

973.74

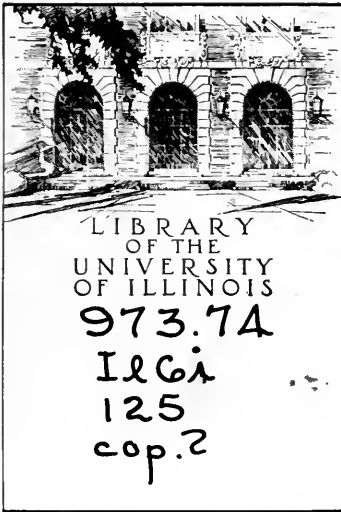
Il 6i

125

cop. 2



The
125th
REGIMENT
ILLINOIS VOLUNTEER
INFANTRY.
BY
ROGERS.



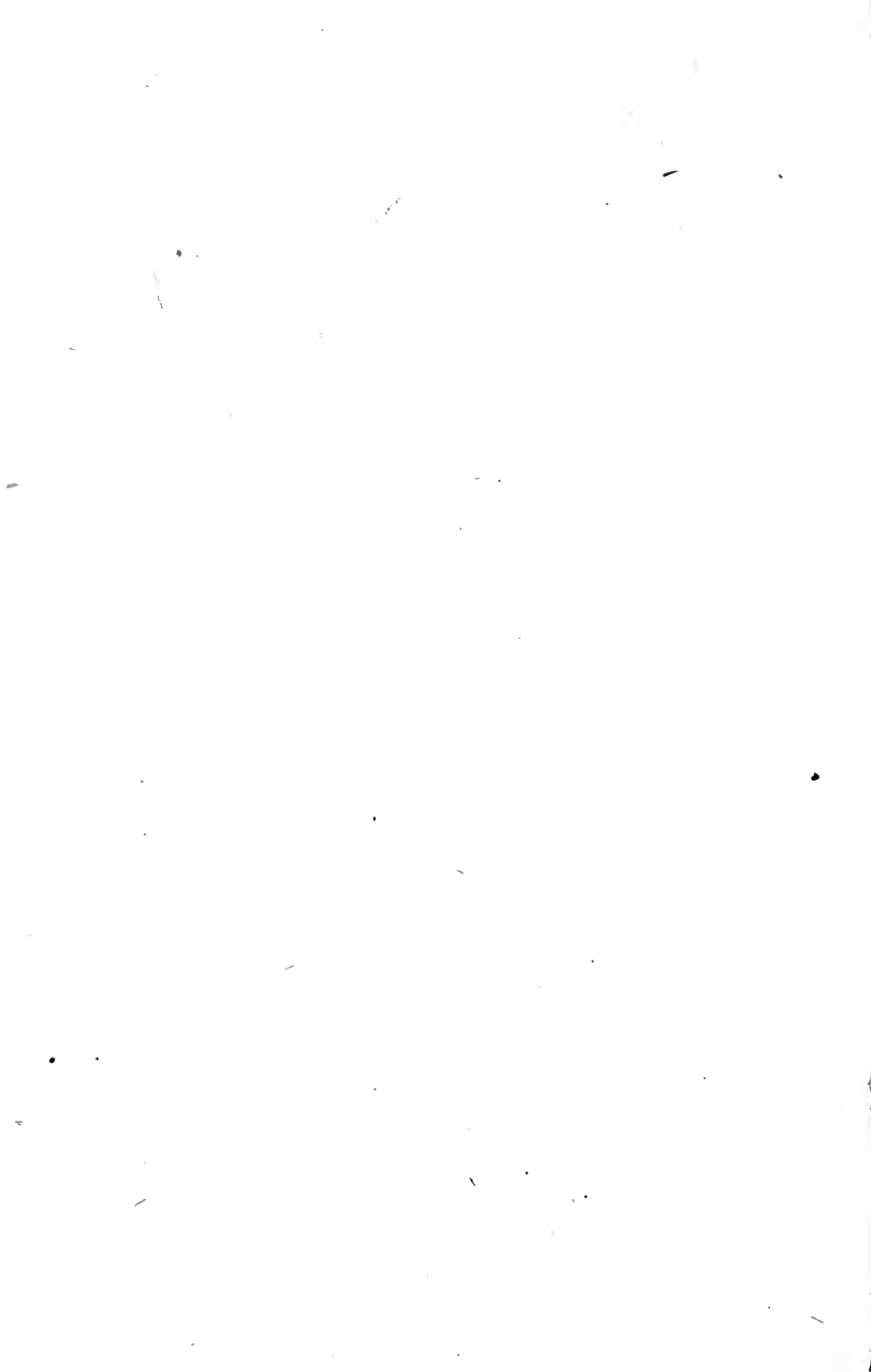
ILLINOIS HISTORICAL SURVEY

I

I

J

10







LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS
URBANA



J. W. Langley,
(Late Colonel of the 125th Volunteer Infantry.)

The 125th Regiment



Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

Attention Battalion!

By ROBERT M. ROGERS,

Late Second Sergeant Co. B.

CHAMPAIGN, ILL.
GAZETTE STEAM PRINT.

1862.

To the Memory

—OF THOSE—

Officers and Enlisted Men,

Who leaving the endearments and comforts of
home, willingly came at their country's call to her service,
and on her altar yielded up their lives,
this book is affectionately dedicated by the

AUTHOR.

973.74

IL 61

25

cop. 2

Ill. Hist. Survey

INTRODUCTION.

COMRADES AND FRIENDS:

In presenting to you this record of our military life and of the time we passed in the service of the Government, we have done it with the hope that our efforts will be appreciated by you. Our desire has been to make this a record, which we can leave behind us after we are gone, to those who may come after us. We have done our best to make it reliable and correct. There may be mistakes in it—undoubtedly there are; but the general statements are correct, we know, while the incidents recounted are true, as many of you will aver after you have read them. We have had to labor under great difficulties in preparing for your inspection and benefit these pages, and at times have almost become discouraged, but we persevered, and at last succeeded in getting them into a shape which we thought would warrant us in placing them in the hands of the printer, and distributing them among you. Between the covers of the book you will find not only a record of our marches, battles, and bivouacs, but also a complete roster of the Regiment, showing what became of every man who, on the 3rd day of September, 1862, was mustered into the service of the United States in the 125th Illinois; whether he died on the field of battle, was taken prisoner, transferred to other organizations, or was mustered out with the Regiment at Chicago, when only 343 of the original one thousand who filled the Regiment when we left home, answered to their names. If he is buried in any Government Cemetery, the number of his grave is given. Hoping that our endeavors to make, for the regiment, a record which shall be not only

1175728

valuable but also entertaining, and one which shall meet with your approbation, we place it in your hands for perusal.

But be assured that not one word has been written in these pages with the intention of wounding any one's feelings in the least. Far from it! We have too much good feeling for those lads who with us marched through "Dixie," to do anything to give them pain.

Again, hoping you will be pleased with our endeavors we remain

Yours Truly,

ROBERT M. ROGERS.



TABLE OF CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

The organization of the Regiment—Rendezvous at Danville—We start for Cincinnati, etc., etc.

CHAPTER II.

Arrival at Cincinnati—Camp in the corn-stalk huts at Covington, Kentucky—Incidents of Camp Life, etc., etc.

CHAPTER III.

First night on picket—Asleep on post—Shooting at Capt. Fellows by picket—Receiving the mules necessary for transportation—Incidents connected therewith, etc., etc.

CHAPTER IV.

Down the Ohio to Louisville, Kentucky—Arrival of Buell's army—Camp on river bank—Removal to the cattle-pen, etc., etc.

CHAPTER V.

Our lessons in soldiering just begun—The Brigade formed—The appearance of Louisville at this time—Futile endeavors to get discharged by some of our warriors, etc., etc.

CHAPTER VI.

We leave Louisville for the South—Foraging—Sickness in the regiment—First death in Co. B., etc., etc.

CHAPTER VII.

Interview with Sheridan—We reach Bardstown—Locked up—Speedy release, etc., etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

Battle of Perrysville—Incidents of the fight—The Regiment's "baptism of fire"—First bayonet charge, etc., etc.

CHAPTER IX.

Reflections on the battle of Perrysville—Arrival at night of the supply train—A ramble over the battle-field—Scenes and incidents, etc., etc.

CHAPTER X.

March to Crab Orchard—Description of the country—Blankets and knapsacks—Missing—How Doc. McElroy lost his blanket, etc. etc.

CHAPTER XI.

The march to, and arrival at, Bowling Green—Relinquishment of Buell's command of the army to Genl. Rosecrans—Better horses—First issue of the army hat, etc., etc.

CHAPTER XII.

We reach Edgefield—Another interview with Sheridan—Sales of coffee, etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

First inspection—New kind of ammunition—Our hopes not realized—Description of condition of Nashville as left by the rebel army, etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

In camp on the hills—Cotton bale breastworks—Tents issued to us—Visitors from God's country—The theatres—Stores and hotels, etc., etc.

CHAPTER XV.

Garrison duty at Nashville—Battle of Stone River—Description of the battle, etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

Court Martial in camp—The culprit's revenge—Corp. Duncan's interview with the captain at the Custom House, etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

Arrival of the Pay Master—Emancipation Proclamation—We receive our dog tents, etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.

March to Murfreesboro'—Arrive at Lavergne—Appearance of Murfreesboro'—Granger orders some of the boys to be flogged, but is restrained, etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

March to Reed's Bridge—Run into rebel wagon train—Almost trapped—The battle of Chickamauga, etc., etc.

CHAPTER XX.

Farewell of Genl. Rosecrans—"Pap" Thomas assumes command—Caldwell's Ford—Scarcity of rations, etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXI.

An unusual reveille—Death of the Chaplain—Battle of Missionary Ridge.

CHAPTER XXII.

Battle of Missionary Ridge continued—Defeat of the rebels—March to Knoxville, etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Assault on Kenesaw—Death of the Colonel—Visit to the hospital—Scenes connected therewith—Incidents of personal bravery, etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The cracker-box fortification—Mining the rebel works—Description of Cheatham and Hindman, etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXV.

The move to the right—Marietta evacuated—The Union Army masters north and west of the Chattahoochie, etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Atlanta—Sherman's letter vindicating his order—Of the removal of citizens, etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Destruction of Atlanta—We start for the sea—Occupation of Millidgeville—Joy of the contrabands, etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Our stay at Savannah—Appearance of the city—Chuck-a-luck—Visit to the Wissahicken, etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Still at Savannah—Oysters and fresh fish—Commencement of the campaign through South Carolina—Foraging—Destruction of Columbia, etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXX.

Cheraw—The dash on our cavalry by Hampton—Battle of Averysboro' and Bentonville—Occupation of Goldsboro'.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Again on the move—News of Lee's surrender—After Johnson "red hot"—The convention for his surrender, etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXII.

The news reaches us of the death of the President—Feeling of the army—Basis of agreement for Johnston's surrender.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

The rejection by the Cabinet of the terms—Johnston is notified that Sherman "will move on him in forty-eight hours"—Arrival of General Grant, etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The final surrender—Arrival at Richmond—March to Washington—Departure for Chicago, etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Arrival at Chicago—Reception at Union Hall—Speeches of T. B. Ryan, Esq., General Sherman, and Colonel Langley, etc., etc.

MISCELLANEOUS SKETCHES.

Rome. A Confederate Christmas. Bad meat. Public execution at Nashville. Drawing rations. Blue Ridge. Raids on the sutler. John Kirsch and Tom Makemson's rice trip. Mrs. Dr. Mary Walker. The Monkly fox. Roast goose or gander. The rescued negroes. Our trip after Forrest. Personal mention. Lt. Geo. Scroggs, Sergt. S. C. Abbott, Lt. John J. White. Our color Bearers, Asbury D. Finlay, Harvey S. Tryon, Sergt. Wm. L. Thralls. Resolutions on the Emancipation Proclamation. Resolutions passed by Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Louisiana. Order announcing suspension of hostilities. Order for Grand Review at Richmond. General Sherman's farewell order to the Army. Regimental report of the Atlanta campaign. Regimental report from the fall of Atlanta to the fall of Savannah. Regimental report of Colonel Langley from leaving Savannah until the battle of Bentonville. Regimental report of Captain Cook during and after the battle of Bentonville, to Goldsboro, N. C. Roster of Commissioned Officers. Roster of enlisted men, giving the fate of every man, if buried in soldiers' cemetery, the number of his grave. Brigade reports. Lee and Gordon's Mills to Atlanta, Atlanta, Florence and Savannah, Troublefield Swamps or Bentonville, N. C.

CHAPTER I.

The One Hundred and Twenty-Fifth Regiment, Illinois Volunteer Infantry, was mustered into the service of the United States, on the third day of September, Eighteen Hundred and Sixty Two, to serve for three years or during the war. The Regiment was made up in the counties of Champaign and Vermilion. Champaign furnishing three companies and Vermilion seven. These companies averaged ninety men each; making a total of nine hundred men, rank and file. The Regiment came into the field under the call for "three hundred thousand more," to assist in putting down what had been familiarly called by some, a "tempest in a tea pot." Four years of bloody strife, and millions of treasure, proved that it was the most tumultuous "tea pot tempest," that ever was heard of in this or any other land. The companies rendezvoused at Danville, the county seat of Vermilion County, and went into camp on the old "Fair Grounds," utilizing the sheds and booths that had been put up there for the exhibition of cattle, sheep, etc. Here it was that comparative order was obtained out of chaos. The companies were composed of men in the prime of life, who had, for the most part, been engaged in farming, and were used to out-door life; the best material to make soldiers of that could be procured in any land. The commander of the Regiment was Oscar F. Harmon, a young and promising lawyer of Danville; the Lieut. Colonelcy was filled by J. W. Langley, of Champaign, who was also a member of the bar. The Major was John B. Lee, of Vermilion, a civil engineer by profession; while from the busy marts of trade came the Adjutant, Wm. Mann, of Danville. The Surgeon was John J. McElroy, of Vermilion; the Assistant Surgeon, C. H. Mills, of Champaign; the Chaplain, Levi Sanders, of Vermilion, while from Champaign came the Quartermaster, A. M. Ayres. The companies were officered as follows:

Co. A. Capt. Clark Ralston; 1st. Lt. Jackson Charles; 2nd. Lt.

Harrison Low ; Enlisted men, eighty-six.

Co. *B.* Capt. Robt Stewart ; 1st. Lt. W. R. Wilson ; 2nd. Lt. S. D. Connover ; Enlisted men, eighty-eight.

Co. *C.* Capt. W. W. Fellows ; 1st. Lt. Alexander Pollock ; 2nd. Lt. Jas. D. New ; Enlisted men, eighty-eight.

Co. *D.* Capt. Geo. W. Galloway ; 1st. Lt. Jas. B. Stevens ; 2nd. Lt. John L. Jones ; Enlisted men, eighty-six.

Co. *E.* Capt. N. M. Clark , 1st. Lt. W. G. Isom ; 2nd. Lt. John Urquhart ; Enlisted men, eighty-seven.

Co. *F.* Capt. F. B. Sale ; 1st. Lt. John B. Lester ; 2nd. Lt. Alfred Johnson ; Enlisted men, ninety-two.

Co. *G.* Capt. John H. Gass ; 1st. Lt. Eph. S. Howell ; 2nd. Lt. Josiah Lee ; Enlisted men, ninety.

Co. *H.* Capt. P. M. Parks ; 1st. Lt. D. A. Brenton ; 2nd. Lt. J. C. Harbor ; Enlisted men, eighty-six.

Co. *I.* Capt. Levin Vinson ; 1st. Lt. John E. Vinson ; 2nd. Lt. Stephen Brothers ; Enlisted men, ninety-six.

Co. *K.* Capt. Geo. W. Cook ; 1st. Lt. Oliver P. Hunt ; 2nd. Lt. Joseph F. Crosby ; Enlisted men, one hundred and two.

Life in camp at Danville, was passed as camp life usually is. The regular routine of guard duty, drilling, etc., etc., until one evening at "Dress Parade," our Colonel informed us that we would break camp, and leave for Cincinnati on the following day, and that the number of our Regiment was the One Hundred and Twenty-Fifth. We had been furnished, while in camp, with everything that was necessary for a soldier in the field, excepting tents. The arms which were given us were what were called the "Austrian Rifle," and a poor arm they were. Some of them were not entirely drilled out, and any quantity of them had springs that would not snap a cap, nor on which a bayonet could be fastened without hammering. If we were merely going out for a picnic or a procession, the Regiment was splendidly equipped, but if we were bound for the front, it would have been a matter of little difficulty for a small force of the enemy to have routed us, unless we were given a chance to use the "butts" of our guns, for in that shape only would they have been reliable.

At this stage of the war, when the private soldier received but thirteen dollars per. month, it was patriotism, and not a desire for wealth,

that filled the ranks of the Union Army. So, with fifes and drums playing the old tune to which so many have marched to their graves, "The Girl I left behind me," and with our banners gaily floating on the breeze, we started for the seat of war. A train of cattle cars was to be our conveyance, and on them we clambered. The usual scenes, incident to the departure of a Regiment from home, took place: wives parting from their husbands, children from their fathers and fathers from their children; all phases of the human heart were to be seen there. The lingering clasp of the fond wife, the last kiss of the children, the hearty hand shake and a "God speed you, and bring you back safe" of a friend; the men trying to hide their emotions with a forced smile or witty saying. But at last "all aboard," the engine whistled, the bell rang, and amid the cheers of the crowd, away we went, some to their graves. Oh! how many? The rest of us to return at the expiration of the war, for that was the term of our enlistment. Looking back from this late day, the scenes, the events, the recollections of that time, are as bright and vivid in the mind of the writer, as if they had transpired but yesterday. I know not how it was with other companies in the Regiment, but in the one to which the writer belonged, only one man showed the "white feather," at the last moment. He was left laying on the floor of "Floral Pavilion" in the "Fair Grounds," according to his own language, "so sick he did not know what to do." He may have been so, or he may not; at any rate there was not much sympathy shown for him, as we marched off leaving him there, the sole inhabitant of the place. -

We have taken rides on the cars which were much more enjoyable, much more comfortable, than that night ride from Danville to Lafayette. The weather was pleasant, however, and there was a full moon; but the cars had no tops, and our eyes were filled with the smoke and cinders from the engine. We thought it the extreme of hardship, and an insult to pack us away like dumb brutes, on such cars; but before we again saw that road, we had seen the time we would have been only too glad to have a chance to ride that way. But we were young, in the prime of life, and our hearts were cheered with the thought that we were doing our duty, and so with laugh and song we whiled away the hours until we arrived at Cincinnati.

CHAPTER II.

It was on a Sabbath morning, when our train finally stopped, and we were ordered to disembark, and fall into line. The weather was intensely warm. Now, I want to say right here, that if ever I have to order a Regiment of men into the field, in the summer time, and that Regiment is bound for a southern climate, I will not think it necessary to provide them with overcoats, like we were, for we had them issued to us before we left Danville, and thought we had to take them. So there we stood in line, the hot sun pouring down his rays on our heads; our eyes sore from cinders and the loss of sleep; with our accoutrements upon us, and everybody as illnatured, as might be expected, and no wonder. Oh! how slow the moments went by, it seemed to us hours, but at last the command rings out "Attention Battalion," "Take Arms," "Right Dress," "Right Face," "Forward march," and away we went, the band playing and the flags flying, across the Pontoon Bridge, over the Ohio, into the city of Covington, and the "neutral" state of Kentucky. Marching men, or regulating the gate of a horse to the step of new recruits, was something our worthy Colonel was sadly ignorant of, and it was not to be wondered at, for it was a new business to him. His horse walked too fast for us, and the consequence was that when he arrived at our camp he had but a "corporal's guard" following him. The remainder of the Regiment was scattered like sheep along the way we had come.

The writer and his partner stopped at what had once been a "Beer Garden," and on the tables which had once resounded to the clink of glasses, and which were placed around the enclosure in the shade of the trees, we deposited our weary bodies, and wished we were— at home. Without intending to throw any blame whatever, on the character or motives of our worthy Colonel, covering him with the excuse that he was totally ignorant of the art of "marching men," we must give it as our candid opinion that the march from Cincin-

nati to our camp on the hills back of Covington, did an injury to the rank and file of the Regiment, from which it never recovered, and which was the remote cause of death to some, and to others of lasting injury. Our camp was situated, truly, at a lofty elevation. We were placed in the Corn Stalk shelters which the "Squirrel Hunters" had occupied when Bragg had threatened Cincinnati with his forces, and who, at the call of the Governor of Ohio, had flocked to the standard of the Union, with their squirrel rifles, and their shot guns, to drive back the rebel hordes, and to maintain the old Flag, with their life blood if need be. They came from the prairie and the wood-land, in such numbers that the Governor was compelled to issue another proclamation, that no more were needed. Into the shelters which they had made from corn stalks, gathered from the fields contiguous, and which were models of skill and ingenuity, showing that the American, as a man, is equal to almost any emergency, our Regiment was marched, and quarters allotted to each company. Oh! those terrible hills, the like we had never seen before. We were prairie men; our homes had been in a level country, but here it was just the reverse, and it seemed to us as if we had ascended to the very heights. The Ohio rolled beneath us, and from its bosom we had to procure the water that was necessary for our use. How many lies were told to get out of the job of carrying water up to camp, or how many oaths were uttered by those who undertook the job, driven to it by necessity, the writer cannot pretend to state, but it was a hard journey, and the consequence was that water became to us, for once, *valuable*, and many was the raid that was made, under cover of the night, to some fellow's mess kettle, that had been filled to cook his breakfast with in the morning. But we enjoyed it all, after we had gotten over our march to get there, and soon the camp was alive with fun and frolic. We had nothing much to do but cook our food, drill, and police the camp grounds, and occasionally go on picket; and so we passed the days away, wondering where we would go to next, writing letters home and doing all in our power to make the time pass pleasantly.

Here it was an incident happened that was ludicrous in the extreme. It was the custom of the picket guard, when returning to camp every morning, to discharge their guns by volley, under com-

mand of a commissioned officer, at or into the foot of the hill on which our camp was situated. On this morning, to which we have reference, the pickets had been relieved and returned to camp, and as was their custom, had assembled at the foot of the hill to discharge their pieces. At the command of their officer there was a volley, and from some cause or other the bullets came whizzing over our heads, filling the air with that buzzing sound, which is so familiar to the old soldier, but which sounds like a death knell to the raw recruit. What a scattering to and fro there was, when those leaden missiles came whizzing through the air, what a falling to the ground, and hugging of mother earth was there witnessed. We thought the "Johnnies" had come sure enough; our minds were instantly filled with the accounts we had read of "surprises," "ambuscades," and the idea that the enemy were right on hand, seemed to have filled the minds of many. That scene will never be forgotten by those who are now living, and who witnessed it. It was a terrible "give-away" on the courage and soldierly qualities of at least one company in the One Hundred and Twenty-Fifth Infantry. But we were indeed "infants" in the art of war. And to have seen what followed when it was definitely ascertained as to where the bullets came from, was ludicrous in the extreme. To see a big, brawny fellow who had fallen to the ground, to all appearances as dead as a log, raise up his head and enquire of his nearest neighbor, why *he* was laying *there*! What in thunder was the reason that, if he felt like laying down, every body else must lay down, too!! Get up and leave me alone now, or I'll hurt somebody!! And to see how quietly these prostrate forms would assume life and locomotion, and glide away into their corn stalk huts; and then at night, after the affair had cooled down somewhat, to listen, as we sat around our camp fires, to each one as he described what his sensations were at the time, seems to us, at this late day, to be just as comical as it was then. But oh! how they redeemed themselves, in after days, from any stigma of cowardice this may have cast upon them; how they faced the enemy and met death as only brave men can, the hearts of those who survived the fray in the years that came after, can bear witness. All honor to them, our neighbor boys, our true and tried friends.

CHAPTER III.

But in looking back over the time we staid there on those "everlasting hills," memory recalls to us one stormy night, when neither moon nor star gave forth its light, when the heavens were draped in the blackest of darkness, when the wind blew with the force of a hurricane, and our corn stalk shelters were scattered far and wide; when the elements seemed to have combined to extemporize, for us, an entertainment of the grandest description, but which was to be enjoyed vastly more by the in-dwellers of good substantial houses, than we who had for our only covering a roof of corn stalks. But amid all this din and clash of the elements, came the order for an additional force to strengthen the picket guard. It was rumored about that the rebel Gen. John Morgan was in the neighborhood and was going to make a dash on our lines. Whether it was the fact, whether it was a "camp-rumor," or whether it was an *honest* alarm, we never found out. But there was the order all the same, and it must be complied with. The order called for a detail of three men from each company. The writer and two comrades were the ones who were called on from Co. "B." Gathering our guns and accoutrements was but the work of a moment, and away we went to report at Regimental Headquarters. The night was so dark that we could not discern our file leader, and so an attachment was made to the coat tail of the fellow in front. Down the hill we went, stumbling, and falling, over rocks and clods, until we reached a road. On this we were stationed, three men on a post, with orders for one of us to keep awake. The three to which the writer belonged were stationed at the foot of a large tree; the countersign given us in a whisper; the remainder of the detail marched off; and there we were! on picket! and to our excited imagination the enemy in countless numbers all around us. The night, as we have before stated, was intensely dark, but down on this road, at the foot of the high hills on which we were stationed, the wind did not strike with

such fury, and any unusual noise could be plainly heard. There we stood at the foot of that large tree, determined, as we agreed among ourselves, to do our whole duty if matters came to the worst. Suddenly on the night air came the sound of a foot-fall, near; nearer; we held a short consultation, it might be an enemy, no doubt it was; well, we must find out. "Halt!" rang out on the night air. "Who comes there?" back came the answer, "A Friend." This was an assurance most acceptable to us. "Advance, friend, and give the countersign," and up came Capt. Fellows, of Co. "C," who was the officer of the guard. A short whispered consultation, a reminder from the Captain of how to perform our duty, and he passed on down the road to the next post. He had been gone but a little while when "bang" went a gun, and the bullet went whistling over our heads. What did that mean? We cocked our rifles and stood on the defensive, and it would have been terrible trouble for any one who had come our way just then. The whiz of the bullet died away, naught was heard, and we uncocked our guns and sat down, but not long, for again we heard the foot fall on the road, coming from the direction which the Captain had taken when he left us; nearer it approaches, and again the word "Halt!" rings out on the night air. Back comes the response, "It's all right, don't act the fool as the man did on the post below." We brought our guns down and up came the Captain. "What gun was that Cap?" was our first enquiry. "Why," he replied, "the man on post below you was laying on the ground, and when he heard me coming, cried 'Halt!' and banged away, he came near hitting me too." Of course the usual amount of expletives were indulged in by each of us, making them as strong as the case seemed to require, and the Captain passed on. The articles of war declare that death shall be the penalty for that soldier who goes to sleep while on post; we knew it, it had been told to us, but if John Morgan, with his command, had driven in our pickets in the early gray of that morning, we are strongly inclined to the opinion, that at a certain post on that picket line the guard would have been found sleeping the sleep of the innocent and just. Yes, it is a fact Morpheus had wooed to his embrace, the entire three who occupied the picket post at the foot of

that large tree. The reader who scans these pages must please bear in mind that we were "babes" in the art of war, at this time; we had come from our homes and from our farms only a few short weeks before, and the scenes in which we were now playing a part were of the veriest newness to us. We had entered into the service of our country in good faith, we had sworn allegiance to our flag under any and all circumstances, more as a form than anything else as far as our hearts were concerned, but we had not as yet arrived at that period in a soldier's life, when he finds that eternal vigilance is not only the price of liberty, but of his own life also. Morning came at last and with the rest of our comrades we were marched back to camp. We came as "conquerors come," we had stood during the night as an invincible band against our foes. That was, perhaps, what was thought of us in camp, but we knew how we had stood, and were going to keep it to ourselves most decidedly, at any rate we were willing to let "some of you fellows" try it the next time. We had been in camp now on those "everlasting hills," that is, as near as the writer can explain his sentiments about them, for several weeks, but it was not for the business merely of laying on top of them and basking in the sun that the Government had called for our assistance, and which we had almost come to believe was the extent to which the Government had invoked our aid. Oh! no, the Government meant business, and so accordingly one afternoon we received orders to "strike tents," that is what the bugle said, but we had no tents to strike; true there was a remnant of our corn-stalk homes, but the most of them had been scattered by the winds. Well, any way, the bugle call was to us the notice to pack up and fall into line. This we did, and away we marched, leaving our hills, our corn-stalk castles and many other remembrances behind us. Down the "pike" we went to the music of our band, to the steam-boat landing, where we found two steamers waiting for us. But we have omitted one incident of our soldier days, when in camp at Covington, and if we had not gotten down to the boats we would have left it out, perhaps, altogether, and if we had, the historical record of the 125th Ills. would have been very incomplete, and so in order that it may be a true record, as near as we can make it, we must not omit this part of it. We have reference to the transporta-

tion outfit of the Regiment. Of course when we arrived at our camp at Covington, the only transportation there was, consisted of each man carrying on his back whatever earthly goods he was the possessor of. We had no animals of any kind, excepting the horses of the Colonel and his staff, but here at Covington we were to obtain that most useful, and at the same time most singular quadruped, the *mule*. If I thought myself able I would write an eulogy on that animal, but it is useless to think of that, I can not do it; suffice it then to say that in our humble opinion, the mule with all his eccentricities, played a most important part in the war of the rebellion. A willing servant; too much so we often thought, ready at all times to do his part, whether in pulling in the collar, or packing on his back, strapped on so tight that it was as much as he could do to obtain his regular amount of air necessary for breathing purposes, an almost innumerable amount of blankets, tin pans, pots, roosters, niggers and all the paraphernalia of camp life, or of sending by a quick and powerful discharge of his hind feet a warrior to the hospital, or to the happy hunting grounds, the mule will ever bear an honorable name in the records of the great war. So much for the mule, he was honest, and we must be. But to our narrative. An order came, one morning, to detail from each company a man to drive the company team of six mules. What visions of ease opened up to our minds. "What! is that all they want a fellow to do, drive a team? I'm in for that, here Cap., I'll go, yes so will I and I and I." Thus the strain rang out, until it was much to be feared that the 125th were mule drivers, not only by inclination, but by "previous condition of servitude." Well, at length the detail was complete, and two men from each company, in charge of a commissioned officer, proceeded to Covington to procure the number of mules necessary for the transportation of the Regiment. Twenty men, in the vigor and prime of life, refusing numerous offers of ten dollars apiece for their job, with hearts elate and with buoyant feelings trudged off down the pike rejoicing in their opportunities. The sequel, kind reader! They returned, yes they returned in the evening the maddest set of men that Covington's green hills had seen for many a day; the maimed, the halt, the lame, and we were going to say the blind, but the storm had not been quite that

severe. Every mule in each team, with the exception perhaps of one to the team, were as ignorant of restraint as when in blissful happiness it sucked its dam in the old home pasture. The men who had been detailed for teamsters found the animals in a "corral," the Quartermaster of the Post, with his helpers, in attendance. The mules were as wild as buffaloes on their native plains, and were caught by the lasso, and dragged out, and turned over to the man who had been detailed to drive and care for them. When the whole number necessary for our use were secured the receipt of our Regimental Quartermaster paid the bill. The next question and the most intricate one, perhaps, that had ever stirred the souls of these detailed warriors was, what shall we do with them? There was the harness, there was the Government wagons, with their broad tires and a lock chain on each side. The question was solved, they must be hitched to those wagons and hitched they were, and up to camp they came, with every wagon wheel locked and two men to each mule. The word soon spread through the camp, the teams are coming! our teams! and we all flocked to the road side to see them. We will carry this thing no farther, but will leave the reader to imagine the rest. We can see them, as we pen these lines, as they appeared to us the next morning, as we stood by and witnessed the harnessing of these Government mules. Their shoulders were a little sore from pulling the heavy wagons, with locked wheels, up to camp, and their ears were chafed by the bridles, and the general sensation was something new to them altogether, and perhaps visions of the old pasture lot at home, where they had kicked up their heels in mulish joy, flashed before their eyes; at any rate, whatever may have been the cause, the hills of Covington never before, and we will venture the assertion, never will again echo back the like of the noise that was made there on the morning when the teamsters of the 125th Ills. essayed to hitch up the teams, which the Government had furnished to transport us and our belongings into the land of the Southron and the chivalry. The braying of the mules, the curses of the drivers, the cracking of the whips, all combined, served to make a noise the like of which had never been heard before in those parts.

CHAPTER IV.

The geography of our country tells us, that the Ohio is a broad river; that, we are willing to admit, and rather than be thought narrow minded, we are willing to say that it is a beautiful river, but when the writer, with his heart filled with patriotism, entrusted himself on its bosom, it was blessed with a remarkable shallowness, at any rate our boats kept getting fast on sand bars, shoals, mud or something else, so often, that it would have been no trouble for us all to have crawled off and footed it down the stream, or back home, but that kind of a boat ride would have had its inconveniences, and that was not what we had come for, so like 'Cassabianca,' whom we used to read about in our school days, we clung to the "burning deck." "Down the river, down the river, down the Ohio," we crawled along, until night fall, when for prudence sake our captain steered into the bank and tied up for the night. Can it be possible, we think, while sitting here penning these lines with peace all around us, that between the cities of Cincinnati and Louisville a steamboat Captain was afraid, after night, to take his craft for fear of enemies? Such, however, was the case, and history will bear record to the generations yet to come, that in the nineteenth century this grand river was navigable only in the day time with comparative safety. But we do not want to let our pen run away with our own private thoughts; we do not want to let our individual feelings get the upper hand, we are endeavoring to write a history, and we want it to be correct; we want it to be a history that each and every member of the 125th Ills. can leave behind him when he "strikes his tent" for the last time; a history that he may leave to those who come after him, that in the terrible war which the Nation went through, when fight against wrong prevailed, that he was a partaker in the struggle. What better, handsomer, nobler record can we leave to our posterity?

Our trip down the river was not prolific of any incident that would

be noticeable here, suffice it to say that we awoke in the morning to hear the chug! chug! of the boat and knew that we were moving, and that we had not been interfered with during the night. We arrived at Louisville that evening and disembarked on the river bank; but little did we think as we stepped off the boat that there, on the banks of the Ohio, we were to receive our first lesson of what a soldier's life would be. Our past experience we thought had been terrible, but the corn-stalk huts which we had occupied, and laughed at, would have been welcome to us now. The stones on the river bank made our couch, and the canopy of heaven our covering. But for fear that history may not give us our right place, and to show that our hearts beat in unison, we will mention that here it was we met the army of General Buell. It arrived in Louisville the same night that we did, fresh from the battle fields of Corinth and Iuka, and had come to the relief of the endangered city. Northern manhood, Northern "grit," was too much for the sluggish blood of Bragg's army, and our boys beat them in the race and saved the city of Louisville. Never can those who witnessed it, forget that sight. Here they came, neighbor boys, old friends, who had left home only a few months prior to us; covered with the dust and stain of travel, no baggage, no impediments, nothing but their trusty Enfields, and sixty rounds of ammunition in their cartridge boxes, with a blanket to each man rolled up in a coil, and fastened around him, this was all they had, while we, in our clean, blue clothes, with thoughts of our having gone through with an awful experience, met these lads. The impression the writer received that night as we witnessed these boys come marching in, was like the opinion that was expressed by some one in our Regiment: "Boys, we don't know anything about soldiering." Morning found us asleep on the banks of the Ohio, with the river rolling past us, down to that country which never before, in the history of the Nation, had been forbidden ground to any of her sons. But to that land we were bound, and if we remained on the banks of the Ohio we would never get there, so when the bugle sounded the call to "fall in," we were ready to obey the signal. The morning opened bright and cheerful, but towards noon the sun was overcast by clouds, and a drizzling rain set in; but it made no difference to us; of course

they could not find lodgings for us *that* night, but now they had awakened to a sense of their duty, and we were going to some hotel to put up. Yes, certainly that was what was the matter, and we fell into ranks with glee. Our hotel was a cattle pen in the suburbs of the city, and into it we marched.



CHAPTER V.

Our lessons in the life of a soldier were just commencing. Our new camp was, as we have stated, an old cattle pen or corral, and had at one time been surrounded with a good substantial plank fence, now, however, the only enclosure it had was a camp guard. In this place we found three other Regiments, all new recruits like ourselves. The 85th and 86th Ills., and the 52nd Ohio. With these Regiments we were Brigaded, and remained so until the close of the war, the command being given to Col. Dan'l McCook of the 52nd Ohio, who had smelt powder on Shiloh's bloody field.

The rain, which had been a continuous drizzle, now assumed larger proportions, and came down in regular and persistent style. We had no tents, and of course were entirely without protection, but the American soldier is not a man to long remain uncomfortable, when it is in his power to prevent it, so from the fences adjacent, in spite of the guard, we procured some lumber and soon built shelters from the storm. The next day we were moved to a better camp, for the rain had rendered the old cattle yard entirely unfit for use, if it ever had been. But Louisville at this time was crowded with soldiers, camp followers, and all that goes to sustain the life, and corrupt the morals of a large army. The streets daily resounded to the tramp of marching feet, and the hurrying hither and thither of General officers, members of their staff, and mounted orderlies bearing dispatches to the different headquarters through the city. The blare of the bugle, the braying of mules, the thundering of artillery wheels, from the earliest dawn, until far into the night, were reminders that the General of the Army was fully alive to his trust, and was endeavoring to organize the forces under his command into a shape that would render them manageable. As far as duty was concerned, there was not much required of us, so we passed the time making visits to old acquaintances in the 25th, 35th, 37th and 88th Ills. Regiments which had come up with Buell from the

South. But at last the order came for moving. Everything was ready and we were to open up the ball which ended at the fall of Richmond, and the surrender of Joe. Johnston's Army in North Carolina.

