16th 1856

Mother, Amos, Persis, and I started for Minnesota today (from Wisconsin). We drove one yoke of oxen and two cows. We were on the road 18 days, had a prosperous journey though the weather was rather cold part of the time. Arrived here Friday, October 3rd.

Saturday, Oct. 4. Found Amos' claim jumped. Were obliged to pay \$50 to get the man off. The claim that Amos had for me was also jumped, so John and I went about 2 miles and made another.

Wednesday, March 25, 1857. A. M. Cut wood. P.M. Went to town to help raise the bridge.

Tuesday, June 12, 1857. Plowed. 17 years old today.

Tuesday, Oct. 9, 1861. Yesterday I went to Pine Island and enlisted in the Pine Island Company. About 60 of us started for Red Wing this morning, arriving at 5 o'clock, and were marched right on the "Key City" for our journey to Fort Snelling. There were two companies on board the boat. They had a high old time all night, dancing and fighting, and everything of the kind.

Saturday, Oct. 12, 1861. There are about 200 in the Fort. Our Company is getting ready to start for Fort Abercrombie, on the Red River.

Wednesday, Jan. 1, 1862. A new year in Abercrombie. What a difference this and one year ago. I little thought then of being here now. What changes may a year bring forth. A year ago today Amos and I were hunting together, and now his body lies in the soil of Virginia, a victim of the traitors of our Country. The cause was a noble one, and he has his reward.

Saturday, April 18, 1862. We have marching orders for tomorrow morning Drilling.... Marching Drilling Under General Beaufort...

Friday, September 19, 1862. We were up by daylight, and marched all day without eating. We are now going into Iuka (Miss.) where General Pierce is with 25,000 or 30,000 men. About the middle of the afternoon our Cavalry began to drive the rebel pickets. Pretty soon they began to carry wounded men by. This begins to look like some work. About 4 o'clock the fighting commenced in earnest. The bullets and buckshot came singing around our ears. We were formed into line double quick and right in the face of the enemy. The bullets whistled awful thick. After we were in line we had to lie there without firing for fear of hitting our own men. The balls just plowed right into us,

the enemy firing very low. Balls came thicker and faster. Pretty soon a ball struck right in between me and my left hand man within a foot of my face, throwing the dirt into my face and eyes. We both raised and fired at the same time. Just then a number were shot. One next to me was shot in the shoulder by a buckshot. We were then ordered to fall back a few rods to a better position. Here we could see the enemy pretty well. I fired several shots among them to the best of my ability. It was now growing dark. Our batteries had been playing all the time until now it was silenced. Every horse was shot and nearly all the men. The firing had ceased where we were, and we were withdrawn and placed in a different position. It was pretty dark now, and another regiment was drawn a few rods behind us. They thought we were rebels and fired into us, cutting us up terrible, wounding a great many and killing some. It lasted about three hours. Only six regiments were engaged on our side against 15,000. We were withdrawn about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile and lay down upon the ground. Almost every man had lost his blanket, and a great many their haversacks. We laid without anything to eat all day and no supper. This must be what they call a soldier's life. I came off without a scratch but the bullets flew like hailstones.

Sat., Sept., 20. This morning we were up long before daylight expecting to go at it again. During the night we had been reinforced by General Grant with 40,000 men. Those that were in it yesterday were to be kept in reserve, but soon the news came that the rebels had skeddaddled. We went down to the battle-ground, and such a sight as met our eyes. Never shall I forget the dead and wounded, friend and foe, all lying together. It was awful to look at. All night last night the groans of the wounded and dying rung in our ears, fairly making my blood run cold. We passed the hospital this morning, and there was a large pile of legs and arms, as much as 25 or 30. Looking was pretty hard and tough, having no breakfast. We marched back 5 miles to a pretty hardy meal.

Saturday, July 9, 1863. Vicksburg has surrendered. Pemberton gave over this morning at 10 o'clock. This is a glorious 9th for us. This afternoon our Division moved into town to see the City, and a tough looking place it was. Little children came around and begged for our bread. I saw the hind quarter of a horse hanging. Some say they had been forced to eat rats. The rebels say that we had reduced their army about 60,000 since crossing the River below Vicksburg. We got about 35,000 here and all their munitions of war.

Saturday, Sept. 19, 1863. One year ago today we fought our first battle. We are some further into the heart of the secesh country than we were then.

(Last entry) Sunday, November 15, 1863. Weather pleasant. Marched 10 miles and camped at Bridgeport (Ala.) on the Tennessee River. We are now about 20 miles from Chattanooga. We cross the River here I believe.