

THE BATTLE OF RAYMOND

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## THE BATTLE OF RAYMOND

The little village of Raymond is a quiet place, set among the rolling green hills of central Mississippi, containing no hint that because of events nearby the history of the world may have changed. The events were not large, as such things are measured, and the most important effect was to change the mind of a single man. From such subtle threads is the cloth of history woven.

It was spring, 1863. The weather had been unseasonably hot and dry; most of the creeks had ceased to flow, and even the larger ones were reduced to sluggish trickles. The hot winds blew across the wilting trees, and every passing horseman or country wagon raised clouds of choking dust along the winding roads. There was a breathlessness, a sense of terrible expectancy over the land, and the rapid passing of grim-faced couriers and tired cavalrymen added a final touch of unreality. The shadow of war hung over the once peaceful land.

When Brigadier General John Gregg marched his dusty regiments into Raymond on the afternoon of the 11th of May, the populace hailed them as saviors; the village seethed with rumors of the approach of a Yankee army from the direction of Utica. But while rumors abounded, facts were as scarce as hens' teeth.

When Gregg asked where Colonel Wirt Adams' headquarters were, he was met only by blank stares. Wirt Adams had exactly five men in the village: Sergeant J. L. Miles and four privates of Company H. The general, however, was assured that Captain J. M. Hall, with a company of Mississippi State Troops, 40 strong, was out patrolling the Utica road, and this obviously made everything all right. Gregg winced at the thought of the greybeards and striplings of the state troops out there against Major General Ulysses S. Grant's veteran horsemen, but he made the best of it by ordering Sergeant Miles and his men to ride and join Captain Hall, and see to it that any information they picked up got back to Raymond. He had but little hope that any good would come of the state troops, and he ordered his regimental commanders to strongly picket all roads into Raymond from the south and west. <sup>1</sup> This would at least guard against complete surprise.

Gregg had underestimated Captain Hall. His 40 men, plus a few misplaced troopers from Wirt Adams' command, had so troubled the Yankee cavalry that the infantry had been forced to deploy and lead the way, thus slowing the advance considerably.

Lieutenant General John C. Pemberton had sent a message to Wirt Adams on the 10th at the same time he sent his order to Gregg. This message was supposed to inform Wirt Adams of Gregg's activities, and to direct Adams' movements. Even in the midst

of a period of utter confusion, this message stands as a masterpiece of ambiguity, "General Gregg is ordered to Raymond. Direct your cavalry there to scout thoroughly, and keep him informed." <sup>2</sup> In the light of the message to Gregg, there is little doubt that he intended his message to read, "Take all of your cavalry to Raymond, scout thoroughly, and keep Gregg informed." But Wirt Adams read it to say, "Direct that cavalry detachment which you already have in Raymond to scout thoroughly, and keep Gregg informed." He accordingly proceeded with existing plans, and at the time Gregg arrived in Raymond, Adams rode into Edwards Station at the head of six companies of his hard-riding horsemen.

Wirt Adams was anything but a fool. He realized within the hour that Raymond must be completely uncovered, and ordered Captain William P. Lockett to take his 50-man squadron by the shortest possible route and interpose it between Raymond and the Yankee advance. <sup>3</sup> Lockett tried to get there by way of Mt. Moriah and the road north of Fourteen Mile Creek; but west of Dillon's plantation, he ran into Brigadier General Peter J. Osterhaus' skirmish line. With this avenue closed, he turned north and rode cross-country to the Raymond-Edwards road and so into Raymond, where he reported to Gregg. By this time, Gregg was deep in the fog of war. Fearing that the contact at Dillon's

meant that the Yankees were pushing through the gap in the Confederate positions between Edwards Station and Raymond, and that they might carry such a penetration far enough to threaten the road to Clinton, thus cutting off one of his retreat roads to Jackson, Gregg sent Captain William S. Yerger to take the cavalry and patrol the northwestern approaches to Raymond. <sup>4</sup>

On the 11th, General Pemberton began to recover his balance, and his truly remarkable deductive powers began to come into play. During the day, reports flowed in to his headquarters from all along the Big Black, as well as from the points of contact along Fourteen Mile Creek, where Major General John A. McClernand's patrols were probing forward in search of feasible crossings. Pemberton absorbed the multitudinous and conflicting fragments of information, and decided that the major objective of the Army of the Tennessee was the Big Black Bridge, and that the wide wheel of the force on the Yankee right flank, which seemed to be aiming at Jackson was only a feint. He was absolutely right. In any event, he sent this interpretation humming over the telegraph wires to Gregg, with instructions to hold his battle-wise brigade well in hand and to strike the presumptuous Yankees in the flank or rear as soon as they turned toward the Big Black Bridge. <sup>5</sup> Pemberton was aware that Gregg's

lone brigade would not have the strength to accomplish much, and wired Brigadier General William H. T. Walker, in Jackson, to bring his brigade to Raymond immediately.

Too late, too late: The Federal divisions were closing rapidly and in overwhelming strength on Gregg's isolated force.

Early on the morning of the 12th, General Gregg's orderly awakened him in the grey dawn. A tired courier from Captain Hall was there; the Yankees were marching up the Utica-Raymond road, in strength unknown because the state troops could not penetrate their cavalry screen. And now the combative Gregg made a deadly error. Recalling Pemberton's interpretation that the Yankee right wing was intended only as a feint, Gregg decided that this meant that there would be a brigade at most in the movement, but that it would probably be screened by an abnormally strong cavalry cordon to give the illusion of strength. This opinion, tentative at first, changed to certainty when one of his own scouts reported seeing only 2,500 to 3,000 men. Well knowing the tendency of scouts to exaggerate numbers, Gregg interpreted this to mean at best a Union brigade. Almost certainly, the scout had seen only Brigadier General Elias S. Dennis' brigade, marching well in the van of the Yankee column, and had mistaken it for the whole force. <sup>6</sup>

For one of Gregg's temperament, there was only one

possible course of action: fight. The Confederate was sure that logic was on his side. If he broke up the Yankee right wing, he would be in a perfect position to fall on the right flank of their main body as it approached the railroad and, with the help of Walker's brigade, might possibly dislocate the whole elaborate maneuver. At 9 a.m. he began his deployment.<sup>7</sup> He sent Colonel Hiram B. Granbury and his 7th Texas to the junction of the Auburn and Utica roads, about a mile southwest of the village, where they deployed in a wood on the forward slope of a gentle hill on the right of the Utica road and about 100 yards south of the forks.<sup>8</sup> To close the Gallatin road, Lieutenant Colonel Thomas W. Beaumont's 50th Tennessee was placed astride it about one and one-half miles directly south of the town, along the crest of a low ridge at right angles to the road. Gregg carefully instructed Beaumont to watch his left closely, and if the Yankees should try to turn it, to extend to the east along the ridge as far as tactics dictated.<sup>9</sup> The 10th and 30th Tennessee Consolidated Regiment, under Colonel Randall MacGavock, deployed on either side of the Gallatin road about one-half mile in rear of Beaumont, and almost directly in line with the Texans although separated from them by a gap of almost 1,000 yards.<sup>10</sup> From this position it could be brought quickly into support of either the Texans or Beaumont's Tennesseans, since there was a connecting

road about 100 yards south of the position. Colonel Calvin H. Walker's 3d Tennessee was placed near the village graveyard at the southern edge of the hamlet, in a position to support either flank.<sup>11</sup> Just northwest of the road junction is a small knoll which commands the bridge that carries the Utica road across Fourteen Mile Creek, some 800 yards distant, and here Captain Hiram W. Bledsoe placed his Whitworth rifle and two 12-pounder smoothbores. Major Stephen H. Colms' 1st Tennessee Battalion deployed in support, just behind and to the right of the guns. Gregg was still worried over the possibility of a Yankee column somehow escaping detection by his scouts and striking the town from a surprise direction, so he left Colonel Robert Farquharson and his 41st Tennessee in the village to deal with this eventuality or to act as a reserve, as the occasion demanded.<sup>12</sup>