The weather was very warm, but so far, no sickness of any great moment had appeared among us, but of course there was some to answer the surgeon's call, and receive their allowance of the good things he had for them. We do not wish to cast any imputation on the medical branch of the army, far from it. We are firm in the opinion that no army, either in the fighting nations of Europe, or in any other land, ever had a medical corps that could surpass our own in skill, dexterity, genuine humanity, and a desire to do their whole duty, but it did seem to us that quinine was the sheet anchor of their faith, and so it came to be a standing joke, that quinine would cure all diseases to which our bodies might be subject. On this morning, to which memory carries us back, orders were given that reports of all who were sick, or in any way disabled from marching, should be made out and forwarded to Regimental headquarters, in order that they might be sent to hospital, or if totally unfit for soldier life, to be discharged. We are of the opinion still, and was at the time, that many men were mustered into the service of the government, when our Regiment was organized, who were not fit for the hardships and privations of army life, especially for active service in the field, and this was owing to what seemed to us, the careless examination made by the mustering officer. We were never examined by a surgeon, as to bodily capacity. The only examination made was for each man, as his name was called, to step out three paces and show his teeth to the officer. The consequence was that when orders came for us to leave Louisville, there were a great many who had to be discharged, because totally unfit for soldier's life, and many also who had to be sent to hospital. Others there were, who would have been perfectly willing to have returned home, entirely satisfied with soldiering, if they could only have had the opportunity. One case the writer remembers which had a very ludicrous side to it, and we will insert it here. There were two members of the Company to which we belonged, who were both satisfied entirely

with their share of glory, and were willing to resign their positions as "high privates" to almost any one who wanted it. One of these however, would be discharged, owing to his inability to march (this was before the day of the invalid corps) by reason of a severe cut he had at one time received in the foot from an ax, the other boy was a fit subject for powder, but the patriotism which had filled his bosom, when he enlisted, had died out. He had gotten all the glory he wanted and "Home—sweet—Home" was ringing in his ears. However, a discharge, in his eyes, was something worth trying for at least, so he approached the fellow who, by reason of his lameness, was to be discharged, and the following colloquy ensued:

"Say, John, I want to get a discharge, how shall I manage it, can't you help a fellow?"

"Get discharged! Why that's easy enough, I can get one for you."

"Can you? What'll you take to get it?"

"What'll I take? Why nothing. You go and get a pass for us to go down town and I'll go to the medical director of the Post and soon fix you out all right."

Away went the ex-patriot and soon returned with a pass and off they went to call on the medical director. Going along the street says John to his companion:

"Say, Ide! got any money?"

"Yes, a little."

John called a halt. "Well now, old fellow, I'll tell you, if I had a little whisky I could talk a heap better to the doctor, you know, but I hain't got a cent of money to buy any."

"Oh, if that's all," says Ide, thinking a discharge from the army for a drink of whiskey a good enough bargain for him, "I've got money enough to buy the whisky, where'll we get it?"

"I know, follow me," replied John, and he led him to a place where liquor could be obtained on the sly, for it was against positive orders for the citizens to sell any thing of the sort to a soldier, and Louisville was then under martial law. Into this place they went, and John having received the magic elixir, which was to open his mouth, and loosen his tongue, was again ready to accompany his friend to the doctor. But it was quite a distance from camp to the Director's office, and before it was reached Ide had been obliged to

replenish John's stomach with whisky more than once. But at last they arrived at the place.

"Now Ide you stay down here until I go up stairs, I won't be gone long and when I come back I'll have your discharge."

John was feeling good; the whisky that Ide had furnished him had made his faith in himself complete, so up the stairs he nimbly skipped, leaving his friend below on the sidewalk. The office door was reached, and with an invincible faith in himself, John opened it and walked in. There was the Medical Director of the Post at his desk, surrounded by his assistants, while on seats placed around the room, were soldiers who had come there for treatment. Up to the desk steps John.

"Doctor I want to obtain a discharge for—"

Looking up from his desk in surprise, the Doctor fixed his eyes on our friend.

"Who are you?" was the enquiry. "Take the position of a soldier sir," which John did, wishing he was some place else, for the stern, military manner of the doctor had somewhat unnerved him, "about face, forward march," and out of the office marched John. The doctor never gave the command to "halt," and amid the laughter of those who witnessed the scene, John took his departure. Down stairs he went to where Ide was waiting for him.

"Did you get it?" was the first question.

"No" came the reply, "the doctor ain't in, he has gone out of town." So back they came to camp, but John got no more whisky on the return trip, and the next day we left Louisville. The story leaked out some way, as all such stories do, and furnished many a laugh for us. Ide failed in getting his discharge, but made an excellent soldier afterwards, and came back safe and sound at the close of the war.

CHAPTER VI.

The sun arose on the morning of the Thirtieth of September, 1862, bright and clear, and as he climbed into the heavens the heat became intense. At an early hour the Regiment was astir, for we had received marching orders, the army was going to advance, and so, long before noon the bugle sounded the Assembly. The line was quickly formed and away we went our band playing its best music. But we had not gone far until the "Halt!" was sounded, and it was not until late in the day that we got clear of the streets of Louisville and out into the open country. It was a hard day on us, encumbered as we were with so much clothing, for each man was provided with two suits of underwear, and overcoat, and nothing is more tiresome than the perpetual halting, and advancing, halting and advancing, which we were compelled to do that day, owing to the crowded and jammed condition of the streets, filled as they were with regiments of infantry, cavalry, batteries of artillery, baggage, and supply trains, and all and singular that goes to make up the force of a large army about to take the field.

But at last we were clear of the town, and marching on the open country road, leaving, however, behind us, several of our comrades who had been overcome with the heat of the sun and the irksomeness of our movements, and had fallen in their places in the ranks and been carried off to the hospital for treatment. We did not go far until our track was lined with clothing, blankets and other property we had thrown away as being too cumbersome and hard to carry. We went into camp in a meadow, and as soon as the order was given to break ranks, many of us flung ourselves on the ground and never moved from our position until the bugle sounded the reveille in the morning.

Our soldier life had now fairly commenced, and we were on the march to that country in which many of our comrades were to find their last resting places. When the war commenced, Kentucky had

declared neutrality, but we think our statement will be borne out by many, that the neutrality amounted to nothing. At any rate it was the opinion of us all, that for a neutral state, Kentucky held many bushwhackers, and guerillas, who, from behind trees and rocks, murdered our boys whenever opportunity offered. It was murder, not warfare. Kentucky neutrality was rebellion in ambush. But Kentucky also had loyal sons, and she gave to the Union several regiments of brave men. Kentucky had splendid roads, and as we advanced further into the country we were charmed with the scenery, and if it had not been for the terrible scarcity of water, we would have got on very well. Foraging of any kind was strictly forbidden, but the fruits of the land found their way into camp, all the same. Honey was plenty, fresh meat and also vegetables, and in spite of all orders, found their way into camp. There was one boy in our company who seemed to have, instinctively, a knowledge superior to any one else, as to where all such things could be obtained. Every night he would appear in camp laden down with food that had never been issued from our regimental commissariat. He was liberal hearted, and distributed his good things with a lavish hand. But the marching became terrible at last. The hot sun beating on the "pike," and the air filled with the heated dust, no water, excepting such as could be obtained from ponds by the road side, stagnant, and covered with a green slime, and often with hogs wallowing in it. The springs and wells dried up, all combined to make our march irksome, and almost unbearable. Camp Diarrhoea made its appearance from which nearly all suffered more or less. Green persimmons, white oak bark, and all such simple astringents were used, but many became very weak and unable to march. The ambulances were full of sick soldiers, and so indeed were many wagons. Many poor fellows got discouraged, thoughts of home and loved ones filled their minds, and as the long days passed away and they lay in the ambulances, their minds kept wandering back, and nothing could arouse them to make endeavors to regain their health, so at last death came to many and relieved them of their sufferings. It was at such times as these, that the boys showed their hearty good will, that earnest endeavor to help those who could not help themselves, so characteristic of the western man, and many a trip

was made by some kind hearted lad to houses far from the line of march, although he knew he was running the risk of losing his own life in the attempt, to procure a canteen of good water for a sick comrade, who was slowly but surely loosing his hold on life. The writer well remembers the feelings that the first death in his own company occasioned. One of our boys had grown so weak from the effects of the diarrhoea that he had been placed in one of the ambulances. For several days he rode thus, and every night when we reached camp some one of our number would go to the ambulance train to see if he needed anything, that we could do for him, but one night the messenger returned with the sad news, that, when the ambulance train went into camp, he was found dead inside. Yes, poor fellow, his warfare was over, and as we gathered to our camp fires the news was spread around, a pall of sorrow seemed to settle down upon us, and Co. "B" went to their blankets with saddened hearts. But sorrow, like everything else, is evanescent, and before the next night rolled around, the company had again assumed its usual every day life and jollity, not that the memory of our lost comrade had faded from our minds, but on every hand there was to be seen something new to us, something to excite enquiry, and we were finding now, every day, traces of war; fences torn down to enable cavalry to charge through, dead horses, and used up wagons by the road side, which had been abandoned by the enemy, and destroyed, by cutting the spokes out of the wheels, so as to be of no use to the "invader." These sights, and many others, quickly dispelled sorrow, and brought in its place a desire to meet the foe. We were at this time in the division over which General Phillip H. Sheridan had command.

CHAPTER VII.

Sheridan's name is one which will be forever linked with the history of our country. He was a brave officer, a dashing leader, but we used to think the possessor of the most abominable temper that ever man was blessed or cursed with, and whenever he would ride past with his staff, the weary legs of the men would straighten up, and for a while a new life would seem to inspire us. Whether it was that unknown power that causes some men to be more fitted for the duties of leading men, than others, or whether it was a fear that we might receive a broadside of his oaths, we do not know, but at any rate, during the short time he would ride by, things would assume a more soldierly appearance; a little more order. We remember one afternoon, when along with a comrade, we had managed in some way, to drift considerably to the rear. We were plodding along, however, chatting together, until we came to a sutler who had opened up his wagon of sutler's goods, and was doing a good business with the boys as they marched by. We went up and purchased some cheese and crackers, and placing them in our hats, proceeded to a little mound at the foot of a large tree, to eat them. There we sat munching our crackers and cheese, making remarks on the passers by, and occasionally enjoying a bit of chaff with some fellow, until we began to wonder how many men there could be coming, for by this time we had been there quite a while, and still the stream of humanity flowed by, still the same panorama of infantry, cavalry and artillery, passed before us, and we had come to the conclusion to stay there until they all went by, never once thinking of what a time we would have to catch up with our command. Just at this moment, when we had come to the conclusion to see the end of it, up rode General Sheridan with his staff and orderlies pressing on to the front. We were a little fearful he might see us, but we thought that in all that multitude of humanity and life, we surely were of but small moment, and would escape his eye. But we were doomed

to disappointment, for suddenly this salutation, short and decidedly to the point, rang upon our ears: "You men of the 125th Ills., what in — are you doing there. Move on;" and filling the air full of the hottest oaths aimed at our defenseless heads we incontinently gathered up our hats, with the remnants of our lunch and started for our regiment, which by this time was far in advance. But as we walked along, we were thinking how it was that Sheridan knew we were members of the 125th, was it by any peculiarity in our movements, or was it a part of his business, as general, to know the members of each regiment in his division. Our appreciation of his merits as a great commander were rising rapidly, and we had come to the conclusion that he must have a wonderful memory. So on we went wondering to each other how it was. Suddenly my companion stopped short. "Bob," says he, "I know how it was that old Sheridan knew us."

"How," we asked.

"Why, you old fool, he read it on our knapsacks."

True enough, that was the solution of the problem, for before leaving Louisville, the writer had procured a bottle of white paint, and a brush, and had painted in large letters on each fellow's knapsack, his name, company and regiment. This it was that had revealed to the general our proper place, we had forgotten all about it. We laughed heartily over the matter, and agreed to erase from our knapsacks the tell-tale letters as soon as we arrived in camp.

We were by this time getting well down into Kentucky, and every day we marched through villages and towns, which, but a few short weeks before, had been filled with sounds of life and business activity; but now everything was at a stand still; the store houses deserted, and their doors swinging idly on their hinges, revealing to the passer by naught but a collection of empty shelves and bare counters. The houses, even, were, for the most part, deserted of their occupants. War with its black and devastating influence, was abroad in the land. It was on a Sunday afternoon that we reached Bardstown, a place of considerable size, and as it seemed to us, a place where considerable business had been carried on, but now all was changed.

We had been marching very slowly that day, halting every few moments and then advancing. Just as we entered Bardstown the bugle sounded the "halt," and our line was directly in front of a large brick house, the doors of which were wide open, and coming and going through them were many officers, from the general down to lieutenant. We were tired and travel worn, so we proposed to our partner that we would go and see if some good water could be had. Leaving our place in the ranks we started for the house, and boldly marched in. Our aim was for the kitchen, and as we passed down the hall of the house we could not prevent ourself from looking through the doors of the parlors, as we judged them to be, for they were wide open, and there we saw the remains of what had been a grand feast. We dared not enter, but passed on down the hall, until a slight obstruction in the shape of a little second lieutenant came across our path, and the demand from him of what we were doing there. We replied we wanted water, but did not stop to listen to any remark he might have to make. Just as we reached the back door, a colored waiter boy, belonging to the house, came tearing in, bearing in his hands a pitcher of water going to the parlor. We collared this son of Ham, and demanded that he procure for us a canteen of whisky, with the promise that if he did we would pay him for it. His eyes rolled up in astonishment, and perhaps a little fear, for we were rather vigorous in our demand, and with a "Lor! bress you massa, dar hain't a drap of whisky in de house," he essayed to leave us, but we had a good hold on him, and were going to keep it. We knew he was lying to us, for we had caught a whiff of his breath, which gave him away entirely, as it was redolent of the fumes of "bourbon." He saw we were in earnest, and quickly whispering "come dis way sah," he opened a door in the hall and bid us enter, and wait until he returned. We entered what was, to all appearances, a bed-room, neatly fitted up with furniture, and in one corner a bed of huge dimensions, covered with the whitest and dantiest of counterpanes. It was the first bed we had seen for weeks, and regardless of our dusty clothes, and remembering only that we were tired, and in the enemies land, we flung ourself, knapsack and all, upon its broad and ample surface. There

we laid, resting our weary limbs and looking up at the ceiling, wondering how much longer it would be before our sable friend would appear. The moments kept slipping by, and at last, with a tremendous effort, we raised ourself from the bed intending to return to the regiment. We approached the door and essayed to open it, it was—locked. For a moment we were non-plussed ; had we come this far from home to be captured by a “nigger” in this way? What a fool we had been to enter there, but directly other thoughts came into our minds, and we again threw ourself upon the bed with the intention that, if we were captured, we would get all the rest we could out of that bed before we were marched off by rebel guards. But imprisonment was not to be our fate at that time, for suddenly the door flew open, and in came our colored friend, bearing in his hand a large pitcher, which proved to contain, to the very top of it, as good whisky as we had ever drank. To empty the contents of the pitcher into our canteen, was but the work of a moment, and giving our friend a green-back dollar, at which he looked with surprise and earnestly enquired “Is dis good money, massa?” We assured him that it was, and hastened out to find the regiment. Luckily it had not moved from where we had left it, and we fell into place alongside of our partner, to whose thirsty lips my canteen was soon applied. The bugle sounded “forward,” and we went, but as a truthful chronicler we are bound to state that under the exhilarating and inspiriting contents of my canteen, my partner soon became hilarious, and when we reached camp I was doing double duty, inasmuch as I was carrying his gun and my own also. It was not the length but the breadth of the road that troubled him. But no evil consequences resulted from it, and as it was winked at by the officers, no harm was done, and the next morning found him all right, and ready for the incidents of the day.

CHAPTER VIII.

The days passed by, and we, with the blissful ignorance of new soldiers, could not see the omens which filled the air, indicating that the battle was not far off; omens which the old soldier can so easily interpret, and which, as we became used to army life, were also easily interpreted by us. But the time was near when we should meet the foe, and as we plodded along one afternoon, tired and almost smothered with the dust, two staff officers came riding back from the direction of the front, and as they passed the writer caught the words, "throwing up breastworks on Chaplin Hills." Still at the time they made no impression on my mind, but before that time the next day, I recalled them and then understood what was meant. The dust was terrible, and about the middle of the afternoon a division of cavalry came riding by pressing on to the front. They rode in column of two's, and it seemed to us that they never would get by. The dust raised by their horses was fearful, and we were not in the best of humor, so as they rode along we very foolishly got angry at them, and curses flew at their heads in a pitiless storm. Some of the boys actually pricked the horses with their bayonets. But at length they passed us, and glad enough we were to get rid of them. We soon went into camp in an old corn-field, and between two corn rows the writer laid his tired body and was soon in the land of dreams. We never knew exactly what time it was when we felt a shake and heard a summons to wake up. The moon was shining brightly and quiet reigned all around us. But there was something in the wind more than common, as we could judge by the subdued voices in which commands were given, and when we were ordered to pile our knapsacks and leave a guard sufficient to protect them, it became apparent that there was business on hand which needed our attention. But we well remember what our first impressions were, when the order to pile knapsacks was given. We thought in our innocence that the commanding powers had taken pity on us,

and were going to haul our knapsacks for us in the wagons, that they had concluded to save us the fatigue of carrying them ourselves; so laboring under this impression we silently fell into line and marched away in the moonlight back to the pike from which we had moved the night before. We well remember as we silently marched along that our file leader, a comrade by the name of Ross, had swinging to him the half of an old knapsack filled with honey. We intimated to him that we were particularly fond of honey, and if he had no objection we would like to help him eat what he had, but Ross was not in a honied humor that morning and our request was denied. I never knew what he did with it, but am strongly inclined to the belief that comrade Ross found other matters too weighty to attend to that morning besides eating honey, and that he cast it from him. We were now on the pike, when the order to "halt!" was given. There was an old barn on the side of the pike, and behind it the head of the regiment had stopped. "Front Face," "Right Dress," "Load and Cap," were the orders in quick succession, and then the colonel riding down the line informed us that the hour for battle had arrived, and he hoped every man in the 125th would do his duty. We had come out to fight, that was what we were there for, that was our business, but we will confess for ourself our heart beat a trifle faster, and our gun had a colder touch than common, or at least it seemed so. But history was to be made that day, and as it was proven latter in the day, the 125th were willing to make their part of it. And now the day commenced to break, and presently "bang," "bang," went the guns, not by volley, but ever and anon, a desultory shot from the direction of our skirmish line, showing that our skirmishers had run against some obstacle which bore the resemblance of a man. The daylight grows brighter, and the guns crack oftener; occasionally a volley is heard, and our brigade commander, Col. Dan McCook, comes tearing down the pike on his war horse, and orders our colonel to march the regiment to the top of a hill to our left; away we went, and arriving there found our battery "I" of the 2nd Ills. artillery in position. We were to support it from any and all attacks of the rebels. There we stood in line as if on dress parade, but directly bullets came whizzing over us with now and then a shell. Dodging was the

order of the day, and heads were ducking in all directions ; still we stood, until Col. McCook came riding up, and calling to our colonel told him to order us to lie down. We quickly responded to the command, but not before some of our number had been hit. And now our battery, tired of being set up as a mark, began to return the compliments of our rebel friends, and the air was filled with the sharp reports of the guns and the explosion of shells, while as a sort of an accompaniment to the noise the ping of the bullet was heard all around us. The battle had indeed opened. We lay in this position nearly all the forenoon, when at last there came an order for the right wing of the regiment to move across the pike into some woods. This we did, and took position in the rear of the 73rd Ills. to relieve them when their ammunition should give out, and which to judge by the way they were shooting would not be long. So there we lay expecting every moment to go into action, but as the time passed away and the 73rd slackened its firing somewhat, we became used to our position, and the crash of lead and iron ceased to inspire us with the blood curdling sensation which we had experienced at the commencement of the battle. A few only of our boys got hit as we lay there, but the tops of the trees suffered considerably by the solid shot, shells, and grape and canister that the rebel guns hurled at us, and we were quite willing they should be the victims instead of us:

Battle is always a serious affair, and there never was, nor ever will be a battle fought without its bringing sorrow and grief to many homes, but it also has its ludicrous aspects, and I will relate one that happened here. As we have said before, the 73rd Ills. was directly in front of us, and when the firing was at its height, forth from its ranks came a man in the wildest manner, headlong over us fellows who were laying on the ground, shouting at the top of his voice : " Where's the doctor ? Where's the doctor ? I'm shot in the head ! I'm killed ! I'm killed !" and away he went as fast as he could go. We looked after him in surprise, thinking he was the liveliest corpse we had ever seen. That night after the battle was over, we again saw this man, recognizing him by the peculiar color of his hat.

"Hello!" we exclaimed, going up to him, "we thought you was dead."

"No, sir," was the emphatic reply, "but they gave me a close call," and taking off his hat he showed us where a rifle ball had raised a welt clear across the top of his head, from front to rear. The result was that it partially crazed him for the moment, and he was not responsible for his actions. But here at Perrysville on the eight of October, 1862, was where the regiment received its "baptism of fire," and here it was that on that October afternoon it received its first order to "charge bayonets," and to the glory and honor of the regiment be it said, not a man refused to obey the command. Perhaps the reader may say: "I can not see much glory in that, they were ordered to do so, and they were there to obey orders." True enough, we reply, but when we take into consideration the shortness of the time since the regiment had left home without drill or discipline, and how it was forced right into the field, we do think, and say, that the record of that bayonet charge, bloodless though it was, was a glorious one. No odds if we did not meet any enemy in our front, we did not know but we would, and so the absence of the enemy does not in the least detract from the honor of the regiment. We did not charge very far before we were ordered to "halt and lie down." The rebels were in full retreat. Why it was that we were not allowed to follow up our victory and capture or destroy the enemy, was and always has been a mystery to us. The turnpike in our rear was filled with troops, who were laying there with their guns stacked, and never during the day did they move from that position. Not only infantry, but cavalry and artillery; yet we stood and saw the foe quietly march away, leaving in our hands the field of battle, and their wounded and dead to care for.

CHAPTER IX.

The battle of Perrysville was always a mystery to us, and never, although we have searched for its solution in many histories of the war, have we been able to find an answer to our question, why it was that Buell allowed Bragg to get away when he had in his hands the power to crush him there and then. But with this we have nothing to do at this time, we are trying to write the record of one, only, of the regiments that helped to form the army there engaged that day. Suffice it to say the battle ended at night fall. We had nothing to eat since the night before, for the reason that our supply train could not come to us, and after the fight was over, and the over-strung nerves began to relax, hunger took possession of us, and all set about the hunt for food. The writer came across some boys who were carrying an immense piece of beef which they had obtained somewhere or other, and with true soldierly kindness they donated him a very considerable portion of it. Returning to the command we divided with our partner, and fastening our share to a sharpened stick thrust it into a fire which was burning near by. We were hungry, and although we had no salt or seasoning of any kind for our beef, we ate it with a relish. Our scant supper being finished, we sauntered off to glean from those we might meet, an account of the battle as they had seen it. The serious part of it was over, for that time, and now the more comical side came up. To hear each one relate his feelings during the time we lay there under that rain of lead and iron, to hear the jokes that passed from one to the other, and to hear how the woods echoed with the shouts and laughter of our boys, feeling in their own minds that they had done their duty, was very diverting. But amid all this general rejoicing at the discomfiture of our enemy, there was still a voice of pity for the wounded, and of sorrow for the many brave lads who had that day laid their young lives upon their country's altar. Tired at last of wandering around, we spread our blankets at the foot of a tree, and with the light of the

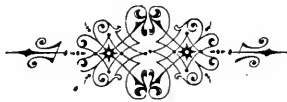
full moon shining on us we lay down to rest. Our mind was filled with many thoughts, but before we knew it we were fast asleep. How long we slept we did not know, but we were suddenly awakened by a noise, and on rising up could see by the light of the moon that our supply train had come up, and that Sergeant Cole, who had command of it, was unloading the wagons on the ground. Giving our partner a punch, we told him it was time for breakfast, so up we got and made for the nearest pile of hard-tack. We filled our haversacks, and taking a goodly number in our hands, beat a retreat to our blankets. Lying on the ground we munched our biscuits, and felt thankful that we were still alive. No other disturbance troubled us that night, and we awoke at reveille in the morning, refreshed, and ready for the duties of the day. Fires were made, and the air was soon filled with the aroma of coffee, and the smell of breakfast which we were engaged in cooking. Our cooking utensils were not many or of very stylish pattern, but they answered the purpose, after a fashion, and that was all we cared for. When in camp regular details were made, and every company would have its appointed cooks, whose duty it was to have the meals ready for the men at regular hours. These cooks were relieved from all other duty, and consequently had nothing to do but attend to this particular, and very necessary branch of the business. In the field it was quite different, and there every fellow had to look out for himself.

But here comes an orderly with dispatches. What's up? Going to headquarters we ascertain that it is a requisition on our regiment for a burial party, to bury the dead who had fallen the day before. Luckily, as we thought, we were not called on, so finishing our breakfast we started, in company with several of our comrades, to walk over the battle field. There have been, of course, larger battles fought, involving more loss of blood than was shed at Perrysville that day, but for all that, it had been a stubborn fight, and the ground was covered with the bodies of the slain. The blue and the gray promiscuously, lay around us. Here had been a party of the enemy engaged during the lull in the storm of battle in a friendly game of cards; a shell had exploded in their midst, and left them laying there dead with the cards still in their hands. Here lay a man with the top of his head shot off; yonder was one whose death

must have been instantaneous, for his features were not distorted as if with pain, and he looked as if he was quietly sleeping. But we must not stop too long in our description. Death had reaped a mighty harvest there, and had put out forever the light, the life, the hope, of many a hearthstone. Passing along we arrived at a large stone house which had been converted by the rebels into a hospital, and when the army retreated of course it and its contents, fell into our possession. We entered the small gate, and made our way up to the front door and walked in. There, stretched upon the bare floor, in rows, lay the rebel wounded, and among the number several whose lives had just gone out. Men were here who were suffering from all manner of wounds; and groans and shrieks rent the air. One poor wretch, who sat with his back against the wall, had had his tongue shot off by a rifle ball, and was slowly dying of strangulation. The sight was too much for us, and sick at heart we hastily left the house. The yard was also filled with wounded men, but the character of their wounds was much slighter than those in the house. The rebel surgeons were passing around among them, and seemed to be doing all in their power for the helpless men about them. There seemed to be no ill will or malice shown by any one, but still our boys, of whom quite a number had assembled there, although perfectly willing to help, and aid those who could not help themselves, did not like to see too many airs put on, nor too much "big me, and little you," displayed by those who were not injured. One fellow was strutting around with an overcoat on which he had procured in some way, how I do not know, from one of our boys, when Captain Levin Vinson, of Co. "I," with some of his men came up; they, like our squad, were looking over the field, and had just arrived at this house of which we have been writing. The sight of this rebel, marching around with one of our overcoats on, was too much for private Joe. Dysart, of the captain's squad. Stepping up to the fellow he ordered him to take off that coat; the rebel objected; down came Dysart's gun. "Are you going to take off that coat, Johnny?" he enquired. The rebel saw that Joe meant business, and without more ado yielded up the garment. Joe was in earnest, and would have made it an expensive coat for the rebel, if he had acted in any way that seemed to Joe outrageous.

Remember, reader, this was our first battle, and horrible though a battle field is at all times after the struggle, still in after days we did not think so much of any little irregularity that might be apparent in the matter of uniform. But private Dysart could not at this time look with any feelings but those of wrath at the impudence of a rebel wearing a coat of the same color as his own, and he was right.

Still we remained in camp, two days passed, but finally at the close of the second day, we received orders to march. As is always the custom after heavy cannonading, rain commenced to fall, and the night set in dark and stormy. Why it was that our departure from the battle field of Perrysville was delayed for two days, and then the march to commence in the night, is more than we can explain, but probably it was not thought by our commanding general, that Bragg would be able to move his army, and transportation trains away in safety, if we had started sooner. The march was not a hurried one, so we leisurely jogged along until Crab Orchard was reached.



CHAPTER X.

That was the last we saw of Bragg's army for many a day. He had left Kentucky with what was left of his 60,000 followers who were with him when he entered the state, in disgust perhaps at the non-military manner in which our army was manœuvred, or perhaps in order to more easily obtain supplies; at any rate he was "gone from our gaze like a beautiful dream," and we went into camp at Crab Orchard. At this place the character of the country suddenly changes. It becomes rough and barren, affording scarcely enough corn for its sparse population; and the road passes through defiles where a small force can resist, with great effect, a large one, where in fact the use of a large force is impracticable. The little forage there was in the country had been consumed by the enemy in his retreat, rendering it impossible to subsist any considerable number of animals. Here it was the measles broke out in the regiment, and we were in the worst possible condition for such a guest, a simple thing to manage when the surroundings are favorable, but a dreadful distemper in the condition we were at that time. The weather was chilly and cool, and the wind would blow all day long. It was a sad sight to see the boys who were afflicted with the disease, stretched out on the bare ground, with nothing over them but a blanket. We were thankful it did not rain, if it had the mortality would have been far greater than it was, many died however, and there were very few who were able for duty. We remember assembling for dress parade one evening, but as our number was so small, the colonel ordered us back to our quarters. We had had no tents issued to us yet, and the most of us had thrown away our overcoats, being unable to carry them. But now we felt the need of them, as the nights were cold, and none of us had more than one blanket apiece. There was grumbling and swearing, but at last some fellow solved the problem and restored us all to good humor. No one ever knew how "camp rumors" ever started, but start they would,

and the better they suited our frame of mind, the faster they flew. So one morning the word went round "that the war was over, and we were all going to be discharged and sent home right away, this was the reason why new overcoats were not issued to us." This was the report and was swallowed as gospel truth. When we were ordered to pile our knapsacks, the morning of the battle of Perrysville, of course we complied with it, and when they were brought up to us again there was much of their contents missing; blankets were gone, had disappeared in some way, and all that many of us received was our empty knapsacks, they were not in so great demand, as they could not be utilized for any other purpose than that for which they had been intended, so every fellow got his knapsack but minus its contents, the writer got his, but the blanket which it had contained was gone, and we thought we would have much preferred keeping it than to have lost a dozen knapsacks. However we did not waste many tears over it but took the first opportunity to make the loss good by putting some other fellow to a like inconvenience. One morning while at Crab Orchard as we were passing around the company quarters trying to cheer up those who were sick, by sympathy and encouragement, we were hailed by a comrade to come and help him dust and fold his blankets. We went, of course, and when stooping over to gather up the corner of his blanket, lo and behold there was our private mark, which we had made by slitting the corner in three pieces. "Hello, Mac," we said, raising up, "where did you get this blanket?"

"Why, drew it from the quartermaster of course. Where did you suppose I got it?"—this with the blandest and most child-like air.

"Drew it from the quartermaster," we replied. "Yes I know how you drew it, you drew it from my knapsack at Perrysville, you rascal, that's how you drew it."

"What in thunder are you talking about," said Mack, "here help me shake it, and don't go to insinuating that I stole your old blanket."

But we knew the property was ours, and intended to hold on to it, not that we particularly needed it, for we had obtained another one, but we did not propose to be robbed, as we thought we were

being, in that way. This was our blanket, there was the mark, and we were going to have it. Mack was getting riled a little.

“Are you going to help me shake that blanket?” he asked.

We replied “no,” that we were going to keep that blanket ourself. We were in earnest and he saw it.

“I’d like to know what makes you think that its yours?” he said, in the most innocent manner.

We held up the corner to him. “Do you see that ; that’s our mark.”

Mac’s countenance fell, he had never noticed that before, and never another word did he say. He stooped over to pick up another one, for he was, or had been until I came to him by his invitation, the fortunate possessor of two. We were not mad nor out of humor the least bit, for as the saying is: “we had been there ourself,” but we requested Mac to tell us where he got it. Seeing that we had doubled up the blanket and held it under our arm, and was not the least bit inclined to give it up, he said :

“Well, now, if you won’t tell anybody, I’ll tell you how I got it. I was coming along the other night past Doc. McElroy’s quarters, and I was on the lookout for a blanket. I came right by where the doctor’s darkey had made down his bed for him, so I just reached down, and gathered onto that blanket and scooted ; hold on, I’ll tell you the rest of it,” he said, as he recovered from the fit of laughter into which the recollection of his theft had thrown him. “I made down my bed pretty close to the doctor’s, to see what he would say to the darkey when he came. I did not have to wait long ; here came the doctor. ‘Boy, got my bed made yet?’ ‘Oh yes, doctor, all right sah, made you good bed to-night, doctor,’ the darkey replied, and soon the doctor proceeded to test the assurance. There was the bed, sure enough, but when the doctor got down on his knees, and went to turn, as he supposed, the top blanket down, nothing was revealed to his astonished gaze but the bare ground. Then, said Mac, the trouble commenced. Calling the darkey he asked him if that was what he called a good bed, where’s my other blanket? he yelled, and the air was blue with oaths.

“Deed, doctor, I lef him dar not more’n ten minutes ago, shuah, but he done gone now, das a fac,” and the darkey gave a groan. “I

spec's some of de sogers mus have stole him, doctor." And then Mac said he heard more oaths, and a noise as if some one was in distress, and then a sudden cracking of the bushes as of some one running, and he heard the doctor yell out: "Leave here, you lazy rascal, you'd loose your head if it was not fast to you," and gathering his only blanket, he saw him making off with it with the intention, as Mac supposed, of bunking with some body else who was blessed with more cover than himself.

Oh! said Mac, I thought I would die laughing. I could not hear all that was said for I was laying on my back almost ready to burst. I never laughed so in all my life, and as laughing is contagious, we were soon laughing with him at the remembrance of his stealing the doctor's blanket. But such was life in the army. Whenever we were in camp we could obtain from the quartermaster anything we needed in the shape of clothing or blankets, but on the march it was different, and if a fellow lost anything he generally managed in some way to make himself whole, by appropriating some other chap's property. But this was only done in case of necessity, there was too much sterling integrity and manhood in the regiment to allow of stealing maliciously and wantonly. The quiet appropriating from some other mess of a blanket, canteen, mess-pan or camp kettle, by a fellow who had lost his own, was thought nothing of, provided the purloiner was not caught by the real owner. In that case restitution was demanded, and if he could prove his case, the property would be restored.



CHAPTER XI.

Well, Bragg had left us, and we were all alone. So one fine morning the bugle sounded the call to fall in to ranks, and we marched out of camp, back on the road we had come. But not with the same feelings, we were getting tired of this interminable marching, as it seemed to us for no purpose, for the private soldier is generally in blissful ignorance of the movements to be made on the board. Then again many of our comrades were not with us, and we missed their faces and their forms. Sickness had thinned our ranks, death had removed many, and the question rang out, "When are we going to stop?" but the days passed away slowly; the march, march, march, the scarcity of water, and the dust, and our clothing was now beginning to show the marks of hard usage. But we buckled to it and put on as good a face as possible. There was always some fellow who said something whenever he opened his mouth, which would provoke laughter at the most trying time, and the one who could get up a laugh was the hero of the moment, until some one else would say something that beat him, and then he would assume that honor. Once in a while the drum and fife would start up, and that would infuse new life into us, and we would rattle off the miles at a good pace while it lasted; we used to wish they would play all the time, but the fifer's lungs were not made of leather, and the drummer's arms would get tired; so, as the music ceased, we would soon drop back into the old step again. Many a time we thought, and exclaimed like Richard "a horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse." Then some fellow would yell out: "you couldn't ride him if you had one, you don't know how," or would make the enquiry if a good mule would not answer as well. And so we passed the time away until one afternoon, tired and thirsty, we found ourselves marching by the side of Green River. The road was at quite an elevation from the water, and as we marched along and looked down upon its green, cool looking surface, choked with dust as we were,

we thought it the most beautiful sheet of water that we had ever seen, and would only have been too glad to have plunged into it and drank our fill. But we were nearing Bowling Green, and shortly went into camp. Bowling Green still contained evidences that an army had occupied it recently, for on all sides of us we could see the earth works which had been thrown up by the rebel army, under the command of General Sydney Johnston, before they evacuated the place, after the fall of Fort Donelson.

On the 30th of October, Buell relinquished the command of our army, and turned it over to Major General Rosecrans. Buell had failed to cut off and compel the surrender of Bragg, and was sharply censured for his want of activity in following up the enemy. We were glad to hear of his removal, for we were not much inspired with faith in the generalship of Buell; and the fact was, the escape of Bragg, when it was so evident to the most ignorant soldier that he could have been destroyed, had cast a feeling of depression over us, but now we hoped for better things. We were now about 113 miles from Louisville. Here we received supplies, clothing and ammunition, and one fine morning broke camp for Nashville, Tenn. Here at Bowling Green we had issued to us, for the first time, the regular regulation army hat. It was a decidedly high toned affair, and about as convenient an article for a soldier in the field as the regular out and out "stove pipe" hat would have been. They had enormous tops to them, and a very moderate sized brim and to see a little man don one of these head pieces, and start off with it, was ludicrous. The day after receiving them we were ordered to march, and the journey that day was enlivened by jokes and witty sayings about those new hats. A little fellow would be plodding along when some fellow would yell out: "Say, Sam, get out of that hat, I know you're there for I see your legs." This, and many other like it, were passed around, and received with roars of laughter. But we managed, by denting in the top, to reduce their towering height somewhat, and consequently us short fellows were not noticed so much afterwards. But those hats caused many a hearty laugh. There ought to have been, according to the regulations, a brass front piece to them, and a feather, but these we never got, and it was so much the better, for it was all we could do, that is, some of

us, to manage them as it was. Here at Bowling Green, also, our transportation was cut down. Heretofore we had been allowed one wagon and team to a company, now only one wagon and team was allowed to a regiment, besides the quartermaster's teams, and the consequence was that company officers found themselves in a quandary. There had been many of our number left behind us, and their arms and accoutrements they had turned over to their company officers, who were responsible to the government for them. The officers had thrown them into the company wagons, and had brought them along in that way. Now, however, what were they to do with them? There was a mighty flying around to the colonel's headquarters for instructions, and he ordered them to have the arms taken to the quartermaster, and for him to see to it that they were carried forward. They did so, only too glad to be rid of them, and quartermaster Ayres found himself in possession of a most abundant supply of warlike implements for as peaceful a man as he was. How he managed to get them along we do not know; but Ayres was a man equal to any emergency, and brought them in triumph to Nashville.

We were all getting in much better spirits, the weather was cooler and the health of the regiment had improved somewhat. Water was still scarce though, and the roads very dusty. But we had a new general in the person of Rosecrans, or "old Rosy," as we used to call him, and confidence in our new leader inspired our hearts. His past record had been a good one, and at any rate we did not have any fear of his loyalty as we had had of Buell's after the battle of Perryville.

