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already stationed in an orchard across the road on our right. Gen. Wright ordered me to bring all the guns in the fort possible to bear on several houses that were being occupied by the Confederates and to fire three rounds in quick succession. That was to be the signal for a charge. When the smoke cleared away after the first round was fired I looked for the ladies, they and their escorts were gone. Mr. Lincoln alone remained. The fight was on.

After a while Generals Wright, McCook, and several other officers were reclining on the parapet looking through their field glasses, Mr. Lincoln was standing inside the fort behind these officers, the top of the parapet coming about up to his breast. On his left, two or three feet away, was an embrasure through which the muzzle of an old fashioned 32 pounder protruded. Standing on the parapet, three or four feet to the left of this gun, was an officer whom I afterwards learned was a Capt. Crawford, a surgeon belonging to the 6th Corps, and myself. We were trying to find the source of an occasional minnie ball that would strike the earth outside the fort occasionally, evidently fired by some sharp shooter. Finally one of these balls struck the breech of the gun near us, glanced and struck Capt. Crawford in the calf of the leg. He dropped. I assisted him off the parapet and had him taken to a hospital in the rear. President Lincoln had seen this, and when he realized that from the direction which the ball came it must have passed within a very few inches of his head, he picked up an

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ammunition box and sat down on it, the top of the parapet just about covering the top of his tall silk hat. A few minutes after one of the officers who had not seen this incident reached over his glass and asked Mr. Lincoln if he did not wish to watch the fight. Mr. L. replied, so I was told, "No, I have made up my mind that when I can see the Rebs they can see me; Jeff. Davis would think he had done a pretty good day's work if he got a ball through my head." This was the only time that President Lincoln saw a battle or was under fire during the Civil War. The next morning on looking for the Confederates we found they had silently stolen away during the night--nothing but a few stragglers left, which were taken prisoners.

In the late winter and spring of '65 my company was stationed at Fort Reno, about seven miles from the Capitol on the Tenallytown road. We had been remounted and equipped as cavalry, maintaining a number of vidette posts outside the guard lines and doing some scouting, looking after Mosby's band of guerrillas which were quite troublesome about that time. On the night of April 14th I was in command of my company, Capt. Charles Dupont being away on detached service. About eleven o'clock I was awakened by hearing a horse thundering across the parade ground at high speed. It was nothing strange however as orderlies with dispatches for brigade headquarters, which was also at that post, were liable to arrive at any time, day or night. This time the call was for me. I opened the door to a sergeant of my company who had been to the city that afternoon on a pass.