As soon as his Texans were in position, Granbury detailed Captain T. B. Camp, his most experienced skirmisher, to ask for volunteers from Companies A and B to cover the bridge across the creek. Captain Camp got a goodly number and, crossing the almost-dry creek, placed them in the shelter of the brush at the edge of a belt of woods along the stream, and facing a wide, open field rising gently to a low ridge about 300 yards to the south. Shortly before 10 o'clock, a strong Yankee skirmish line came slowly over the hill and across the field. At 100 yards, Captain



Camp ordered his men to fire, and at the first volley the Yankees melted into the long grass. Almost at the same moment, Captain Bledsoe's artillery bellowed, and the shells howled overhead, to burst over the now-vanished skirmish line. It was 10 o'clock.

There was a rolling clatter of cavalry hoofs in Major General James B. McPherson's camp at the Roach plantation in the small hours of May 12, and everybody stirred sleepily to find out what the excitement was. It turned out to be Colonel Clark Wright and his 6th Missouri Cavalry, just back from their raid on Crystal Springs. Wright's proud raiders, 200 strong, had ridden out of Utica on the 11th at 6 a.m., crossed Tallahala Creek well below the bridge, and then swept back upon it in a grand cavalry charge, only to find that the home guardsmen had long since fled. The raiders rode bravely down the Crystal Springs road, striking the railroad a mile and one-half north of that town. Half the command deployed in defensive positions, while the rest cut the telegraph line and began tearing up the track. His men toiled away harder than cavalry usually worked on such occasions, ripping up close to a mile and one-half of the roadbed, burning 125 bales of cotton, and found time to capture 15 Confederate soldiers, and even graciously paroled 18 non-combatants who happened to wander into the lines. One of them told the Colonel, apparently with a perfectly straight face, that 4,500 Confederate

soldiers aboard troop trains, and as many more on foot, had recently passed through the town en route from Fort Hudson to Jackson. With this tremendous bit of information, Wright hastened to rejoin the corps at Roach's plantation.<sup>13</sup> The story of the 9,000 Confederates actually had some basis in fact: General Gregg's brigade had passed through en route to Jackson on the 8th, but his entire command numbered only some 2,800 men, rather substantially less than Wright's informant had estimated.

Meanwhile, McClelland's XIII Corps had occupied the hamlet of Cayuga, and Grant had made his headquarters there. From there on the 11th came a fatherly letter to McPherson:

Move your command to-night ... with all activity into Raymond. At the latter place (Raymond) you will use your utmost exertions to secure all the subsistence stores that may be there, as well as in the vicinity. We must fight the enemy before our rations fail, and we are equally bound to make our rations last as long as possible. Upon one occasion you made two days' rations last seven. We may have to do the same thing again. I look to you to impress the necessity of this upon your division and brigade commanders, and through them upon your troops.<sup>14</sup>

McPherson wrote his orders for the next day and went to bed with the calm assurance that the dependable Major General John A. Logan and Brigadier General Marcellus Crocker would see to the thousand details required by the march.

Captain John S. Foster's cavalry moved out into the cool

pre-dawn darkness to screen the advance of the infantry, and almost immediately, the murk was broken by the stabbing orange lances of flame from the cavalry carbines, as Rebel and Yankee clashed along the tree-hung roads. The long infantry columns moved slowly forward about 3:30 through inky darkness, with the soldiers subdued and thoughtful over the implications to the musketry fire across their front. Dennis led the march with his brigade, and as the early hours went by without interruption, he began to breathe easier as he realized that Foster's horsemen were apparently brushing the Rebel vedettes aside without difficulty.<sup>15</sup> But as dawn broke, and the sun began to climb into the brassy heavens, the cavalry bickering grew more intense, rising to an almost continuous tumult and moving in closer to the infantry column. By 9 o'clock, it became obvious that the horsemen had more than they could handle; McPherson ordered them out to the flanks to guard the lateral roads,<sup>16</sup> while Dennis deployed the 20th Ohio to the right and the 78th Ohio to the left, and once more the corps moved forward, now with the solid blue infantry lines absorbing the impact of the Rebel cavalry vedettes.<sup>17</sup> Each of the the two regimental commanders threw out four infantry companies as skirmishers, and everybody moved forward again, slowly, each man fingering his rifle nervously

with increasing awareness that the impacting Confederate resistance almost certainly meant a battle in the offing.

A little before 10 o'clock, the skirmish line moved cautiously down a gentle slope, through open fields, toward a belt of timber along Fourteen Mile Creek, two miles southwest of the village of Raymond. The Rebel cavalry had vanished with disconcerting abruptness. One hundred yards from the timber, and from the blank green wall, came the savage crack of infantry rifles. A few of the blueclad men jerked under the impact of the Minie balls, falling with the awful gracelessness of the dead and wounded. The rest of the line vanished instantly as every man sought shelter against the brick-hard ground, and not an instant too soon: Almost with the first rifle shot, three blooms of smoke appeared as by magic on a hilltop 1,000 yards to the north, and three cannon shells came shrieking across the valley to explode overhead. Colonel Manning F. Force of the 20th Ohio, on the ridge overlooking the creek, glanced at his watch. It was 10 o'clock, May 12, 1863.

With the roar of the Rebel artillery beating against their ears, Colonel Force and Lieutenant Colonel Zachariah M. Chandler deployed their two regiments along the crest of the low ridge 400 yards south of Fourteen Mile Creek.<sup>18</sup> The moment McPherson heard the unmistakable boom of cannon fire coming from

the head of his column, he spurred his horse forward. The general gazed across the shallow valley while he listened to the reports of the scouts, already beginning to flow back from the front; he saw the smoke of Rebel artillery 1,300 yards away, caught glimpses of battle lines both east and west of the road, and off to the right front, he could see through gaps in the trees to a long grey line waiting along the crest of a ridge perhaps 1,500 yards away, while immediately to his front puffs of smoke from the belt of trees bordering the creek, and the occasional glitter of accoutrements among the trees on the hillside beyond, betrayed the presence of forces therein. He guessed that the enemy had from 4,000 to 5,000 men facing him, "judiciously posted with two batteries of artillery so placed as to sweep the road and a bridge over which it was necessary to pass." It was obvious to the black-bearded general that the "fight for Raymond would take place at this point". In something approaching exaltation, he sent couriers galloping back down the road with orders to put the wagons in the ditches if necessary, but to get the infantry forward immediately. 19

The three guns of Bledsoe's battery must have been giving an excellent account of themselves, else battle-wise McPherson would not have mistaken them for two batteries. He also

overestimated the total force opposing him, since the Southerners numbered only about 3,000. Perhaps he can be forgiven, for it probably never occurred to him that such a small force would dare oppose his entire corps. Marching, as he was, through enemy country, he assumed that Rebel spies and scouts--the two words were interchangeable during the Civil War--would long since have counted his troops, and gotten the news back to the Confederate commander.