One afternoon as we were marching along a fellow came marching by us going to the front, who was crying and swearing in dutch at a fearful rate. We thought at first that he was crazy, but we soon got to talking with him and wanted to know what was the matter. He was a heavy, stout looking man, and belonged to the Second Missouri, who were ahead of us, but in the same division. The tears were streaming down his cheeks, and as we inquired what was the matter, he broke out between his sobs: "Dem tam rebels, dey kill mine brudder at Perryville, tam em! Tam em! Tam em!" This was all we could get out of him in regard to it. But it seems

he had remained behind in spite of everything, to see that his dearly loved brother received christian burial at least, and was just catching up with his regiment. We felt very sorry for him, but still, although sympathizing with him in his sorrow, we could not but smile at his actions. He was terribly wrought up, and his tears had formed, with the dust of the road which had settled on his face, a mixture, which, as he wiped his eyes with his hand, had been smeared all over his countenance, and with his loud sobs and his broken English not spoken in soft accents, but bawled out as loud as he could bawl, and his oaths and curses at the rebels who had killed his "brudder," he made altogether a curious looking specimen of the "greenhorn." He was very, very mad about it, and he would, in his present state of mind, have been willing to fight the whole southern confederacy, if opportunity had offered, single handed. He passed on and left us. What became of him I do not know, whether on some other bloody field his spirit went to join the loved brother, who had gone before, or whether he lived to get home in safety, I never could ascertain. But such was army life, we would laugh and joke at the most trivial, and very often at the most solemn things. We would remember a good joke on any body for days, but a solemn, serious matter would soon pass out of our minds.



CHAPTER XII.

At last, on the eight of November, 1862, we reached Edgefield, on the Cumberland River directly opposite Nashville, a distance of one hundred and eighty three miles from Louisville, and went into camp. On the afternoon of our arrival, after camp had been established, the writer went over to a house near by, where there was, what had been the summer before, a vegetable garden. There were several of us in there, digging around with sticks to get a few onions that had been left in the ground. We were all busily engaged, when we heard a voice ring out "what in—are you fellows doing in there? — — ye, get out of there and go to your quarters." We raised up, and saw a man of medium size approach one of the boys who was busily engaged in digging for onions, and hit him on the back, shouting at the same time: "Get out of here." The man had on a long military overcoat, all buttoned up, and it was impossible to tell who he was by his clothing. The boy whom he had struck quickly raised up, and with a well directed blow of his fist, knocked the unknown gentleman sprawling; he went one way, and his cap another. Gathering himself up, he shouted: What do you mean, you rascal; I am General Sheridan." That was all he needed to say; his opponent was gone in a flash, and Sheridan after him, shouting out: "Stop that man! stop that man!" but the General's legs were not equal to the race, and the boy succeeded in getting to the camp, where, of course, it was impossible to find him. The rest of us slipped away as quietly and quickly as possible to our quarters, carrying with us the results of our search. But we laughed and laughed at the remembrance of it; who the boy was, that had so wilfully violated one of the sternest of army laws, that of striking his superior officer, we never found out, but we think he belonged to the 52nd Ohio, which regiment, as we have before stated, was brigaded with us. We would like to have been at Sheridan's headquarters, and heard his account of the affair, but perhaps he never

told it, although knowing him as we did, we were firm in the belief that he must have done up a terrible amount of hard swearing at such an insult to his dignity, but he had only himself to blame for it. If we could have seen who it was, distinctly, he never would have got close enough to have struck any one, for we would have fled at the sight of him.

Before we reached Nashville we had received reports of how hard run the citizens of the place were for groceries, more especially coffee, and had heard remarkable stories of the prices paid for such articles. So we had been saving of our rations, thinking, perhaps, that when we arrived at Nashville, we could realize something for them. We had grown tired of hardtack, and visions of warm bread, butter, etc., floated through our minds. So to saving we went; but as a true chronicler, we must state that some of the boys did not show that true honesty which ought to prevade all business transactions, but had been boiling their coffee without grinding it, and afterwards drying it, and storing it away in their haversacks, blankets, or any way they could, so when we finally reached Nashville, there was a considerable quantity of this article in the regiment. The next day after our arrival, the writer and his partner, obtained a pass to go to the city. Tying up our coffee, which, by the way, made a considerable package, we started on our trip. We arrived in the city without any trouble, and as we were walking up a street, was accosted by a woman who wished to know if we had any coffee for sale. We instantly showed our stock, and informed her that she could have it at the rate of one dollar per pound. This seemed in our eyes an outrageous price, but she closed with our terms, and after weighing it in a store near by, paid us for it in good greenbacks. We do not remember, at this late day, how much it was we received, but we pocketed it, all the same, and started out to find a place where we could obtain a square meal. This was a difficult task, for most all the stores and restaurants were closed, but at last we managed to find a little store open, and in we went. We enquired for something to eat; the proprietor informed us, a fact which we could plainly see for ourselves, that his stock had run down somewhat, owing to the difficulties of obtaining a new supply, and the best he could do for us, he said, was to offer us some tripe, which

he had in a jar. We were no way squeamish, and told him to bring on his tripe. He had but a small supply, put when we got through he had none. After the army fair of "hardtack and sow-belly," tripe seemed to us to have a royal taste. We paid him for his property and departed to look up some new field of adventure. Sauntering along the streets we came to a building in front of which we saw a good many of our boys, some going away with light bread in their arms, and others hurrying up to obtain some. We hastened our steps, and ascertained that light bread could be bought there for five cents a loaf. We immediately invested, and obtained as much as we could carry on our arms, piled up like stove wood. We were now ready to return to camp, so away we went. On the road back we met a number of our fellows coming along, and every one wanted light bread.

"What'll you take for a loaf?" was the enquiry.

"Ten cents a loaf," was the reply. The consequence was that we did not go far until our bread was all gone at double the price we had paid for it. We then concluded to go back and get some for ourselves, but here was where we missed it, for on our again apply-for bread, we were told it was all gone, and no more could be had. We had contemplated having a good supper out of that light bread, which was of good quality, but we had foolishly let our desire for speculation run away with our supper. There was nothing left for us to do but return to camp without any, so away we went, cheering ourselves with the thought that if we had no bread, we had some money, which, as we had never yet been paid off by the Government, was something to be glad of.



CHAPTER XIII.

The Saturday after our arrival at Edgefield the regiment received orders to prepare for inspection the next day, Sunday. So at it we went, cleaning up our guns and making their barrels shine like silver. This was done by laying the gun barrel in a strap in a bed of ashes and pulling the strap up and down, rolling the barrel with the foot. After a short application of this kind, the barrel would be thoroughly cleaned, the friction with the ashes having removed every particle of rust and dirt. Our brass breast plates and belt plates were also scoured up, and we endeavored by every means in our power to clean up thoroughly, and we succeeded, as we thought, splendidly. This was our first regular inspection, and we were anxious that the inspecting officer should make a good report on our appearance. So we worked busily all day, and at last felt confident that we would get a good report out of him. Sunday morning came, bright and beautiful, and at the hour specified the bugle sounded the assembly. We formed in line by companies and moved out to the color line, where we took our places. "Attention, battalion," came the order from the adjutant, "by companies, right wheel, march!" "Rear rank, open order, march," and there we were ready for inspection. The inspecting officer, who seemed to be very much of a dandy, with long gauntlets of white leather on his arms, and everything about him looking as if he had just come out of a band-box, in company with our colonel, commenced going down the lines. The appearance of the men was good, the condition of the arms, considering the kind they were and the long march we had just closed, were pronounced satisfactory. But when he went behind us, and commenced examining our cartridge boxes, Oh! that he had only kept his prying fingers and inquisitive eyes off of them. In order that the reader may understand the reason why, we must go back a little. When we went into the fight at Perrysville, each man had forty rounds of ball cartridges issued to him, with which to fill his

cartridge box, and strict orders were given not to waste or destroy them. But the battle was fought, Bragg retreated, we went to Crab Orchard, and then turned back for Nashville. No enemy was near us, as far as we knew, and as we were tired of carrying the cartridges, we very quietly threw the most of them away, and in their place had put our razor, shaving soap, tobacco, or any other little article that we could stuff in, so that when our cartridge boxes were opened by the inspecting officer on that bright Sabbath morning, his astonished gaze, instead of resting on villainous lead and powder, done up in paper, found in their place the implements of the dressing-room and toilet table. It was too bad, we never thought he would look in the boxes, so we had let them remain in *statu quo*. As he passed down the lines of the companies his astonishment increased. The colonel was heartily ashamed of us, and to tell the truth we were a little ashamed of ourselves. But the "cat was out of the bag," or more properly speaking, the cartridges were out of the boxes, and as a matter of course the good report which we had desired was gone. In truth the regiment was in a deplorable condition for ammunition.

At dress parade, that evening, our colonel reprimanded us severely for our gross neglect of orders, and we felt as if we deserved it. A fresh supply was issued to us the next day, and the boxes filled up.

The center of the rebel army at this time was at Murfreesboro, and the principal part of their army was massed there, thirty-two miles from Nashville. We had now been in camp since the eighth of November; no movement of any importance had been made. We had broken camp, however, at Edgefield, once during this time, and marched with our division to Mill Creek, five miles south of Nashville, and had again gone into camp. While here we were placed in the division commanded by General Robert Mitchell, and on the twenty-sixth of December, when the army moved forward to meet the enemy at Stone River, our division was ordered back to garrison the city of Nashville. We arrived inside of the fortifications of the city just at nightfall and went into camp temporarily. We had now been four months from home, had had one battle and a weary march, so we were noways displeased with the order, and we concluded that at last we would now get some of the pleasures

of a soldier's life, if there were any. The next few days were passed in selecting proper camps for us.

Nashville at this time was a very important post of the Union Army, and here were stored immense quantities of supplies, food forage and ammunition, while our direct line of communication, north, was over the line of the Louisville and Nashville rail road, with John Morgan on hand to sever that line whenever opportunity offered. We found the city somewhat recovered from the panic into which it had been thrown, on the receipt of the news of the fall of Fort Donelson at the mouth of the Cumberland, the river on which Nashville is situated, and perhaps it would be interesting to insert here a description, by a resident, of the panic which the receipt of the news of the fall of Fort Donelson caused, showing the terrible destruction of property, and the ravages of the retreating rebel army.

“ Just as church services were about to commence, there appeared at the door a messenger, who instantly sent the sexton up to the pulpit with a notice that: ‘ Fort Donelson had surrendered at five o'clock this morning ; the gun boats were coming up ; Buell's army is at Springfield, only 25 miles north of the city, and each man must take care of himself.’ Then followed a rush and a tumult, the like of which that city had never seen before. Such hurrying to and fro of carriages, buggies, omnibuses and baggage wagons, with great loads of trunks and valises, making their way to the depots of the rail roads leading to the southward. The Governor, Isham G. Harris, had fled on a mule, and the legislators followed him as rapidly as possible the same day. Regiments of rebel soldiers were coming in from Bowling Green, stealing and plundering on their line of march, from friend and foe. The cattle of the farmers were shot down in mere wantonness, and fences burned. Nashville was the chief depot for the provisions and army stores for the whole rebel dominion in the west, and had the same importance to the department there, as Richmond in the east. Of these stores there were millions of dollars in value that could not be moved in time. Word was given out for the inhabitants to come and help themselves, which they did with a will. In the armory were deposited some five to seven thousand rifles. Two thousand of the best were brought out by order of General Floyd, and burned. All these had been impressed from the people in the state, forcibly or otherwise, as they could be found in the owner's houses. Two elegant steam boats, formerly in the Nashville and New Orleans trade, purchased by the

Jeff Davis government at a cost of \$35,000 each, and in process of being converted into gun boats, were burned. The rail road bridge that cost \$250,000, and the wire suspension bridge, costing \$150,000, both beautiful structures, were also burned. The mayor, with a committee of leading citizens, waited upon Floyd, and earnestly remonstrated against the destruction of the bridges, but without success. Another fine steamer, private property, was burned by the Texas Rangers. Five or six other steam boats that were lying in port, the owners had very prudently moved over to the north side of the river, and had thus escaped the torch of the rebels. From the morning of the 16th to the 24th of February, anarchy and rioting prevailed. Fierce and awful were the curses heaped upon Johnston, Floyd and Pillow, by the retreating soldiery. Some of them swore they were going home if it cost them their lives. Five thousand lives they said had been sacrificed by Johnston at Bowling Green, from exposure, bad fare and hard work, to which not many of them had ever been accustomed."



CHAPTER XIV.

Our regiment was finally placed in camp on top of some high hills in the western part of the city, behind fortifications of cotton bales. It brought to our mind what we had read about Jackson at New Orleans. On the top of these hills, commanding an extensive view of the surrounding country, we pitched our tents. We had issued to us the style of tent called the "Sibley;" patterned after the wigwams of the Indians, conical shape, with a large hole in the top to permit the escape of smoke. The tent pole consisted of a wooden staff four or five feet long, which rested, at its base, on an iron tripod of about three feet in height. Between the legs of this tripod we made our fires, fuel being provided by the quartermaster's department. At night when we had spread down our blankets inside of the tents, which were intended to accommodate twenty-five men each, we lay with our heads to the outside of the circle, and our feet pointing to the fire. It was pretty close packing, but we were good natured for the most part, and so we got along very well, although, occasionally, some fellow would make a fuss, but it was soon stopped by every body else yelling at him to keep still, and yielding to public opinion so emphatically expressed, the disturber of the peace would smother his injuries, fancied or real, in his own breast, and sleep would soon settle down upon our household.

While in camp on these hills, some of the friends of boys of our company, came to visit them. Solomon Starr, John Huffman, uncle Archie Gryder and several others. We were all glad to see them, and in fact it made no particular difference who they had come to visit, we were all glad to see them, for we were nearly all acquainted with them; at any rate they had come from what we called "God's country," and they were heartily welcomed. They said they wanted to see how "soldiering went," so we fed them well on what we had, not forgetting to supply them liberally with that delicious dish which some one had named "s— of a b—;" where in the world he ever

got the name from we never could find out, or why it should have been thus named, for it certainly bore not the slightest resemblance to any member of the canine race. This beautiful dish, in order that all may know how it was prepared, was made as follows: hard-tack broken up into small pieces, and then fried or boiled in grease and water until it has swelled, and become as tough almost as india-rubber. This is what we regaled our guests with, and they accepted it with credulity. At night we would scatter them around in the different tents, as it was impossible to keep them all in one without putting us to great inconvenience. So one night there came up a heavy storm of wind and rain, and the water flowed through the tents, soaking our blankets and everything else. Our guests left us in the morning, expressing themselves as being fully satisfied with their experience. "Soldiering was not so very hard," they said, "but then, at times, was inconvenient, and indeed they *must* hurry home, they had not intended to have staid nearly so long as they had, etc., etc." At this late day, whenever you meet one of them, and ask him if he remembers the night he passed in camp with us at Nashville, he will tell you with a groan that, "yes he believes he does remember something about it," and will always add: "you have reference to the night it rained so."

It was not long before Nashville seemed to rouse itself, and assume something like its former appearance, and to look as it had before war breathed its desolating breath upon the city. The stores were opened, the hotels commenced filling up, and as far as war was concerned, nothing was observable in the city to denote a state of war, or that the city was under martial law, except the passing of army wagons, or the tread of the provost guard. Order reigned, and protection from crime was given to all. The theatres were opened and played to full houses nightly; mostly officers and soldiers filled them, although generally there was a fair sprinkling of citizens in the audience. Pieces bearing directly upon the war, with strong union sentiments, were placed upon the boards, and the performance would be interspersed with songs of the most loyal character. One day there came an order for us to "strike tents." We had no idea of where we were going, but our march was not a long one, merely across the Cumberland to Edgefield, where we went into the old camp just vacated by the 16th Illinois. A more beautiful camp we had never seen. The quarters of the men were made of cane, which the 16th had procured some where in the neighborhood, and out of which they had contrived to make a camp, at once beautiful and artistic. All of the old boys will well remember it.

CHAPTER XV.

We were now fairly at work doing garrison duty, furnishing daily details for provost guard, train guard, picket guard, and all manner of guard duty that can be thought of. Our picket line extended in the shape of a horseshoe around the city, both flanks of the line resting on the river. General James D. Morgan commanded our division, and General Mitchell the post, at Nashville. Strict discipline was maintained, and we often thought that if the citizens of Nashville would have expressed their honest opinion they would with one accord have agreed that never was there better order in their city. There were some union people here, but the most of the inhabitant were cherishing in their bosoms, and rolling it as a sweet morsel under their tongues, the cause of the south. On the morning of the 31st of December the battle of Stone River or Murfreesboro opened. The cannonading could be plainly heard at Nashville, and at night fall we were alarmed with the news that the right wing of our army had been crushed and driven back, and that the battle was strongly in favor of the rebels. Anxiety was visible on every face, and everything was done that was thought necessary to insure the safety of the city if the news proved to be true. We say every face, but we are mistaken, some there were who could hardly repress their joy at the intelligence that their rebel friends were in a fair way to drive back the northern "mud-sills," but these reckoned without their host. True it was that the third division of McCook's corps, commanded by Sheridan, our old division, and which three times that day had repulsed the desperate charges of the enemy, were themselves repulsed when the enemy, with reinforcements, for the fourth time assailed them. But it fought on until one-fourth of its number lay bleeding and dying upon the field, and its last brigade commander had been killed, then it gave way and all three of the divisions in the corps were hurled back together into the immense series of cedar thickets which skirted the turnpike

and extended far off to the right. But Rosecrans was not whipped, though the rebels had momentarily overpowered the right wing of his army, and he vigorously set to work to retrieve the disaster. Brigades and batteries from the divisions of Rousseau, Negly and Palmer were ordered to the right to check the progress of the foe and rally the fugitives. The infantry was rapidly massed in an array of imposing strength along the turnpike, and facing the woods through which the rebels were advancing. Still the broken divisions of McCook disputed the ground while retreating, and deeds of heroism were performed by officers and men in those dark thickets. Yet in spite of the desperate struggle which marked every fresh advance of the enemy, in spite of the heroic sacrifice of life on the part of the officers and soldiers of the union army, the rebels still steadily advanced, and came nearer to the turnpike. Nearly two miles and a half had the right wing yielded, and all the reinforcements that had been hurried into the woods to sustain it, had failed. The roar of cannon, the bursting of shells, the crash of shot through the trees, and the continuous roll of musketry, all mingled in one tremendous volume of sound, which rolled on, nearer and nearer, to the turnpike, where the genius and vigor of Rosecrans had massed the forces that were to receive the enemy, when he should emerge from the woods in pursuit of our retreating battalions. Col. Loomis was there with his 1st Michigan Battery, and Stokes with the guns furnished by the Chicago Board of Trade, and Mendenhall and Guenther, with their regular artillery. There were also the troops of General Wood, the brigades of Rousseau under Schribner, Beatty and Shepherd. At last the long lines of the enemy, rank upon rank, charged from the wood. A sheet of flame burst from the union ranks, a crash rent the atmosphere, and the artillery shook the earth. The foremost line of the rebel host was literally swept away; and then both armies were enveloped in a vast cloud of smoke. For ten minutes the thunder of battle burst forth from the cloud, and when our battalions advanced, they found no rebels between the turnpike and woods, except the disabled, the dying and the dead. The soil was red with blood, for within a brief space of time, the slaughter had been awful. Our troops having repulsed the rebel left, pushed into the woods after them, and drove them back over

the ground they had at first occupied. Other desperate encounters occurred during the day, all along the line. It was eleven o'clock when Hardee was repulsed. In the mean time, while the battle was raging on the right, an attack was made upon Palmer's division, but the rebels were driven back with loss. There was now a lull in the storm of battle, and scarcely a volley of musketry or boom of cannon was heard for three quarters of an hour. Some hoped that these bloody scenes were ended for the day; but the rebel leaders, disappointed by their failure to penetrate to our camp by way of the right wing, were preparing for a bold blow at the centre. All the reserves were attached to the centre of their army under Polk; and Bragg in person placed himself at the head of the columns. And now was presented an imposing spectacle. The nature of the ground in this part of the field was such that every movement of either army could be distinctly seen. The open fields toward Murfreesboro were smooth enough for a holiday parade ground. A fierce cannonade up the turnpike announced the coming onset, and from the very woods out of which the rebel cavalry issued on Monday evening, the first line of battle now sallied forth.

It came on in magnificent order; and stretching away diagonally across a great sloping field, its length seemed interminable. At a sufficient interval another line deployed into the open ground, parallel with the first, and ere the forward battalions were engaged, a third line of battle came forth from the same woods. It seemed that our feeble lines in that direction must be crushed by the weight of these immense masses of living and moving men. But the ever watchful eye of Rosecrans had detected the rebel design, even before their first line of battle had emerged from among the trees. The union army was like a set of chess men in his hands, and its different brigades and divisions, were moved about with as much facility, as are pawns and pieces in that grand old game. The least exhausted troops of the left and centre, were hurried forward on the double quick to combat this new effort of the enemy, and even from the extreme left, where Van Cleve was posted, a brigade was brought over to take part in the defense. The same formidable array of batteries and battalions again confronted the foe, as that upon which the violence of Hardee's corps had spent itself, and similar

results followed. Almost simultaneously a sheet of fire leaped forth from each of the opposing lines, and for a few minutes both lines stood like walls of stone, discharging their deadly missiles into each others bosoms. Then the rebels attempted to charge, but a storm of lead and iron hail burst in their faces, and all around them, sweeping them down by hundreds. If once the soldiers of the union wavered before this fiery onset, it was only for a moment, and in forty minutes from the time the first rebel line marched forth, all three of them had been dashed to pieces, and the survivors of the conflict flying in wild confusion over the slope, were disappearing in the depths of the woods. The battle for the day was over. But who can describe the sufferings which followed. The night air was pinching cold, and in the midst of those gloomy forests of pine and cedars on the right, numbers of men lay freezing, bleeding, dying; whom no human hand would ever succor. The rebel pickets advanced at night to the edge of the woods skirting the open ground, which was the scene of Hardee's terrible repulse. The hostile lines of battle were probably a thousand yards apart. The intervening space was covered with wounded who could not be carried off. He who chose to risk it, could crawl carefully up to the edge of the woods, and hear the shrieks and groans of the wounded men who were laying by hundreds among the trees. The men in our advance line lay down as well as they could upon the ground over which the storm of battle had swept. It was difficult to distinguish the bodies of the sleepers from the corpses, living and dead were slumbering peacefully together. There were places that night, indeed, where sleep came not to steep the senses in gentle forgetfulness. The poor soldier, whom the bullets of the enemy had not yet reached, could gather a few leaves, or sticks, or corn stalks, for a bed, clasp his faithful rifle in his arms, and with his blanket around him, if he were so fortunate as to possess one, sleep soundly, notwithstanding the bitter cold. He could build no fires, for that would reveal our position to the enemy; but so fatigued was he, that he could still slumber although his frame shivered involuntarily in the windy night atmosphere. But the mangled hero, laying in the field or hospital, knew no repose. Pain drove sleep away, and to those who felt themselves maimed, crippled for life, the keen mental anguish must

have been more intolerable than physical pain. And there were the faithful surgeons, too, who knew no rest from their dreadful labors, and toiled on through the long and weary night. And so the days passed until Sunday came, and the soldiers awoke on Sunday morning to find the ground covered with snow, and on that day General Rosecrans entered Murfreesboro; Bragg having retreated with all his force. The total loss incurred by the union army was 11,285, killed, wounded and missing; of this number 2,800 were missing. The rebel loss was estimated at over 14,000 killed and wounded. And so ended the battle of Murfreesboro, one of the bloodiest battles of the war. It had been gained at a terrible cost of life and blood, but such are the wages that war demands. We have given this description of the battle of Murfreesboro, for the purpose merely of giving the reader to understand that the reports which reached our ears at Nashville, were not idle rumors, but that the situation had been a trying one for our army, and one that called for vigilance on the part of those who had the city of Nashville in their charge. Every preparation had been made there to receive the enemy, if, unfortunately, he should overcome our forces, but as the result proved they were not needed.



CHAPTER XVI.

While at Nashville many incidents happened in camp, and we will relate one of them here. Our sutler, Charley Pratt, had found a very neat sutler's store, built of plank, and fitted up in a very substantial manner, probably by the sutler of the 16th Ill., and he was not slow to appropriate the building to his own use. In this he opened out his goods for our inspection and benefit, and we were pretty good customers. Charley had bought some fresh fish of which he sold a good many to the officers. These fish lay on a shelf in the rear end of his shebang, but in such a way as to present an inviting appearance to all. On the day to which we refer, Charley had received a fresh supply, and among the number was one uncommonly nice large fellow. Directly over this fish was a large knot-hole looking to the rear of the store. Now there had been the usual crowd all the morning around the sutler's store, and in the crowd was Jake E——. Jake was a good soldier, but had very crude notions of the rights of "mine and thine." Such thoughts never bothered Jake when anything particularly tempted his vision, especially if it was anything good to eat. Charley was aware of this fact, and when during the morning he happened to glance over towards his fish rack, behold the big fish was gone. He reflected a moment; he had not sold it, he knew; his eye rested on the knot-hole; a closer inspection showed scales adhering to the edge of the plank; he put this and that together and finally it beamed upon his mind that his big fish, his pride and joy, had been appropriated by some one who had not left him an equivalent. Jake had disappeared too. A happy thought struck Charley, and off he posted to our captain. The result of the interview was apparent when Cap. was seen to come out of his quarters and going into the tent of the first man who was nearest to him, commenced a search, as if looking for lost property. This he kept up until Jake's tent was reached; in went the captain. Jacob was reclining on his bunk in inno-

cent ease, and when the captain entered, he greeted him with a cordial good morning. The captain returned the salutation and went on with his search.

"Get up Jacob," he said, as he approached the recumbent warrior.

"Why, cap., what are you hunting for?"

"I'm looking for a big fish that Pratt says was stolen from him this morning."

"A fish," says Jake, "well now, cap., there's no fish here, I've been laying here all the morning, as I didn't feel very well, and if any one had brought a fish in here I would surely have seen it."

"Well, well, get up," says the captain, "I have examined all the other boys' quarters and I must examine your's too, get up, Jacob."

Unwillingly Jake arose. The captain gathered up a blanket which he had under his head for a pillow. Holding it up and giving it a gentle shake, out dropped the lost fish, or a twin brother to it. Jake had nothing to say, the captain looked amazed, quietly picked up the fish and carried him off in triumph to the sutler. At roll call that evening the captain stated the facts of the case as far as he knew them to the company.

"And now, boys," said he, "I want you to convene a court martial, organize it in accordance with army regulations, bring before it Pratt as the plaintiff, and Jacob as the defendant. If upon evidence you find that Jacob has been guilty of stealing the fish, sentence him to such punishment as you think the case demands; we don't want any stealing here; if on the contrary you find the evidence faulty, why then of course you will acquit him."

The captain's suggestions were carried out the next morning. A regular court martial was convened, and Pratt and the prisoner brought before it. The testimony was taken *pro* and *con*, and the result was that the theft of the fish was laid without any doubt on Jacob's shoulders, and the sentence of the court was that Jacob should be thrown in the river. As might be expected, Jake remonstrated strongly against such severe treatment, as he could not swim. But it was no use, the sentence had been pronounced and must be carried out, so he soon found himself being hurried vigorously toward the river. Arriving there he was gathered up by two stout fellows, and in he was sent head over heels. He sank and came to

the surface again. The Cumberland is a very swift stream, and Jacob was soon going with the current, when some fellow stuck out a long pole to him and pulled him ashore. He climbed up the bank very wet, as might be supposed, and awful mad, and amid the laughter of all present, for the scene had drawn a large crowd to the river side, he started for camp, swearing vengeance on the members of that court martial. Rushing to his quarters, he grabbed his gun with the expressed intention of blowing the whole outfit to kingdom come, but his gun was soon taken away from him. Jake was awful mad, and all he wanted was an opportunity to retaliate, and it came in due order. Not many days after we received orders to prepare for inspection, and when we went to our beds that night we laid down with an inward feeling that we would pass a good inspection on the morrow. Our guns and accoutrements were in splendid condition, and each fellow had blacked his shoes until they fairly glistened. These we placed carefully in front of our tents, for there was a nice cane arbor there which kept off the dew, and turned in for the night. It so happened that Dave W——, of our company, had been, as Jake thought, rather prominent in his trial and punishment, and to Dave's tent he made his way. Everything was quiet, all were asleep in the tent. There stood Dave's boots as bright as leather could be made. It did not take Jake long to accomplish his errand, and when David went to pull on his boots to attend roll call at daylight the next morning, he found them filled with a very unpleasant composition. There was a row; Dave got late to roll call and came near being placed on extra duty for it, but nothing more was said about it that ever we heard of, and it was not until long afterwards that it leaked out who had put Dave's boots to a use for which they never were intended. Regular details as we have before stated, were made every day for provost duty in the city, and each company furnished the detail as its turn came around. It was not very severe work, but on the contrary was often mixed up with a good deal of fun. One morning the provost detail from Co. "B" reported at regimental headquarters for duty, and were sent under command of corporal James Duncan over to the city to relieve the guard then on duty there. The guard's headquarters in town were in the building used for the custom house.

The front part of the building was used by the guard, and a room in the rear by a captain who had charge of the custom house business. This captain was a very pompous, dignified, little creature, and if we mistake not, was an officer of the regular army. At any rate he acted as if this world was not quite good enough for him, and as if a private soldier was a being so much beneath his dignity, that the only place suitable for him was in the field ; there he would serve to keep the naughty enemy away and our little captain's precious body would not be endangered. Well, corporal Duncan marched his squad over to town, arrived in due time at the custom house, and reported to the non-commissioned officer in charge that he would relieve him. The change was soon made, and away went the relieved guard to their regimental quarters, leaving corporal Duncan and his squad in possession. For a few moments the corporal was busy attending to his duties and getting his men ready for the duty to be performed by them, when suddenly, "Corporal of the guard," came the summons, in a very imperious tone, from the room occupied by the captain just mentioned. Dropping everything, the corporal started to see what was wanted. The door of the room was open, and he marched into the august presence of the little captain, who looking up cast on him for a moment a disdainful glance.

"Go back, sir, and come in again," was the command. Jim obeyed, and again made his appearance.

"Go back again, sir," shouted the captain. Again he made his exit, wondering to himself what in the world that fellow meant. Again he returned, and again the same command for him to "go back." Jim was getting mad ; he did not like to be made a fool of by this little pop-in-jay in shoulder straps, and the sequel might have proved unpleasant if it had gone on much longer. But at last the little captain, very red in the face, shouted at him :

"Go back and come in again, sir, and when you come in, salute me in a proper manner."

Poor Jim obeyed this time and the irate little captain was satisfied, as Jim, with not a very good grace, raised his hand to his cap in regular military salute. Pop-in-jay then gave him some orders, and Jim came back to us shutting the room door in a manner more for-

cible than pleasant to the nerves of the conceited fop inside. Was Jim mad do you ask? well slightly we remark. Did you ever see a hornet's nest stirred up? how mad each individual hornet will get! well, Jim was as mad as a whole nest of hornets, and he vowed the deepest vengeance on that captain. But that was all that ever came of it. Corporal Duncan was one of our best men, and was liked by all, and was always ready for duty; but ever after this affair, if any one wanted to be particularly aggravating and tantalizing, they would ask Jim "if he didn't think he could give 'em a salute, this fine morning." Poor fellow, he contracted the small-pox while at Nashville, and came very near dying; but he recovered at last, badly disfigured, and with the loss of an eye. He was discharged and sent home.



CHAPTER XVII.

While at Nashville the pay-master came, and gave us six months pay. This was very welcome, for the regiment was about cleaned out of money. We were, all of us, more or less in debt to one another, and some of the debts were contracted for very singular purposes. Card playing was a great pastime with many; poker being the game most in vogue. But poker playing without money, was considered rather dry fun. So some ingenious chap hit upon the plan of each fellow giving his note for his losses, payable at pay day. There was a good many of these notes in camp, and now that pay day had come, the holders of them were clamorous for their money. We do not know how they ever settled it, as we were not given to card playing ourself, and consequently had no interest in the matter, but we heard considerable fuss made, and several fights occurred over the trouble, which generally was wound up by the participators being ordered to stand on a barrel, or carry a rail for a certain length of time. But now that we had money once more, things began to look a little different in the dress of the men. Paper collars made their appearance, fine boots, hats purchased in the stores of Nashville, and clothing of the regulation style and color, but of finer material, were sported every day on the persons of the warriors. Many sent their money home by express, others opened up "chuck-a-luck" banks, and in some cases won a good deal of money, while some lost all they had. At Nashville, too, we received, officially, the President's Emancipation Proclamation. It caused a great stir. There were many who were opposed to it (we have reference to the army of course), and several officers resigned their positions and went home. The army was better off without them. The proclamation was a matter of earnest and grave debate with us all, and strong and stubborn arguments were urged on both sides. It will be as well to remark here that when the regiment was organized its political complexion was of a decided democratic tinge. We had

faith in Douglas' doctrine, and many of us thought it a cruel and outrageous piece of business to deprive the South of its slavery in this way. But how different the subject looks to us now. Douglas sleeps in his quiet tomb on the shores of Lake Michigan, while the remains of the mighty Lincoln, the promulgator of the immortal proclamation, the wise and good ruler, "with malice toward none, and with charity for all," quietly rests in the mausoleum at Springfield, the capitol of the state he loved so well. President Lincoln followed the logical course of events in issuing this proclamation. He was neither too soon nor too late with it. He had a host of interests to consult, all of which involved the social, commercial and political happiness of the country. He found the institution of slavery sustaining a great agricultural interest in many states of the Union. Cotton, sugar, rice and tobacco, and other staples, seemed to live upon its labor, and vast European and American enterprises depended on its preservation. The villages of Lancashire, the counting rooms of New York, the mills of Massachusetts, the looms of France; to the uttermost ends of the earth, in India and Australia, the safety of the cotton crop, and the protection of cotton labor, were matters of comfort, necessity and bread. It was not an easy matter to proclaim a decree, so universal in its application, and so radical in its operation, and to the wisdom and sagacity of our martyred President let us record it, that he did not issue the proclamation until justified by the treason and violence of the promoters of the cotton interest, and masters of cotton labor.

But our stay at Nashville was drawing to a close. We had been here so long that it seemed to many of us when marching orders at length came, like leaving home. We had formed acquaintance with a good many of the citizens, and had established very social terms with them, and, in fact, were enjoying ourselves very pleasantly. But the life of a soldier is always uncertain, and his abiding place transitory, here to day and gone to morrow. We had been in Nashville at this time about six months, and it was now June. Shortly after our arrival here, the "weeding out" of the regiment, as it might be called, took place. Many officers, finding themselves unfit, physically, for the arduous labors of the field, resigned. The men whom sickness and disease had rendered unfit for further ser-

vice, were discharged and sent home, and the effective force of the regiment was thoroughly cleared of all incumbrances, and brought up to the highest military standard. The time had not been wasted, but every day drilling, and manœuvring had been practiced. The regiment had been relieved of its worthless Austrian rifles, and given the Enfield, a splendid weapon. We all had good clothing, and good health. The first rough edge of our soldier life, had been taken off, and we were now inured to anything reasonable in the shape of hardship and exposure.

So at last one bright June morning in 1863, the orders came for us to "strike tents." We had also received, while here at Nashville, our shelter, or as the boys called them, our "dog tents," and as it may be interesting to some who read these pages, we will describe what the "dog tent" was like. It consisted of two pieces of canvas about four feet in length and three in width. One end of these pieces had button holes worked in it, and the other buttons. Two men occupied each tent, and of course each fellow selected his own tent mate, or "partner," as we used to call him. Each man carried, when on the march, one-half of the tent, in other words each man carried the half of his house roof, and it was a very particular matter that no disturbance should arise between these "dog tent" dwellers, for if there did one fellow would walk off with his half of the house, leaving the other one to make the best of the situation. But happily for us good feeling prevailed throughout the entire regiment amongst the men. Of course there were a few who were naturally inclined to be peevish and irritable, but they soon got over it when they found the majority were opposed to such exhibitions of ill nature. These "dog tents" were about three feet high, and in consequence whenever we wanted to get into them, we had to come down on our knees and crawl in, hence their name. They answered very well for us short fellows, but the long legged chaps found it difficult to keep their feet inside of the house. When we arrived in camp at night it was a simple matter to pitch them; every other man, nearly, was supplied with a neat little hand-ax, and all the labor required in erecting our tents was to cut two forked sticks, sharpen the ends and drive them into the ground, a long straight stick for the ridge pole, the ends of the tent buttoned together and thrown over it and staked down to the ground, and the house was ready for occupation. They answered the purpose very well for life in the field, and were tolerably comfortable.

CHAPTER XVIII.

We firmly believe that the mule and dog tent, were two great levers in aiding to put down the rebellion, for it would have been impossible to have transported, in wagons, tentage enough for that great army. But Oh! how mad we got when they were first issued to us. We swore "we wouldn't have anything to do with 'em, they were pretty looking things to give a man to sleep under," and our anger at the Government was great. But time makes all things even, and we found that the genius that had invented the "dog-tent," was worthy all praise. Their erection and taking down was but the work of a few moments, and when each piece was tightly rolled up it formed a very small parcel, and handy to carry. So away we marched from Nashville, as finely an equipped army division as ever took the field. We were indeed a small world within ourselves, and each man carried with him his own board and lodging. We were on the march for Murfreesboro, and camped for the night at Lavergne, a small place fifteen miles south east of Nashville. Next morning we were again on the move for Murfreesboro, which place we reached that day, and went into camp. All around the place were visible signs of the terrible struggle which had taken place. Here were the rebel breast works and fortifications, erected by the negroes, under the eye of skillful engineers who had been educated at the expense of that government against which they were now directing their best efforts. Here were the ruts which had been cut by army wagons and artillery, showing the terrible condition in which the ground must have been. The skeletons of horses and mules were all around us; here lay a broken and dismantled gun carriage, yonder a wrecked ambulance, and look which way you would, desolation and ruin met the eye. Here, also, were the winter quarters which the rebel army had provided for themselves, thinking that we would go into winter quarters at Nashville, and perhaps that they might themselves be able to occupy that place.

But they were doomed to disappointment, and neither place gave them rest for the soles of their feet. We only remained at Murfreesboro a few days when we were again ordered to move.

Chattanooga was now the objective point of the General Commanding, and thither we bent our steps as rapidly as possible. To reach that point from the position we now occupied, required a march of from sixty-five to seventy miles, over a country destitute of forage, poorly supplied with water, and narrow and difficult wagon roads. Before again commencing active operations however, General Rosecrans determined to repair the Nashville and Chattanooga rail road, to bring forward the needful subsistence and forage for the army, which it would be impossible to transport on wagons. At Stevenson, Alabama, these supplies having accumulated in sufficient quantities by the eighth of August, corps commanders were that day directed to supply their troops as soon as possible with rations and forage for a general movement. We began the march across the Cumberland Mountains on the morning of the 16th of August, 1863, and completed the movement by the evening of the 20th. We made a good part of the march after night, over the roughest roads imaginable; now winding along the side of the Tennessee River, which we could see far down below us, with the stars reflected in its bosom; now down a jump off of at least two feet, tumbling and stumbling over rocks and boulders, we wended our weary way. It was a hard march, and we were thankful when it was over. But the object of our General was accomplished, and the rebels were flanked out of Chattanooga, which had been very properly called the Gibraltar of the West. It was indeed a strongly fortified place naturally. It lays on the south bank of the Tennessee River, and was almost impregnable from the front. But the flank movement of Rosecrans was too much for the rebels, and on the eighth of September, they evacuated the place, and our army took peaceable possession. We were now under command of Major General Gordon Granger. Marching through Chattanooga, which did not look as if it had ever been much of a town, we moved out to a little place called Rossville and went into camp. Here it was that an incident occurred which for a time threatened to create a great disturbance. General Granger had issued strict orders, forbidding foraging by the men,

but in spite of all orders to the contrary they would slip out into the adjacent country and procure what they could in the shape of eatables. On this afternoon to which we have reference, General Granger was sitting in the yard in front of his headquarters, when from up the road which passed in front of him, came a couple of boys loaded down with fresh meat.

