

Saturday, May 16, 1864
Resaca, GA

Having marched down from Chattanooga, we made camp north of the town of Resaca the night prior. We were fortuitous in our foraging early that day, having procured soft bread, cheese, ham, fruit, and even some lemonade from the locals. These supplies would suffice to replace our rations for the coming few days. The following day we marched to set ourselves upon the enemy's positions. It was warm and bright, but with a slightly overcast sky so as to provide a modicum of overhead shade. The enemy to our front had fortified a ridgeline with earthen embankments, and behind which had constructed a wooden fortification from which their artillery was mounted. There were various forward embankments and fortifications of the ridgeline which the Rebels had left unoccupied, or which had been raised by our own engineers during the night. Our battalion was positioned on the far right end of the line in our sector of the battle, myself being near to the rightmost end of said battalion. We were placed in a copse of trees so as to be less visible to the enemy. From this position I was easily able to witness the opening of hostilities. The action commenced with the cavalry videttes clashing and probing along the line. The works had yet to be manned by infantry, but a company of Rebel skirmishers emerged at the far left end of the open field and began to press against our own pickets who assumed cover behind one of our berms. One of our light gun commanders became too bold, advancing well beyond the line so as to gain an advantageous angle against the Rebel positions, and was captured by a Rebel ambush to our front, but we were ordered to hold our position and not intervene until the time to move was right. Once the main force of the enemy was roused and began coming over the ridgeline, we were ordered to break stacks and take arms, marching by the right to then front and form the rightmost flank of the sector. To our front and right was a small rise upon which there sat a battery of guns and a thin line of Rebel skirmishers. A position we could have carried easily were it not for our orders. Fortunately, the enemy artillery was focused on counter-battery fire to the guns behind us, or else we would have been slaughtered as we waited. We held position for around ten minutes or so, firing occasionally at the artillery and skirmishers to keep them from advancing or firing directly upon us. These forces eventually quit our front, relocating to the left and center of the enemy lines to shore up the assault there. Once the Rebels had pushed the line to our left backwards, and had advanced some, we were at last ordered to swing into action. We left-faced and rushed into position behind a berm which the enemy had neglected to occupy and began firing into their unprotected flank. The colonel of the battalion then ordered us as the rightmost company to extend into the treeline to the right of the breastwork to further reach behind the enemy lines. My pard Zackery and I had secured for ourselves some Henry repeating rifles and a bountiful collection of ammunition during our repose in Chattanooga, which we put to malicious use against the enemy flank. We alternated between one and the other firing and loading so as not to leave the company flank exposed to the machinations of the enemy, under the watchful eye of our captain who became reliant on our performance to safeguard our position. The Rebels by now had begun to refuse their flank against us, stretching out in a thin line, but lacked cover and were far too close for us to miss. The enemy fell like wheat before the scythe, and their assault upon the main body of the army faltered before they began a steady retreat across the field. We continued to extend along the unprotected flank of their line, pouring lead as rapidly as we could

fire and load. The Rebels for their part attempted to refuse the flank, scoring more casualties amongst us as we progressed out of the breastworks and trees and into the open field. Eventually the enemy managed to stop-gap us between an especially thick treeline and a secondary ridge, holding us at bay with a line of skirmishers. We would have pressed the assault, but by now we were thoroughly exhausted and dehydrated, and I was nearly quit of munitions. It was during this period which I was struck in the lower abdomen by a Rebel ball and collapsed unconscious. When I awoke, the engagement was over and the enemy had established a picket line to prevent or warn of our further encroachment. I was retrieved by my pals and taken to the field hospital, who determined that I was lucky in that the ball had passed cleanly through my body, leaving no grievous wounds. I was bandaged and my wound cleaned promptly before laid up in the hospital.

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