While Logan and McPherson were receiving the reports of the scouts, the six guns of Captain Samuel De Golyer's 8th Michigan Battery came pounding up the road in an immense cloud of dust. The two howitzers turned off to the left of the road, the four James rifles to the right, and went into action against the Rebel guns well before the dust had settled.<sup>20</sup> Out of the dust cloud raised by the artillery came Dennis' two remaining regiments: the 30th Illinois hurried left along the ridge to form on the left of the 78th Ohio, while the 68th Ohio turned right and deployed to the east of the 20th Ohio. With his men all up, Dennis waved his dusty regiments forward. They swept quickly down the gentle and completely open slope, scaled a worm fence, and entered the belt of woods along the creek. The Yankee skirmishers followed the Rebel sharpshooters closely as they

faded back before this massive advance, and found that Fourteen Mile Creek was flowing only knee-deep in a steep-sided natural entrenchment some 100 yards inside the timber. Dennis' men stopped just inside the woods, where they were sheltered from the fire of the Rebel artillery, stacked arms, and lay down in the cool shade to rest!<sup>21</sup> The skirmish line pushed on to the northern edge of the timber, on a low ridge 200 yards beyond the creek, where they too halted.

Meanwhile, Logan had briskly ordered Brigadier General John E. Smith to bring up his brigade and form it on the right of the road.<sup>22</sup> The regiments filed off along the crest of the ridge, did a neat left flank, and advanced in line of battle across the open field and into the wood. The moment they entered the tangled jungle, the regiments lost all contact with the rest of the army, and with each other. Colonel Edwin S. McCook's 31st Illinois diverged to the right to guard the flank, but became confused before reaching the creek, turned back, and after much difficulty halted just inside the edge of the forest. The 23d Indiana went right on through to the creek, finding the banks at this point 10 to 15 feet high and nearly vertical, and densely overgrown with a wild tangle of brush and vines. After much difficulty and a deal of swearing, they got across, marched

to the northern edge of the woods, and began forming a battle line about 25 yards inside the margin, with skirmishers out to the edge of the open field in front. On the Hoosiers' left, the 45th, 124th, and 20th Illinois regiments simply lost all cohesion, and halted in confusion before reaching the creek.

Meanwhile, De Golyer and Beldsoe continued to bang away at each other, neither side apparently doing any appreciable damage to the other. Nevertheless, Gregg realized that, with odds of six to three, it was only a question of time before his guns were knocked out, and with the Yankee artillery unopposed his position would quickly become untenable. Fourteen Mile Creek enters the battlefield flowing almost straight north about 700 yards east of the Utica road, then turns in a large but irregular arc and flows a little north of west under the road, and so out of the field. This arc, with its belt of timber along both banks of the stream, seemed to offer Gregg a golden opportunity. He would assemble his forces along the outside of the arc, pin the Yankees near the road in place with a frontal assault, meanwhile, crossing the stream on its north-flowing reach, cave in the Yankee right flank, get in behind the guns on the ridge, and with luck, capture the whole force.

Almost exactly at noon, he began his redeployment.



Colonel Beaumont led his 50th Tennessee across an open field and down the nose of a ridge leading off first west and then almost straight south, deployed facing southwest, and moved into the timber along the creek.<sup>23</sup> The 10th and 30th Consolidated marched up from its supporting position and formed on Beaumont's left, but facing in a westerly direction. The 3d Tennessee moved up the Gallatin road to the ridge originally occupied by the 50th Tennessee, marched westward along it, and formed facing almost due south in a ravine about 300 yards north of the creek, separated from the belt of woods along the creek by a narrow open field.<sup>24</sup> Granbury's Texans advanced diagonally into an open field, with their left in contact with the 3d Tennessee and their right on the Utica road, while Colonel Farquharson brought his 41st Tennessee up to the graveyard and into support position.<sup>25</sup> The attack would be initiated by the Texans, and taken up from right to left down the line, with the two left-flank regiments charged with taking the battery on the hill.<sup>26</sup>

Gregg waved his sword and the Texans surged forward, strong skirmish line well in advance. To their front, they saw nothing but an occasional puff of smoke, betraying a Yankee sharpshooter. The bluecoated skirmishers opposite the Texans cried the alarm and scampered back through the woods like rabbits at the sight of the solid grey line bearing down upon them.

Dennis' men, now well rested, grabbed their muskets and ran, but forward, taking shelter in the trench-like creek bed. From there, they blasted away at the advancing Texans, stopping the right flank companies in their tracks. But the left flank companies kept coming, and the men of the 20th Ohio, just to the east of the road, realized with something approaching panic that the 68th Ohio, which was supposed to be on the right flank of the brigade, had evidently run in the opposite direction. There was nothing in front of the whole left wing of the Texas line except a few skirmishers.

Meanwhile, Lieutenant Colonel William P. Davis was dressing the lines of the 23d Indiana at the northern margin of the woods, when he discovered, to his complete astonishment, that his regiment was all alone in the world.<sup>27</sup> The rest of Smith's brigade was nowhere to be seen. Then, to put the finishing touch to a situation of pure horror, Davis saw a solid grey line burst out of the woods less than 100 yards away and bear down on his isolated unit like a tidal wave. This was Walker's 3d Tennessee, 548 strong, which had started forward a few seconds after the Texans. The Midwesterners fired one ringing volley, and the Southerners were upon them. Neither side had time to fix bayonets; the beautifully dressed lines vanished in an instant

into a wild melee of clubbed muskets, fists, tree branches, anything that came to hand. The Unionists held for a moment, then gave way in utter rout back to the creek, where Davis tried in vain to rally them. The steep banks and thick brush trapped a few, but most of the panic-stricken men made it to the far side and broke out into the open field, where they came to their senses and rallied on the right of the 20th Illinois,<sup>28</sup> which had fallen back to the field after losing its way in the tangle.

By a quirk of the ground, the right-flank men of the 20th Ohio, snug in the bed of Fourteen Mile Creek, could see the left flank of the 23d Indiana. They saw the rout of the Hoosiers, and also saw the eastern end of the Texas line sweep away the few skirmishers in the woods off to the right and begin to penetrate the woods. The Ohio line began to waver, but at the critical moment, General Logan dashed up and with "the shriek of an eagle turned them back to their place, which they regained and held." An Ohioan gave the division commander his just due: "Had it not been for Logan's timely intervention, who was continually riding up and down the line, firing the men with his own enthusiasm, our lines would undoubtedly have been broken at some point."<sup>29</sup> They held while the Texans lapped completely around their exposed

flank, some of the Rebels even crossing the creek. They held because of Logan, and because a sharp meander in the bed of the creek 125 yards east of the bridge served as a refused right flank, and so prevented the Texans from obtaining an effective enfilade of the natural trench.