"Halt there," said Granger. "What have you got there?"

"Meat," said the boys.

"March in here," came the command, and into the yard with their meat they went.

"Did you not know that my orders forbade foraging? Throw your meat down there, and take one of those rails, each one of you, and march around that tree," pointing to a tree that stood near by. They silently obeyed. Granger resumed his position, from which he had arisen, cursing and swearing. He had not been seated long, however, before another squad came marching by laden down with eatables.

"Halt!" again rang out. "March in here you men, and throw your stuff on that meat; pick up a rail apiece, and march around that tree."

As before the order was obeyed. Granger was furious, and striding off to his adjutant's tent, ordered him to send out some mounted men, and bring to his headquarters, all men found foraging. The order was given, and soon the horsemen were seen riding on their errand. They returned after a while with quite a squad of unfortunates who were loaded down with all conceivable manner of food. Marching them into the presence of Granger, they were ordered to do as the others had done, and such another pile of eatables that yard had never before seen. Chickens, ducks, geese, turkeys, flour, hams, honey, grapes, potatoes, the carcasses of calves, sheep and hogs, everything almost that could be thought of. On to the pile they were thrown, and each fellow, shouldering a rail, commenced his march around a tree. Granger was wild with rage; he stamped and swore "His orders had been willfully disobeyed, and, by G—d, he was going to make an example of these fellows." Calling for the sergeant of his headquarters guard, which, on that evening, happened to be from our regiment, and which, if we are not mistaken, was under

command of sergeant Poage, of Co. "E.," he ordered him to go to the teamsters and get a "black-snake." But all this had not happened without the knowledge of the rest of the command, and soon quite a crowd had collected around to see the boys as they marched up under arrest, but as soon as they heard the order for the sergeant to go for the "black-snake," they hurried off to their quarters. Granger never knew how near he was death's door that evening, for the boys were about to mutiny, and the first lash that had been given, would have been the signal for the trouble to begin. The whole affair had been arranged almost in the twinkling of an eye, and as soon as the first blow had been struck, the signal would have been sounded, which would have swept Granger and his headquarters from the face of the earth. But the cooler reasoning of General Stedman and Colonel McCook at last prevailed with the maddened general, and in place of the whipping, the boys, with backs bared, were tied by the thumbs to wagon wheels, a prey to the voracious mosquito. What was ever done with that huge pile of provisions in the yard, we do not know, but are inclined to the opinion that the doughty Granger feasted on a goodly share of them. From that day on our dislike for Granger was intense; he had proved himself a tyrant, and a man of ungovernable passion, and we fairly hated him.



CHAPTER XIX.

On the evening of the 18th of September rapid cannonading was heard off to our left in the direction of Chickamauga Creek. Dispatches were soon received that Col. Minty, with his cavalry, had encountered the enemy at Reed's bridge across the Chickamauga, and was being heavily pushed. Orders were immediately issued for our brigade to move out to his support. It was almost sun down when we started, and when night overtook us the firing had ceased. It was getting dark when the head of our column ran into the rear end of a rebel wagon train moving on a road crossing ours. We were in the midst of a cedar thicket along either side of the road so close and dense that a horse could not have been turned around in it. The meeting of this wagon train was as much a surprise to us as it probably was to them, for we had no skirmishers out and were marching along in every day style. We were in a bad shape, certainly, but we will not stop now to argue about the matter. As quietly and quickly as possible the brigade was formed in line of battle at right angles with the road, and skirmishers thrown out, but no enemy was found excepting the members of a brass band, who had been following along behind the rebel wagon train. These, with their instruments on their backs, were quickly taken in "out of the wet." The skirmishers were recalled, a strong picket guard posted and the regiment proceeded to pass the night. No fires were allowed, and as quietly as possible we laid down on our arms. We had eaten nothing since noon, but we had marched rapidly and were tired, and worn, and soon were asleep. At the earliest peep of day we were awakened, not by the bugle, however, but by our officers going around and rousing up the men. Orders were given at day-break to make small fires and boil our coffee. This we did gladly, and soon each man had a tin full of good warm coffee, which was highly relished. But we were not given much time to tarry, for soon the order came to "fall in." The entire brigade in line of

battle, but without any skirmishers, moved forward down through the brush, which was more open than formerly. We had not proceeded far when up came the brigade quartermaster, C. H. Deane, of Peoria, as fast as his horse could travel. "Halt!" rang out. The quartermaster riding up to Col. McCook, handed him an order; reading it hastily, he immediately gave the command: "About face!" "File right, march." Back we went at a good pace. We of course did not know at the time the reason for this rapid movement, but we found out afterwards that we had been marching into the nicest kind of a trap, which the rebels had laid for us, and if the quartermaster had been delayed but a short time, the fate of the 3rd brigade, 2nd division, 14th army corps would have been sealed. We were surrounded on three sides and the rebels were doing their level best to close up the other end when we marched out just a little too soon for them.

And now we come to the battle of Chickamauga, the second field engagement which had taken place under the leadership of General Rosecrans since he assumed command of the army of the Cumberland, and as it may prove interesting, we will endeavor to give a more extended sketch of it than would be necessary if we only chronicle the movements of our own regiment. The morning of Saturday the 19th of September dawned on the first day of the battle of Chickamauga. The early forenoon passed away without forewarning of the approaching conflict, but shortly before 11 o'clock the storm that had been brewing all the morning on the rebel side, burst forth. At that time a long mass of rebel infantry was seen advancing upon General Brannan's division on the extreme left. It first came upon the second brigade, Col. Croxton commanding, and soon forced it back, despite its determined resistance. The two other brigades of the division at once came to its assistance and succeeded in checking the progress of the rebels and driving them back. But their column being, in turn, strongly reinforced, they advanced again with wild yells. So powerful was the momentum of the assault that it pushed Brannan back to and beyond his position in the line, thus uncovering the left of Baird's division, which at once became fiercely engaged. The storm rolling from left to right, fell next upon Johnson, and almost simultaneously on

Reynold's, who wavering at times, but again regaining their firmness, gave back a little but again advanced, until the troops of Brannan and Baird, rallied by their leaders, came up once more to the work. Then the order was issued for the entire line to advance, and nothing in military history exceeds in grandeur the charge of that powerful corps. Longstreet's men, from Virginia were directly opposed to the troops of Thomas, and although they fought with stubborn determination, they could not for a moment check the steady march of those veteran battalions. They had already pushed the enemy before them for three-quarters of a mile, recovering all the lost ground and all of the material of war lost in the morning, and Longstreet was threatened with annihilation, when a new danger caused him to halt. While our left was driving Longstreet's corps, Polk and Hill threw themselves impetuously upon Palmer and Van Cleve, of Crittenden's Corps, who failing to advance, left a gap between himself and Thomas. These divisions were speedily broken in pieces and their complete rout was imminent, when Davis's division came to their support, and for a time restored the fortunes of the day. But the enemy, knowing that all depended upon his making a diversion in favor of the defeated Longstreet, massed nearly the whole of his available force, hurled it upon Van Cleve and Davis, drove the former to the right and the latter to the left, and entered boldly the opening thus made. In this junction, General Rosecrans called up the division of Wood and Negley, and threw them into the gap. After a brief contest the rebels found themselves matched. An advance was ordered, and by sunset the original position of the morning was gained. During the night of Saturday to Sunday, General Rosecrans made some changes in the disposition of his forces, and the line was so far withdrawn, that it rested along a cross road running north-east and south-west and connecting the Rossville with the Lafayette road. By this change the line was contracted by a mile, and the right wing caused to rest on a strong position at Mission Ridge. The different divisions were disposed in this order. From right to left, one brigade of Negley, Johnson, Baird, Palmer, Reynolds; two brigades of Negley, Wood, Sheridan and Davis, with the mounted brigades of Wilder and Minty covering the right flank. As before, Thomas held the left, Chittenden

the centre, and McCook the right. Upon the right of General Thomas' line, as held by Reynolds and Brannan, was a slight rise in the plain, and from the top of this, the field could be commanded. It was the key to the position. During the night Thomas' troops had built a rude breast work of logs and rails for their protection. The battle of Sunday opened at 10 o'clock in the morning. The enemy repeating the tactics of the previous day by throwing themselves first upon the extreme left of the line formed by General Beatty's brigade, of Negley's division, and for two hours a fierce fire swept along the line of Thomas without his budging an inch. Again and again the rebels advancing *en echilon* by brigade from the cover of the woods into the open corn-field, charged with impetuous fury and terrific yells towards the breast works of logs and rails. But each time the fiery blasts from our batteries and battalions swept over and around them and their ranks were crumbled and swept away. In answer to a message from General Thomas, asking for reinforcements, which led General Rosecrans to believe that General Brannan was out of line and that General Reynold's right was exposed, orders were dispatched to General Wood to close upon Reynold's, and word was sent to General Thomas that he should be supported, even if it took away the whole corps of Crittenden and McCook. General Davis was ordered to close on General Wood, and General McCook was advised of the state of affairs, and ordered to close his whole command to the left with all dispatch. General Wood, overlooking the directions to "close up" on General Reynolds, supposed he was to support him by withdrawing from the line, and passing to the rear of General Brannan, who it appears was not out of line, but was in *echilon*, and slightly in rear of Reynolds' right. By this unfortunate mistake a gap was opened in the line of battle, of which the enemy took instant advantage, and striking Davis in flank and rear, as well as in front, threw his whole division into confusion. The same attack shattered the right brigade of Wood before it had cleared the space. The right of Brannan was thrown back, and two of his battalions, then in movement to a new position, were taken in flank and thrown back through the brigades of Van Cleve, then on the march to the left, throwing his division into confusion, from which it never recovered until it reached Rossville.

The rout of the right and center was now complete, and after that fatal break, the line of battle was not again reformed during the day. The army was in fact cut in two. McCook, with Davis, Sheridan and Wilder being thrown off to the right; Crittenden, except one brigade of Wood's, being broken in pieces, and Thomas, with his indomitable corps, and Johnson's division of McCook's, remaining alone upon the left. But Thomas' corps also had been fearfully shaken, and retreat was now the only resort. Retiring his command accordingly, he took up a new position along the base of Missionary Ridge, the line being so formed that the left rested upon the Lafayette road, and the right at the Gap, representing the arc of a circle, and a south-east hill about its center formed the key to the position. Here were collected the shattered remnants of the powerful corps (not a fourth of the army) which had so long breasted the fierce assaults of the enemy in the forenoon. It was certain, however, that unless assistance should speedily reach it from some quarter, it must at length succumb, for the enemy emboldened by the rout of McCook and Crittenden, was gathering his hosts to hurl against them in a last mighty effort. At this crisis Mitchell's and McCook's brigades of the reserve corps, under command of General Granger, arrived. The fight now raged around the hill with redoubled fury. General Thomas formed his troops in two lines, and as each marched up to the crest and fired a deadly volley at the advancing foe, it fell back a little way; the men lay down upon the ground to load, and the second line advanced to take their place, and so on in succession. Every attack of the rebels was repulsed, and the enemy at night fell back and abandoned the assault. And thus did twelve or fourteen thousand heroic men save from destruction the army of the Cumberland. At night General Thomas fell back to Rossville, four miles from Chattanooga. Our loss in killed, wounded and missing reached twelve thousand; and fifty pieces of artillery and much material of war fell into the hands of the enemy. The enemy's loss also was extremely heavy. Saturday's fight resulted in a drawn battle; Sunday's in a defeat, which was only saved from utter disaster by the coolness and courage of General Thomas and his gallant command. That night our brigade marched back to Rossville and on Monday night we marched inside of the fortifications of Chattanooga, and so ended the battle of Chickamauga.

CHAPTER XX.

On the 19th of October, 1863, General Rosecrans, in General Orders, No. 242, turned over the command of the Army of the Cumberland, to Major General George H. Thomas, by order of the President. He had commanded us for nearly one year. The last words in his farewell address to the army, were: "Companions in arms, officers and soldiers, farewell, and may God bless you." We all liked "Old Rosy," as we used to call him, and very sorry to part with him, but we also knew the grand qualities of General Thomas as a commander, and we received him with open arms. And here also we received General Order, No. 1, notifying us that Major General W. T. Sherman assumed command of the Military Division of the Mississippi, embracing the Departments of the Ohio, of the Cumberland and of the Tennessee. Chattanooga was made as near impregnable as it was possible to make it. Three strong lines of defence were constructed and all the fords of the Tennessee river were closely guarded. But we were destined to have a hard time of it. The army would have to be thoroughly reorganized, and refitted. The brigade to which we belonged was ordered up to Caldwell's Ford on the Tennessee River, opposite the mouth of North Chickamauga Creek. There we remained until the battle of Missionary Ridge. Still the army was in a critical situation. The rebels had taken position on Look Out Mountain and Missionary Ridge in front of us, and were doing what they could to bombard Chattanooga, but the shells generally fell short; and on our extended and exposed line of communication, their cavalry were making frequent raids, and near a place called Anderson, in the Sequatchie Valley, they destroyed between two and three hundred wagons, about thirty of which were loaded with ammunition, and the remainder with clothing and supplies; the mules, which they could not run off, were shot, to the number of several hundred.

Our regiment was now detached, as it were, from the rest of the

brigade, and the principal duty imposed upon us was guarding Caldwell's Ford. But as all the supplies for the army had to be hauled over one line of rail road to Bridgeport, and from there carried by pack mules to Chattanooga, and as the rebel cavalry were constantly interrupting this line of communication, supplies of all kinds soon began to fall very short. The boys got irritable and peevish, they could stand a good deal of hardship, but now their rations were cut short, and they often felt hungry. There was still a little corn for the horses and mules of the regiment, but it had to be guarded with an eagle eye or it would disappear very suddenly. The boys were hungry, and were constantly appropriating the forage of the animals whenever they could find it. This matter at last became monotonous, especially to the field officers of the regiment, who saw their horses day by day assuming architectural proportions, and they ordered their colored servants to guard the feed more closely. Colonel Harmon gave his boy orders to carry the feed for his horse into his, the colonel's, tent, and put it under his bunk. "They can't get it there," said the colonel with a chuckle, "without my knowing it, you may depend, I would just like to see them try it," and he rubbed his hands with glee, thinking that at last he had solved the problem, and that the feed of his charger would be secure. In accordance with his orders the darkey carried the corn into the colonel's tent, and carefully piled it up under his bunk. The next morning when he went to get the breakfast for the horse, what was his surprise to find that the last vestige of corn was gone. Hurrying to the colonel, with the whites of his eyes glistening, and his face drawn out of all shape with wonder, he quickly stated the case: "Why, kurnel, dar aint a grain of dat ar corn lef fur de hoss, de las grain done stole by by some one, sah—shah!" For a moment the colonel was puzzled, and hardly knew what to say; but the corn was gone for a fact, and it was useless to try and find it, so turning away he carelessly remarked: "I thought I heard something fumbling around under my bunk last night when I went to bed, but supposed it was a mouse." This circumstance afforded us much amusement. It seems that some fellow who had overheard the orders given by the colonel to his servant, had gone to the colonel's tent that night, and slyly lifting one corner of it, had thrust in his hand and quietly

stolen, right from under his bed, the colonel lying on it at the time, the last "nubbin." There was no use trying to hide anything, it would surely be found by some one. But the boys thought a good deal of the colonel, and in all probability had stolen the corn just to show him that nothing was sure in war, for from this on they did not bother him, and the colonel's horse got all of his allowance.

The headquarters of the brigade was a short distance above our camp, and nearly every day Colonel McCook, or some of his staff, would go riding past, bound for Chattanooga. They would not get by the regiment, however, without their ears being saluted with such shouts as "hard tack," "sow belly," "give us our rations," etc., etc.; this annoyed Colonel McCook greatly, for the comfort of his men was always uppermost in his thoughts, and he was not at all to blame for the scarcity of rations. We knew this, but out of a pure spirit of devilry would salute him every time he went by, with phrases like these. One afternoon he came riding up from Chattanooga, returning to his headquarters, and as he passed he was saluted with a most vigorous chorus of "hard tack," "sow belly," etc. Stopping his horse, aggravated sorely, as he properly was, and perhaps at that very time thinking of the condition of his men, he shouted back: "You may be glad to eat rubber blankets, yet." That seemed for a moment to quiet them, but directly some fellow shouted back: "If we do, you'll have to furnish 'em." This was too much, and the colonel proceeded on his way; this last remark of the boys settled him. That Colonel McCook arrived safely at his headquarters, we were soon made aware, by the receipt of an order forbidding any more such salutations, under penalty of severe punishment.



CHAPTER XXI.

Matters and things moved on smoothly, the old routine of guard duty, dress parade and all the regular business of camp life, including half rations, being faithfully kept. We now come to a matter which happened while we were at the Ford, which for a short time made things very lively and animated in the camp of the 125th. The Tennessee is a wide stream, and anything going on on the opposite side, can not be seen very distinctly with the naked eye. But to many of us, on the afternoon of the day to which we have reference, could be seen objects moving on the hill side across the river. These objects proved to be rebels, that side of the river was in their possession then, but what they were doing we could not ascertain, and so at last we ceased to pay any attention to them. The day passed as others had done, and when night came we retired to our beds to dream of home and loved ones. The night passed quietly, but just as the first streak of gray appeared in the east on the morning of Nov. 16th, 1863, we were awakened by the boom of cannon, and the whistling of shells, and the crashing of shot through, around and above us. We were not long in turning out of our tents. "What was the matter?" "Where were they?" was asked on all sides. The long roll was beat, and the voices of the officers giving command resounded through the camp. The regiment was thrown into dire confusion and the majority of them followed in the wake of the pay-master over the ridge. We soon found out where the shots came from. The objects we had seen the day before across the river had been rebels engaged in putting a battery in position in order to shell our camp, and as soon as daylight came, they opened up the entertainment. And a beautiful mark they had to shoot at, as the regiment lay on ground sloping to the river and nothing intervened between us and them but the broad bosom of the Tennessee. The pay-master and his clerk were with us at the time, and in his wake had come Charley Pratt, our sutler, to collect from the boys sundry bills they were owing him. These

gentlemen, of course, were non-combatants, and as soon as they could, conveniently, took to flight over the ridge in our rear, where they took position, resolved, as they afterward said, to hold their ground at all hazards. But as regarded their toilet they were sadly deficient, and as they disappeared over the ridge, their shirt tails were fluttering in the breeze, looking in the distance like flags of truce. The whole affair lasted but a few moments, our third Wisconsin battery opened on the rebels and at the third round drove them away, having blown up a caisson for them as we could plainly see by the smoke.

There were many narrow escapes with us; one solid shot found a resting place in one of the boy's bunks, and others went crashing through the tents, but without doing any more damage than tearing them to pieces. But we were called upon to mourn the loss of one of our number, the chaplain. As was evident, he had arisen from his bed and was in the act of tying his shoe, when a solid shot came crashing through his tent, tearing off half of his head, killing him instantly. This sad event cast a deep gloom over the regiment. Chaplain Saunders was a good man, and was respected by all the boys, a quiet unassuming gentleman. He had won our respect and confidence, and we mourned his death. We sent his body north for burial, feeling that we had lost a good man. And such is the fate of war. Sitting here at home in peace and security, with my little baby girl playing by my side, and watching me as I write, asking me questions and striving in her childish way to attract my attention, my mind wanders back to the banks of the Tennessee. And as memory brings up the recollection of those times, and the events which followed, of the brave boys whom we used to meet, and with them hold daily converse, now sleeping in their southern graves beneath the sighing of the pines, the tears came to our eyes and we throw down the pen, we can write no more to-day.

We were not much longer to enjoy this *otium cum dignitate*, however. The iron was in the furnace, and would soon be ready for the stroke of the general's hammer. The enemy at this time, as we have before said, were posted on the heights of Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain. Their cavalry was swarming in our rear and on our flanks, and our army represented a giant, resting from

his labors, but to rise at last and with the stroke of a thunderbolt scatter his enemies like chaff. And now we come to the battle of Missionary Ridge. On the night of the 23rd of November, Sherman, with three divisions of his army, which had arrived at Chattanooga on the 15th of November, from Vicksburg, Miss., strengthened by Davis' division of Palmer's corps, of which division we now formed a part, and which had been stationed along the north bank of the Tennessee, convenient to where the crossing was to be effected, was ready for operations. At an hour sufficiently early to secure the south bank of the river, just below the mouth of South Chickamauga Creek, by dawn of day, the pontoons in the North Chickamauga, which our brigade had been guarding, were loaded with thirty armed men each, who floated quietly past the enemy's pickets, landed and captured all but one of the guard, twenty in number, before the enemy was aware of the presence of a foe. The steamboat "Dunbar," with a barge in tow, after having finished ferrying across the river the horses procured from Sherman, with which to move Thomas' artillery, was sent up from Chattanooga to aid in crossing artillery and troops, and by day light of the morning of the 24th of November, eight thousand men were on the south side of the Tennessee and fortified in rifle trenches. This movement, so admirably executed, put the whole of Sherman's army in position for the great battle that was now to begin.



CHAPTER XXII.

We will not undertake to follow every movement of the army made to capture the heights of Missionary ridge, as it would be, perhaps, uninteresting to the reader, and out of place here, but will pass on to the morning of the 25th. So far every thing had gone well with the union army. Every movement had been successful. Suddenly from a point overlooking the field of battle, known as Orchard Knob, and on which army headquarters had been established, rang out the signal ordering an advance of our entire front. The line moved rapidly and orderly. The rebel pickets discharged their muskets, and ran into their rifle pits, much resembling the ground squirrel, when alarmed he seeks his den. Our skirmishers followed closely on their heels. The line of battle was not far behind, and the gray rebels were seen to swarm out of their rifle pits in surprising numbers, and over the crest of the hill. A few turned and fired their pieces, but the greater number collected into the many roads which cross obliquely up its steep face, like cattle trails, and went to the top. Our lines pressed on and up the steep sides of the ridge, and here and there a color was advanced beyond the lines. The attempt appeared most dangerous, but the advance was supported, and the whole line was ordered to storm the heights, upon which not less than forty pieces of artillery, and no one knows how many muskets, stood ready to slaughter the assailants. With cheers answering to cheers, the men swarmed upward. They gathered to the points least difficult of ascent, and the line was broken. Color after color was planted on the summit, while musket and cannon vomited their thunder upon them. A well directed shot from Orchard Knob, exploded a rebel caisson on the summit, and the gun was seen galloping to the right, its driver lashing his horses. A party of our soldiers intercepted them, and the gun was captured with cheers. A fierce musketry fire broke out to the left, where between Thomas and Davis a mile or two of the ridge was still occupied by the rebels.

• Bragg left the house in which he had held his headquarters, and rode to the rear as our troops crowded the hill on either side of him. General Sherman proceeded to the summit, and then only did he know its height. Some of the captured artillery was put in position. Artillerists were sent for to work the guns. Caissons were searched for ammunition. The rebel log breast-works were torn to pieces, and carried to the other side of the ridge and used in forming barricades. A strong line of infantry was formed in the rear of Baird's line, hotly engaged in a musketry contest with the rebels to the left, and a secure lodgment was soon effected. The other assault to the right of our centre gained the summit, and the rebels threw down their arms and fled. Bragg's remaining troops left early in the night, and the battle of Chattanooga, after days of manœuvring and fighting, was won. And now commenced a movement in which our brigade took a part that called forth our strongest efforts to endure. Major General Burnside, with his command, was holding the city of Knoxville in the eastern part of the state. This part of Tennessee was intensely loyal to the old flag, and it was the intention of Burnside to hold his position, cost what it might. Knoxville is guarded on the south by the Holston river, and on the west side by a range of hills, so that Longstreet had tried to reach it from the east and north. Here the place had been fortified as well as the short time would permit, but Longstreet had Burnside surrounded, and if relief did not shortly arrive he must surrender to the rebels. Information reached us on the 27th of November, that General Burnside was completely invested, and had provisions only to include the third of December. Seven days before, we had left camp on the north side of the Tennessee, with two days rations, without a change of clothing, stripped for the fight, with but a single blanket or coat per man, from the general down to the private. We had no provisions, only what we could gather as we went along, and were ill supplied for such a march. But intelligence that twelve thousand of our fellow soldiers were besieged in the mountain town of Knoxville, eighty-four miles distant, had reached us. This was enough, they must be relieved, and away we went to their aid. It was a terrible march and we made it in six days. But before our arrival Longstreet had raised the seige and departed, with Burnside's troops in

pursuit. General Granger moved into the city with his troops, and we returned to our old camp on Chicamauga Creek, foot sore and weary, our clothes torn almost into shreds, and our shoe soles entirely gone, but we had marched for a big stake and had won. We remained in camp resting, and receiving supplies and clothing, and on the seventh of May, moved with the rest of the army on the road to Atlanta. The rebel army at this time lay in and about Dalton, and were superior to our army in cavalry, and with three corps of infantry and artillery, the whole commanded by General Joseph E. Johnston, making a grand total of infantry, cavalry and artillery of about 60,000 men. Now commenced a campaign, which for fighting, stubborn resistance and manœuvering, can not be equalled in any history. It was on the seventh of May that we left Chattanooga, and not until the seventh of the following September, five months in all, did we rest from our labors. We will not attempt to relate each and every battle that was fought, for we cannot do that; it was continual battle from the time we left our fortifications near Chattanooga, until we arrived at Atlanta, so we will journey on, merely mentioning places at which some event took place that bore particularly on the conduct of the regiment.



CHAPTER XXIII.

On the 24th day of June, General Sherman ordered that an assault should be made at two points south of Kenesaw Mountain, on the 27th, giving three days notice for preparation and reconnoissance. Our division constituted the assaulting party on the centre. On the night of the 26th, a council of war was held at corps head-quarters, and the final orders for the assault on the following day were given. The orders to regimental commanders were: for the regiments to "load and cap," but not to discharge a gun until they had reached the rebel breast works, then, as they went over them with a yell, to fire their pieces, and finish the work with the bayonet. These orders were given by the colonels of the regiments to the line officers, and through them transmitted to the non-commissioned officers and privates. The morning of the 27th broke clear and cloudless, and at daybreak the regiments moved to the assault, leaving all their camp equipments behind them, with a sufficient guard for their protection. We moved out to the summit of a hill, here the brigade and regimental commanders dismounted, leaving their horses in care of their orderlies. Down the slope we went until we reached a jack oak grove at the foot, where we formed our line of battle. At the far edge of this bunch of oaks was a wheat field, and on the other side of this field stretched the line of rebel breast works. Our line of battle was soon formed, and there we stood waiting for the signal to advance. At last off to our left a cannon belched forth its thunder, and as its echoes came rolling down the line, each man grasped his rifle with a tighter grip. Colonel McCook at the head of the brigade waved his sword and gave the command: "Attention battalions, charge bayonets," and with a rush and a cheer away we go. And now the battle commences. We have reached the wheat field, and at yon side are the rebel breast works. At the double quick we cross the field with a storm of lead and iron in our faces; men are falling on all sides; there goes McCook down—quickly following

him, Harmon, who was bravely urging his men on, falls pierced through the heart. Captain Fellows, our brigade inspector, also falls to rise no more. See! the colors have disappeared, but only for a moment when again they wave; the color sergeant had been shot down. Lieutenant McClean, of Co "B," is hit and falls, so, also, sergeant Cunningham, and Captain Clark, of Co. "E." They are dropping as the leaves in the autumn, and oh! how that fire of hell beats in our faces. It is too much, the works cannot be carried by assault, and our line, mangled, torn and bleeding, falls back. But only for a short distance, however, when we again halt amid that never ceasing fire. Some of the boys engage the foe, while others, with tin cups and bayonets, burrow and dig in the ground to throw up protection for themselves. We are not whipped, if we *have* failed in our attempt, and thirty-five paces only is what we will yield to the rebels. Still the bullets, and the shells, and the solid shot fly, and still more brave boys are sealing with their life's blood their devotion to their country's flag. But why prolong the tale, the ground is soaked with blood; but with that love for the old flag which has floated so gallantly at our head over so many bloody fields, and under whose stars and stripes the weary and oppressed of every land have found a shelter, under whose protecting folds we have lived in peace and security, until driven by its enemies to war; with that love kindling in our breasts we stand ready to die, if need be, but never to dishonor its beauty and its grandeur.

The long day at last draws to a close, and night, welcome night, settles down upon us. To the weary and worn soldiers, night brought no repose, but like beavers we worked erecting breastworks to protect us on the morrow. The battle for the day is over. The cries of the wounded, and the desultory shot of a rifle, is all that is heard beyond the noise made by the soldiers in erecting their breast works. But there were deeds of heroism enacted on Kenesaw's rugged brow that day that have never been excelled on any battle field. Private James Knox, of Co. "B," had his thumb shot off early in the engagement, but refusing to go to the rear, pressed forward until a rebel ball felled him to the ground; rising on his hands and knees, for he could not walk, he turned his face to the enemy, and in that position crawled off the field, declaring he would never

turn his back to the foe. 2nd Lieut. James McLean, also of Co. "B," was hit early in the fight, but pressed on in command of his company, until a ball, passing through his body, felled him to the ground. All night long we worked, and when the morning broke we felt secure, and were ready to renew the combat. But between our line and the rebels, lay our dead and some of our wounded. The lines were so close together, that stones were thrown by the rebels, severely wounding some of our men. Morning broke and revealed to the foe what we had done during the night. Firing at once commenced and was kept up all day. The stubble and leaves between the lines had taken fire, and that with the smoke from the guns, was making our situation very unpleasant. The dead, too, were fast decaying, under the burning rays of that Georgia sun, and the most horrid stench filled the air. It was becoming unbearable, so Colonel Langley, who had, until the death of Harmon, been serving on the corps staff, but was now in command of his regiment, concluded to see if an armistice could be arranged in order to give us an opportunity to bury the dead, but not a white handkerchief, or white rag of any description, could be found; so raising a copy of the "Chicago Tribune," which he had in his pocket, he succeeded in his purpose, and an armistice of two hours was agreed upon, and the men poured over both of the lines of works. You would not think as you see them now, as they shake hands, and swap coffee for tobacco, and laugh and joke together like old friends, that a few moments before they had been seeking each others lives. But they are gathering up the dead; here comes a stretcher borne by two men, on it lays the body of Captain W. W. Fellows, once the commanding officer of Co. "C," but acting for some time previously as brigade inspector. Silently we follow after them. How we loved that man! an entire stranger to the writer a few short months previous, he had by the subtle magic of his nature charmed us. He was not only a brave officer, but a polished gentleman, always willing to help the needy, and always ready at the call of duty. Capt. Fellow's death, that bloody day at Kenesaw, was deeply mourned by us. We felt as if we had lost a near and dear friend; always with a kindly smile of greeting when we met, never, like so many others, defiling his mouth and disgracing his manhood by uttering vile oaths

and blasphemies. We saw him on the morning of the assault before we moved from camp, and stopped for a moment to exchange greetings, little did we think for the last time. We buried him on the hill side where the first rays of Georgia's sun should shine upon his grave ; and the wild flowers bloom above him, and the southern songster warble a requiem for the soldier from the Northland. Here, also, was buried Captain Marion Lee, and some others who had fallen in the strife. *Requiescat in pace.* Leaving the burial party to end their labors, we proceed up the road to find if possible our field hospital, where so many of our boys lie wounded. The road is flanked on either side by thick brush ; going along we happened to look to our right, and see a sight that makes our blood stand still, so unexpected, and so awful is it. There, in that clump of hazel, lays the body of our colonel, where he had been carried directly after he fell. A sickening feeling creeps over us as we stand in the presence of the dead, whom we had seen such a short time before in full health and vigor. Yes, there he lay, his life ended, his heart's blood given for his country's good. Colonel Harmon was a christian man; what more can we say? A strict disciplinarian, he had the solicitude of a father for his regiment, and he wanted his men to feel that in him they had a friend who would look after their welfare. With one sad, lingering look, we tore ourself from the spot, with our heart stirred with deep emotion. But yonder is the hospital tent. The weather, as we have before stated, was intensely warm, and the hospital tents, or rather "flys," were stretched in such a manner that their sides were raised some two feet from the ground, thus giving a thorough circulation of air. We enter; there lay our poor fellows, and as they see us they shout out a welcome. These fellows near the entrance, are not so badly wounded as those farther on, so, returning their greeting with an assumed show of glee, we pass into the tent. And now we are in the midst of desperately wounded boys who are lying here, some of them, without a vestige of clothing on them on account of the heat, slowly dying. We feel sorry that we have come to the hospital, but the wish to do something in some way to help the poor lads, is uppermost in our thoughts. Here is 2nd Lieut. James McClain, with his negro servant (faithful fellow) sitting by him, fanning him. We kneel down by the lieuten-

ant. We had been old acquaintances before we left home, consequently no undue stiffness of official ceremony could come between us. Poor Jim, he was drawing his breath in gasps; we saw that death had set his seal upon his brow, and with a sorrow at our heart that we believe was the deepest we ever felt, we said:

“Jimmy, is there anything we can do for you?” Opening his eyes, at the sound of our voice, and reaching out his hand, he exclaimed:

“Oh, Bob! I am so glad to see you.”

But our emotions overcame us, and in spite of all we could do, the tears would come. But we checked them as soon as possible and again repeated our question. Opening his eyes with his breath coming in convulsive gasps, he said:

“Bob—write—to—my—mother,—tell her,—that I died—doing my duty.”

Oh! if we could have had at that moment a heart of stone, so that we could have talked to him, but it was too much; however we managed to whisper to him a hope that he might get well, but no, he knew better, he knew that his life was fast drawing to a close, and moving his head slowly, he replied:

“No, Bob, I am dying.”

We could not stand it and gently stooping over him, we kissed him on the forehead, and turned to the next man lying beside him, who proved to be orderly sergeant Benjamin F. Bonebrake. Ben presented a terrible appearance, he had been wounded in the head, and the blood had streamed down over his face and whiskers and over his once white shirt bosom, and dried there, giving him a ghastly appearance.

“Do you want anything, Ben?”

“Yes, I would like to have my face washed.”

Oh! how quiet and gentle these poor boys were, no complaining, no harsh words, but there they lay, bearing their pain with true heroism. “All right,” we reply, glad to be able to get outside for a moment, and away we went to the brigade hospital steward, with whom we were acquainted, for what we needed. We found him and on the strength of acquaintanceship, procured from him a hospital bucket with some warm water and a sponge, and before we

left him we had coaxed him to give us a clean shirt for Ben out of the sanitary supplies he had on hand. Rejoicing at our success, we hastened back, and proceeded to make Ben more comfortable; we washed his face, combed his hair and whiskers, and helped him on with the clean shirt. With a grateful acknowledgement he lay back in his place. Next to him was sergeant Wash. Cunningham, good natured, free hearted Wash.; a man of large and powerful frame, he had received a rifle ball through the left arm; poor fellow he had gotten down in such a shape, that his wound was paining him, and in reply to our question as to what we could do for him, he said: "Nothing, only if you could help me to raise up a little." We looked at his massive form and felt afraid to touch him, for fear of giving him pain; we told him so, and he replied: "All right, Rob, I can stand it." We wanted to get away, we were feeling sick and were afraid to stay longer, but there was one more boy whom we must find before we went, and this was Patrick Sullivan of Co. "G." We searched and searched and at length we found him, lying on his back, on his rubber blanket without a stitch of clothing on him; he was lying in a pool of his own blood, with his eyes closed, and his face pale and bloodless; we thought at first he was dead, but kneeling down by him, we spoke his name. The heavy eyelids opened, and with a smile on his countenance, he reached us his hand, we grasped it and put the question:

"Can we do any thing for you, Patsey?" For a second there was no reply, and then his lips opened and he said:

"Oh! Rob, if I could only sleep; I want to sleep but can't, the doctor won't pay any attention to me, and there is such a noise."