Brigadier General John D. Stevenson had held his brigade back a little during the march, trying to keep his men out of the stifling dust cloud raised by the troops of J. E. Smith ahead. A fairly wide gap had thus opened in the Union column. But when the guns began to shoot, about 10 o'clock, Stevenson forgot the dust and quick-stepped his four regiments forward, arriving on the ridge behind De Golyer's guns just after Smith's brigade had vanished into the timber. Stevenson was all for plunging right in, but McPherson already had enough men lost in the jungle; he told Stevenson to hold his brigade in reserve on the crest of the ridge. Stevenson formed the 81st Illinois on the right, the 7th Missouri in the center, and the 32d Ohio on the left into double lines of battle to the east of the road. He sent the 8th Illinois back as a rear guard until Crocker's laggard division arrived.<sup>30</sup>

He had hardly gotten his lines dressed when the crackle of skirmisher fire to the front changed abruptly into the full-throated roar of volley firing. A few moments later, Foster's

cavalry vedette from the right flank dashed up with the news that a large Rebel force was moving through the timber along the creek bottom to the extreme right, and would soon erupt into the rear of Smith's brigade. McPherson hastily called up Stevenson's 8th Illinois and sent the brigade posthaste to extend the right flank to counter this new threat.

While Stevenson was moving into position, one of Logan's aides arrived with an order to send one regiment to help shore up the right of Smith's line, where it was beginning to waver under the impact of Walker's Tennesseans. Hardly had Stevenson sent the 81st Illinois to Smith when another courier arrived, this time with a demand for a regiment to stiffen the right flank of Dennis' brigade, where they were having trouble containing the Texans. Stevenson resignedly sent the 8th Illinois. Logan put the 81st Illinois in on the right of the 23d Indiana, thus closing the gap between that regiment and the 31st Illinois. Stevenson then side-slipped his two remaining regiments, the 7th Missouri and the 32d Ohio, into position to the right of the 31st Illinois, thus prolonging McPherson's battle line almost completely around the arc formed by the creek bed,<sup>31</sup> but leaving the 31st Illinois projecting at an eccentric angle.

John Gregg still believed he was faced with only a brigade, and the ease with which the assault of Granbury and

Walker had smashed across the creek augured well for the day. The little knot of resistance just east of the bridge might even be turned to his advantage, because it might focus the attention of the Yankees there while the Confederate turning movement on the left flank wrapped around them. Smoke and dust concealed the ridge south of the creek from his gaze, so he did not see the gathering of forces there. How was he to know that the forces the Texans and Tennesseans had overthrown east of the bridge consisted of isolated regiments of three full brigades, rather than one? Thus far, by a peculiar combination of circumstances, the Confederates had actually made contact with only two regiments, even though there were now 13 on the field.

Meanwhile, the 50th Tennessee, next in line to take up the en echelon attack, pushed out a strong skirmish line and began their advance. There was no opposition whatever; they entered the belt of timber and crossed the creek, but in finding their way through the tangled and gloomy jungle, they drifted to the left, so that inadvertently they formed on the south side of the creek almost in front of the 10th and 30th Tennessee. At the moment Colonel Beaumont ordered his skirmishers forward to the south edge of the wood, he heard the rolling crash of heavy volleys coming from the right front, where Granbury and Walker had made contact with the Yankee line. There was soon a brief

spatter of gunfire from his own front, where his skirmishers had opened fire on some Federal cavalrymen, putting them to flight but at the same time revealing the presence of a Confederate force on the Union flank. With surprise gone, Beaumont went forward to the edge of the wood to survey the situation.

From his position, the colonel was behind the smoke and dust of the battle proper. Only 200 yards away in the field to his front was a blue line of infantry in at least brigade strength. Off to the right front were several more regiments, formed on the forward slope of a ridge in an open field, and masses of blueclad infantrymen could be seen just inside the woods east of the Utica road. In shocked dismay, the colonel realized that the Yankee brigade that was supposed to be the only opposition had miraculously grown into at least a division. To attack the numerous Yankee artillery across open ground, with obviously fresh enemy regiments both ahead and on the flank struck Beaumont as being sheer suicide. He sent Major Christopher W. Robertson of his staff to ask Gregg what he should do next, and set about organizing his regiment for defense. He moved somewhat farther to the left and refused his left flank, hoping against hope that he could hold in case the Yankees decided to move against him. Within a very few minutes, Robertson returned

and plaintively told Beaumont that he had been unable to find General Gregg.<sup>32</sup> Beaumont's reaction to this obvious case of bug-out was, unfortunately, not recorded. Meanwhile, Colonel McGavock and his 10th and 30th Tennessee Consolidated Regiment waited impatiently for some sign that the 50th Tennessee was attacking. With none forthcoming, they made no move, since their advance had been made contingent upon that of the regiment to their right.<sup>33</sup>

During this time, the right flank of the Confederate attack was having troubles of its own. Several of the left flank companies of Granbury's Texans crossed Fourteen Mile Creek and began to push toward the open field, but ran into the 20th Illinois, which was just heading back into the fight after re-forming in the field. Lieutenant Colonel Evan Richards, perhaps ashamed at his failure to advance alongside the 23d Indiana, led his Illini in a savage charge that drove the Texans back to the creek bed, where they took shelter and held just as the 20th Ohio had earlier for the Union. Colonel Richards did not live to see the success of his charge: He fell mortally wounded soon after it began.<sup>34</sup> Few battles have witnessed such a bizarre situation as now existed in the bed of Fourteen Mile Creek. The Federals held the bed for about 125 yards east of the bridge, firing north, and the Rebels held it for another 100 yards



beyond, firing south, separated only by a single small meander loop.

On the Texans' left, Walker's Tennesseans surged across the creek and drove to the southern edge of the woods, where they paused briefly to dress their lines before venturing out into the open to attack the Union regiment formed there. This done, and assuming that the advance of the 50th Tennessee<sup>ee</sup> would by this time be fully entertaining any Yankees that might otherwise threaten his left, Walker led his men forward.<sup>35</sup> As the Confederate line emerged from the woods, a tremendous close-range volley crashed into its left flank, shattering it utterly and hurling it back into the shelter of the woods.<sup>36</sup> The smoke, dust, and underbrush was so thick that Walker was unable to see what was happening. Still believing that the 50th Tennessee would arrive momentarily and cover his left flank, Walker ordered his men to lie down and hold their position at all costs, while he crept off to see where the volley had come from. It had come from Colonel McCook's 31st Illinois, which had waited in the edge of the woods after losing their way earlier in the day. When the Rebel line came out of the woods, the Illinoisans did a neat about-face and fired at point-blank range into the flank of the grey battle line.

About the time Stevenson's brigade had arrived, Battery

D, 1st Illinois Light Artillery, came pounding up with their four 24-pounder howitzers. Logan shifted the 8th Michigan out farther to the west along the ridge to cover the left flank of Dennis' brigade, while the Illinoisans replaced them in the position astride the road. Every discharge of the guns raised immense clouds of dust, so that within minutes vision to the front was almost completely obscured. The artillery fired almost blindly into the curtain of dust and smoke, most of the time catching but dim and unreal glimpses of targets on the hills beyond the creek.

When no sounds of battle came from his left flank, Gregg realized that something had gone wrong with his attack. The Texans and the 3d Tennessee had been fought to a standstill and, not knowing what had happened to Beaumont and McGavock, he decided to put in his reserve to get the attack moving again. He ordered up Colonel Farquharson's 41st Tennessee, but they had a long way to march from their post by the village graveyard and, by the time they arrived, the situation had changed drastically.

With the 81st Illinois to add mass to his right, J. E. Smith launched a counterattack against the 3d Tennessee. The 31st Illinois drove sharply into the already shaken left flank of the Rebels, while the 45th Illinois, the 23d Indiana and the 81st Illinois rolled forward in a frontal assault. Walker's stubbornly-fighting Southerners took it for the better part of an

hour, but finally yielded sullenly, losing cohesion in the woods so that they reached the creek in small leaderless groups, a few of which were pinched off and captured. The majority got across the creek, by this time with organization completely shattered, and many of the men on the verge of panic. They finally rallied in the ravine from which they had issued in the initial attack.<sup>38</sup>

The Federals tried to pursue, but they were stopped at the northern edge of the woods by steady volleys from the 41st Tennessee; Farquharson's butternuts had arrived and deployed at the base of the spur to the east barely in time to cover their fleeing comrades.

Meanwhile, Granbury thought there was only a single Yankee brigade in action and was completely stunned when he realized that Walker's powerful regiment had been forced back across the creek. Assuming that the set-back was only temporary, he tried to hold his position, but it was hopeless. About 11:30 a fresh regiment of Yankees struck his left flank companies and drove them from their creek entrenchment, at which point the 20th Ohio came boiling out of its own section of the creek bed and drove forward with steadily mounting enthusiasm as they realized that the proud Texans were giving way.<sup>39</sup> Here occurred the bitterest fighting of the day:

In front of us was a reb in a red shirt, when one of our boys, raising his gun, remarked, 'see me bring that red shirt down', while another cried out, 'hold, that is my man'. Both fired, and the red shirt fell -- it may be riddled by more than those two shots. A red shirt is, of course, rather too conspicuous on a battlefield.<sup>40</sup>

Colonel Force had heard much talk of the invincibility of the Texans, and was quick to deride them:

The Seventh Texas, which boasts that it never gave way, was lying in ambush . . . . With all its advantage of position, this regiment was slaughtered and driven. Twenty-three dead were found in half an acre in front of the line of the Twentieth Ohio; 7 dead were found behind a log, which was pierced by seventy-two balls. One tree in front of my line was stripped and hacked near the roots by balls, though not a mark was found more than 2 feet above the ground.<sup>41</sup>

The three right-flank companies of the 7th Texas gave way somewhat more rapidly than the remainder of the regiment. When they came out into the open field across which they had first charged, there was no sign of the rest of the regiment except the clamorous sounds of battle issuing from the woods from which they had just fled. They were not under any circumstances going back into that meat grinder. The only organized force visible in any direction was on top of a bare ridge 400 yards to the east, so they shouldered arms and marched sturdily off across the field to join the battle line, which turned out to be McGavock's regiment, which had arrived on the hill only a few moments before. The rest

of the Texans, assaulted in front and assailed from both flanks, gave way and fell back in considerable disorder to the road junction, where they finally rallied under the guns of Bledsoe's battery while Major Colms' 1st Tennessee Infantry Battalion moved forward to cover them.<sup>42</sup> Just at this point, to make matters as bad as possible, Bledsoe's Whitworth rifle burst, cutting the Confederate artillery down to two small smoothbores.

Crocker had tried to keep closed up on the tail of Logan's division, but it did very little good to eat all that dust, because it was not until 1:30 that Colonel John D. Sanborn's unit, leading the division's advance, was ordered to move forward and deploy on the left of Dennis' men.<sup>43</sup> None of Crocker's artillery had yet arrive, so fire support would be furnished by the six guns of the 3d Ohio Battery, one of Logan's units.<sup>44</sup> Sanborn angled off the road to the left and deployed on the forward slope of the ridge amid clouds of smoke and dust that veiled the whole landscape. As they moved forward, a gentle breeze from the west drifted the yellow curtain aside and revealed them to Bledsoe's gunners, who shifted immediately to the only target on the field they could see clearly. A few minutes of almost harmless shelling, and the line entered the woods, where a tangle of brush, vines, and trees posed a new problem. They worked their way cautiously through the maze,

carefully keeping contact with each other, and just as they reached the creek and found the left flank of the 30th Illinois, the sound of the crashing volleys from off to the right, beyond the road, abruptly changed as the Texans gave way.

Since things were already going well on the left, Sanborn's whole force would not be required there. McPherson ordered him to reinforce Smith and Stevenson, near the center of the Union line, with two regiments from his extreme left. Sanborn sent the 48th and the 59th Indiana. The two regiments returned to the south edge of the woods and quick-stepped along the margin, reporting to Colonel James J. Dollins of the 81st Illinois, who coldly told them that the situation at that point was well in hand, and that his men were easily capable of doing any mopping up that remained.<sup>45</sup> With nothing better to do, the Hoosiers formed in the field and moved off to the right, where they pretended to be reserves. Their chance came a little later.

While the Confederate right was being beaten back, the left had embarked on a remarkable Odyssey. Beaumont held his ground southwest of the creek for a time, but the Yankee infantry line, supporting a powerful skirmish line, kept pressing forward slowly and inching to their right. To counter this movement, Beaumont slid slowly left falling back bit by bit, until his

rear flank was standing on the bank of the creek. He had long since lost all contact with the rest of the army, and assumed (falsely, as it developed) that McGavock had withdrawn. Finally, the pressure became too great: He withdrew across the creek, marched eastward up a long smooth ridge to the Gallatin road, and northward along the road toward the crest of the ridge where he had first deployed that morning. As the Tennesseans crossed the wooded draw in front of the ridge, they were fired upon by Yankee snipers in the woods to the left, but a volley or two put them to flight. Reaching the ridge, the tired wanderers deployed facing south across the road.

When McGavock lost contact with Beaumont, he waited for a while hoping that the situation would clarify. Then he moved forward slightly, into the woods, and immediately received fire from a strong Yankee skirmish line. Just at this juncture, a message came from Gregg, ordering the regiment to move to its right and halt the threatening Yankee penetration of the middle of the Confederate line. Characterizing the Confederate position as a line was sheer wishful thinking; between the right of the 10th and 30th Tennessee and the left of the 41st Tennessee was a gap of 400 yards, closed by nothing but a thin line of sharpshooters. Into this gap, several Yankee regiments were cautiously beginning to push. McGavock marched off hastily by

the right flank, up a wooded ravine, and emerged on the top of the spur. The 41st Tennessee was just to the right, having fallen back slightly after the last of the stragglers from the 3d Tennessee had scampered past to safety.

The pressure exerted on Beaumont, and to a lesser extent on McGavock, had come from the 32d Ohio and the 7th Missouri, of Stevenson's brigade. After deploying in the field facing almost due east, they moved into the timber behind a powerful skirmish line. Almost immediately, the skirmishers became engaged with a strong Rebel force deeper in the woods. The Rebels kept inching to the south and, because the 32d Ohio had been charged with the protection of the right flank of the army, they also moved to the right. The 7th Missouri tried to keep contact with both the Ohioans on their right and the 31st Illinois on their left, but the gap kept widening and they soon lost touch with both. There had been an almost continuous spatter of rifle fire all across their front, but this abruptly ceased as the Rebels vanished, seemingly into thin air.