He was a little delirious, and the roar of the cannon and the musketry was still in his ears. But unlossing his hand we started out to find the surgeon. We ran across him and told him what we wanted, that one of the boys had been overlooked, and needed help, would he not come to him; this with an impassioned force. He would come, he replied, as soon as he could, but his hands were full. "No, doctor," we pleaded, "come now, come now," and catching hold of his coat we would not let him go. Dr. Hooten, our brigade surgeon, was a man of tender heart, and he saw we were terribly in earnest. "Where is the boy," he said. We quickly turned and

conducted him to Patsey's side. Bending over him he examined him; he had been shot through the lungs. Getting up he motioned for us to follow. "Go to the steward," he said, "and tell him to mix you some morphine and whisky," telling me the right amount of each. I hurriedly left him and was soon returning with the medicine. Reaching his side I knelt down and told him to open his mouth. Inserting the tube of the hospital tin between his teeth, I gently poured the medicine down his throat, but it had no sooner touched his stomach than he vomited it up. I repeated the dose and had the satisfaction at last of seeing him retain it. Drying up the blood and wet in which he was laying with some old rags, we left him with the assurance that he would soon be sleeping. Having been away now from our command for a long time, we felt we must hurry back, however much we felt disposed to stay, and do what we could for our boys, so going outside of the fly, we started back to the command. But our mind was torn and rent with sad feelings. Yonder under that hospital fly, lay boys whom we tenderly loved, wounded and helpless, breathing, slowly breathing their lives away, while others suffering pain almost unbearable, lay with teeth clenched, and knitted brows, suffering on in silence. As we slowly walked along how we strove for the mastery of our feelings, but we could not help it, and in spite of all we could do, we cried like a child. Sitting down by a tree until we had partially overcome our sorrow, we arose and again started for the company, while ringing in our ears were the words: "Vengeance is mine I will repay, saith the Lord." How the memory of those days come surging back upon us as we sit at home penning these lines. The scene is as fresh in our memory as if it had happened only yesterday, and the events of those times comes sweeping over us like a flood. But the boys we loved so well, our neighbor lads at home, have long ere this mouldered into dust in their southern graves, can we doubt for a moment that their souls are happy? that they are now singing the happy songs of angels around the great white throne on high? No! No! doubt cannot enter, and so we feel that they are better off than we. All glory to their memories. And such is the tale of the assault on the rebel lines in front of Kenesaw. How many homes it darkened by the shadow it cast upon their firesides. The 27th day of June, 1864, will long be remembered by many families in Champaign and Vermilion counties.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The assault on Kenesaw, as far as capturing the enemy's works were concerned, was a failure ; but this did not prove, by any means, that we were whipped. So on the next day it was determined to advance the line held by our brigade, which was formed in close column by regiments, the 125th being in the front line. The movement was made in order to mine the works of the enemy. As the distance was not more than two hundred feet, it was an extremely hazardous undertaking, but as yankee ingenuity cannot be balked, Col. Langley devised a plan, the like of which was never seen before during the war, and completely casts in the shade all engineering exploits on record. The colonel and one man, corporal Joseph Frankenburg, of Co. "E," who volunteered for the undertaking, crawled from our line to a tree some twenty yards in advance, and behind it commenced digging a small pit. After digging enough earth to give protection, an empty cracker box was dragged up from our lines by means of a rope, and filled with earth, this was placed in front of the pit, and after digging a little more, another cracker box was brought along, filled, and placed in juxtaposition. This was continued with success, until finally the whole regiment advanced the twenty yards, and were safely ensconced behind the cracker box fortification. Mining at once commenced under the colonel's direction, but the evacuation of the rebels rendered it useless to proceed with the work to its completion. It was the intention to mine under the rebel breast works, and on the morning of the 4th of July, to usher in the day by one of the grandest pyrotechnic displays that had ever occurred in those parts, which would strike terror and dismay to the hearts of the rebels, and would undoubtedly have been, for some of their number, the last 4th of July celebration they would ever have honored with their presence. But the "Johnnies" found out the scheme, and evacuated the works. Prisoners stated that they suspected something of the sort was going on, so placing a drum on the ground, and on

its head some small pieces of gravel, the digging of our boys caused the head of the drum to vibrate, and make the gravel move. This scheme frustrated our designs, but the wonder of many of us was, where they learned enough of philosophy to induce them to make the experiment. One rebel stated that he was stationed where "the mine would have blown him to h—ll if we'uns hadn't left."

Pending the armistice to bury the dead between the lines, the rebel army was represented by Colonel Rice of the 28th Tennessee, our side by Colonel Langley. Colonel Rice was very anxious that the arms and accoutrements of our soldiers who fell at the rebel breast works, should be given over to them, but to this Col. Langley objected, and proposed that they should be regarded as neutral property, and not touched by either party until one or the other should occupy the ground. To this Colonel Rice reluctantly consented, knowing that if he did not it would be equivalent to saying that the rebels were not going to hold their position. The upshot of the matter was just as Colonel Langley expected, the rebels evacuated, and we got all the arms, some 250 Enfield rifles. The rebel generals Cheatham and Hindman, were present during the armistice, and as everything connected with our assault on Kenesaw is of the deepest interest, we have concluded to give a description of these noted rebels. Cheatham's uniform consisted of an old slouch hat, a blue hickory shirt, butternut pants, and a pair of cavalry boots. The supports to his unmentionables were an old leather strap, and a piece of web, the general appearance being that of a "johnney" gone to seed. In a conversation with our colonel he stated that he was of the opinion that the war would be settled by treaty, as neither party could conquer. He was satisfied that we had so completely revolutionized Missouri, Arkansas, Tennessee, Kentucky, West Virginia, Maryland and Louisiana, that they would never form part of the Confederacy. He virtually admitted that he was only fighting from principle, and not for the love of the Southern Confederacy. When Tennessee passed the ordinance of secession, he went with it, and as he had cast his lot, he did not like to "back down." Hindman was an Arkansian, and had the reputation of being a confirmed gambler and black-leg. He did not command the respect of his troops, and by his brother officers he was despised. In appearance he was very dressy. His auburn hair flowed in ringlets over his shoulders, and it was stated that a light mulatto girl dressed it for him every morning. Colonel Rice was very gentlemanly and humane in the manner in which he assisted our fellows to pay the last sad rites to those who had fallen in front of their works while bravely fighting.

CHAPTER XXV.

Acknowledging the failure of the assault, but acting under the conviction that it would be fatal to rest long under the influence of a defeat, General Sherman determined to again try a flanking movement, and in consequence every effort was put forth to make it a success. Accordingly on the 1st of July, General McPherson was relieved by Garrard's cavalry in front of Kenesaw, and the relieved command was hastily moved to the right. General McPherson commenced his movement on the night of July 2nd, and the effect was instantaneous. On the morning of the 3rd Kenesaw was abandoned and the first dawn of day saw our skirmishers appear on the mountain top.

Marietta was evacuated, and General Sherman entered it in person at half-past eight in the morning, just as the enemy's cavalry vacated the place. The orders were to push the enemy, with the hope of catching him in confusion as he made the passage of the Chattahoochie river. But Johnston had provided against this and had covered his movement well. On the 7th of July, we had effected a crossing of the river. At the same time General Garrard had moved rapidly on Roswell, and destroyed the factories which had supplied the rebel armies with cloth for years. Over one of these the nominal owner displayed the French flag, which of course was not respected. On the 10th of July at day light, Johnston retreated southward, leaving the army of the union undisputed masters north and west of the Chattahoochie river, along whose grassy banks we remained quietly in camp until the 16th of July, though the time was employed in collecting stores at Alatoona, Marietta and Vinings Station, strengthening the railroad guards and garrisons, and improving the bridges and roads leading across the river. On the 17th, everything being in readiness, we were again ordered to advance, and formed a general line along the old Peach Tree creek road. Our brigade crossed the creek on logs and impromptu

bridges in face of a heavy fire from the enemy, who occupied intrenched lines ready to receive us.

On the afternoon of the 20th about 4 p. m., the enemy sallied from his works in force and fell in line of battle against our right center. The blow was sudden, and somewhat unexpected, but after a severe battle they were repulsed, leaving on the field about 500 dead, 1000 wounded, 7 stands of colors and many prisoners. His loss could not have fallen short of 5000, whereas our loss was covered by 1500 killed, wounded and missing. On the 21st a reconnaissance was made of the enemy, in his intrenched position, at a general distance from Atlanta of about four miles. On the morning of the 22nd this whole line was found abandoned, much to the surprise of the union army. We thought, for a time, that the enemy had concluded to give up Atlanta without further contest. Gen. Johnston had been relieved of his command and Gen. Hood substituted. A new policy seemed resolved on, of which the bold attack on the right was the index. Our ranks without opposition swept across the strong and well finished works of the enemy, and closed in upon Atlanta until they occupied a line in the form of a general circle of about two miles in radius, when the enemy was again found occupying in force a line of finished redoubts, which had been prepared for more than a year, covering all the roads leading into Atlanta. Here it was, that under the leadership of their new commander, Hood, they made a desperate assault on our lines, but only to be repulsed with terrible slaughter. But this battle of the 22d of July cost us 3,722 killed, wounded and prisoners, and among the dead was Major general McPherson. The enemy left on the field an aggregate loss of 8000 men. And so the days passed, fighting and erecting breast-works, until on the 1st day of September, when as we were in front of Jonesboro, a small town below Atlanta, the rebels came out of their works and offered us battle. The enemy attacked with Lee and Hardee's corps and after a contest of over two hours withdrew behind their works, leaving over 400 dead on the ground, and his wounded, of which about 300 were left in Jonesboro, making his loss not much less than 2,500. Orders were at once given for all the army to turn on Jonesboro. About 4 p. m. of that day Gen. Davis, our corps commander, was all ready,

and we assaulted the enemy's lines across open fields, carrying them and taking as prisoners Govan's brigade, including its commander and staff and two four-gun batteries. The next morning the enemy was gone. He had retreated further south. About two o'clock that night the sounds of heavy explosions were heard in the direction of Atlanta, distance about twenty miles, with a succession of minor explosions and what seemed like the rapid firing of cannon and musketry. These continued for about an hour, and again about four a. m. occurred another series of similar discharges, apparently nearer to us, and these sounds could be accounted for on no other grounds than that of a night attack on Atlanta by General Slocum, or the blowing up of the enemy's magazines. Rumors began to arrive, through prisoners captured, that Atlanta had been abandoned, and that Hood had blown up his ammunition trains, which accounted for the sounds. On the morning of Sept. 2nd a courier arrived from Gen. Slocum, reporting that the enemy had evacuated Atlanta, blown up seven trains of cars and retreated on the McDonough road, and that he, Slocum, held possession of the city. On the 7th of September the entire army went into camps grouped about Atlanta, our brigade having reached the city on the night of the 3rd in charge of nearly 1700 prisoners captured at Jonesboro, was posted in the suburbs of the city. Thus was completed and sent down to history another of the great campaigns of the war.



CHAPTER XXVI.

Our victorious march from Chattanooga to Atlanta, was a military operation, whose successful close would have turned the heads of the French. It was made through a country presenting great natural obstacles, sufficient to deter a general of average qualities, and these natural defences the enemy had strengthened by a series of remarkable works, before each of which some generals would have paused to lay seige. But our leader, with the soldiers under his command, proved equal to every emergency, and the campaign ended with glory to our arms. Immediately after occupying Atlanta, Gen. Sherman posted the Army of the Tennessee, in the neighborhood of East Point; the Army of the Ohio, at Decatur, and retained the Army of the Cumberland to hold the city. Thus stationed we were permitted to enjoy the rest we so greatly needed. Although nearly all the inhabitants of Atlanta, whose circumstances permitted them to go, had left that city previous to its occupation by the Federal forces, yet a great many remained both by choice and necessity. It was determined to make a grand military post of Atlanta, and as one of the first measures to this end, General Sherman directed that all non-combatants must leave the city at once. He knew that the inhabitants of Atlanta could not subsist long in the city without the aid of the Government, and his line of communications was too long and precarious to permit him to divide the rations of his soldiers with citizens. He therefore issued an order commencing thus: "The city of Atlanta being exclusively for warlike purposes, will at once be vacated by all, except the armies of the United States, and such civilian employes as may be retained by the proper department of the Government." This order may appear to be harsh and vindictive, yet it was not only justifiable, but absolutely necessary. The mayor and two members of the city council of Atlanta, petitioned General Sherman to revoke it, to which petition he made the following reply, than which a more noble defense of his order, could not

be made. As this letter of General Sherman's seems to us to be of more than common interest, and as it will undoubtedly be highly interesting to the reader who scans these pages, we will insert it here :

Head-quarters Military Division of the Mississippi

In the field, Atlanta, Ga., September 12, 1864.

James M. Cahoun, Mayor; E. E. Rawson and S. C. Wells, representing City Council of Atlanta, Gentlemen:

I have your letter of the 11th, in the nature of a petition, to revoke my orders removing all the inhabitants from Atlanta. I have read it carefully and gave full credit to your statements of the distress that will be occasioned by it, and yet shall not revoke my order, simply because my orders are not designed to meet the humanities of the case, but to prepare for the future struggles, in which millions, yea hundreds of millions of good people, outside of Atlanta, have a deep interest. We must have *peace*, not only in Atlanta, but in all America. To secure this, we must stop the war that now desolates our once favored and happy country. To stop war, we must defeat the rebel armies that are arrayed against the laws and constitution, which all must respect and obey. To defeat these armies we must prepare the way to reach them in their recesses, provided with the arms and instruments which enable us to accomplish our purpose. Now I know the vindictive nature of our enemy, and that we may have many years of military operations from this quarter, and therefore deem it wise and prudent to prepare in time. The use of Atlanta for warlike purposes is inconsistent with its character as a home for families. There will be no manufactures, commerce or agriculture here for the maintenance of families, and, sooner or later, want will compel the inhabitants to go. Why not go *now*, when all the arrangements are completed for the transfer, instead of waiting until the plunging shot of contending armies will renew the scenes of the past month? Of course, I do not apprehend any such thing at this moment; but you do not suppose that this army will be here until the war is over. I can not discuss this subject with you fairly, because I cannot impart to you what I propose to do; but I assert that my military plans make it necessary for the inhabitants to go away, and I can only renew my offer of services to make the exodus, in any direction, as easy and comfortable as possible. You cannot qualify war in harsher terms than I will. War is cruelty, and you cannot refine it; and those who brought war on our country deserve all the curses and maledictions a people can pour out. I know I had no hand in making this war, and I know I will make more sacrifices to day than any of you to secure peace. But you cannot have peace and a division of our country. If the United States submits to a division now, it will not

stop, but will go on until we reap the fate of Mexico, which is, eternal war. The United States does and must assert its authority, wherever it has power, if it relaxes one bit to pressure, it is gone, and I know that such is not the national feeling. This feeling assumes various shapes, but always comes back to that of Union. Once admit the Union, once more acknowledge the authority of the National Government, and instead of devoting your houses, and streets and roads, to the dread usages of war, I and this army become at once your protectors and supporters, shielding you from danger, let it come from what quarter it may. I know that a few individuals cannot resist a torrent of error and passion, such as has swept the South into rebellion, but you can point out, so that we may know those who desire a government, and those who insist upon war, and its desolation. You might as well appeal against the thunderstorm, as against these terrible hardships of war. They are inevitable, and the only way the people of Atlanta can hope once more to live in peace and quiet at home, is to stop this war, which can alone be done by admitting that it began in error and is perpetuated in pride. We don't want your negroes, or your horses, or your houses, or your lands, or anything you have, but we do want and will have a just obedience to the laws of the United States. That we will have, and if it involves the destruction of your improvements, we cannot help it. You have heretofore read public sentiment in your newspapers that live by falsehood and excitement, and the quicker you seek for truth in other quarters, the better for you. I repeat then, that by the original compact of Government, the United States had certain rights in Georgia, which have never been relinquished, and never will be; that the South began war by seizing forts, arsenals, mints, custom houses, etc., etc., long before Mr. Lincoln was installed, and before the South had one jot or tittle of provocation. I myself have seen in Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee and part of Mississippi, hundreds and thousands of women and children, fleeing from your armies and desperadoes, hungry and with bleeding feet. In Memphis, Vicksburg and Mississippi, we fed thousands upon thousands of the families of rebel soldiers left on our hands, and when we could not see them starve. Now that war comes home to you, you feel very different; you deprecate its horrors, but did not feel them when you sent car loads of soldiers and ammunition, and moulded shell and shot to carry war into Kentucky and Tennessee, and desolate the homes of hundreds and thousands of good people, who only asked to live in peace at their old homes, and under the government of their inheritance. But these comparisons are idle. I want peace, and believe it can only be reached through union and war, and I will ever conduct war purely with a view to perfect and early success. But, my dear sir, when that peace does come, you

may call on me for anything. Then will I share with you the last cracker, and watch with you to shield your homes and your families against danger from every quarter. Now you must go, and take with you the old and feeble, feed them and nurse them, and build for them, in more quiet places, proper habitations to shield them against the weather, until the mad passions of war cool down, and allow the Union and peace once more to settle on your old homes at Atlanta.

Yours in haste.

W. T. SHERMAN,
Major General.

CHAPTER XXVII.

An armistice of ten days was agreed upon by Gens. Sherman and Hood for the purpose of carrying out this order. All who desired to go south were furnished transportation to Rough and Ready Station by Gen. Sherman, where they were received by the rebel forces. All those preferring to go north were also furnished by him with transportation. This being completed, Gen. Sherman began the reorganization of the army, with a view to future movements. We were re-clothed and equipped, and the stains and marks of our long and arduous campaign passed away.

On the 23rd day of September the division of which the 3rd brigade was a part, under command of Gen. J. D. Morgan, began a forced march to north Alabama *via* Chattanooga in pursuit of Gen. Forest's cavalry, then as far to our rear as middle and west Tennessee, and whose presence daily jeopardized our "cracker line." The command returned on the 15th of November, having been gone 48 days, and completed, as is claimed by those who made it, one of the most difficult and laborious marches of the war. It was not

the good fortune of the writer to be with the troops on this trip, and he is obliged to refer the readers to the subjoined reports for such detailed information as they contain, assuring you, however, that the 125th bore itself as grandly as on all other occasions. In the meantime we will try to tell you what the army encamped in and about Atlanta was doing, as to this we were attached during the campaign first mentioned. As an army we rested here in our camp taking our ease, eating our rations, and wondering when the bugle would again sound the "forward." On the 28th of September, Sherman became convinced that the enemy intended to assume the offensive. He sent Thomas to Nashville to organize the new troops who were arriving there, and a new line of works around Atlanta were completed, which would only require a small garrison to hold. And now we come to the relation of the grandest campaign that has ever been made in modern times. Like the Roman general who burned his ship, on landing on the enemy's shores, so that his army could have no avenue of retreat, so Sherman, when his orders had been carried out and everything was in readiness, on the 12th day of November, 1864, severed his communications with the north. On that day the last train of cars whirled rapidly past us, speeding over bridges and into the woods as if afraid of being left helpless and alone in the deserted land. At Cartersville the last communication by telegraph with the north was severed. It bore the message to Gen. Thomas at Nashville, "all is well." The army with which Sherman made the "march to the sea," was composed of the fifteenth and seventeenth corps, forming the right wing, under Maj. Gen. O. O. Howard, the fourteenth (our corps) and the twentieth corps forming the left wing, under the command of Maj. Gen. H. W. Slocum, making an aggregate strength of 60,000 infantry; one cavalry division, to aggregate 5,500 men, under Brig. Gen. Judson Kilpatrick, and the artillery reduced to the minimum, one gun for 1000 men. On the 16th we left Atlanta with Gen. Sherman in person, and moved by Lithonia, Covington and Shady Dale directly on Milledgeville, the capitol of the state. All the troops were provided with good wagon trains loaded with ammunition and supplies, approximating twenty days bread, forty days sugar and coffee, a double allowance of salt for forty days, and beef cattle

equal to forty days' supplies. The wagons also were supplied with about three days forage in grain. All were instructed, by a judicious system of foraging, to maintain this order of things as long as possible, living chiefly, if not solely, upon the country, which was known to abound in corn, sweet potatoes and meats. But on the night of the 15th, before leaving Atlanta, a grand and awful sight was witnessed by many beholders. By order, the chief engineer destroyed by powder and fire all the store houses, depot buildings and machine shops. The heaven was one expanse of lurid fire; the air was filled with flying, burning cinders. Buildings covering over two hundred acres of ground were in ruins or in flames. Every instant there was the sharp report, or the smothered burning sound of exploding shells and powder concealed in the building, and then the sparks and flames shooting away up in the black and red roof, scattering the cinders far and wide. These were the machine shops where had been forged and cast, cannon, shot and shell that had carried death to many a brave boy. These warehouses had been the receptacle of munitions of war, stored to be used in slaughtering the men who were now witnessing their destruction. The city which, next to Richmond, had furnished more material for prosecuting the war than any other in the south, existed no more as a means of aid for enemies of the union. Nothing remained but its dwelling houses and churches. On the 8th day after leaving Atlanta, that is the 23rd, we marched through and occupied Milledgeville, the capitol of the state. The legislature had been in session, but on hearing of our approach it broke up and fled. The alarm of its members was communicated to the people, and the place was practically depopulated, no one remaining but a few old ladies and gentlemen and the negroes, the latter welcoming with glad shouts the arrival of the union army, filling the air with such exclamations as: "Bress de Lord! Tanks be to Almighty God, the yank is come. De day ob jubilee hab aribed." And then they would grab any fellow who happened to be near them, and hug him liberally. But we were not to remain here; two or three regiments were detailed, under the orders of the engineers, to destroy certain property designated by the general commanding. The magazines, arsenals, depot buildings, factories of one kind and another, with store houses, large

amounts of government property, and some 1700 bales of cotton were burned. Private houses, however, were respected everywhere, even those known to be the property of rebels then in the field. One or two citizens, who were known to have been in the rebel army, were made prisoners of war, but the surgeons at the hospitals, the principal of the insane asylum and others expressed their thanks that such good order was preserved in the city. From here our corps marched to Sandersville, which we reached the next day, skirmishing most of the way with Wheeler's cavalry.

On the 3rd of December we were in the neighborhood of Lumpkin's station on the Augusta rail road; all were ordered to march in the direction of Savannah; our corps following the Savannah river road. There was no fighting, save once in a while a little skirmish with rebel cavalry. The only battle, if so it may be termed, was fought by General Kilpatrick's cavalry, supported by General Baird's division of our corps, with Wheeler's cavalry in the neighborhood of Thomas' station, whom Kilpatrick whipped handsomely. We were drawing near Savannah, and the country became more marshy and difficult, and more obstacles were met in the shape of felled trees, wherever the road crossed creeks, swamps, or narrow causeways; but the negroes who had flocked to us were utilized, and armed with axes and shovels, formed into pioneer companies, and with incredible swiftness they would remove the obstructions. No opposition from the enemy worth speaking of, was encountered, until we were within about fifteen miles of Savannah, where all the roads were obstructed with felled timber, earth works and artillery. The roads were sandy, and straight almost as an arrow. One afternoon as we were marching along, we were surprised by the whizzing of a shell, which came flying down the road over our heads, and then another and another. The brigade was quickly moved off the road by the right flank and formed in line of battle. Lieutenant Coe, in command of our battery, with his usual rashness, went tearing up the road on his horse to find position for his guns. He saw the rebel works stationed in the center of the road ahead of him. Sitting there on his horse, fearless of danger, looking for a good position for the battery, a solid shot came whirling along and tore his right shoulder off, killing him instantly. The sergeant took command, and

soon our battery was giving them as good as they sent. We want to record it here, that we thought our battery, "I" company, of the 2nd Ill. artillery, was the best in the service. It had been under good discipline, and was as an effective body of men as we ever saw while in the army. We had been together ever since we left Louisville, and some of our boys had been detailed for duty in the battery, so we had come to regard them as part of ourselves.

Our line of battle with skirmishers thrown out, had now advanced, but owing to a large, deep swamp in our front, and the lateness of the afternoon, as it was nearly dark, we halted for the night. In the morning, the skirmishers advancing, found the works deserted. We were now getting very close to the city, and on the 17th, General Sherman dispatched to Savannah, by flag of truce, a formal demand for the surrender of the place, and on the following day received a refusal from General Hardee, who was in command. We received orders to closely invest the city, and to reconnoiter well the ground in our front, and make all preparations for assaulting the place. But Hardee recognized the utter impossibility of holding the town with all his supply sources cut off, and an enemy in front of him who had successfully marched through the heart of the Confederacy, evacuated the city on the night of the 20th, first blowing up and burning the rebel iron clads and three transports. On the 13th of December, communication with the fleet in Tybee, Warsaw and Ossabaw Sounds, that had been watching and waiting for us, was opened up, and on the same day Brigadier General Hazen with the second division of the fifteenth corps, carried by assault Fort McAllister, manned by two companies of artillery, and three of infantry, in all about two hundred men, and mounting twenty three guns and one mortar. Savannah lay at the feet of its conquerors. The fruits of this almost bloodless campaign, a campaign that would have been creditable to the genius of a Napoleon, or a Wellington, were Savannah, a city of twenty thousand inhabitants, and of great importance to us as a harbor; more than 1000 prisoners, 150 guns, 13 locomotives in good order, 190 cars, a very large quantity of ammunition and material of war, 3 steamers, and 3,200 bales of cotton. All this General Sherman offered to President Lincoln as a Christmas gift. There were also more than 15,000 slaves gathered into our

lines, some of whom proved of great use to the army. Such were the great results of the capture of Savannah, but the greatest were those made possible only, by this success.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

We remained at Savannah nearly a month, refitting and repairing for the next campaign. Christmas day was passed here, but there was no Christmas trees, nor did any Santa Claus appear to reward us for our good behavior. We had been paid off before leaving Atlanta, and consequently there was a good deal of money in camp, and the "chuck-a-luck" gamesters were in the height of their season. Gambling was positively against orders, but all the same it was carried on, and wherever a squad of men could be seen grouped together, you might be sure there was a chuck-a-luck board in full play. The guards detailed to arrest these fellows, had a lively time of it. Every point of strategy of which they were cognizant, was employed to bring the offenders to justice. Coming on them by a flank movement, surrounding them, or approaching them by a direct charge on the double quick. All their manœuvering generally came to naught, for some one was always on the lookout, and was sure to see the first appearance of danger, and with a shout would give the alarm, when all would take to their heels, leaving the pursuers to reflect on the uselessness of their endeavors. But sometimes the guards would make a capture, and march the luckless offenders off to headquarters, where, after receiving a lecture on the immoral practice of gambling in general, and of chuck-a-luck in particular, he would be ordered to stand on a barrel, or carry a rail on his shoulder for a few hours.

Savannah is a beautiful city, the streets are wide and lined with live oak trees, with promenades beneath them, and the dwelling houses are very handsome, the yards and gardens are filled with the richest and most varied kind of plants and shrubs. Here we saw the monument erected to the memory of Count Pulaski, a beautiful shaft, covered at its base with appropriate inscriptions, recording, in letters of stone, the memory of him in whose honor it was raised. The city has some charming parks, and when not on duty, we would pass the time rambling around and noting all that was to be seen. Here one day the writer and a comrade, having secured the necessary pass, proceeded to the river, and obtaining a boat, pushed off, bound on a visit to the gunboat *Wissahickon*, then anchored in the stream below the city, her crew being employed in fishing for torpedoes which the rebels had thrown into the channel of the river, in order that they might blow up our vessels as they proceeded up the stream to the wharfs. We had a pleasant row, and an equally pleasant visit with the officers and crew. We were the first of Sherman's men that they had seen, and they were very anxious to know the particulars of the march; we told them our adventures since leaving Atlanta, which seemed greatly to excite their wonder and admiration. We left the *Wissahicken* with kindly feelings for all on board, and as we pulled up the river back toward the city, we sang:

"The Army and Navy ne'er sever,
But still to their colors prove true,
It's the Army and Navy forever,
Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue."

We arrived safely in camp, feeling that we had passed a pleasant day.

When we arrived at Savannah we were the proud owner of a very large red rooster, whom we named "Jeremiah," but for short we generally addressed him as "Jerry." He was a character, if ever a rooster could be termed such, and if he had not acquired a great knowledge as the man's chickens who, on account of his many moves and changes, they had got so in the habit of having their legs tied, that they would, whenever they saw a covered wagon, run into the front yard, fall on their backs, and cross their legs ready for tying; if Jeremiah had not learnt this much, he still was very easily

managed, and would stand round of a morning while "Dick," our darkey, was loading down our pack mule with blankets, and other necessaries, getting ready for the march, and when it came time for "Jerry" to be lifted to his place on top of the load, he would make no objection, but would suffer himself to be tied on securely, and there he would ride all day. This had come to be such an every day matter, that it was almost a second nature to him, and his amazement was great, when day after day passed, and he was not called on to take his accustomed place on top of our portable treasures. "Jeremiah" waxed fat, and would every now and then express his satisfaction at the situation, by a shrill crow. But the boys were getting tired of him, for in spite of our endeavors "Jerry" would somehow manage to get in our tents, and sleep, and at the first dawn of day, his crow would ring upon our ears. This was all right enough while we were on the march, but now that we were in camp, they failed to appreciate it, so threats of vengeance were loudly made. We begged and plead for him, but all to no purpose, "they were not going to have that miserable rooster crowing in their ears every morning," they said, so finally we had to yield to the pressure of public opinion, and gave the order for "Jerry" to be executed, which was accordingly done, and we whetted our teeth to devour him. "Jeremiah" was undoubtedly an old bird, for constant boiling all day, failed to render him tender. But we had a feast, all the same, as "Jerry," after being cut up in small pieces, and having for accompaniment a large piece of pork, and a handful or two of hard-tack, made a camp kettle full of food. We picked poor "Jerry's" bones clean, thereby proving, although in different words, the truth of the old adage, "the big roosters eat up the little ones."



CHAPTER XXIX.

Here at Savannah we fared sumptuously on oysters and fresh fish. Every evening the negroes would come up to the city from the mouth of the river, with their boat loads of oysters. These we purchased at the rate of one dollar per bushel, and taking them to camp would throw them on the fire, and let them roast, the opening of the shell indicating when the bivalve was thoroughly cooked. Many a feast of this sort did we have while there. But our feasting and merry making was rudely ended by the bugle one morning sounding the call to "strike tents." Everything was ready, and we were now to leave Savannah, and commence the march which ended at Washington. The city of Savannah and the forts around it were transferred to Gen. Foster, commanding the department of the south, and on the 19th of January, 1865, all preparations were completed and the march commenced. The weather was very bad, the January rains had commenced to fall, swelling the Savannah river, overflowing its bottoms and making the roads miserable. This made no difference, however, to our general, so we marched up the river to Sisters Ferry, but owing to the high state of the water, and the difficulty in laying the pontoons, we did not succeed in getting everything across, until the first week in February. And now we entered on the soil of South Carolina, and the feelings of the men were openly expressed as they stepped off of the pontoons, by the declaration that now they were in the state which had caused more trouble than any other state in the union. We were behind the rest of the army owing to the difficulties encountered in crossing the Savannah, and so we had to march rapidly to overtake the right wing, but at last we caught up with it. Foraging was again the order of the day, we were compelled to subsist off of the country through which we passed. Every morning a detail of two men from each company would be made, making twenty men to a regiment. They were put under command of a commissioned officer, and

would leave camp about an hour before the army moved. These men would strike off into the country around and gather up all the provisions they could find, and towards evening would turn their steps towards the roads on which the corps was marching. They would come into camp in all styles of transportation. Here would be a couple of fellows, who in their wanderings had found a fine buggy or carriage ; hunting up a mule or a horse, they would hitch him to the vehicle, and loading it down with the proceeds of their day's search, would come gravely riding into camp amid the laughter of all who saw them. Or some other squad had come across a grist mill, and if there was no grist on hand to be ground, they would soon procure some from somebody's corn-field or granery, and starting up the machinery would grind it in good workmanlike style, load it into an old wagon or anything they could find and bring it into camp, burning the mill to the ground, however, before leaving it. Others would make their appearance riding on some old mule or horse, which they had picked up, loaded down with hams, bacon, chickens, sweet potatoes or whatever they could find. By these means we were provided with plenty of food and in great variety. The army occupied four roads travelling parallel to each other, and the location of each corps could be easily known by the cloud of smoke that hovered over it by day, and the light of the camp fires which lit up the heavens at night. Our march through South Carolina, often recalled to our minds the wanderings of the children of Israel in the wilderness when the Lord went before them by day in a pillar of cloud, and by night in a pillar of fire. Our line of march extended over a strip of country nearly sixty miles in width, and with the exception of the negro huts, this land was stripped of everything. There were undoubtedly many acts of wanton cruelty and villainous outrage committed by some, but the mass of the army was opposed to such actions, and loudly condemned them. Of course, in an army the size of ours, there were all phases of humanity, and it was plainly seen that the members of regiments, which had been made up in some of our large cities, were oftener guilty of acts of violence than men from regiments which had been formed in the agricultural parts of the country. This was entirely logical, as the reader can easily understand. The weather still con-

tinued rainy, and the roads were terrible, often requiring the severest labor on the part of all to make them passable for our teams, by corduroying them. At last we reached the banks of the Congaree, on the other side of which the city of Columbia, the capitol of the state, was situated, and on the night of February the 15th, the enemy amused themselves by shelling our camps from a battery posted on that side of the river. And now we come to a matter, which, although not having any particular bearing on the regiment, as we did not come within two miles of the city, still as a part of the army then in front of Columbia, we must suffer in common with other regiments from the stigma the rebels sought to cast upon our arms, by the destruction of that city by fire on the night of the 17th of February. Major General Howard had received orders from the general commanding, to destroy absolutely all arsenals and public property not needed for the use of our army, as well as railroads, depots and machinery useful in war to an enemy, but to spare all dwellings, colleges, schools, asylums, and harmless private property. The day of the occupation of Columbia was clear, but a tremendous wind was blowing. One brigade of our army was in the city and properly posted. Citizens and soldiers were on the streets, and good order prevailed. General Wade Hampton, who commanded the rebel rear guard of cavalry, had, in anticipation of the capture of Columbia, ordered that all cotton, public and private, should be moved into the streets and fired. Bales were piled everywhere, the rope and bagging cut, and tufts of cotton were blown about in the wind, lodged in the trees and against houses, so as to resemble a snow storm. Some of these piles of cotton were burning, especially one in the very heart of the city, near the court-house, but the fire was partially subdued by the labor of our soldiers. Before one single public building had been fired by order, the smoldering fires, set by Hampton's orders, were rekindled by the wind and communicated to the buildings around. About dark they had begun to spread and get beyond the control of the brigade on duty in the city. A whole division was brought in, but it was found impossible to check the flames, which by midnight, had become unmanageable and raged until about four a. m., when the wind subsiding, they were brought under control. Gen. Sherman in his report says:

“ I was up nearly all night and saw Generals Howard, Logan and Wood and others laboring to save houses and protect families thus suddenly deprived of shelter, and of bedding, and wearing apparel. I disclaim, on the part of my army, any agency in this fire, but, on the contrary, claim that we saved what of Columbia remains unconsumed. And without hesitation I charge General Wade Hampton with having burned his own city of Columbia. not with a malicious intent, or as the manifestation of a silly “ Roman Stoicism,” but from folly and want of sense in filling it with lint, cotton and tinder. Our officers and men on duty worked well to extinguish the flames, but others not on duty, including the officers who had long been imprisoned there, rescued by us, may have assisted in spreading the fire after it had once begun, and may have indulged in unconcealed joy to see the ruin of the capitol of South Carolina. Thus ends the account of the destruction of Columbia.” We shall not enter into any discussion of the matter, as we firmly believe, along with Gen. Sherman, that it was all caused by the folly or ignorance of Gen. Wade Hampton.

CHAPTER XXX.

It was now the 21st of February, and our wing of the army had reached Winnsboro, where we went to work destroying the rail road up to Blackstake's depot, and then turned to Rocky Mount, on the Catawba river. From the 23rd to the 26th, heavy rains fell swelling the rivers, and making the roads almost impassable. On the 26th we reached Hanging Rock, and made preparations to cross the river, but the heavy rains had so swollen the stream, that our pontoon bridge broke, and we had hard work to restore it. At last we

succeeded, and were put in motion for Cheraw, which place we entered on the 3rd day of March; the enemy retreating across the Pe-dee river and burning the bridge. Here we found much ammunition, and many guns which had been brought from Charleston on the evacuation of that city. These were destroyed, as also the rail road bridges and trestles as far down as Darlington, when we were again put in motion for Fayetteville, North Carolina. The weather still continued bad and the roads fearful, but we reached there on the 11th of March, skirmishing with Wade Hampton's cavalry that covered the rear of Hardee's retreating army. During the night of the 9th, Hampton made a dash on our cavalry on our left flank at daylight and captured one of their camps, and the house in which General Kilpatrick had his headquarters. But Kilpatrick escaped in his underclothes and rallying his men on foot in a swamp near by, succeeded in routing the enemy, regaining his artillery, horses, camp and everything, save a few prisoners whom the enemy carried off, leaving their dead on the ground. All that day, the cavalry boys who had made their escape after being taken prisoners by the enemy, kept coming into our line of march, some of them without hats, coats or shoes, all of them on foot. But they soon left us and returned to their command. Their appearance, however, was ludicrous, and their accounts of how they came to be captured, were generally the same. The way in which it happened was this: During the night of the 9th, General Kilpatrick had divided his three brigades to picket the roads. Hampton, detecting this, dashed in at daylight, and made the capture. The 12th, 13th and 14th, were passed at Fayetteville, destroying the arsenal and the vast amount of machinery which had formerly belonged to the old Harper's Ferry United States arsenal. Every building was knocked down and burned, and every piece of machinery utterly broken up and ruined. On the 15th of March we again moved forward, the cavalry marching in advance and skirmishing heavily with the enemy's rear guard all day. Next morning we again advanced in the same order, and developed the enemy with artillery, infantry and cavalry, in an intrenched position in front of the point where the road branches off towards Goldsboro through Bentonville. Orders were given to press forward and carry his position, only difficult by reason of the nature

of the ground, which was so soft that horses would sink everywhere, and even men could hardly make their way. Line of battle was formed as quickly as possible, and skirmishers thrown out, who soon developed the position of a brigade of Charleston heavy artillery armed as infantry, posted across the road behind a light parapet, with a battery enfilading the approach across a cleared field, but they retreated in confusion, leaving in our hands three guns, and 217 prisoners, of which 68 were wounded and left in a house near by with a rebel officer, four men and five days rations. One hundred and eighty rebel dead were buried by us. Hardee retreated on the road to Smithfield. This was the battle of Averysboro. We lost 12 officers and 65 men killed, and 477 wounded, but no prisoners. On the night of the 18th we went into camp on the Goldsboro road, twenty-seven miles from Goldsboro, and about five miles from Bentonville, where the road from Clinton to Smithfield crosses the Goldsboro road. The enemy was badly defeated, and all indications pointed that he would make no further opposition to our advance, but subsequent events proved that such was not the case. We were now marching on Goldsboro, in North Carolina, our objective point. On the morning of the 19th, we pushed forward to Bentonville, encountering on the road, and driving them before us, Dibrell's cavalry, until within a few miles of the town, where we found the whole rebel army, strongly posted, under command of Johnston himself. Gen. Sherman had gone, that morning, with his staff and escort, over to the right. He was promptly advised as to how matters stood, and we were ordered to act on the defensive until Blair's corps could draw up, and the three remaining divisions of the fifteenth corps could come in on Johnston's left rear, from the direction of Cox's bridge. In the mean time we received word, by courier, that Schofield and Terry would be able to reach Goldsboro by the 21st. Orders were sent to Schofield to push for Goldsboro. By daylight on the 20th, General Howard, leaving his wagon train with sufficient guard, was marching rapidly on Bentonville. And now we come to the battle of Bentonville. Our advance guard, consisting of two brigades, was vigorously attacked, and driven back on our main body, by the enemy, who thereby gained a temporary advantage, and captured three guns and caissons from General Carlin's division of our

corps. As soon, however, as General Slocum ascertained that he was confronted by the whole rebel army, he deployed the second division of our corps, to which our regiment belonged, and brought up on our left the second division of the 20th corps, arranging them behind hastily constructed baricades, and holding them strictly on the defensive. Kilpatrick with his cavalry also came up at the sound of artillery, and massed on our left. In this position we repulsed, without giving an inch of ground, six distinct charges of the combined forces of Hoke, Hardee and Cheatham. Our artillery got into position, and played on the rebel ranks as they came up to the charge, doing fearful execution; the slaughter was terrible. Johnston had moved the night before from Smithfield, leaving all his unnecessary wheels behind him, and but with little artillery, with the intention of overwhelming our left flank before it could be relieved by our other column coming to our assistance, but Johnston had not yet learned that the eye of Sherman was always on the watch, and that he was prepared for any emergency that might arise. During the night of the 19th, Gen. Slocum got up the wagon train with the two divisions guarding it, and General Hazen's division of the 15th corps. This reinforcement made it impossible for Johnston to overwhelm us. The right wing encountered the rebel cavalry, as it was coming to our support, but drove it with serious loss until the head of the column encountered a considerable body behind a barricade at the forks of the road near Bentonville, about three miles east of the battle field of the day before. This force was quickly dislodged and the intersection of the roads secured. These movements which were being made were all accomplished by 4 p. m. of the 20th, when we opened out to the astonished gaze of General Johnston, a complete and strong line of battle. His intention of crushing and capturing our left wing, was completely foiled, and instead of being the aggressor, he found himself placed on the defensive, with Mill creek in his rear, spanned by a single bridge. It was General Sherman's desire to hold the enemy in position until Generals Schofield and Terry could advance and cut off his retreat, thus completely "bagging" him, so he did not press him to battle, but continued to annoy him with the skirmishers, using the artillery freely on all the wooded ground in front, and feeling strongly for the flanks of his

position, which were found to be covered by swamps. All of our empty wagons were sent to Kinston for supplies, and all other impediments were grouped south of Goldsboro, near the Neuse river, while the main army were held ready to fight the enemy if he should dare venture out of his works. A weakness in the enemy's position had been developed, of which advantage might be taken, but that night he retreated on Smithfield, leaving his pickets to be taken prisoners, many dead unburied, and wounded in his field hospitals. Pursuit was made on the morning of the 22nd, two miles beyond Mill creek, but was then stopped. Our loss in this engagement was 1,646 killed, wounded and missing. The enemy left 267 dead unburied, and 1,625 prisoners. For a more detailed account of the operations of the brigade and regiment, the reader will please to consult the reports attached to this history. By the evening of the 24th, our army was encamped at Goldsboro. On the 25th, only four days after, the rail road from Newbern was finished, and the first train of cars arrived, bringing ample supplies of all descriptions from Morehead City. It will never be known with any degree of certainty, the amount of injury done the enemy in this campaign, or the quantity of guns, and materials of war, destroyed. We had traveled the country from Savannah to Goldsboro, with an average breadth of forty miles, and had consumed all the forage, cattle, hogs sheep, poultry, bacon and corn meal that lay in our route. The campaign was ended on the 21st day of March, by the junction of the three armies and the occupation of Goldsboro. We went into camp, where clothing, and supplies were issued to us as fast as they could be brought up from the coast.