The 32d Ohio pushed forward rapidly, trying to re-establish contact with the Rebels, but found nothing. They then swung left, seeking contact with the rest of the army, crossed a little creek and started up a long spur east of the creek and with their left flank close to a dense pine wood. They



were all alone in the world. Their skirmish line pushed up a wooded ravine to within 100 yards of the Gallatin road, where they were fired on by a powerful Rebel force marching rapidly north along the road.

When the 7th Missouri (The Irish Regiment) lost contact with the Rebels, they crossed the creek and slid to the left, finally locating the right of the 31st Illinois. Not at all pleased with their passive role thus far, the belligerent Missourians came out of the woods and started up the hill in front, toward the long grey battle line that crowned it. The rest of the Union line waited inside the forest.

McGavock found his position on the bare spur exceedingly uncomfortable. By this time, a lull had fallen over the field, and some of the smoke had cleared away, exposing his line to the gaze of the Yankee artillerymen across the creek. They joyfully switched fire to the only worthwhile target on the field, and within minutes McGavock found his ranks raked by shellfire. Then, to make matters worse, a blue infantry line came out of the woods at the base of the hill and moved slowly upward, with sharpshooters advanced. The Confederate colonel realized in anguish that if he fell back the whole Southern position would go, and if he stayed he would be cut to pieces by the Yankee artillery, to which he had no possible answer. There was only

one thing to do: He strode out in front of his regiment, faced the enemy, and waved his command forward. McGavock was a tall, commanding figure of a man who habitually wore a long grey cloak with a brilliant scarlet lining. When things got rough, he always threw the cloak back, presenting himself as a compelling crimson figure at the head of his troops.<sup>46</sup> But the cloak was rather too conspicuous, and he had hardly given the order to advance when a sharpshooter cut him down. In spite of the death of their gallant commander, the Tennesseans rushed down the hill with irresistible force, striking full against the deadly riflemen of the 7th Missouri. The Irishmen stood it for a few moments, then broke and fell back to the woods, where they rallied under cover of volleys from the 31st Illinois, just to the west of them.<sup>47</sup>

The Tennesseans slowly and grudgingly gave ground in their turn, retreating to the top of the hill, where they lay down behind the crest. The indomitable Missourians pressed up the hill for the second time, hoping to convert the withdrawal to a rout, but the Tennesseans stood fast, trading short-range volleys for interminable minutes before the Northerners again yielded slowly.<sup>48</sup> At this critical juncture, the men of the 19th and 30th Tennessee watched in utter astonishment and some dismay as the 41st Tennessee, holding the ridge to the right, did

an about-face and marched rapidly off up the crest. They were hardly out of sight when three battered companies of Texans fell in on the right flank as if to replace them. Farquharson was not retreating, despite appearances. Gregg had ordered him to the extreme left to deal with a supposed threat developing there. This order was given in complete ignorance of the fact that the 50th Tennessee was already guarding the Gallatin road.

Colonel Samuel Holmes' brigade had arrived on the ridge south of Fourteen Mile Creek almost treading on the heels of Sanborn's men. Crocker lined them up along the ridge west of the road, behind the artillery. By this time, there were three batteries emplaced on the forward slope. Battery D, 1st Illinois, was astride the road; to their left was the 8th Michigan; and on the extreme left, shooting over the heads of Sanborn's 4th Minnesota, was the 3d Ohio Battery.<sup>49</sup> Just as Holmes was filing into position, the 11th Ohio Battery of Crocker's division arrived and found a place between the Illini and De Golyer's guns, giving McPherson 22 guns against Gregg's two. The remarkable thing is that these guns banged away for the better part of the afternoon, and scored not a single hit on Bledsoe's guns, nor did they do any appreciable damage to the Confederate infantry. Why the Federal artillery, normally so efficient, should suddenly become so completely ineffectual is one of the major mysteries of

the battle of Raymond. Two mitigating circumstances can be found: The Southern infantry could not be effectively attacked because it was either sheltered in the woods or so closely engaged with Union troops that it could not be hit without endangering friends; and the smoke and dust so completely obscured the ridge north of the creek, on which Bledsoe's guns were emplaced, that accurate fire control was impossible. Even so, these reasons sound disconcertingly specious, leaving the suspicion that there was something else involved. Somehow, the guns were not handled with their usual dash and energy. Even when the Southern infantry was definitely on the retreat, the guns were not displaced forward. The battle appears to have been over before a single Union gun crossed the bridge.

With the collapse of the right wing, Gregg was in a very sticky situation. Only the 1st Tennessee Battalion remained battleworthy on the right, and if the Yankees advanced boldly and in force up the Utica road, there was little doubt that they could brush Colms aside and reach Raymond before the troops on the left wing could be withdrawn. If that happened, the greater part of Gregg's entire force would undoubtedly go lost. All Gregg could do was to pretend strength; he ordered Colms to move forward threateningly against the 4th Minnesota, and told his skirmishers to make as much noise as possible. It was enough.

The Yankees showed no disposition to advance beyond the edge of the woods, and Colms soon shifted to the east side of the road to better cover the Texans as they withdrew towards Raymond.<sup>50</sup>

Gregg's remaining right-wing regiment, the 3d Tennessee, was so thoroughly shaken as to be useless, and Gregg ordered it out. They marched across country to the connecting road, then up it to the Gallatin road, and so away. From this time on, Gregg might as well have been on the planet Mars for all the effect he had on the course of events, because the regimental commanders now acted entirely in response to Union movements. All Confederate coordination was lost.

About the time Farquharson marched off toward the left flank, Colonel Bennett, who was already on the extreme left, heard heavy firing coming from the west. So, since there was no sign of an enemy on his front, he marched off toward the sound of the guns. He had hardly started when the sounds died away, but he stubbornly continued. Three hundred yards to the west, Beaumont's regiment passed Farquharson, who was marching in the opposite direction -- surely as bizarre a situation as one could ask for. Neither regiment stopped and exchanged news, with the astounding result that Farquharson took up the position just vacated by Beaumont, and Beaumont arrived at nearly the same position just left by Farquharson! This absolutely incredible

shifting of commands is symptomatic of the entire battle of Raymond, both Union and Confederate. Most of the time, neither Gregg nor McPherson had the slightest notion about where their regiments were, and what they were doing.

Beaumont came out on the right flank of the 10th and 30th Tennessee, taking up a position at the mouth of a ravine in dense timber. There was not an enemy in sight.

With the failure of the 7th Missouri to penetrate the Rebel line, Stevenson decided he needed help. McPherson sent him the 10th Missouri and the 80th Ohio of Holmes' brigade.<sup>51</sup>

Stevenson pulled back into the woods to conceal his movements, added the Missourians to his right and placed the Ohioans in reserve, and began his advance. Just then, Captain Greenberry F. Wiles arrived with his Pioneer company and begged to be allowed to join in the fun, so Stevenson obligingly put him into the line on the left of the 7th Missouri.<sup>52</sup> But the major Union pressure developed against the right flank of the Rebel battle line, where the 81st Illinois and 23d Indiana pushed a skirmish line toward the top of the ridge.

During the interval, in which Stevenson was being reinforced, Lieutenant Colonel James J. Turner's (Turner assumed command of the 10th and 30th Tennessee when McGavock was killed.) pickets excitedly told him that there was a strong Yankee force 250 yards

to his left rear, but hidden by a dense pine wood. Turner saw visions of Yankees in possession of the ridge behind him, and of his whole regiment marching off to a Northern prison camp. So, without bothering to tell anyone, he faced his men to the rear, marched about 100 yards, filed to the right into the pine forest, formed just inside the margin, and then charged into the open, his men yelling like Indians. They hit the surprised Yankees at an angle, breaking them and hurling them 600 yards down the nose of the long spur west of the Gallatin road. The Northerners vanished into the timber but, as the Southern line approached, a crashing volley came out of the woods on the right, and they hastily withdrew to the top of the ridge. So it came to pass that the orphaned 48th and 59th Indiana finally got a chance to burn a little powder. Rather than be completely left out, they had followed the 7th Missouri and the 32d Ohio into the jungle, hoping to at least be able to support the units ahead. Their wish had been granted. Yankee sharpshooters cautiously followed up the withdrawal of the 10th and 30th Tennessee and made nuisances of themselves from the edge of the timber in the draw south of the ridge, and the 32d Ohio re-formed and came part way back, but no further threat developed in this quarter.

Meanwhile, Beaumont became aware that he was being flanked on the right, so he marched up the ravine to his rear, filed west

behind the crest of the ridge and, on signalling his riflemen, rushed to the brow and sent a single volley crashing into the Yankee skirmishers toiling up the slope. They scampered back into the shelter of the woods below, but this stratagem delayed the inevitable only momentarily. A panting messenger arrived from Turner, saying that the Yankees were penetrating the pine woods on his right, and would Beaumont see what he could do? Beaumont marched instantly eastward, up the ridge, and entered the pine grove, but found only an occasional sniper there. And when he tried to find Turner, he discovered that the 10th and 30th Tennessee had withdrawn up the Gallatin road! Turner, it seems, made a habit of moving without notice.

There was nothing for Beaumont to do but retreat. He formed on the Gallatin road behind the 10th and 30th Tennessee, and the 41st Tennessee covered their rear as they marched disconsolately through Raymond and out the Mississippi Springs road. Gregg had long since sadly given the order for what remained of his right wing to retire. Bledsoe's cannoneers left the burst Whitworth as a souvenir for the Yankees, but removed the two smoothbores, covered by Colms' steady battle line. Just east of the village, Gregg met Colonel Albert P. Thompson and six companies of the 3d Kentucky Mounted Infantry hastening to his support. Hoping to discourage a pursuit, he placed Bledsoe's guns



astride the road, with Thompson's horsemen in support, while the exhausted infantry retreated to a ridge about a mile east of Snake Creek and bivouacked. During the night, General Walker arrived from Jackson with about 1,000 men, having come all the way from the eastern seaboard.<sup>53</sup>

The Confederate commander need not have worried. There was no pursuit. Stevenson's brigade and two of Holmes' regiments pushed rapidly into the village on the heels of the retreating Rebels, threw out pickets on all the roads, and stopped.<sup>54</sup> The bone-weary, hot, dusty, thirsty 20th Ohio led the way into Raymond on the Utica road. They came into the shaded village streets from the brazen sun, and were astounded to find a tremendous picnic supper spread beneath the stately trees along the road. It had been prepared by the ladies of the village for Gregg's soldiers, to be eaten upon their "return from victory". But, so urgent were the demands of safety, that they had been unable to stop and partake. The sturdy Midwesterners considered such conduct downright discourteous, but they more than made amends for their brothers-in-arms by polishing off the viands in jig time.<sup>55</sup> Dennis and Smith arrived shortly after with their brigades,<sup>56</sup> but found nothing left but scraps.

The Federals also discovered that the graceful white-columned county courthouse was filled with about 80 badly wounded

Confederates, whom Gregg had been forced to abandon. With the courthouse already full, the XVII Corps' surgeons converted two of the town's churches into hospitals for the Union wounded.<sup>57</sup>

McPherson set up his headquarters for the night in Major John Peyton's home, about one-half mile from the middle of town on the Clinton road.

That night Gregg tallied up his losses as well as he could. The figure was incomplete, because some of his units had not been able to make complete rosters before going into battle, and some units did not report their losses; but even so, it was sufficiently appalling: 73 dead, 252 wounded, and 190 missing, for a total of 515 casualties. General Walker's timely arrival more than recouped his numerical losses, but they did not replace the valiant men fallen along Fourteen Mile Creek.

McPherson reported to Grant that he had 66 killed, 339 wounded, and 37 missing, for a total of 442. And, another of the minor mysteries of the battle of Raymond: He reported that Union burial parties had interred 103 dead Confederates, and that he had captured 720 more, including about 80 badly wounded. Using only Union figures for those either buried or captured, Gregg's casualties would total 823 -- more than 300 more than Gregg reported.

THE BATTLE OF RAYMOND

Order of Battle

CONFEDERATE FORCES

	<u>K</u>	<u>W</u>	<u>M</u>
Gregg's Task Force - Brigadier General John Gregg.			
Gregg's Brigade - Colonel Cyrus A. Sugg.			
Infantry:			
3d Tennessee Infantry - Colonel C. H. Walker.	27	91	70
10th & 30th Tennessee Consolidated Infantry - Colonel R. W. McGavock (killed), Lieutenant Colonel J. J. Turner.	15	65	8
41st Tennessee Infantry - Colonel R. Farquharson.	2	7	14
50th Tennessee Infantry - Lieutenant Colonel T. W. Beaumont.	4	7	5
1st Tennessee Infantry Battalion - Major S. H. Colms.	3	9	30
7th Texas Infantry - Colonel H. B. Granbury.	22	73	63
Artillery:			
Bledsoe's Missouri Battery (3 guns) - Captain H. M. Bledsoe.			(not reported)
Miscellaneous attached units.			
Squadron, Wirt Adams' Mississippi Calvary - Captain W. S. Yenger.			(not reported)
1st Mississippi Battalion State Troops (Mounted) - Captain J. M. Hall.			(not reported)
*3d Kentucky Infantry - Colonel A. P. Thompson.	-	-	-
Total:	73	252	190

\*Joined after battle.

During the battle, Gregg's Task Force mustered about 3,000 men. He reported his losses as indicated -- a total of 515 casualties. Besides the reported losses, some casualties were probably suffered by those units which did not furnish written reports after the battle. The Confederates also left one field piece on the field of battle. It was useless, having a burst bore.

UNION FORCES

K W M

XVII Army Corps, Army of the Tennessee - Major General James B. McPherson.

Third Division - Major General John A. Logan.

Infantry:

1st Brigade - Brigadier General John E. Smith.