CHAPTER XXXI.

On Monday the 10th of April all preparations were completed for our further advance. On the 11th we moved out of camp and marched about seven miles, and on the next day the 12th, the march began in earnest. Foraging was continued as heretofore, but orders were given to use more prudence, and not go in advance of the advance guard, but to look more to the right rear for our supplies of corn meal, bacon, etc. Our wing, the left, was to aim straight for the railroad bridge near Smithfield, thence up the Neuse river to the railroad bridge over that stream, north-east of Raleigh, then to Warrenton where the army would concentrate. Johnston had his army well in hand about Smithfield. It was estimated at infantry and artillery, 35,000; cavalry from 6,000 to 10,000. We pressed the enemy closely, and by 10 a. m. of the 13th, our corps entered Smithfield closely followed by the 20th. Johnston had loaded his trains on the cars and retreated, burning the bridge over the Neuse river at Smithfield. The pontoons were brought up and the crossing of the army commenced without resistance.

Here it was that the glorious news reached us that Lee had surrendered his army to General Grant at Appomattox. We had arisen at the usual hour, and the bugle sounded the assembly, when off to our left cannonading and shouting were heard; we could not account for it, what did it mean? A staff officer of our brigade, with an orderly, was dispatched to find out what was the meaning of the cannonading. He returned with the startling and welcome news that Lee had surrendered. We could hardly believe it, and finally concluded it was a camp rumor, but our doubts were soon dispelled by Capt. Wiseman, the division adjutant general, hastily riding up and requesting Col. Langley, in command of the brigade, to draw up the command in close column by regiments. The request was quickly complied with and he then proceeded to read to us the official announcement of the surrender. What a sight was then wit-

nessed. For a time all discipline was cast aside and we made the pine woods ring "with the glad tidings of great joy." The artillery boys had seized the guns of the battery and were sending forth from the grizzly mouths of the cannon, round after round. The officers were seized and carried around on the shoulders of the men, strong men wept and embraced each other, and the air was filled with knapsacks and hats flung up in the exuberance of our joy. We felt as if the war was over, as for Johnston's army we had no fear of them, for we knew that we would run him like a rat to his hole, before many days would pass. Were we going to get home at last? Was the cruel war over? These were the questions asked on all sides. We moved out of camp that morning in the highest possible spirits. General Sherman issued orders to drop all trains, and we marched in pursuit of Johnston to and through Raleigh, the capitol of the state, reaching that place on the morning of the 13th. During the next two days the cavalry and the different corps were pushed forward, menacing the enemy in front, flank and rear, with Johnston's army retreating rapidly on the roads from Hillsboro to Greensboro, Johnston himself being at Greensboro. Thus matters stood when Gen. Sherman received a communication from Gen. Johnston, requesting an armistice, and a statement of the best terms on which he would be permitted to surrender the army under his command. To this Gen. Sherman promptly returned answer:

"I am fully empowered to arrange with you any terms for the suspension of the hostilities, as between the armies commanded by you and those commanded by myself, and am willing to confer with you to that end. That a base of action may be had, I undertake to abide by the same terms and conditions entered into by Gens. Grant and Lee, at Appomattox court-house, Virginia, on the 9th instant."

These pages were intended to be a history or record of a single regiment in Sherman's army, but as it is intended, also, to be a record of all the events happening to that portion of the army of which our regiment was a part, we have inserted some things among our pages which perhaps may not seem at a first glance, to the reader, to be pertinent to the subject, but which will, we trust, on second thought be considered admissible. We have followed the fortunes of our arms from Kentucky through Tennessee, Georgia,

South Carolina and North Carolina, and before we arrive at home will have to go into Virginia and the District of Columbia, so from this on we shall record events as they happened, without consideration altogether as to the particular movements of our own regiment, for we think that the affairs which happened in such close succession at the close of the rebellion are all matters of interest, and should always be kept alive in the memories of our people, showing how a great rebellion that had been secretly coming to a head for thirty years was crushed, the perpetrators of it allowed to live, through the magnanimity of our government, and slavery in America forever blotted out; removing from our national banner the odium which had rested on it by this foul blot, but which now floats over all our land as the emblem of the free, and respected in every port and harbor of the known world. With this apology, although we do not think it will be deemed necessary by our readers, we will proceed with our writing. The dispatch, to which we have referred, from some cause or other was delayed, and Johnston's answer was not received until late in the day of the 16th. In Johnston's reply he requested an interview with General Sherman near Durham Station, with a view to arranging terms of capitulation. General Sherman fixed the time for the interview at 12 m. on the 17th. The meeting was held according to appointment, and Johnston acknowledged the terms to be fair and liberal, but asked the consideration of additional facts. He stated that the treaty between Gens. Grant and Lee had reference to a part only of the confederate forces, whereas he proposed the present agreement should include all the remaining armies of the rebels, and thus the war should be at an end. He frankly admitted that the cause was lost, that there was no longer any hopes for the success of the confederacy, and that slavery, state rights and every other cause for which the war had been inaugurated was lost, never to be recovered. He desired that the fragments of the confederate armies might preserve their company and regimental organizations, and be marched to the states where they belonged, in such order, to prevent their being broken up into predatory bands to overrun the country and vex the inhabitants; that this was a favorable occasion to inaugurate the beginning of a period of peace and good will between the people

destined to live under the same government. The proposal was a most flattering one, calculated to dazzle the mind and awaken the pride of almost any man, laying claim to the possession of the most ordinary ambition. To be the happy instrument of bringing again to his country, so long devastated with violence, rapine and death, the glorious boon of peace, by a single stroke of diplomacy, was of itself sufficient to place the author in the front rank with the greatest men of his time, and hand down to posterity his name as the savior of his country. Such a brilliant vision may have flitted before the mind of Sherman. But did these men have the necessary authority? Could they bind their government, their superiors, to such terms as they might arrange between themselves? Gen. Sherman thought not, but Johnston assured him that having the rebel secretary of war, Breckenridge, with him, and it having been Mr. Lincoln's repeated declaration, that he was willing to negotiate a peace with any person who could control the rebel armies, he saw no reason why so desirable an end should not be consummated, and asked that the conference might be adjourned over until the next day, to enable him to confer with Breckenridge. This was agreed on, and the conference was adjourned until the next day at 12 m. at the same place.

CHAPTER XXXII.

On the 17th of April, the same day on which General Sherman was negotiating with Johnston for the surrender of the rebel army then under his command, we received the appalling news of the assassination of our beloved president, Abraham Lincoln. It cast a gloom over us all, and to say that our hearts were saddened by the

news, would express the sentiment that was felt in too meagre terms. We felt, individually, as if we had lost a near and dear friend.

Our army was encamped, as we have before stated, on the southern bank of the Neuse river, pending negotiations, of which we were all aware, of the surrender of the army which we had followed so long, and to which we had given battle on many a bloody field. But now, on that Sabbath afternoon, all was still, no noise could be heard, and if one had not known that a large army was encamped there, they never would have suspected it; the silence was awful, men spoke to each other with bated breath; the glitter of the eye, and the tension of the mouth, were indications that were terrible to behold. What! after all our marching, after all our fighting, after all the hardships and privations we had endured, after the four long years of bloody war, during which time our President had sat in the chair of State, and with a wisdom never excelled, and but rarely equalled, had guided the Ship of State aright, after all this, and now that the blood which had been shed, the treasure that had been expended, the arduous labors which we had undergone, were about to be rewarded with the crown of victory, was he not to welcome his boys home again? We could hardly realize it. But the reaction came; the news was true, and it was the feeling in every breast, that vengeance on the people, who, by their mad actions, had brought all this trouble on us, must be executed. The Neuse river only lay between us and Johnston's army, it would have been a matter in which our army would have rejoiced, to cross the river and wipe those men from off the face of the earth. They were the upholders of the cause that had brought, in its bloody train, the assassination of our President, and blood could only heal the sorrow it had caused. All that was needed to cause the slumbering volcano to pour forth its streams of devastation and woe, was some leading spirit to burst the restraints of discipline, and the beautiful city of Raleigh would soon have been but a heap of blackened ruins. Such were the feelings of General Sherman's army when that sad news first fell upon us like a funeral pall. But for fear of an outbreak, orders were issued denying the report, and it was so horrible, we were willing to believe it, and the smothered rage cooled down to unexecuted threats. At the appointed time on the 18th, negotiations were resumed between

Generals Sherman and Johnston. After the first meeting General Sherman had conferred with his principal officers, all of whom favored a treaty on the basis proposed by Johnston, and General Sherman himself drew up the following memoranda or basis of agreement:

"Memoranda or basis of agreement made this 18th day of April, A. D. 1865, near Durham's station, in the State of North Carolina, by and between General Joseph E. Johnston, commanding the Confederate army, and Major General William T. Sherman, commanding the army of the United States in North Carolina, both present.

First. The contending armies now in the field, to maintain their *statu quo* until notice is given by the commanding general of either one to his opponent, and reasonable time, say forty-eight hours, allowed.

Second. The confederate armies now in existence to be disbanded, and conducted to the several state capitols, there to deposit their arms and public property in the state arsenal, and each officer and man to execute and file an agreement to cease from acts of war, and abide the action of both state and federal authorities. The number of arms and munitions of war to be reported to the Chief of Ordnance, at Washington City, subject to future action of the Congress of the United States, and in the mean time to be used solely to maintain order within the borders of the states respectively.

Third. The recognition by the Executive of the United States of the several state governments, on their officers and legislatures taking the oath prescribed by the Constitution of the United States, and when conflicting state governments have resulted from the war, the legitimacy of all shall be submitted to the Supreme Court of the United States.

Fourth. The re-establishment of all Federal Courts in the several states, with powers as defined by the Constitution and laws of Congress.

Fifth. The people, and inhabitants of all the states to be guaranteed, so far as the executive can, their political rights and franchise, as well as their rights of person and property, as defined by the Constitution of the United States, and states respectively.

Sixth. The Executive authority of the Government of the United States, not to disturb any of the people by reason of the late war, so long as they live in peace and quiet, abstain from acts of armed hostility, and obey laws in existence at any place of their residence.

Seventh. In general terms, war to cease, and a general amnesty, so far as the Executive power of the United States can command,

or on condition of disbandment of the Confederate armies, and the distribution of arms, and resumption of peaceful pursuits by officers and men as hitherto composing the said armies. Not being fully empowered by our own respective principals to fulfill these terms, we individually and officially pledge ourselves to promptly obtain necessary authority, and to carry out the above programme.

(Signed) W. T. SHERMAN.

Maj. Gen. Comd'g Army of the U. S. in N. C.

(Signed) J. E. JOHNSTON.

General Comd'g C. S. Army in N. C.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

This memoranda was satisfactory to all present at the conference, as a proposition to be forwarded by special messenger to the President, who called a special meeting of the Cabinet to take it into consideration. The cabinet at once rejected it. This disapproval was communicated to General Sherman by General Grant, who was ordered by the President to proceed immediately to the headquarters of General Sherman, and direct operations against the enemy. The dispatch was received by General Sherman on the morning of the 24th, and he immediately gave notice to General Johnston as follows: "You will take notice that the truce, or suspension of hostilities, agreed to between us on the 18th instant, will close in forty-eight hours after this is received at your lines." He also wrote Gen. Johnston at the same time: "I have replies from Washington to my communication of the 18th. I am instructed to limit my operations to your immediate command, and not attempt civil negotiations, I, therefore, demand the surrender of your army, on the same terms as were given to General Lee, at Appomattox Court House, Va., the 9th of April, instant, purely and simply." Within an hour after the

reception of General Grant's dispatch, a courier was riding rapidly with this notice and demand upon General Johnston. Gen. Sherman also issued orders to the army to be in readiness to march at 12 m. of the 26th, on the routs previously described.

These arrangements were already made when General Grant arrived at Raleigh. He informed General Sherman that he had orders from the President to direct all military movements, but that he was so well pleased with the situation, that he concluded not to interfere, and would leave the execution of the arrangements already made, to General Sherman. And now, comrade, whoever you may be, who read these pages, what do you think? This book is not written for any political purpose, not in the least. We are writing about the times that are past and gone; about the days when we marched side by side together through the land of the cotton and the cane. When our glory and our pride was "Uncle Billy," whom we would have followed to the end, wherever that may have been, and you know it. He had been our guiding star in God's hands. Under him we had gone through campaigns only equalled, but never excelled, in the annals of war, and now, on the eve of the consummation of our labors, the "laurel wreath" was to be snatched from his brow, and instead of being permitted to execute the will of the government as determined upon by the administration, he was to see another placed in the position which by right was his. It seemed hardly fair then, and even at this late day, we cannot think it was. We are no politician, we are not learned in the mysteries, the devilments, and the general cussedness of state intrigue, but we say that W. T. Sherman was the grandest man that ever led an army of the United States, or any other country, and he showed his grandeur and his nobility by brushing to one side, as he would the passing wing of a mosquito, the hint of incapacity that was sought to be fastened on him by those grand and mighty warriors, who, in their cushion bottomed chairs at Washington, dared for one instant to insinuate, that it was they who had guided us through the brake, and through the swamps, from the hillsides of Kentucky, to the walls of Richmond, by their orders to our general and our leader. But *we* knew only Sherman. God bless him, wherever he may be. He is a hero and a nobleman, not by a long line of ancestral descent, per-

haps, but by that God given inspiration that makes him so. We believe that our comrades of former days, feel with us an intense loyalty to William Tecumseh Sherman, a true patriot whom the tinsel, and the glare, of worldly intrigues, could not swerve from the path of duty. Excuse us, dear reader, for this little variation, this view that we may have given you to the secret chamber of our heart, we can not help it, we love the man of whom we have been writing, and the honor of having been a soldier under his command, will be one which our children's children, as they come after us, can reflect upon with pride and glory. But we have forgotten, it seems to us, who we are, we have been talking to you about an individual, the most glorious—stop—we will wait until to-morrow to go on with our work, we must not forget the humble position we occupy, that of giving to you a record of our lives as an army organization.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The bearer of General Sherman's message was an unwelcome visitor at the headquarters of Gen. Johnston. Johnston was powerless. He could neither fight nor retreat, his army was deserting him hourly. Already more than ten thousand of his followers had left him, with their guns, horses, mules and wagons. He must either disperse his army or surrender it on the terms proposed by Gen. Sherman on the 25th. He invited Sherman to another conference, with a view to surrender. Gen. Grant being the ranking officer, then present, it was his province to take the lead in the negotiations, but he preferred that the entire business should be consummated by Gen. Sherman. Write it down in letters of gold, that there was one man, at least, at those times, who was a man by nature, and carried a man's heart in his bosom. Thank God! that in our day

and generation, we do stumble across men, although farther apart than many mile stones, who are willing to give "the spoils to the victor." Accordingly another interview was arranged to take place at the hour designated for the termination of the truce. Final terms were conducted at this conference, substantially the same as given to Lee, and the second grand army of the cotton aristocracy was surrendered to the United States. The number of men surrendered and paroled was in the neighborhood of 25,000; 108 pieces of artillery were parked, with limbers, caissons, etc., complete; little ammunition was captured. About 15,000 small arms were given up. On the 26th day of April, 1865, the surrender of the last rebel organization was effected, peace brought to the land, and the horrible war, which was conceived in sin and brought forth in iniquity, was over. Fellow soldiers, you who wore the gray, shake hands, you were brave boys, you were brought into this unholy and unrighteous war by men who were so unscrupulous as to the means whereby they attained their ambitious projects, that your heart's blood was but as water in their sight. All honor to your dead, your valor, and your bravery. To your leaders, to the men who by their specious talk and winsome flattery moved you to the struggle, we have nothing to say, leaving to the God of nations and of worlds their record. He in His own good time will settle with every one for the "deeds done in the body, whether they be good or whether they be evil.

Well, for us the war was over, and like Othello, "our occupation was gone." By easy marches we at last reached Richmond, the "city of the hills," that like ancient Rome, as thought the hearts of many of her citizens, at the breaking out of the war, "should rule the world." And as we marched through her streets the thought came into our mind why "*we* are Romans." It was but a momentary thought, that we came as conquerors, and was soon swept from our minds by the idea that we were merely a large body of police. There had been a big riot, the biggest kind of a fuss, and we had come to bring the offenders to justice, and that was the end of it. Brothers and comrades, is that all of it? No! comes up the voice of the century. Do you call the striking of the fetters from off 4,000,000 slaves nothing? Do you call the blotting out of our children's school atlases the "Mason and Dixon's line," which they

used to read there and wonder what it meant, nothing? Do you call the establishment of our government and free institutions on a rock as firm as the "Rock of Ages," nothing? Do you call the evidence we have given to the world, that we are a free and enlightened people, nothing? Hold on, let us rest at that a moment. The war did amount to something, didn't it, you old hard-tack eater. Shake hands over the trouble and thank God that we are home at last.

We are almost done now, we have come all the way from Danville, Illinois, through Kentucky, with her neutrality; through Tennessee, with her splendid water, apple-jack and loyalty in the eastern part, but the middle and western were bad; through Georgia, with her rice, and pea-nuts; through South Carolina, with her sweet-potatoes; through North Carolina, with her tobacco and tar; through Virginia, with her clay hills and murmuring waters, until we have at last arrived at Washington with her red tape and capitol airs, but, all the same, the seat of government of the United States of America, the land of the free and of the oppressed. But we will stop, we hear some one calling to us to pull that eagle in. We obey, as a good soldier always does. After taking part in the grand review at Washington, our regiment "struck tents" for the last time and went to Chicago.

CHAPTER XXXV.

The Saturday after we arrived there, we marched down to Union hall about 11 o'clock in the morning, and took up position in front of the orchestra. After the band of the Veteran Reserve Corps had discoursed some of their sweetest music, we were addressed by T. B. Bryan, Esq., president of the Soldier's Home, and of the execu-

tive committee of the great sanitary fair. Mr. Bryan said it was his privilege in the name of the city and the sanitary fair, to welcome us most cordially and sincerely. As he was to be followed by their distinguished commander, there was no need for him to speak of our noble deeds. He wanted us, however, to understand that the men and women of Chicago were equal to those of any other city in earnest and hearty love for the soldier. Whatever disaffected people might say to the contrary, we would find that the women of this city, had toiled as no other women had ever toiled, to sustain and cheer, to comfort and support, the soldier. If regiments had at any time come here unnoticed and unknown, it had been from no fault of theirs. He would now introduce to us our old and tried commander, General Sherman. The announcement was received with great applause, which increased as the General stepped to the front. General Sherman then addressed us as follows:

“FELLOW SOLDIERS: I regret that it has fallen to my task to speak to you, because I would rather that others should do what is most common to them, and less so to me. But, my fellow soldiers, it gives me pleasure to assure you that what the president of this fair has told you just now, is true; that a hearty welcome awaits you wherever you go. Many people think you want bread and meat, but your faces and my knowledge tell me that you prefer the waving of handkerchiefs and the applause of the people, to all the bread and meat that fills the warehouses of Chicago (cheers). Those soldiers who are now before me, know where bread and meat can and will be found (laughter). All we ask, and all we have ever asked, is a silent and generous acknowledgement of our services, when rendered in the cause of our country. And fellow soldiers, when you get home among those who will interest you more than any thing I can say, just call back to mind where you were twelve months ago. You remember Kenesaw Peak, and the Little Kenesaw. It is not a year since you stormed them, and lost my old partner and friend, Dan. McCook. That was on the 27th day of June, 1864. In June, 1865, you stand in the midst of Chicago, surrounded by bright colors and ladies and children. Then you were lying in the mud, the rocks and the dirt, and you knew there was an enemy we had to fight with and conquer, and we did not exactly know how to do it (laughter). But we were patient; we reconnoitered; we watched their flanks; we studied the ground, and in three days we had Johnston and his whole army, pinned; he retired, and we did not give him a chance of stopping until he had put the Chattahoochie between us and him. That is a lesson for you. Temporary defeat is

nothing when a man is determined to succeed. You are not conquered, you never can be conquered when the mind is clear and determined in its purpose ; you must succeed, no temporary defeat can cause failure. You all remember that on the fourth of July we stood close to each other, and we told them then that they would have to go farther than Atlanta, for we should continue to go on (cheers). You will remember how their pickets told us they had reinforcements. Yes, but what? They had one of our corps—Schofield's (laughter). Before General Johnston knew, or dreamed of it, I had reinforced his side of the Chattahoochie, by Gen. Schofield's 23rd corps. From this, my fellow soldiers, I want you to learn the lesson, no matter where you are, to-day or to-morrow, by keeping a purpose close in your mind, in the end you will succeed, whether it be in military, civil, social, or family affairs. Let no difficulty appal you, let no check alarm you, let your purpose in life be clear and steadfast, keep in view the object and design of your life, and just as sure as you are now before me in health and strength you will succeed. You are now returned to your homes, and the task now allotted to you is that of the future. The past is disposed of, it may soon be forgotten ; but the future is before you, and that future will be more glorious than the past. Look at your own state of Illinois, look at the city of Chicago, it is hardly as old as any of you, for twenty-five years ago a little military garrison was here, a two company post, and now it is a city of palaces, of streets, rail roads, etc. You, the men of a city almost the second in the United States of America, are to assist in directing the affairs of this country. You have the patience and industry, and more than that, you have organization, discipline and drill, and if I have been instrumental in teaching you this, in maintaining discipline, order and good government in the army which I have had the honor to command, I am contented ; for on this system, and on this high tone of honor which pervades your minds, must be built the empire of America (loud cheers). I did not wish to address you, but I believe there are no others here who desire to speak, and therefore I ask you to accept what is given in heartiness, a full, joyous welcome home to Chicagó. I know it is genuine, for I myself have experienced it. Feel you are at home, and that there are no more rebels, no more raking fire, no more shot, but that you have done with them forever. Good morning."

At the conclusion of the speech there was loud and long continued cheering.

Colonel Langley replied as follows :

"I can assure you in behalf of the Illinois regiment before you, that your welcome, the welcome of the people of Chicago and of

the people of the state of Illinois, is fully appreciated by these soldiers now returned home. They have, to some extent, known the good to be derived from such associations and organizations as the sanitary commission, and I believe that no city in the union has shown a deeper interest or more generous feeling toward the private soldier in the ranks, than has the city of Chicago. It seemed to be her chief purpose to secure to the soldier all those comforts so essential to his recovery from a bed of sickness, and from wounds received in battle, and the result of this kindness is that your offerings sent out to them have always been duly appreciated, and the heart has swelled with gratitude toward the kind and loyal people who have remembered the soldier in his distress. It ill befits me, who has been in the field for the last three years, to make a speech, but in a blunt soldier way will speak of these brave boys. This regiment now before you I have had the honor to command. I have known the men composing it for a long time; they are the sterling men of the country. My long acquaintance with them enables me to say, that never were there braver soldiers sent into battle against the enemy (cheers). Out of four Illinois regiments in the 3rd brigade, 2nd division, 14th army corps, they were one. They were engaged first in the battle of Perryville in about three weeks after entering the service. Then in the battle of Chickamauga; against Mission Ridge, and again in the different skirmishes near Buzzard's Roost Gap. And on the 27th of June, 1864, the time to which General Sherman alluded, they made a deadly and fearful assault against the enemy's works on Kenesaw Mountain, and failed, but they did not turn their backs on the enemy and run. Instead of retreating, they took to their spades, and, within sixty-two feet of the enemy, threw up intrenchments, and from there, with their sharpshooters, at last drove out the enemy. Again at Jonesboro, they assaulted the same men we failed to drive out at Kenesaw Mountain. They were driven out and captured at Jonesboro, and thus secured the capture of Atlanta. They have endured as much of marching, did as much campaigning, took as many chickens, hams, and other things, as any regiment (laughter). And they have been able to consume as much as any; for by casting your eye over them, you will see that they are men of strength and capable of devouring a good deal of South Carolina subsistence (renewed laughter). Let me assure you that these men have a home interest which will demand of them their earnest, sensible attention, of which fact they need not be advised, and when they return to their homes you will find many of them who did not claim any particular high standing in society before, will rank now above many who remained at home to preserve their morals (laughter). They will go home and return to their former avocations in life, and pursue them with an energy

and industry proportioned to the love they exemplified for the country they so long, so ably and so well defended.

I assure you again that the cordial and sincere welcome which you have tendered us, is heartily appreciated, and in behalf of the regiment, I thank you, and all those who have aided in the kind welcome extended to them."

The proceedings ended with three cheers for the regiment, and three for General Sherman. We then marched to Bryan hall, after which we repaired to the Soldier's Rest for dinner, and then marched back to camp Douglass.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Here we were mustered out of the service and paid off on the 30th day of June, 1865, this we learn from our old discharge, and we also read on that piece of imitation parchment (no objection to his being re-enlisted is known to exist), but may the good God, who has guided us through this struggle, who inspired our leaders, and finally gave us this victory, grant that there may never be any more need of our services as soldiers, unless it may be to defend the land which gave us birth, from some foreign invader. Comrades of companies A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I and K, fare you well, and may God bless you. We have together trod the weary road which, with so many other boys like ourselves, has led us back at last to home and peace. The way at times was dark and dreary, the clouds hung low and black. We missed ever and anon from our sides the forms of those we loved, and with whom we had held daily converse, but they are gone, and the stately pines of the southern part of our land sing a refrain over their graves. Some of their resting places we are ignorant of; they died amid the fury and the smoke of battle, but thank God their souls still live, and he who lays down his life

for his friend is only imitating the example set by the Great Master. If I have written anything in these recollections of our army life that is in the least hurtful to any one's feelings, if I have in any way at all harmed you, forgive me, for such has not been my intention, and knowing me as many of you do, I trust you will believe what I tell you about this part of it. And now with a heartfelt desire that when your camp-fires burn low, as God grant they never may, and your three days rations run out long before the time, as they used sometimes to do while we were on the march together, come over to my fire and thrust your hands into my haversack, and if by chance it should prove to be empty, I will order out my detail, for I have got them now, comrades, and forage for you till your wants are all supplied. Good-by and may God bless you.

Non nobis! Domine non nobis! sed nomine tuo da Gloriam.

ROME.

Leaving the main army at Resaca our brigade moved off in the direction of Rome, Ga., which lays on the south bank of the Coosa river. The work on which we were ostensibly to be engaged, was the repairing of certain railroad bridges. But whether this work was absolutely to be done, or whether our march was but a "blind," we do not know, at any rate we took up our line of march for that purpose, but had not begun work on the bridges, before orders came to move with all possible speed. We reached the city of Rome late one afternoon. The rebel army was found drawn up in line of battle, but our fellows with cheer and shout charged their lines, driving them across the river and out of the town. Here we went into camp for a few days. Rome is a pretty town, and had been the center of a good deal of business before the war, but now all was changed. Provost guards were immediately detailed to preserve order, but in spite of all this the boys, with the instinctive love of

foraging that animates a soldier while in the enemy's country, managed to obtain many luxuries in the shape of tobacco, etc. We got possession of the theater, a minstrel company was formed and several entertainments given, the admission fee being twenty-five cents. The theater was crowded nightly, and the entertainment was much better than we have witnessed at other places with better facilities. The bank was also occupied, but nothing of course was found excepting sheets of confederate money just printed, apparently, but not signed. Some of the boys went to work filling them out, putting down the names of "Timothy Fitzpoodelle," as president, and "Johnny Cometalety" for cashier, or any name which would come into their heads. These confederate bills were passed by many of our boys on the citizens afterwards for such things as they wanted, the citizens taking them for genuine, and indeed they were as good as any of the balance of the confederate money. Some fellows got into the printing office, and, being printers by trade when at home, issued a newspaper filled with spread eagle editorials, and exhorting the editor and owner of the property to come back to the union and give up the cause of secession. These papers were intensely loyal, as might be supposed, and were in all probability, as they were intended they should be, very disgusting to the chivalry. Here also we were shown the hotel, a square, two-story brick building, from the upper verandah of which the rebels exhibited Mrs. Dr. Mary Walker to the shouting and yelling crowd in the street below, whom they had captured a short time previously. But Atlanta was the cry, and so one bright morning we left Rome with its pleasant memories behind us.

A CONFEDERATE CHRISTMAS.

The following is an account of a Christmas dinner held under the rule of the confederate government in 1861. The individual who

helped to celebrate the day, herewith gives the testimony which enables us to set before you, what Christmas meant in those days, and what it cost :

“The dinner of 1861,” he says, “did not differ materially from its predecessors in the ‘ piping times of peace,’ and though in 1862 the feast was home-made, it was enjoyable. Turkeys were only eleven dollars a piece, and salt had fallen to thirty-three cents a pound. The yule log was attainable at fifteen dollars per cord ; wines were to be had by the very rich, and sorghum rum, or apple, peach, or black-berry brandy, cost thirty dollars a gallon. A few toys were left in the stores in the cities, and fire-crackers, essential to the southern festival, were five dollars a pack. By 1863, the closest search of Santa Claus revealed no play-things, and fire-crackers indicated great wealth, or reckless extravagance. The few turkeys in the market were forty and fifty dollars a piece ; whisky, or sorghum rum, for egg-nog, cost seventy-five or eighty dollars per gallon ; sugar was five and ten dollars a pound, and flour one hundred and twenty five dollars per barrel. With gold at 2,800, a plain Christmas dinner for a large family, cost two or three hundred dollars. In 1864, when Christmas fell on Sunday, gold was at 5,000 ; flour was six hundred dollars per barrel ; sugar, two dollars an ounce ; salt, one dollar a pound ; butter, forty dollars ; beef, thirty-five to forty dollars ; wood, was one hundred dollars a cord. A Christmas dinner at a country house, near Richmond, is described thus : The four gentleman were in uniform, the three ladies in home spun. They had for dinner a three hundred dollar ham and the last turkey on the plantation, valued at one hundred and seventy-five dollars, with one hundred dollars worth of cabbage, potatoes and hominy. Corn bread was served, made of meal at eighty dollars a bushel, and salt at one dollar a pound. The desert was black molasses at sixty dollars a gallon, and after a cup of tea, real tea, worth one hundred dollars a pound, treasured up for the occasion, as a surprise, and not sassafras ; there was coffee at discretion made from sweet potatoes cut into little squares, toasted and ground down.

BAD MEAT.

While in camp at Nashville, at one time, the meat issued to us was not up to the standard, but was, on the contrary, far below it. One day there was issued to us bacon, which was actually alive with maggots. All of a sudden in the quarters of company I, there arose a terrible hub-bub, men shouting and yelling, cries of "Hi, hi!" "Get out of here!" "Go on, go on," etc., etc. We all ran down there, the colonel and all, to see what in the world was the matter, when we found Capt. Vinson, with his company, surrounding the pile of meat which had been issued to them, and with their bayonets fixed were going through the motions of driving the bacon out of camp. It was almost lively enough to march. The colonel could not at first understand what was the matter, but soon saw the point when he examined the meat. It was ordered to be destroyed and better bacon was obtained.

At another time company I was called on to go with the quartermaster's team to chop wood for camp use. Capt. Vinson refused to honor the detail from his company, alledging that we did not come down there to chop wood, and that there was no necessity for it any way, as there were cords of wood, already chopped and corded up, standing outside of the line. Quartermaster Ayers got a little riled at this, and off he went to Colonel Harmon to report that the captain of company I refused to furnish him a detail to chop wood. It was not long until an order came requesting the captain's presence at regimental headquarters. Away went the captain and reported to the colonel what he knew in regard to the wood, for he had seen it with his own eyes. He returned to his command, and directly the colonel, mounted on his horse, with the quartermaster by his side, was seen riding off in the direction of the picket line. They soon returned, and the consequence was that the teams went after the wood without the detail. But quartermaster Ayers did not like the refusal of the captain to go with him, and the consequence

was company I received a supply of wood that was very lasting, but of not much use for cooking purposes, as it would not burn. Whether the quartermaster intended it, or not, was not known, but the wood furnished company I, at that issue, was mostly green buck eye and cottonwood.

PUBLIC EXECUTION AT NASHVILLE.

While we were staying at Nashville, desertions became frequent, the boys would go off in squads. It was not the intention on the part of most of them to remain away for good, but they longed to see home once more, and after being absent from the command a week or two, would return. This was contrary to all military discipline, and must be stopped. Orders were issued threatening the extreme penalty of army law, if such behavior was continued, which was death. But still desertions were frequent; and so one day an order was read at dress parade to the regiments of the garrison, notifying them to be present at the execution of a soldier belonging to the 10th Michigan, who had been tried by court martial for desertion, found guilty, and ordered to be shot. The execution was to take place the next day at 12 m., and all the troops in the city were to be present. Accordingly at the appointed hour we arrived at the place where we were drawn up into line, the flanks covered by the artillery and cavalry. An ambulance escorted by a mounted guard, soon arrived at the place, on the inside of which was the prisoner, and his coffin. Disembarking, his coffin was carried before him to the spot for it to rest. The prisoner was taken to view his grave, which had been dug at the foot of a small bush not far off, and returning, he seated himself on his coffin. The shooting detail marched out and took position ten paces in front of him. The sergeant of the squad approached the prisoner and proceeded to bandage his eyes with a handkerchief, in doing which he was assisted by the pris-

oner himself. He then returned to the head of his squad. At the word "attention, take aim," here the prisoner motioned with his hand, pointing to his heart, "fire." The twelve rifles cracked as one gun, the prisoner fell back across his coffin, dead. There was not, so it seemed to us who were the unwilling spectators of the scene, a movement of the body. Death was instantaneous, and the soul of the soldier passed to God who gave it. It was a solemn scene, and impressed us all deeply. But the execution was over, the regiments were marched off to their quarters, and the affair was ended, to be talked over many times afterwards. We thought it horrible, but could not fail to see the justice of it, as we all knew the penalty of desertion was death. It is needless to add that the lesson was a salutary one, and desertions became less frequent. Still the question arose how can the crossing of the river be effected by any one, unless assisted by some friend outside of our own camps. So the detective branch of the service was called upon, and finally they unearthed the man who was causing all the trouble. He was a doctor in the city, a rebel of the deepest dye. It seems this fellow would make out false paroles for all who applied to him for them, and would direct them to a certain spot on the river's bank, where they would find a man with a boat who would ferry them across the stream. Once over, their paroles would insure them safe conduct, and they would proceed home at their leisure. This doctor was arrested and confined in the penitentiary in the city, but what further was ever done about it we never learned.

DRAWING RATIONS.

One evening after we had arrived in camp, while we were in Kentucky, orders were given us to go for rations. Each company had its commissary sergeant, whose duty it was to attend to this branch of the business. He would call on boys enough for his purpose,

and proceed to the brigade commissary with their pots and pans, anything in fact that would hold the supplies, and receive from him the amount of food coming to the company, when on carrying it to the company quarters, each man would receive the amount due him. On the evening to which we have reference, we were called on by the sergeant to go with him for rations. Of course we complied. Arriving at the brigade commissary's headquarters, we found a crowd waiting there, who had come on the same errand as ourselves. Standing close by was a large barrel filled with shoulders. It attracted our eye immediately, for the shoulders and hams were kept for the officers use, as it was not supposed, perhaps, that a private soldier could eat such food. That barrel of shoulders had a mighty attraction for us. We approached nearer to it, and finally were reclining against it. In some way our arm and hand got inside of it, and our fingers, those wicked fingers, quickly closed around the shank of a shoulder with a vice-like grip, simultaneously it was drawn out, and then with a conviction that we had better go to our quarters, we "lit out." We got there with our shoulder safely, and crawling into our tent, were proceeding to hide our treasure under a blanket, when a hand was laid upon us, and a voice said, "Go halves, Bob." We nearly jumped through the tent with surprise. We thought that we had done a very clever piece of foraging, but our departure with the shoulder from the commissary's had been noticed by our commissary sergeant, John Lockhart, and as John had a tooth for such food, he had followed us up to get a share. We divided and then returned for our rations. The next day, as we marched along, we had a good dinner with what was left, and hoped that an opportunity would soon offer to replenish our haversack in the same way.

BLUE RIDGE.

The event which we are about to relate, happened when for the first time we were placed on picket guard, at Covington, Ky., We were stationed three on a post, with strict orders for one at least to remain awake at all times. The countersign that night, was "Blue Ridge," and about nightfall we received it. One of our boys, very anxious to do his duty properly, was on post when the "grand

rounds," as it is termed, was made; at midnight, hearing the approaching footsteps, and, perhaps, feeling the fate of the country resting on his individual shoulders, he halted them when they came near. "Halt," he cried, "you can't pass here unless you say 'Blue Ridge,'" Poor Jake, that word was dinned in his ears for many a long day after, and in fact he went by the name of "Blue Ridge" for the balance of the time we were in the service. At day-light we roused up, and looking off in the direction of our front, saw in the distance a farm house; this brought to our minds visions of breakfast, so after a short conference together, we picked up our guns and marched off, leaving the picket post to take care of itself. We went to the farm house and called for breakfast, which we got and paid for, and then returned to our post. Whether our absence was ever found out or not, we never ascertained, and in fact did not care, but it was not long before we learned that this was not the way in which picket duty should be performed.

RAIDS ON THE SUTLER.

It often happened that we ran out of money, for we would not be paid off, perhaps, for six months at a time, and at such times we would get in terrible straights for tobacco, and such things, and the sutler's goods would be a terrible temptation to us. There they were, arranged in good style back of his counter, caddies of tobacco, piles of canned goods, candy, cheese, crackers and lots of good things. But we could not get them, unless a particular friend of the sutler, without paying cash. The temptation some times was too strong, and if the sutler proved to be of a niggardly disposition, we would conspire to make a raid on his institution. On a night agreed upon, the conspirators would assemble, and going to the sutler's tent, each fellow would take his place at one of the ropes by which the tent was staked to the ground, and at a given signal, each rope that

held the tent, would be cut, letting the tent down upon its occupant, and as he was endeavoring, the best he knew how, to get out, the boys would be making off with his goods, and then what a feast we would have. Such affairs did not often happen, and if we did succeed in cleaning him out, he would soon stock up again, and, perhaps, not be so penurious with the boys in the future. But these sutlers made enormous profits. We distinctly remember paying four dollars per plug for navy tobacco, eight dollars for a shirt, worth perhaps, a dollar and a half, and other things in proportion.

JOHN KIRSCH AND TOM MAKEMSON'S RICE TRIP.

While we were lying in front of Savannah, Ga., two members of company I, John G. Kirsch and Tom Makemson, came to the conclusion one day, as food was scarce in camp, to go out into the country and see what success they could have in obtaining something to eat. They procured a mule apiece and away they went. They had not travelled far until they came to a rice plantation, and riding up to where they saw a squad of darkeys, they opened up negotiations with them for the purchase of some rice at ten cents per quart. The darkies were willing to sell and our warriors were willing to buy, provided, however, that they could not obtain it by other means. They each had a sack apiece, and soon the darkies had filled John's sack, and he had placed it on his mule, remarking to the colored gentleman, who had measured the rice out to him, that he would go the picket reserve yonder, which was in plain sight, and get the money to pay for it, and bring it back to him. Off John started. By this time Tom had got his sack filled, and getting it on his mule, climbed up saying: "He wondered what in the world was the reason that fellow didn't come with that money; he was a long time sure, and he guessed he had better go and hurry him up, when they would both return and settle." The darkies let him go,

but he had not gone far until it dawned upon their minds "dat dem yanks aint goin' for to pay us for dat rice at all," and immediately they started in pursuit, big, little, old and young, and their dogs after "dem ar yanks," shouting and yelling for them to come back and pay for "dat ar rice." They thought they could head the boys off, but it was no use. Tom had a mule which was inclined to be balky, but John got behind him with a stick, and by dint of beating and shouting managed to make him go. They were making good time, with the darkies in full pursuit, when they came to a little branch that crossed their line of retreat. It was but a very short distance in width, and into it they plunged, thinking it was not deep, but in this they were badly mistaken. John's mule went under ears and all, and he gracefully slid off and got to shore the best way he could, wet through and his bag of rice at the bottom of the branch or bayou. Tom managed to get out all safe and together they made their way to camp. But not a word was said. John was shivering with the cold, his rice gone never to be recovered, and Tom not daring to laugh for fear of his life. The darkies gave up the chase and left the boys to make the best of their way to camp. But the story leaked out, and they were twitted unmercifully afterwards about their rice expedition. John was captured shortly afterwards and taken to Andersonville, where he remained three months, but was finally released and arrived home safe. Tom is now in Kansas.

MRS. DR. MARY WALKER.

While we were in camp at Lee and Gordon's mills, our camp was surprised one day by the appearance of a person, whom, if dress was to be the index of the sex, it would have been hard to determine whether, whoever it might be, was male or female. But it proved to be the notorious Mrs. Dr. Mary Walker. She had appeared at Gen. Thomas' headquarters, at Chattanooga, desiring to be placed on duty

in the front, as surgeon or assistant surgeon. She had come from the hospitals at Washington, where she had done good service, and where her services were acceptable. But the doctor was ambitious; she had more of Mars than Venus in her composition, and desired a commission with the rank of surgeon, and duty in the field. She had been sent by General Thomas to report to Col. Dan. McCook, our brigade commander, for duty, and here she was. Her appearance was indeed curious, and excited not only the surprise, but the merriment of our boys, who, although they had seen many curious things in their army life, had never seen the like of this before. Her dress consisted of a low crowned fur hat, with a garment something similar to a cloak, bound with a girdle at the waist, and reaching down a little below the knees, from beneath which a pair of black cloth pantaloons appeared; a small foot, covered with a neatly fitting boot, finished up the picture. When on horseback she bestrode the animal like a man, and unless a person knew who she was would have readily passed for one. Her face was boyish, and so far as our judgement went, was neither good looking or very bad. She was a lady in her deportment, but how it ever happened that a woman should desire to occupy the position she craved, was beyond our comprehension. To be in the midst of such scenes as were transpiring daily, camp life, camp customs, and camp conversation, would, we should think, have been quite contrary to the female longings. She was very punctilious in regard to military etiquette, however, and carried it so far that the boys got disgusted with her. She would demand from a guard the same military treatment as if she had been a general officer. This the boys most generally accorded to her, more out of a spirit of politeness, than anything else. But one day she ran across a fellow who had no polite notions in his head about such matters, who believed only in saluting those to whom he was compelled, by military law, to yield such homage. She had gone out to the picket line, and had started around it, perhaps on a tour of inspection, or, perhaps, merely for a ride. Going along the line, she came to a man on post, who, to all indications, neither saw or heard her, but kept on diligently walking his beat. The doctor came up and rode by. Stopping her horse after she had passed, and riding back to the guard, she said: "Soldier, why don't you sa-

lute me?" The guard, looking at the doctor from head to foot, replied: "Who in h—ll are *you*?" and immediately resumed his walk. The doctor was beaten, and so badly beaten, both by astonishment, and, perhaps, rage, that she rode back hastily to headquarters, as mad as a woman can ever get, to report to Col. Dan. what she considered an outrageous insult. But Col. McCook upheld the soldier in his military behavior, as the doctor amounted to nothing more, in a military point of view, than any other citizen, although deprecating his action as ungentlemanly. If there was any balm in this for her wounded feelings, she was welcome to it; at any rate, it was all she got. Not long after this the doctor went outside of our lines to visit a sick woman, and while there she was captured by the rebels. We never saw her more, and were glad to get rid of her.

THE "MONKLY FOX."

When in camp, or on the march, there was always some one who could extract a laugh for the boys out of the veriest nothing, and such a fellow was very often a regular blessing. Such a chap was Ike C——, a quiet, unassuming fellow, broad shouldered and big fisted, and an excellent soldier. But he had the gift of making more fun than commonly falls to the lot of mortals. One time there had been a detail made from the regiment, while at Nashville, to escort to Louisville a lot of rebel prisoners. Ezra R——. was furnished from company B, and after he returned, had marvelous tales to tell of what sights he had seen on the road and while in Louisville. One evening he was in a tent surrounded by a lot of boys relating to them his adventures. Ike C——. was there with the rest. Ezra had just finished telling of some monstrosity he had seen in Louisville, and according to his description the like had never been heard of before. It stood up when it sat down, and had feelers like a cat-fish on its nose. It was a marvelous creature

whatever it was. Ike listened patiently until he had got enough and went out. Just outside the door of the tent he encountered a fellow, and the following conversation ensued: "Say," says Ike, "you ought to go in there and just hear Ezra R——. tell of what he saw in Louisville. It beats anything you ever heard tell of; he says he saw something up there that sat down when it stood up, and every time it blowed its nose it blowed cat-fish out of it." This was all said in such a loud voice that every one inside the tent could hear it, as it was intended they should. Out came Ezra with the rest at his heels. "Where's that Ike?" he cried, "he just told an awful lie about me, he said I told the boys that when I was at Louisville, that I saw something that sat down when it stood up, and every time it blowed its nose it blowed cat-fish out of it; I never said it at all—." Ezra was going on to explain, but the boys could not wait to hear, they fairly yelled and shouted with laughter. The idea of there being such a creature, and to see Ezra get so awful mad was fun enough for them, and it was a long time before Ezra heard the last of his trip to Louisville. At another time, while on the march, one day Philip L——. was relating to a comrade, as we marched along, about a great chase that he and his brother once had at home after a fox. Phil said it was a terrible fox, the biggest ever seen in those parts, etc., etc. Ike C——. happened to be Phil's file leader, and a little while after Phil had finished his story, and we were marching quietly along, nothing much being said by any one, Ike broke out:

"Say," addressing the fellow next to him, "did you ever hear of a monkly fox?"

"Never did," was the reply.

"Did you hear that story Phil L——. told about his brother and him chasing a monkly fox, that had a dash-board under his tail, what a heavy fox it was?"

The bait was grabbed by Phil.

"I never said anything about a monkly fox with a dash-board under his tail, Ike C——., and you know it."

"Well now," says Ike, with assumed innocence, "if that don't beat all; didn't I hear you tell about it, how you and your brother chased a monkly fox with a dash-board under his tail, once?"

"No, you never did."

The fun for those who were listening as they marched along, was growing fast. Still Ike held to his version of the story, with an appearance of the greatest candor, still Philip denied, getting madder and madder, and at last Ike capped the climax, by saying that Phil knew he did tell it, and when they got into camp he could prove it by Lieutenant Wilson, who was then in command of the company. All right, they would wait until they got to camp. Accordingly that night as quick as the orders were given to break ranks, away went Phil after the lieutenant. Says he: "Lieutenant, did you ever hear me tell about the time that my brother and I chased a monkly fox with a dash-board under his tail, when we were at home?" This was too much for the lieutenant, who broke into a hearty laugh at the absurdity of the question, and told Phil to go back to his quarters and not come bothering him about such matters. Phil was ready to fight almost anything but Ike C——. Ike's fists were larger than suited Phil's requirements, but he breathed out all kinds of vengeance against him, and the monkly fox with a dash-board under his tail was a standing joke for a long, long time.

ROAST GOOSE.

One morning when in camp in Kentucky, as we were walking up the color line, on which the guns were stacked, we saw under a stack of guns in front of company G's quarters, a dead gander. As we passed along we reached down and grabbing the gander round the neck, kept on. We got to our company with our prize in safety, and hunted up the captain's darkey, and promised him a dime and a piece of the gander, if he would cook it for us. He accepted the proposition and took charge of the bird. In a short time we were ordered to fall into line for company inspection. The right of the company rested on a big pile of logs that were making a splendid fire. As the order to "right dress" was given, we cast our eyes to

the right, and lo! and behold! there stood the captain's darkey with our gander. Elevating him by one leg, he would hold him over the fire until the heat would compel him to change, when he would hold him by the other, every once in a while jerking him up, and pinching pieces of the flesh out with his fingers, and eating it to see if it was cooked. He had not half picked it, and the gander looked very much as if it had received a coat of tar and feathers. At times the darkey would get tired holding, and then he would rest himself by placing the fearfully mistreated bird on top of his wooly pate. I kept watching him, taking a peep at him as often as I could. At last I nudged the fellow next to me, he looked and saw, and nudged the fellow next to him. Then the captain, seeing that something was going wrong, happened to turn his eyes in the same direction, also. There stood the darkey, as black an one as ever we saw, looking reflectively into the fire, with the mutilated gander perched on his wooly head. It was too much for the captain, even; he smiled, and then for a moment we all laughed, but the darkey was driven away and order restored. I never knew what became of my gander, nor did I care, after having seen him treated in such a manner, but if our memory serves us right, some of the boys made a raid on the darkey after inspection was over, and captured what was left of it.

THE RESCUED NEGROES.

On our march through Georgia and South Carolina, the negroes swarmed to our lines. Here they came in all styles and conditions, some of them presenting a pitiful sight, while the appearance of others was comical in the extreme. Here would be a mother, bare headed, and bare footed, her clothing in rags and tatters, carrying a babe in her arms, while two others were clinging to her dress, doing all they could to keep up with her. Here would be two, a man and a woman, probably his wife, in "ole massa's" carriage, dressed up

in "ole massa's and misses'" clothes that had been left behind when "massa and misses" fled before the approach of our army. Hitched to this buggy or carriage would be an animal, either a horse or a mule, such an one as would be described as an architectural animal, with fluted sides, and a hand rail down its back. But what cared Pomp and Dinah for the appearance of the stud as long as he would bear them on to liberty? There they would sit, laughing and chatting together, dressed in finer clothes than they had ever before worn, as happy as happy could be, keeping up with us while on the march, and going into camp when we camped at night. Many of these negroes were put to serviceable uses as pioneers, others as cooks, etc., but employment could not be furnished for the half of them, and they were getting to be an incubus to the army. On our line of march we often had to cross bayous of great depth and considerable width. When we arrived at such places, the pontoon train would be ordered up and a bridge thrown across, over which the army marched. Gen. J. C. Davis, our corps commander, thought that by stopping the negroes as they came to the banks of the bayou, and holding them there until the army had crossed, and the pontoons had been taken up, they could be kept back.

So orders to that effect were issued. A guard under command of Major Lee, the provost general of the corps, was stationed on the bank of a bayou and every negro, unless an officer's servant, or in charge of a pack mule, was halted and held there until the rear guard of the corps had crossed, then the pontoons were taken up, and the darkies left behind. It seemed to be a cruel order, but it was necessary, for our rear was very generally followed at a safe distance, however, by roaming bands of guerillas and bushwhackers, and it is to be feared that their usage of these unfortunate creatures, whenever they fell into their hands, was cruel in the extreme, and they themselves dreaded falling into the hands of their old oppressors. The consequence was that the next day the darkies again made their appearance, seemingly stronger than before as to numbers. How they managed to cross the bayou, infested as these bayous were with alligators, we do not know, but cross they did, and again took up their line of march with us as before. They had outwitted the general and were bothered no more in their endeavors to obtain freedom from persecution and oppression.

PERSONAL MENTION.

In giving the reader some instances of special acts of heroism, the writer has not the slightest wish or disposition, far from it, to unjustly discriminate against the same meritorious qualities displayed by others. On the contrary, he would be only too glad to make particular mention of all such, even at the risk of swelling this book beyond its intended proportions, but unfortunately for him, the writer is not informed of all such acts, nor the peculiar circumstances under which they were made manifest. All who did their duty, were necessarily brave and true. Those who did grandly under extraordinary circumstances, were possibly no better soldiers, but were in condition to more brilliantly display these qualities; and as their connection with the regiment gave them their opportunity, so should their deeds become the property of the regiment, and their memory our common heritage.





LIEUTENANT GEORGE SCROGGS.

Lieutenant George Scroggs was a young officer of more than ordinary intelligence ; quick to apprehend duty, and bold in the execution of commands. We first remember him as our sergeant major, and how he used to rattle the boys out of their blankets, long before daylight, during the cold season when we occupied the suburbs of Nashville. Afterwards he was commissioned as lieutenant of company E, then detailed on the division staff, first as ordnance officer, and then commissary of musters. Time, experience, and natural aptitude, served to teach him what the duties of a staff officer should be, until, perhaps, no officer on the staff of the division general, understood them better. All who were engaged in it, will remember the battle of Bentonville, N. C., on March 19th, 1865. How the third brigade was sent from its intrenchments by General Morgan, and thrown out towards the Goldsboro road, to intercept

the rebel column then in hot pursuit of Gen. Carlin's retreating forces. How the right wing of the brigade was struck, and doubled back on the center and left, and finally retreated to the batteries beyond the open field. How, too, we soon rallied and reoccupied the lost ground, each man carrying a rail, and began the work of intrenching. How communication with General Morgan, and the first and second brigades was cut off, leaving Lieut. Scroggs and Captain Stinson, of Gen. Morgan's staff, with our brigade, unable to reach their command. In this dilemma, instead of seeking a safe retreat as they might, and too many would have done, until communication was opened with their own general, they at once reported to Col. Langley for duty as volunteer aids. You will also remember the fact that constant firing, threatened every minute, our stock of ammunition, and the equally constant firing of the enemy, made a passage to our supplies across the open field to our rear, exceedingly hazardous. The colonel had already ordered two or three staff officers, and as many orderlies, beyond the hill for ammunition, but with no good result, though reports came back to him that it had been ordered, and the wagons were on the way. Shortly an orderly reported that two wagons were just over the crest of the ridge, but were afraid to go further, and had refused to do so. The colonel immediately dispatched Lieut. Scroggs to proceed and bring these two wagons at all hazards. The moment he received the order, he sank his spurs into his horse, and dashed across the field towards where the insubordinate drivers were supposed to be, through a perfect storm of bullets and exploding shells, until he disappeared from view beyond. Every heart at the front beat with intense anxiety. We had already been ordered to economize our supply. Some were entirely out of cartridges and were borrowing from others. A few rounds to the man had been obtained from a brigade of the 20th army corps, and these were nearly all gone. Our position became critical, but in a few moments, looking again to the rear, we saw the brave lieutenant returning at the same speed with which he had left us and with him were the wagons and ammunition so much desired, and looked for by all, moving to the threatening motion of George's sword. They were just in time, for our firing could have continued but little longer, and they were welcome in proportion to our danger.

George had found the wagons as he expected, and immediately ordered the teamsters to mount and follow him, but their fear still deterred them, and they refused, and only obeyed the commands when he drew his sword, and in language more forcible than elegant, threatened them with vengeance more terrible than rebel bullets had power to inflict. Towards sundown the lieutenant was severely wounded in a further attempt to reach his commanding officer. This afflicted him more or less during the remainder of his days. Precisely how far he was instrumental in saving the honor of the brigade, and the lives of many of the members by his timely execution of so important an order on that bloody 19th of March, may never be known, but the memory of a brave act, voluntarily performed in the face of grave danger, merits our highest commendation, and we cheerfully place this tribute of respect upon the recently made grave of Lieutenant George Scroggs.

SERGEANT S. C. ABBOTT.

Numbers of our readers will remember Sergeant S. C. Abbott, of company H. Always in earnest about everything he undertook, impatient of delay, anxious to end the job and go home about his business, which greatly needed his attention. He was perhaps older than the average of the regiment, a very intelligent man, and had preached to some extent before entering the service. Some time in the fall of 1863, he applied for a furlough, urging business considerations, but after a good deal of delay, his application was returned—"denied." He received the information just as the regiment was on the march to a new camp, the route to which, took us nearly by General Thomas' headquarters at Chattanooga. The sergeant, vexed at the delay, and mortified at the refusal of his request, concluded to cut all red tape, and go in person to General Thomas with his application. He accordingly broke ranks, went alone to the

house the general was occupying, passed by every sentinel, and burst into the august presence of the great army chief. Holding his returned application for a furlough in his hand, his whole manner evincing the desperation of his purpose, he thrust the offending endorsement under the very nose of the commander of the armies, and demanded, as one having authority, to know what the language meant, and why his application was refused. He was referred to the proper officer for explanation, but he would accept no reference, and in an impassioned appeal to grant the favor he asked, he struck the tender side of the good old general's nature, who at once, with his own hand, we believe, erased the offensive word, "denied," and wrote thereon, "granted;" and the over rejoiced sergèant was soon homeward bound, filled with thoughts of love for good old "Pap" Thomas. This was not our purpose, however, in introducing Sergeant Abbott to your notice. The above may be called an act of boldness, "cheek," "strategy," or what you will, but surely there were few men who would have taken the risk. We remember this daring soldier on other occasions. At the close of the battle of Missionary Ridge, and while we were pursuing General Manny's brigade of rebels across a small, boggy stream, just about dark, to our front and left were standing some ammunition wagons, abandoned by the enemy. They were necessarily in the line of our march, but as we approached them, one of the wagons was discovered to be on fire, and nearly full of fixed ammunition, not yet removed from the boxes. The regiment immediately swung to the right, to avoid so dangerous an enemy. Some one had the presence of mind to call for volunteers to help extinguish the fire before it should communicate to the powder, and produce the explosion that would have been inevitable, and possibly disastrous to human life. All shrunk involuntarily from the task, but the sergèant, well toward the right of the regiment, and in comparative security, at once ran down to the left, and promptly answering, "I will go," suited his action to the word, and in a moment was fighting down and conquering the fire with no more concern, or trepidation, than if he was adjusting it for cooking his rations. His act was justly applauded by all who witnessed it. It is a pity so brave a man should go through life maimed as he is, but he met the common fate of the

soldier, and was severely wounded July 20th, 1864, at Peach Tree creek, and will probably carry the missile intended for his death, in his body so long as he lives. On the morning after that battle, the sergeant had gone a little to the front, to spy out where some rebel sharpshooters lay concealed, and were firing upon our men. He succeeded in locating them, and was in the act of pointing out their position to Colonel Langley, when he was wounded. This was the last service he did with the regiment, as the severity of his wound necessitated his discharge, and he left us regretted by all his comrades who had learned his sterling qualities.

LIEUTENANT JOHN J. WHITE.

We want to give a slight tribute to the memory of a very brave young officer of company F, Lieut. John J. White.

This young man had enlisted in his company as a private. He was young, intelligent, a stranger to the company at its organization, but his soldierly bearing, intelligent comprehension of duty, and its prompt performance, soon attracted attention to him as comprising the material suited for a leader, and he was promoted to a lieutenantcy. At the crossing of the Sand Town road in front of Atlanta, August 7, 1864, the lieutenant was in command of company G, under temporary detail for that purpose. The short advance made by our line at that place, was accomplished in the face of a galling fire of musketry and artillery, not less than half a dozen batteries of the enemy, centering their fire upon our exposed ranks. Men were falling in every direction and the scene was for a time simply terrific. Our position once reached, the men were ordered to lie down. The confusion of getting into position doubled the line in some parts and left gaps in others. Lieutenant White was actively endeavoring to get the left to give way so as to let all of company G into line, and in meeting with opposition he stepped a few paces to the

right to inform the colonel of the situation, and was just in the act of saluting him with his sword, when a shell from the enemy crashed through his right shoulder, tearing the arm from his body, from which wound he died in a few hours. Amid the storm of battle, when brave men expose themselves only from necessity, that coolness and mental collection that enables an officer to remember all the refinements of discipline, even to the salutation of his superior, is a quality to be admired, as it evinces a talent so essential to command under the most trying circumstances. Lieutenant White was of a modest and retiring disposition, ordinarily, but in action was the impersonation of true courage. He was beloved by all who shared his more intimate fellowship, and his death cast a gloom over the regiment. May peace forever brood over the land that holds the remains of the brave soldier.

OUR COLOR BEARERS.

Who but brave men would solicit the honor of carrying the colors, or who of any other quality would not murmur if ordered to that post of great responsibility and danger? Yet who ever heard a word of complaint from James H. Simpson or James M. White? Whether in the bright sunshine or under the storm cloud, in camp or on the weary march, on the defence, or in the deadly assault, on through to victory or defeat, they never swerved or faltered, but always stood true to their great trust, until the last hostile gun was fired, and these brave boys returned their battle and storm scarred emblems to the government they had so nobly served. How in the desolation of the conflict, the right and left flanks, when the burden of the fight seemed to be almost an individual one, would cast their eyes towards the center, and learning that "our flag was still there," caught a new inspiration and redoubled their energies for the victory. And now as we reflect that our nation's banner waves triumphantly

over all this broad land, the emblem of peace and law, and as our hearts swell with gratitude and just pride over this grand consummation, let us not forget the honor due the men whose heroism during the perils of war kept *our* flag from the pollution of traitor hands.

ASBURY D. FINLEY.

It would not do to forget in this connection the name of Asbury D. Finley, private of company A. No truer heroism was ever displayed than by this young man on the Peach Tree creek battlefield. The 85th Illinois, commanded by Major Rider, was sent forward across a narrow corn-field and into position, as ordered by Col. Dilworth, then commanding the brigade. Our regiment was ordered to advance to near the edge of the cornfield and support the 85th, and although only a short distance apart, we could not see the 85th for the standing corn. We had remained in this position for some time, when it became apparent that the rebels were on the ground formerly occupied by the 85th, though we had received no notice of the removal of the latter regiment. In this state of doubt, and to make sure of the situation, Col. Langley called for a volunteer to go forward, learn and report the condition of things to the front. It was a task that even brave men would not covet, but at once Finley rose and offered to go. Receiving his instructions he started through the corn-field. But the result and the colonel's appreciation of the act, and his impressions after the lapse of more than sixteen years, we will give in his own words taken from a personal letter to Mr. Finley of date February 14th, 1881:

CHAMPAIGN, ILLINOIS, FEBRUARY 14, 1881.

A. D. FINLEY, ESQ., Catlin, Illinois.

My dear sir and comrade: * * * * I well remember and can not forget how on the 19th day of July, 1864, at Peach Tree creek, when I was anxious to know whether the 85th Illinois

was still in our front beyond, and I called for a volunteer to go forward, ascertain and report, that you very promptly offered to go, and did go, until you were captured almost in my sight. I remember that you were detained for a long time a prisoner and that when you returned to the regiment you were very much emaciated. That I believed then and still believe you had suffered during your incarceration, all the torments of Andersonville. I also remember how grateful I was for the services you so bravely rendered to the whole regiment, and possibly the brigade, for your capture showed me that the rebels were occupying the very ground I had reason to suppose was covered by the 85th Illinois, and enabled me to adjust my line for greater security until ordered to retire by the brigade commander. I could say very much more, if necessary, as reasons satisfactory to me, why your case should be regarded with great favor by the government you aided so much to defend and save.

Very truly,

J. W. LANGLEY.

The above letter was written in support of an application for a pension, because of disability incurred while Finley was a prisoner at Andersonville.

HARVEY S. TRYON.

Another instance of true courage and manhood was exemplified in the military life and character of Harvey S. Tryon, for a long time a private of company H, but when mustered out, a sergeant. We do not remember this man as specially brilliant in feats of arms, or in the performance of some peculiarly delicate or dangerous military duty, but still a *hero* in the highest sense, and his memory will be respected as such by all christian men and women who knew him, or shall read this estimate of his christian character. It may be said of him, as probably of very few, if any, others, that during his

entire three years service, performing at all times every military duty required of him, amid the levity, and too often vulgar profanity of the camp, he never omitted his higher duty to the God of his salvation, whom he had vowed to serve. His faith was simple, pure, and firmly grounded. His religious convictions were never compromised or suffered to lie in abeyance, but without ostentation, or self-righteous display, he moved in the midst of his comrades their best friend and safe counsellor, and a daily example of a true life. He had the respect of all who knew him, and his pious influence was reflected upon all who came in contact with him. Since the war he has been continuously preaching the gospel truths he so happily illustrated in his life and character while a soldier. Heroism in this line being so rare in army life, we cannot refrain from saying this much of one who so fully exemplified it in our regiment.

SERGEANT WM. L. THRALLS.

Another brave boy was Sergeant William L. Thralls, of company B. We say boy, for he was only that in years, yet he was endowed with all the qualities of a grand manhood. In camp, and at all times, a gentleman in his deportment; in action, brave, cool, and intelligent. He had attracted the attention of his superior officers, and was to have been recommended for a lieutenantcy. In the first onset at the battle of Jonesboro, he was wounded in the leg, and in endeavoring to leave the field, was offered assistance by his comrades, but this he refused, telling them to stick to their guns, as he would not let them leave the field on his account. This circumstance happened under the eye of Colonel Langley, who there and then commended him for his bravery, and offered to send one of the musicians with him, but no he would not accept, refusing with the inborn politeness of a natural gentleman. The colonel pointed him where our hospital was, and the brave young sergeant dragged him-

self off the field. When nearly at the hospital he received a mortal wound through the body, of which he shortly died. We will give, in the colonel's own language, his last sad interview with our brave young comrade. He says :

“ After night, and when I had reported my position to General Morgan, I went to look up Thralls, for his coolness impressed me all through the fight. On finding him I learned that after nearly reaching the hospital, he had received another wound through the body, of which he must shortly die. I was shocked to hear it for I greatly wanted that boy to recover, so that I could give him the promotion I intended for him, and he so well deserved. I bent over his dying form, gently touching him, and spoke his name. Upon recognizing me he roused a little and expressed much delight that I had come to see him. He first asked me how the battle had gone, and upon being told, he seemed greatly gratified. He begged to be assured that I was entirely satisfied with his conduct, and upon being told that he was the first man that I had ever seen who refused help from the field, and that such denial evinced a discipline so unusual, and a spirit so unselfish, as to make his conduct specially commendable, and that as a true soldier he had done his whole duty. He seemed content, was willing to die for his country, and be at rest, for he was suffering most intense pain. With a sad heart I bade that boy farewell.”

Yes, poor fellow, he was loved by us all, and we deeply mourned his death. It is such men as these whose company is an honor to the living, and over whose memory we meditate with saddened thoughts. But to that galaxy of bright names on high, to which so many names were added during our terrible war, we feel assured that the name of William L. Thralls, is also there, shining with the effulgence of glory. Brave soldier, true comrade, faithful friend, farewell. The pines of Georgia wail a mournful requiem over your last resting place, but your better part has gone to God who gave it ; this is the assurance that the bible gives, and we believe it. Suffice it to say, that no braver name appears on the muster roll of company B, than Sergeant William L. Thralls, and what more glorious epitaph than that which comes after : “ Died of wounds received at Jonesboro, Ga., September 2, 1864.”

THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

As we have before stated, we were garrisoning the city of Nashville when we received the Emancipation Proclamation, and during the one hundred days that ensued between its publication and enforcement, there was considerable stir in army circles as to the propriety and legality of such a measure. In our own regiment the officers held a meeting for the purpose, as it were, of ratifying the Proclamation, at which the following resolutions, by Colonel Langley, were spread before the meeting for its approval and adoption :

Resolved, That we are as ready and willing to aid the Commander in Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States, in carrying out his proclamation to emancipate the slaves in certain territory therein mentioned, as a necessary war measure, as we are to aid in the execution of any order from the War Department.

Resolved, That he who fails to see written in unmistakable characters, the doom of slavery as a consequence of the war, must be totally blind to the great panorama of events which daily pass before him, and he who would avoid confusion and anarchy, must also see the necessity of organizing and disciplining slaves, made free by military authority ; and further, if organized and disciplined, the great error we commit as a nation, by not employing such persons, so made free, to the most advantageous purposes in crushing out the present rebellion, even if it be to arm and fight them against the rebellious hosts that oppose us.

But these resolutions seemed too radical, and many opposed them strongly. However before three months rolled around, the very men who were the bitterest and loudest in their denunciation of them, at the time, were seeking for commissions in colored regiments. The resolutions pointed out, with true prophetic utterance, the course which the government pursued in regard to the slaves, but at the time they looked to some as being altogether wrong. *Tempora et mores mutantur.*

RESOLUTION PASSED BY SENATE AND HOUSE OF
REPRESENTATIVES OF THE STATE
OF LOUISIANA.

Headquarters Military Division of the Miss.
Goldsboro, N. C., April 7, 1865.

Special Field Order. }
No. 49. }

EXTRACT.

The general in chief announces for the information of this army the following resolutions received :

WHEREAS, The official announcement of the fall of Charleston, the "cradle of secession," has been received, therefore, be it

Resolved by the senate and house of representatives of the state of Louisiana in general assembly convened, that we tender our most hearty thanks to the gallant officers and men of the army of the illustrious Sherman, who under God have been the instruments of the accomplishment of so glorious an achievement. Be it further

Resolved, That in the late glorious victory of Gen. Sherman, we recognize the hand of God, as directing the affairs of our country, and as an evidence of the speedy return of peace.

[SIGNED.] SIMON BELDON,

Speaker of the House of Representatives.

[SIGNED.] J. MADISON WELLS,

Lt. Gov. and Prest. of the Senate.

Approved March 3rd, 1865.

By order of Major General W. T. Sherman.

[SIGNED.] L. M. DAYTON, A. A. G.

ORDER RETURNING THE THANKS OF THE PRESI-
DENT TO GEN. SHERMAN AND THE ARMY.

Headquarters 14th Army Corps, Department of the Cumberland,
Near Jonesboro, Ga., Sept. 6th, 1864.

ORDERS.—The general commanding directs that the following or-

der be published to all the troops composing the army of the Cumberland.

Headquarters Military Division of the Miss.

In the field near Jonesboro, Ga., Sept. 6th, 1864.

Special Field Order. }
No. 66. }

I. The general in chief communicates with a feeling of just pride and satisfaction the following orders of the president of the United States, and telegram of Lieut Gen. U. S. Grant, on the hearing of the capture of Atlanta.

1st. Executive Mansion, Washington, D. C., Sept. 3rd, 1864.

The national thanks are rendered by the president to Major General W. T. Sherman and the gallant officers and soldiers of his command before Atlanta, for the distinguished ability, courage and perseverance displayed in the campaign in Georgia, which, under the divine favor, has resulted in the capture of the city of Atlanta. The marches, battles, sieges and other military operations that have signalized the campaign must render it famous in the annals of war, and have entitled those who have participated therein to the applause and thanks of the nation.

[SIGNED.] ABRAHAM LINCOLN,
 President U. S.

2nd. Executive Mansion, Washington City, Sept. 3rd, 1864.

ORDERED: *First.* That on Monday the 5th day of September, commencing at the hour of twelve o'clock m., there shall be given a salute of one hundred (100) guns at the arsenals and navy yards at Washington, and on Tuesday the 6th day of September, the day after the receipt of this order at each arsenal and navy yard in the United States for the recent brilliant achievements of the fleet and land forces of the United States in the harbor of Mobile, and in the reduction of Fort Powell, Fort Gaines and Fort Morgan. The secretary of war and secretary of navy will issue the necessary orders in their respective departments for the execution of this order.

Second. That on Wednesday, the seventh day of September, commencing at the hour of twelve o'clock m., there shall be a final salute of one hundred (100) guns at the arsenal at Washington and at New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Pittsburg, Newport, Ky. ; St. Louis, New Orleans, Mobile, Pensacola, Hilton Head and Newbern, or on the day after the receipt of this order, for the brilliant achievements of the army under command of Major General Sherman in the state of Georgia and the capture of Atlanta. The Secretary of war will issue directions for the execution of this order.

[SIGNED.] ABRAHAM LINCOLN,
 President U. S.

3rd. City Point, Va., Sept. 4th, 9 p. m., 1864.

MAJOR GENERAL SHERMAN: I have just received your dispatch announcing the capture of Atlanta. In honor of your great victory I have ordered a salute to be fired with shotted guns from every battery bearing upon the enemy. The salute will be fired within an hour amid great rejoicing.

[SIGNED.] U. S. GRANT,
Lieutenant General.

II. All the corps, regiments and batteries composing this army may, without further orders, inscribe "Atlanta" on their colors.

By order of Major General W. T. Sherman.

[SIGNED.] L. M. DAYTON,
Aid-de-camp.

ORDER ANNOUNCING SUSPENSION OF HOSTILITIES.

Headquarters Military Division of the Mississippi,
Army of Georgia, Raleigh, N. C., April 27, 1865.

Special Field Order. }
No. 65. }

The General commanding announces a further suspension of hostilities, and a final agreement with General Johnston which terminates the war as to the armies under his command, and the country east of the Chattahoochie. Copies of the terms of the convention will be furnished Maj. Gens. Schofield, Gilmore and Wilson, who are especially charged with the execution of its details in the Department of N. C., Department of the South, and at Macon and Western Georgia. Captain Jasper Mayres, Ordnance Department, U. S. A., is hereby designated to receive the arms, etc., at Greensboro, and any commanding officer of any post may receive the arms of any detachment, and see that they are properly stored and accounted for. General Schofield will procure the necessary blanks and supply the other army commanders, that uniformity may prevail, and great care must be taken that all the terms and stipulations on our part be fulfilled with the most scrupulous fidelity; while those imposed on our hitherto enemies, be received in a spirit becoming a brave and generous army. Army commanders may at once leave to the inhabitants such of the captured mules, horses, wagons and vehicles as can be spared from immediate use, and the commanding general of armies may issue provisions, animals, or any public property that can be spared to relieve present wants, and

to encourage the inhabitants to resume their peaceful pursuits, and to restore the relation of friendship among our fellow citizens and countrymen.

Foraging will forthwith cease, and when necessity for long marches compels the taking of forage, provisions, or any kind of public property, compensation will be made on the spot, or when the disbursing officers are not provided with funds, vouchers will be given in proper form, payable at the nearest military depot.

By order of

Maj. Gen. W. T. Sherman.

(Signed) L. M. Dayton,
Asst. Adjt. Gen.

ORDER FOR THE GRAND REVIEW AT RICHMOND, VA.

Headquarters 14th Army Corps, Army of Georgia,
Manchester, Va., May 8, 1865.

Special Field Orders, }
No. 41. }

Division commanders will, if possible, obtain all necessary supplies, and move their supply trains through Richmond to-morrow, and park them in the vicinity of Hanover Court House, to-morrow night.

On the following day, May 10th, the Army of Georgia will march through the streets of Richmond in review before Maj. Gen. H. W. Halleck, commanding the military division of the James, the 14th army corps in advance. The column entirely unincumbered with wagons, will be formed as follows: 3rd division, Brevet Maj. Gen. Baird commanding. 2nd division, Brevet Maj. Gen. Morgan. 1st division, Brigadier Gen. Walcott. The head of the column will be at the pontoon bridge and ready to move at 7:30 a. m. The column will cross the upper pontoon bridge, move up 17th street to Cary street, down Cary to 21st street, up 21st to Main street, up Main to 13th street, up 13th to Capitol street, through Capitol to Grace st., up Grace street to Adams street, and thence to Brooks avenue.