20th Illinois Infantry - Lieutenant Colonel E. Richards (killed), Major D. Bradley.	17	68	1
31st Illinois Infantry - Colonel E. S. McCook (wounded), Lieutenant Colonel J. D. Rees.	1	6	-
45th Illinois Infantry - Colonel J. A. Maltby.	-	16	-
124th Illinois Infantry - Colonel T. J. Sloan.	1	9	1
23d Indiana Infantry - Lieutenant Colonel W. P. Davis.	<u>16</u>	<u>76</u>	<u>23</u>
Total, 1st Brigade:	35	175	25

	<u>K</u>	<u>W</u>	<u>M</u>
2d Brigade - Brigadier General Elias S. Dennis.			
30th Illinois Infantry - Lieutenant Colonel W. Shedd.	-	1	-
20th Ohio Infantry - Colonel M. F. Force.	10	58	-
68th Ohio Infantry - Colonel R. K. Scott.	-	5	-
78th Ohio Infantry - Lieutenant Colonel Z. M. Chandler.	-	<u>11</u>	-
Total, 2d Brigade:	10	75	-
3d Brigade - Brigadier General John D. Stevenson.			
8th Illinois Infantry - Lieutenant Colonel R. A. Sturgess.	8	19	-
81st Illinois Infantry - Colonel J. J. Dollins.	1	9	5
7th Missouri Infantry - Major E. Wakefield.	9	57	7
32d Ohio Infantry - Colonel B. F. Potts	<u>(not reported)</u>		
Total, 3d Brigade:	18	85	12
Artillery - Major C. J. Stolbrand.			
Battery D, 1st Illinois Light Artillery (4 guns) - Captain H. A. Rogers.	-	-	-
8th Battery, Michigan Light Artillery (6 guns) - Captain S. De Golyer.	-	1	-
3d Battery, Ohio Light Artillery (6 guns) - Captain W. S. Williams.	-	-	-
Total, Artillery:	-	1	-
Total, Third Division.	63	336	37

Seventh Division - Brigadier General Marcellus M. Crocker.

Infantry:	<u>K</u>	<u>W</u>	<u>M</u>
1st Brigade - Colonel John B. Sanborn.			
48th Indiana Infantry - Colonel N. Eddy.	-	1	-
59th Indiana Infantry - Colonel J. T. Alexander.	-	-	-
4th Minnesota Infantry - Lieutenant Colonel J. E. Tourtellotte.	<u>-</u>	<u>-</u>	<u>-</u>
Total, 1st Brigade:	-	1	-
2d Brigade - Colonel Samuel A. Holmes.			
17th Iowa Infantry - Colonel D. B. Hillis.			
80th Ohio Infantry - Colonel M. H. Bertilson.			
10th Missouri Infantry - Lieutenant Colonel L. Horney.	<u>-</u>	<u>-</u>	<u>-</u>
Total, 2d Brigade:	2	1	-
*3d Brigade - Colonel George H. Boomer.			
93d Illinois Infantry - Colonel H. Putnam.	-	-	-
5th Iowa Infantry - Lieutenant Colonel E. S. Sampson.	-	-	-
10th Iowa Infantry - Colonel W. E. Small.	-	-	-
26th Missouri Infantry - Major C. F. Brown.	<u>-</u>	<u>-</u>	<u>-</u>
Total, 3d Brigade:	-	-	-
Artillery:			
11th Battery, Ohio Light Artillery (6 guns) - Lieutenant F. E. Armstrong.	<u>-</u>	<u>-</u>	<u>-</u>
Total Artillery:	<u>-</u>	<u>-</u>	<u>-</u>
Total, Seventh Division.	2	2	-

Provisional Cavalry Battalion - Captain John S. Foster.	<u>K</u>	<u>W</u>	<u>M</u>
Companies A & E, 2d Illinois Cavalry - Lieutenant W. B. Cummins.	-	-	-
Company F. 4th Missouri Cavalry - Lieutenant A. Mueller.	1	1	-
4th Independent Company, Ohio Cavalry - Captain J. S. Foster.	<u>-</u>	<u>-</u>	<u>-</u>
Total, Cavalry:	1	1	-
Wiles' Pioneers (Provisional) - Captain G. F. Wiles	<u>-</u>	<u>-</u>	<u>-</u>
Total Pioneers:	-	-	-

Total, XVII Army Corps: 66 339 37

\* The 3d Brigade, Seventh Division, was held in reserve, and was not actually engaged.

The Third Division (Logan's), about 6,500 strong, bore the brunt of the engagement. Two brigades of Crocker's division, Sanborn's and Holmes', totaling about 4,000 men, were thrown into the fray toward its close. The Federal forces used 22 guns during the course of the battle.

BATTLE OF RAYMOND

Notes

- 1 The War of the Rebellion: A Compilation of the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies, Series I, Vol. XXIV, pt. I, 736. (Cited hereafter as O. R.)
- 2 O. R., Series I, Vol. XXIV, pt. III, 851
- 3 Ibid., (pt. I, 736-37) 853.
- 4 O. R., Series I, Vol. XXIV, pt. I, 737.
- 5 O. R., Series I, Vol. XXIV, pt. III, 855, 856.
- 6 O. R., Series I, Vol. XXIV, pt. I, 737.
- 7 Ibid.
- 8 Ibid., 747.
- 9 Ibid., 743
- 10 Ibid., 737, 741.
- 11 Ibid., 737, 739.
- 12 Ibid., 737, 743.
- 13 Ibid., 701.
14. O. R., Series I, Vol. XXIV, pt. III, 297.
- 15 O. R., Series I, Vol. XXIV, pt. I, 735.
- 16 Ibid.
- 17 Ibid., 637
- 18 Ibid., 714.
- 19 Ibid., 637, 645.



- 20 Ibid., 645.
- 21 Ibid., 645, 714; Osborn H. Oldroyd, A Soldier's Story of the Siege of Vicksburg (Springfield, 1896), 7.
- 22 O. R., Series I, Vol. XXIV, pt. I, 645.
- 23 Ibid., 737, 741, 743, 747.
- 24 Ibid., 739.
- 25 Ibid., 737, 739, 743.
- 26 Ibid., 743.
- 27 Ibid., 711.
- 28 Ibid., 708, 712, 740, 747.
- 29 Oldroyd, A Soldier's Story, 7, 8.
- 30 O. R., Series I, Vol. XXIV, pt. I, 645, 646, 716.
- 31 Ibid., 716.
- 32 Ibid., 747.
- 33 Ibid., 741.
- 34 Ibid., 646, 708, 747.
- 35 Ibid., 740.
- 36 Ibid., 708, 740.
- 37 Ibid., 646.
- 38 Ibid., 740.
- 39 Ibid., 715, 718, 748.
- 40 Oldroyd, A Soldier's Story, 7, 8.
- 41 O. R., Series I, Vol. XXIV, pt. I, 715.

- 42 Ibid., 748.
- 43 Ibid., 728.
- 44 Ibid., 646.
- 45 Ibid., 728.
- 46 Military annals of Tennessee, John B. Lindsey, ed.,  
(Nashville, 1886), 323, 332.
- 47 O. R., Series I, Vol. XXIV, pt. I, 741.
- 48 Ibid., 716, 717, 741.
- 49 Ibid., 775, 782.
- 50 Ibid., 746.
- 51 Ibid., 782.
- 52 Ibid., 716, 717, 775, 782.
- 53 Ibid., 739. Walker's command consisted of the 30th Georgia  
Infantry Regiment, 1st Georgia Sharpshooter Battalion, the 4th  
Louisiana Battalion, and Martin's Georgia Battery.
- 54 Ibid., 716, 717, 721, 742, 743, 745, 782.
- 55 Oldroyd, A Soldier's Story, 8, 9.
- 56 O. R., Series I, Vol. XXIV, pt. I, 637, 646.
- 57 Diary, Joseph Stockton; Diary, C. E. Affeld; (Files,  
Vicksburg National Military Park); O. R., Series I, Vol. XXIV,  
pt. II, 297. One of the churches, St. Mark's Episcopal, is  
still standing. The other church used was the Methodist Church,  
about two blocks to the west.