The troops will be reviewed with knapsacks, and will carry at least one day's rations in their haversacks. The troops, marching at right shoulder shift, will come to a shoulder arms before passing the Statue of Washington, near the capitol, and will continue the shoulder until passing the reviewing officer, who will be near the same point. Upon passing all troops under arms, or general officers, the usual

compliment of coming to a shoulder will be paid. When the width of the street will permit, the troops will march in column of companies. Neither band nor field musicians will turn out before the reviewing officer.

After passing through the city, the troops will encamp the same night in the vicinity of Hanover Court House. All pack mules, wagons and ambulances, not sent through the city before the 10th instant, will be massed near the bridge, and will, under the supervision of the chief quarter master of the corps, cross the lower pontoon bridge at the same time the troops are passing on the upper bridge, move down Water street, to 22nd street, up 22nd to Franklin street, up Franklin street to 19th street, up 19th to Mechanicsville turnpike, from which road they will join their commands without interfering with the march of the troops.

By order of

Brevet Maj. Gen. J. C. Davis.

(Signed) A. C. McClurg,
Lieut. Col. and Chief of Staff.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S FAREWELL ORDER TO HIS ARMY.

Headquarters Military Division of the Mississippi.

In the field, Washington, D. C., May 30th, 1865.

Special Field Order. }

No. 76. }

The general commanding announces to the armies of the Tennessee and Georgia, that the time has come for us to part. Our work is done and armed enemies no longer defy us. Some of you will be retained in service until further orders. And now that we are about to separate to mingle with the civil world, it becomes a pleasing duty to recall to mind the situation of national affairs, when but little more than a year ago we were gathered about the towering cliffs of Lookout mountain, and all the future was wrapped in doubt and uncertainty. Three armies had come together from distant fields, with separate histories, yet bound by one common cause, the union of our country, and the perpetuation of the government of our inheritance. There is no need to recall to your memories Tunnel Hill, with Rocky Face mountain, and Buzzard Roost Gap, with the ugly forts of Dalton behind. We were in earnest and paused not for danger and difficulty, but dashed through

Snake Creek Gap and fell on Resaca, then on to the Etowah, to Dallas, Kenesaw, and the heats of summer found us on the banks of the Chattahoochie, far from home and dependent on a single road for supplies. Again we were not to be held back by any obstacle, and crossed over and fought four heavy battles for the possession of the citadel of Atlanta. That was the crisis of our history. A doubt still clouded our future, but we solved the problem, and destroyed Atlanta, struck boldly across the state of Georgia, severed all the main arteries of life to our enemy, and Christmas found us at Savannah. Waiting there only long enough to fill our wagons, we again began a march which for peril, labor and results, will compare with any ever made by an organized army. The floods of the Savannah, the swamps of the Combahee and Edisto, the high hills and rocks of the Santee, the flat quagmires of the Pedee and Cape Fear rivers were all passed in midwinter, with its floods and rains in the face of an accumulating enemy, and after the battles of Averysboro and Bentonville, we once more came out of the wilderness to meet our friends at Goldsboro. Even there we paused only long enough to get our clothing, to reload our wagons, and again pushed on to Raleigh and beyond, until we met our enemy suing for peace instead of war, and offering to submit to the enjoined laws of his and our country. As long as that enemy was defiant, nor mountains, nor rivers, nor swamps, nor hunger, nor cold had checked us, but when he who had fought us hard and persistently offered submission, your general thought it wrong to pursue him farther, and negotiations followed which resulted as you all know in his surrender. How the operations of this army have contributed to the final overthrow of the confederacy and the peace which now dawns on us, must be judged by others, not by us, but that you have done all that men could do, has been admitted by those in authority, and we have a right to join in the universal joy that fills our land because the war is over, and our government stands vindicated before the world by the just action of the "volunteer armies of the United States."

To such as remain in the military service, your general need only remind you that success in the past was due to hard work and discipline, and that the same work and discipline are equally important in the future. To such as go home, he will only say that our favored country is so grand, so extensive, so diversified in climate, soil and productions, that every man may find a home and occupation suited to his taste, and none should yield to the natural impatience sure to result from our past life of excitement and adventure. You will be invited to seek new adventures abroad, but do not yield to the temptation, for it will lead only to death and disappointment. Your general now bids you all farewell with the full belief that as in war

you have been good soldiers, so in peace you will make good citizens, and if, unfortunately, new war should arise in our country, "Sherman's army" will be the first to buckle on its old armor and come forth to defend and maintain the government of our inheritance and choice.

By order of

Maj. Gen. W. T. Sherman.

(Signed.) L. M. Dayton,
Asst. Adjt. Gen'l.

REGIMENTAL REPORT OF ATLANTA CAMPAIGN.

Headquarters 125th Regt. Ills. Vols.,
Atlanta, Ga., Sept. 7th, 1864.

SIR: In compliance with orders I have the honor to submit the following report of the part taken by this command in the recent campaign, from its commencement in May, until its arrival at Atlanta on the 4th instant.

In order for me to make this report nearly accurate, I must depend mainly upon the notes of Col. O. F. Harmon and Lieut. Col. James W. Langley, respectively, commanders of the regiment from the commencement of the campaign until the first day of the present month, when the command fell to me.

Forming a part of the 3rd brigade, 2nd division, 14th army corps, this regiment, commanded by Col. O. F. Harmon, numbering four hundred and forty-nine effective men, left Lee and Gordon's mills, Ga., on the 3rd day of May last, where it had been doing, in connection with the brigade commanded by Col. Danl. McCook, outpost duty, and marched to Ringgold, where it joined the division commanded by Brig. Gen. Jeff. C. Davis. After a day or two of rest at the last named place, the forward march was resumed and continued until we faced the enemy before Buzzard Roost Gap, on the road to this point, skirmishing with the retreating foe at different points, and at Buzzard Roost we were most of the time, during several days, actively engaged with the enemy's skirmishers, but lost no men. The regiment participated in the flank movement through Snake Creek Gap, which move gained Buzzard Roost. This march was long and tedious, but was borne by all cheerfully and without complaint. At Resaca we met the enemy and were engaged actively with him. The regiment occupied a temporary line of works immediately in front of, and but a few hundred yards from, the works

of the opposing forces. Here, as in previous instances, every man did his duty, until the flight of the enemy from Resaca, on the night of the 14th of May, opened the following morning a new field of labor. An expedition to Rome, Ga., was fitted out for our division, and on the morning of the 15th, the regiment was detailed with one section of battery I, 2nd Ills. Arty., to command and guard the division supply and ordnance train in rear of the marching column of the division to that city. The regiment took no part in the fight at Rome on the 17th; arrived with its important charge on the following day; remained at Rome doing various duty until the 24th day of May, when the entire division took up its line of march towards Dallas. Joined the army of the Tennessee, to which the division was temporarily attached, near the last named place, on the 26th day of May. The next encounter with the enemy, was at Dallas, on the night of the 27th of May, when we were attacked by a superior force while engaged in relieving the 22nd Ind., who were doing picket duty. The enemy succeeded in capturing, owing to the unavoidable condition of the lines at that moment, fourteen enlisted men, and one commissioned officer, and wounding three others, enlisted men. But this temporary disaster was quickly, though but partially, compensated, by the capture of one captain, one lieutenant and twenty-five enlisted men from the enemy. On the following morning the pickets drove the enemy back with a loss of twenty killed and wounded, but two men wounded on our side. Until we reached Kenesaw Mountain on the 27th of June, nothing worthy of note occurred, although we daily faced the foe. At Kenesaw Mountain, on the morning of the 27th of June, the regiment, in connection with the brigade, formed part of the attacking column that was on that day hurled against the enemy's works. The 125th regiment was the foremost in the brigade. The conflict was short and bloody, and it is painful to record that a repulse to our forces along the entire line, was the result. Never fought troops better than on that day, and attention is called to the casualties in this command alone, which were one hundred and twenty in the short space of twenty minutes, nearly one half of which were in the list of killed, and also that the brigade rallied within sixty yards of the enemy's works, threw up intrenchments under a heavy fire, and held them until the night of July 3rd, when the enemy evacuated their lines and retreated towards Atlanta. In the above mentioned engagement we lost several brave officers and men, chief among whom was the colonel of the regiment, of whom it may not be inappropriate here to remark that a braver or more efficient officer in line of his peculiar duties, the army of the Union does not contain. The command at this point devolved upon Lt. Col. James W. Langley, who commanded the regiment through the engagement at the Chatta-

hoochie river, July 5th, and at Peach Tree creek, on the 19th of July, in both of which it was actively engaged, and subsequently until, in the midst of the battle of Jonesboro, Sept 1st, when Col. Dilworth, brigade commander, was wounded and carried off the field, the command of the brigade devolved upon him (Lt. Colonel Langley), and that of the regiment upon myself. During the whole of the engagement at Jonesboro, the officers and men exhibited courage worthy of the cause for which they fought. The regiment while yet under command of Col. Langley, reached the crest of the hill just in front of the rebel battery engaging the enemy in the open field, contributed greatly in aiding the 2nd brigade on our left to scale the enemies' works. Here they fought with the desperation of men determined to win, and they did win, though not until my regiment had lost an officer and three men killed, thirty enlisted men wounded, some six or eight of them mortally. At dark the regiment was formed in line with the 85th, 86th and 110th Ills., when we built a strong line of works. The troops were marched to Jonesboro and put in temporary camp. The regiment and brigade were ordered to Atlanta, Sept. 4th, in charge of nearly two thousand prisoners captured in the Jonesboro fight, and went into camp at this place, where it now remains, and it is sincerely hoped, that if the campaign is over, it will remain until, in the opinion of the powers that be, it is needed in the field for active operations.

I respectfully submit and herewith transmit, a list of casualties in the command since May 3rd, up to the close of this campaign. In conclusion I would say in behalf of the officers and enlisted men of this regiment, that they, with few exceptions, most manfully and soldierly in every engagement in which the regiment has participated, stood up and faced the foe, while many fell dead on the field. It would be difficult to make special mention of names, and do ample justice to all and injustice to none. A grateful country will reward them all for their noble services. The survivors of Kenesaw and subsequent battles, can never forget our patriotic dead, Colonel Harmon, Captains Fellows and Lee, and Lt. McClane, fell at the former place where duty called them. At Peach Tree Creek, Lieut. Jones, of company D, commanding company B, died as he had lived, a true christian soldier. Lieut. White, who so nobly fell at the crossing of the Sand Town road, was loved and respected by all whose good fortune it was to have his acquaintance. Again at Jonesboro, the daring and faithful Captain Charles fell in the discharge of his immediate duty. So, too, Sergeant Thralls, who for more than two months, had commanded company B, wounded in the leg during the hottest of the engagement, received his fatal wound from a stray bullet while his wound was being dressed. My confi-

dence in him as a company commander, was always firm, because I knew him to be a brave man.

Very Respectfully,
Your obdt. servant.
G. W. Cook.
Captain commanding regiment.

(Signed.)

List of casualties in the 125th regiment Illinois volunteer infantry from May 3rd to September 6th, 1864:

May 11th, Buzzard Roost, Ga., 1 enlisted man wounded.

May 15th, Resaca, Ga., 1 enlisted man wounded.

May 31st, Dallas, Ga., 1 commissioned officer missing, 5 enlisted men wounded, 14 missing.

June 27th, Kenesaw Mountain, Ga., 4 commissioned officers killed, 1 missing; 50 enlisted men killed, 63 wounded, 6 missing.

July 5th, Chattahoochie River, Ga., 1 commissioned officer wounded.

July 19th, Peach Tree Creek, 1 commissioned officer killed, 1 enlisted man killed, 3 wounded, 1 missing.

August 5th to 12, before Atlanta, Ga., 1 commissioned officer killed, 3 wounded; 13 enlisted men wounded.

Sept. 1st, Jonesboro, Ga., 1 commissioned officer killed, 6 enlisted men killed, 29 wounded.

RECAPITULATION.

Commissioned officers killed.....	7	
“ “ wounded.....	4	
“ “ missing.....	2	
Enlisted men killed.....	57	
“ wounded.....	115	
“ missing.....	21	
	206	
Total	206	

Respectfully submitted,
(Signed.) Geo. W. Cook,
Captain Commanding.

REPORT OF SAVANNAH CAMPAIGN.

Headquarters 125th Regiment Illinois Volunteers,
Near Savannah, Ga., December 29th, 1864.

SIR: In pursuance of orders, I have the honor to respectfully submit the following report of the operations of my command from the fall of Atlanta to the fall of Savannah:

Reached Atlanta on the 4th day of September last, at which point it remained in a state of inactivity, resting from the fatigues incurred on the previous campaign, until the 29th of same month when, in connection with the brigade, it started for Florence, Alabama, by rail, via Chattanooga, Huntsville and Athens, to check the advance of Gen. Forrest, who was marching through that district. It did not proceed as far as Florence, owing to its having been ordered back to Huntsville on train guard duty, and upon returning was prevented from rejoining the balance of the troops composing the expedition, by the rapid rise of Elk river.

Remained at Athens until the return of the brigade from Florence, performing while there daily picket duty. Left the former place on the 13th day of October and reached Chattanooga on the 14th. Remained at the last named point four days, when we started for and rejoined the corps at Galeville, Ala., on the 22nd. Remained at this place several days, when the column was headed toward Atlanta, Ga., which we reached Nov. 15th, having made short halts at Rome, Kingston and Cartersville. Between the last named place and Atlanta, the command was engaged in "demoralizing" the railroad, the extent of which will be found in subjoined recapitulation.

On the 16th of November, having obtained a thorough outfit and forming a part of the left wing of the grand army, it started for the "new base." Reached Savannah 21st inst., upon the previous evacuation of the city, and went into camp about two miles from the place, where it now remains ready at any moment to "strike tents," hoping that its next field of operations will be South Carolina. With the exception of a slight skirmish with the enemy in front of Louisville, Ga., nothing occurred to disturb the equilibrium of the march between Atlanta and Savannah. During the entire march the command subsisted upon supplies found in the country, (which were abundant) with the exception of five days issue from the regular supplies, thus destroying vast quantities of material be-

longing to the enemy, and contributing much to the bone and muscle of the army.

Forage was obtained to subsist all animals including those captured.

This command destroyed no cotton or gins owing to the fact that such duty was not assigned it. Deeming negroes an encumbrance they were prohibited from attaching themselves to the command.

I am Sir

Very Respectfully

Your Obedient Servant,

(Signed.) Geo. W. Cook,

Captain Commanding Regiment.

Number of miles railroad destroyed.....	2
Cotton	none.
Gins	none.
Number of horses captured.....	6
" mules "	25
Supplies obtained and brought to Savannah.....	none.
Enlisted men killed.....	1
" wounded.....	1

CAMPAIGN REPORT FROM SAVANNAH TO BENTONVILLE.

Headquarters 125th Illinois Volunteer Infantry,
Goldsboro, N. C., March 28th, 1865.

CAPTAIN: I have the honor to submit herewith a report of the operations of my command from the day on which it left Savannah, Georgia, until I assumed command of the brigade on 19th day of the present month:

January 20th, 1865. My command left camp at 7 o'clock a. m. and marched 8 miles on the Louisville road, and went into camp where we remained four days. On the 24th of January regiment was ordered on fatigue duty, cut poles and built 350 yards corduroy road.

January 25. Left camp at 7 a. m. and marched 18 miles.

January 26. Left camp at 7 a. m. and marched over very bad roads for 8 miles. Encamped for the night one mile north of Springfield, Ga.

January 27. Left camp at 7 a. m. This and the 22nd regiment

Indiana volunteers were detailed as train guards, both under my command. Guards and trains were delayed nearly all day at the confluence of several small streams called the "Runs." The command reached camp at 10 p. m., having marched but five miles.

January 28. Left camp at 8 a. m. and marched to within one mile of Sister's Ferry on the Savannah river, where we went into camp and remained until February 5th at 6 p. m., when the command crossed the river and encamped on the South Carolina side, where it remained until February 8th, when we marched at 7 a. m. and camped at night at Brighton, having travelled only 7 miles, but over very bad roads.

February 9. Left camp at 7 a. m. and marched rapidly all day over good roads. Made 20 miles and went into camp at 5 p. m.

February 10. Left camp at 6:30 a. m., marched 20 miles over good roads and went into camp.

February 11. Left camp at 6:30 a. m. This and 22nd regiment Indiana volunteers were detailed as train guards under my command. Marched through Barnwell and reached camp late, having made about 12 miles.

February 12. Left camp at 6:30 a. m. ; passed through Williston, on the Augusta and Charleston railroad, about noon. Marched 18 miles and encamped at night on the Edisto river.

February 13. Crossed the Edisto at 6:30 a. m. and worked on the north side three hours building corduroy roads. Went into camp two miles beyond the river at 10 a. m., and marched again at 1 p. m., moved five miles and went into camp for night.

February 14. Left camp at 6:30 a. m. and marched 20 miles, crossing north Edisto in the route.

February 15. Left camp at 7:30 a. m., marched 20 miles and encamped at night two miles from Lexington.

February 16. Left camp at 6 a. m. ; marched to near Columbia, S. C. On the afternoon of this day the command made a retrograde movement five miles and encamped at night on the south side of Saluda river.

February 17. Left camp at 6 a. m., crossed the Saluda, marched 20 miles and encamped for the night on Broad river.

February 18. The command crossed Broad river at 9 a. m. and went into position on the north side to the left and front of the 2nd brigade. At 3 p. m. I was ordered with my regiment to make a reconnoissance towards the Winnsboro road. Went about four miles, crossed Little river, and with one company pushed skirmishers as far as directed. I then withdrew, recrossed Little river and returned to camp.

February 19. The command tore up and effectually destroyed 475 yards of railroad track and ties and marched four miles.

February 20. Marched at 6 a. m. and encamped on Little river.

February 21st. Left camp at 2 p. m. This and the 52nd Ohio regiment, were detailed as rear guard for the corps train. Reached camp at 11 p. m., having marched 15 miles.

February 22nd. Marched 6 miles and went into camp.

February 23rd. Marched 10 miles and went into camp.

February 24th. Crossed Catawba river. Regiment worked all day assisting wagons out of the mud and corduroying roads.

February 25th. Worked all day on roads.

February 26th. Worked five companies all day on roads.

February 27th. No move. Worked five companies one half day on roads.

February 28th. Left camp at 1 p. m. Assisted part of corps train up the hill on north side of Catawba river, after which the command marched five miles as train guard, and reached camp at 10 p. m.

March 1st. Left camp at 6 a. m., and marched 21 miles.

March 2nd. Left camp at 6 a. m., and marched 13 miles.

March 3rd. Left camp at 6 a. m. This regiment with the 52nd O. V. I., under my command, were detailed as train guards; passed over some very bad roads, and reached camp at 10 p. m., after a march of 23 miles.

March 4th. Left camp at 6 a. m., and encamped on the Great Pedee river at 4 p. m. The regiment worked at corduroying roads until after dark. The command remained in camp until March 7th, at 2 p. m., when it moved down to the pontoon bridge, which it crossed at 4 p. m., after which it marched one and one half miles and went into camp for the night.

March 8th. Left camp at 6 a. m. Marched 25 miles and went into camp at 6 p. m.

March 9th. Left camp at 8 a. m. This regiment, and the 52nd O. V. I., and one section of the 19th Ind. battery, all under my command, marched as rear guard for the corps train. Crossed Downing creek at 3 p. m., and destroyed the bridges. The vanguard of the enemy came up before the destruction was complete, but upon observing us, it retired. My command did not reach camp that night. We assisted wagons out of the mud until 3 o'clock of the morning of March 10th when the jaded and exhausted animals gave out, and the guards rested by the road side until day light, when we resumed the labor of assisting wagons over the bad roads. We reached the division camp at 8 a. m., where we rested one hour and then resumed the march in column. Marched 15 miles and went into camp at 4 p. m.

March 11th. Left camp at 9 a. m. Marched to within two miles of Fayetteville, N. C., and went into camp at 2 p. m.

March 12th. Left camp at 6 p. m. Crossed the Cape Fear river

at 9 p. m., and went into camp behind rebel fortifications on the north side.

March 13th. Moved two miles for change of camp.

March 14th. Remained in camp all day.

March 15th. Left camp at 9 a. m. Marched 12 miles as rear guard for trains.

March 16th. Left camp at 6 a. m. Marched about 8 miles and met the enemy strongly entrenched near Black river, ready to dispute our further advance. My regiment went into position about 2 p. m. on the right of the second line. At 4 p. m. I moved in reserve of the brigade and at sundown took position on the left of the front line for the purpose of filling a gap then existing between the 1st and 3rd brigades. I established my line within 74 yards of the enemies' line of fortifications, and constructed works. My loss was one man wounded severely. The enemy retreated during the night.

March 17th. Left camp at 8 a. m. Forded Black river and Black Mingo creek, and after a march of 10 miles, went into camp for the night.

March 18th. Left camp at 5:30. Marched 11 miles and encamped at 1 p. m. for the afternoon and night.

March 19th. Left camp at 9 a. m., and marched about four miles down the Goldsboro road, at which point we left the road and turned to the right. Moved about one half mile in this direction and went into position on the right of the second line, in which position we remained about two hours, when we, with the brigade, were ordered out, and directed to push across to the road to our left. In this movement the brigade was in single line with my regiment on the left. After wandering through numerous swamps, over brush, vines and briars, we reached a position and formed line parallel with the road. This advance was disputed all the way by rebel skirmishers, to meet which I ordered out as skirmishers, two companies commanded by Capt. Hallway. Our new formation on the road was scarcely completed, when heavy firing on the right of the brigade, denoted that the contest was to be a severe one. Stepping into the road and casting my eye in the direction of the firing, I observed a strong column of the enemy, four lines deep, moving against the point where I supposed the right of the brigade rested. My suppositions soon proved correct, and after a brief contest, I observed that the right was giving away before the advance of the rebel column. At this instant a line of rebels struck my front and that of the left wing of the 22nd Ind. on my right. This line was met by our troops without yielding an inch, and after a severe fight of five minutes, the rebels fell back and were easily kept at bay, by a strong line of skirmishers. But not so on my right, for by this time the main column of the enemy had advanced to within one hundred

yards of the right of my regiment, and the left wing of the 22nd Ind. on my right was beginning to give way. My position was fast becoming untenable, besides I was apprehensive that the confusion incident to a repulse on the right of the brigade, might result to the enemy's advantage, in making many captures, and I determined at once to defeat, as far as possible, this object, and at the same time better my own situation, to do which I immediately executed a change of front to the rear, on left company, and then presented a front direct to that of the enemy. This movement was not executed by the entire regiment at once, nor after the approved system of batallion drill, but by detaching two companies at a time from the right and placing them on the new alignment. In this way I kept most of my line continually firing upon the advancing column. This change, which gave me the advantage of a direct fire, induced the enemy to move by its left flank and deploy his four depth column to a double line formation, which movement again threatened my right. On noticing this I again changed front to the rear as before. Finding myself nearly surrounded and with no prospect of support, I directed my regiment to retire firing, which was bravely done as it had maintained every position in which it had been placed. My left, which had not up to this time moved ten feet from its original position on the Goldsboro road, was the last to withdraw, nor was this done until the first line of the enemy was within fifty yards of my two left companies, when they deployed as skirmishers and fell back firing. I have no wish to make a bright picture for my regiment beyond what the facts will justify. I have commanded it under very critical circumstances on former occasions. I have witnessed the conduct of many regiments in perilous situations, but I never saw a body of troops act with greater coolness, or more heroic daring, than the 125th Ills. manifested on the eventful 19th instant. When the enemy's firing was hottest, my men were most earnest. Not one man left the ground until ordered to do so. Every man seemed to appreciate that the efforts of the regiment were being bent towards the safety of the brigade, and every man was determined to do all in his power for that object. Far be it from me to claim a higher quality of bravery for my men than belongs to other troops of the brigade. If I were even disposed to be jealous of the prowess of my own command, I could say nothing to disparage the claims of other regiments to equal bravery with my own. *They* were suddenly attacked without warning, and in a position where their flank was too boldly exposed, not to tempt the utmost efforts of the enemy to fall vigorously upon it. Once started they were easily pressed back. Being made aware of the situation on the right, I prepared my command for any emergency. While all the officers and men of my command did nobly, yet I cannot forbear to call special attention to

the conspicuous bravery of Captain Geo. W. Cook, acting field officer, and adjutant Wm. Mann, for their eminent services in preserving at all times a good alignment and directing the fire of different parts of the line. I also commend to your notice, W. Blackney, sergeant major; George W. B. Sadorus, of company E; Barton Snyder, sergeant of company I, and Louis Taft, corporal of company E, whose cool bravery and noble daring, won for them the admiration of all who saw them. When my regiment withdrew as far as the open field to the rear, I observed that Captain Snodgrass, commanding the 22nd Ind., had formed the basis of a new alignment, about three hundred yards to the rear and left of the first position. I determined at once to form my regiment on his left, and directed the colors to be placed on that prolongation, and formed line accordingly. While this was being done, you reported to me that General Fearing was wounded and disabled for further command. I immediately turned the command of my regiment over to Captain Cook, and by virtue of seniority in rank, assumed command of the brigade.

The subsequent operations of the regiment, will be reported by Captain Cook.

I am, Captain, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant.

(Signed) Jas. W. Langley,

Lt. Col. 125th Regt. I. V. I.

To Charles Swift, Capt. and A. A. G.,
3rd Brigade, 2nd Division, 14th A. C.

BENTONVILLE TO GOLDSBORO.

Headquarters 125th Illinois Infantry.
Goldsboro, N. C., March 30th, 1865.

CAPTAIN: I have the honor to submit to you a report of the operations of this command from the 19th inst. up to the time of its reaching this place. Owing to the casualties in the 3rd brigade, 2nd division on the 19th, I was ordered to take command of this regiment at about 3 o'clock p. m., just as the regiment had been withdrawn from a position parallel with the Goldsboro road. Col. James W. Langley had reformed the regiment in the open field on the left of the 22nd Indiana; here I took command and had every man get a load of rails, and then moved the regiment forward to the edge of the timber, where we built temporary works; the 22nd

Indiana joined on our right, and a portion of the 20th A. C. on the left. We scarcely had time to get our temporary works completed, when the enemy advanced, as we supposed in two lines of battle. But they were handsomely repulsed. I never saw men and officers fight with more determination to win, than at this time. Here our loss was one man killed and one wounded. We then sent out skirmishers in our front and remained over night. At 8 a. m. on the morning of the 20th we were moved to the right, in rear of the 1st brigade, in works the regiment had built on the 19th. Here we were ordered to send 20 men and two non-commissioned officers to bury the dead. They buried 27 rebels, including two officers, and carried two wounded off the field. At 8 p. m. my regiment was moved on the front line on the left of the 2nd brigade, the 86th Illinois on my left. Here we formed temporary works. We picketed our immediate front, built skirmish pits, and strengthened our works. Twenty-first—nothing of importance transpired to day but picket firing. I had one man wounded. On the morning of the 22nd, we found the enemy had gone. We marched 8 miles in direction of Goldsboro and camped for the night. Twenty-third—marched at 8 a. m. ; arrived at this place, after marching 13 miles, at 7 p. m. Since, we have been resting from our labors. With this I forward a report of the casualties in the command during the campaign up to the 23rd inst.

I am Captain Very Respectfully,
Your Obediant Servant,
(Signed.) Geo. W. Cook,
Captain Commanding Regiment.

List of casualties in the 125th Illinois infantry during the late campaign commencing January 20th and ending March 23rd, 1865 :

March 19th, '65, commissioned officer wounded, 1.

March 19th, enlisted men killed, 2 ; wounded, 11 ; missing, 6.

Respectfully submitted,

(Signed.) Geo. W. Cook,

Captain Commanding Regiment.

Goldsboro, N. C., March 30th, 1865.

Roster of the 125th I. V. I

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Date of Rank	Date of muster	Remarks.
<i>Colonels.</i>				
Oscar F. Harmon.....	Danville	Sept. 4, 1862...	Sept. 4, 1862...	Killed in battle June 27, '64.
James W. Langley.....	Champaign...	May 10, 1865...	Not mustered..	Mustered out (as Lieut. Col.) June 9, 1865.
<i>Lieut. Colonel.</i>				
James W. Langley.....	Champaign...	Sept. 4, 1862...	Sept. 4, 1862...	Promoted.....
<i>Major.</i>				
John B. Lee.....	Catlin	Sept. 4, 1862...	Sept. 4, 1862...	Mustered out June 9, 1865...
<i>Adjutant.</i>				
William Mann.....	Danville	Sept. 4, 1862...	Sept. 4, 1862...	Mustered out June 9, 1865...
<i>Quartermaster.</i>				
Alex. M. Ayres.....	Urbana	Aug. 29, 1862.	Aug. 29, 1862...	Mustered out June 9, 1865...
<i>Surgeons.</i>				
John J. McElroy.....	Catlin	Dec. 24, 1862..		Resigned April 14, 1864.....
Chas. H. Mills.....	Champaign...	April 14, 1864.	June 29, 1864.	Mustered out June 9, 1865...
<i>1st Asst. Surgeons.</i>				
Chas. H. Mills.....	Champaign...	Sept. 4, 1862...	Sept. 4, 1862....	Promoted.....
Owen Wright.....	Mason.....	Aug. 21, 1864.	Aug. 21, 1864....	Resigned April 8, 1865.....
<i>2nd Asst. Surgeons.</i>				
De Witt C. Benton.....	Myersville...	March 1, 1863	Not mustered.	Never joined regiment.....
Joel F. Erving.....	Kewanee	May 14, 1863..	May 18, 1863...	Resigned February 3, 1864..
<i>Chaplains.</i>				
Levi W. Sanders.....	Vermilion co	Sept. 4, 1862...	Sept. 4, 1862....	Killed at Caldwell's Ford, Tenn., Nov. 17, 1863. Died October 13, 1864.....
Geo. K. Bussing.....		April 25, 1864	July 17, 1864....	
<i>Captains Co. A.</i>				
Clark Kalston.....	Danville.....	Sept. 4, 1862...	Sept. 3, 1862....	Resigned January 17, 1863...
Jackson Charles.....	Danville.....	Jan. 17, 1863..	March 20, 1863	Killed in action Sept. 1, '64..
Jas. P. Brown.....	Danville	Sept. 1, 1864...	May 2, 1865....	Mustered out June 9, 1865...
<i>First Lieutenants.</i>				
Chas. Jackson.....	Danville	Sept. 4, 1862...	Sept. 3, 1862....	Promoted.....
Harrison Low.....	Danville	Jan. 17, 1863..	Mar. 30, 1863...	Mustered out June 9, 1865...
<i>Second Lieutenants.</i>				
Harrison Low.....	Danville	Sept. 4, 1862...	Sept. 3, 1862....	Promoted.....
James P. Brown.....	Danville	Jan. 17, 1863..	Mar. 30, 1863...	Promoted.....
<i>Captains Co. B.</i>				
Robt. Stewart.....	Newell	Sept. 4, 1862...	Sept. 3, 1862....	Resigned December 18, '62...
Stephen D. Conover.....	Ross.....	Dec. 18, 1862..	Feb. 1, 1863....	Honorably discharged May 15, 1865.
<i>First Lieutenants</i>				
Wm. R. Wilson.....	Newell	Sept. 4, 1862...	Sept. 3, 1862....	Resigned September 10, '64..
Benj F. Bonebrake.....	Newell	Sept. 10, 1864.	Jan. 17, 1865...	Mustered out June 9, 1865...
<i>Second Lieutenants.</i>				
Stephen D. Conover.....	Ross.....	Sept. 4, 1862...	Sept. 3, 1862....	Promoted.....
Jas. A. McLean.....	Newell.....	Dec. 18, 1862.	Feb. 1, 1863....	Killed in action June 27, '64
<i>Captains Co. C.</i>				
William W. Fellows.....	Danville.....	Sept. 4, 1862...	Sept. 3, 1862....	Killed in action June 27, '64.
Andrew W. Ingraham.....	Danville.....	June 27, 1864.	Sept. 9, 1864....	Died February 15, 1865.....
<i>First Lieutenants.</i>				
Alexander Pullock.....	Danville	Sept. 4, 1862..	Sept. 3, 1862....	Resigned December 24, 1863
Andrew W. Ingraham.....	Danville	Dec. 24, 1862..	Feb. 22, 1864....	Promoted.....
David M. Hays.....	Vance.....	June 27, 1864	Sept. 9, 1864....	Mustered out June 9, 1865...
<i>Second Lieutenants.</i>				
James D. New.....	Vance.....	Sept. 4, 1862...	Sept. 3, 1862....	Resigned January 2, 1864...
<i>Captains Co. D.</i>				
Geo. W. Galloway.....	Georgetown..	Sept. 4, 1862..	Sept. 3, 1862....	Mustered out June 9, 1865...
<i>First Lieutenants.</i>				
James B. Stevens.....	Vermilion co.	Sept. 4, 1862..	Sept. 3, 1862....	Resigned September 6, 1863.
Oliver Finley.....	Georgetown..	July 19, 1864.	Sept. 5, 1864....	Mustered out June 9, 1865..

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Date of Rank	Date of muster	Remarks.
<i>Second Lieutenants.</i>				
John L. Jones.....	Vermilion co.	Sept. 4, 1862..	Sept. 3, 1862....	Killed in action July 19, '64
<i>Captains Co. E.</i>				
Nathan M. Claak....	Champaign....	Sept. 4, 1862..	Sept. 3, 1862 ...	Honorably discharged Jan- uary 13, 1865. Mustered out June 9, 1865...
G. W. B. Sadorus.....	Sadorus	April 20, 1865	May 20, 1865 ...	Mustered out June 9, 1865...
<i>First Lieutenants.</i>				
Wm. G. Isom.....	Champaign....	Sept. 4, 1862..	Sept. 3, 1862....	Resigned February 8, 1864...
Geo. Scroggs.....	Champaign....	Feb. 8, 1864...	Promoted Adjutant 60th Reg Mustered out June 26, '65.
<i>Second Lieutenants.</i>				
John Urquhart.....	Sadorus	Sept. 3, 1862..	Sept. 3, 1862....	Resigned January 20, 1863...
Martin V. Stone.....	Champaign....	Mar. 30, 1863..	Mar. 30, 1863....	Resigned June 22, 1863.....
Geo. Scroggs.....	Champaign....	June 22, 1863..	July 13, 1863....	Promoted.....
<i>Captains Co. F.</i>				
Fredrick B. Sale.....	Newcomb	Sept. 3, 1862..	Sept. 3, 1862....	Resigned January 24, 1863...
John B. Lester.....	Newcomb	Mar. 30, 1863..	Mar. 30, 1863....	Mustered out June 9, 1865...
<i>First Lieutenants.</i>				
John B. Lester.....	Newcomb	Sept. 4, 1862..	Sept. 3, 1862....	Promoted.....
Wm. R. Shoup.....	Newcomb	Jan. 24 1863..	Mar. 30, 1863....	Mustered out June 9, 1865...
<i>Second Lieutenants.</i>				
Alfred Johnson.....	East Bend.....	Sept. 4, 1862..	Sept. 3, 1862....	Resigned January 11, 1863...
Wm. R. Shoup	Newcomb	Jan. 11, 1863..	Feb. 1, 1863....	Promoted.....
John J. White.....	Newcomb	Jan. 24, 1863..	Mar. 30, 1863....	Killed in action near Atlan- ta, Georgia, Aug. 7, 1864.
<i>Captains Co. G.</i>				
John H. Gass	Catlin	Sept. 4, 1862..	Sept. 3, 1862....	Resigned December 30, 1862
Josiah Lee.....	Fairmount....	Dec. 30, 1862..	Jan. 31, 1863....	Resigned February 7, 1864...
Marion Lee.....	Fairmount....	Feb. 7, 1864...	Mar. 23, 1864....	Killed in action June 27, '64
Newton Norris.....	Danville	June 27, 1864	Sept. 5, 1864....	Mustered out June 9, 1865...
<i>First Lieutenants.</i>				
Ephraim S. Howell....	Catlin	Sept. 4, 1862..	Sept. 3, 1862....	Resigned January 22, 1863...
Marion Lee	Fairmount....	Jan. 22, 1863..	July 28, 1863....	Promoted.....
Elisha Littler.....	Catlin.....	Feb. 7, 1864...	Mar. 26, 1865...	Mustered out June 9, 1865...
<i>Second Lieutenants.</i>				
Josiah Lee.....	Fairmount....	Sept. 4, 1862..	Sept. 3, 1862....	Promoted Captain.....
Marion Lee.....	Fairmount	Dec. 30, 1862..	Jan. 31, 1863....	Promoted.....
Newton Norris.....	Danville.....	Jan. 22, 1863..	Promoted Captain.....
<i>Captains Co. H.</i>				
Pleasant M. Parks....	Urbana.....	Sept. 4, 1862..	Sept. 3, 1862....	Resigned April 16, 1864
John C. Harbor.....	Champaign ...	April 16, 1864	Nov. 1, 1864....	Mustered out June 9, 1865...
<i>First Lieutenants.</i>				
David A. Brenton	Middletown....	Sept. 4, 1862..	Sept. 3, 1862....	Resigned January 1, 1863....
John C. Harbor	Champaign....	Jan. 1, 1863....	Feb. 8, 1863....	Promoted.....
Saml. M. Dunseth.....	Urbana.....	April 16, 1864	Nov. 2, 1864 ...	Mustered out June 9, 1865...
<i>Second Lieutenants.</i>				
John C. Harbor	Champaign ...	Sept. 4, 1862..	Sept. 3, 1862....	Promoted.....
Saml. M. Dunseth.....	Urbana.....	Jan. 1, 1863....	Feb. 8, 1863....	Promoted.....
<i>Captains Co. I.</i>				
Levin Vinson.....	Pilot.....	Sept. 4, 1862..	Sept. 3, 1862....	Resigned February 29, 1864.
Edwd. B. Kingsbury....	Feb. 29, 1864..	Mar. 23 1864....	Died of wounds Aug. 18, '64
James H. Trimmel.....	Pilot.....	Aug. 18, 1864	April 9, 1865....	Mustered out June 9, 1865...
<i>First Lieutenants.</i>				
John E. Vinson.....	Pilot.....	Sept. 4, 1862..	Sept. 3, 1862....	Resigned November 21, '62..
Edwd. B. Kingsbury....	Nov. 25, 1862..	Dec. 16, 1862....	Promoted.....
James H. Trimmel.....	Pilot	Feb. 29, 1864..	April 9, 1865....	Promoted.....
Geo. A. Clapp.....	Pilot.....	Aug. 18, 1864..	Nov. 2 1864....	Mustered out June 9, 1865...
<i>Second Lieutenants.</i>				
Stephen Brothers	Pilot.....	Sept. 4, 1862..	Sept. 3, 1862....	Resigned March 27, 1863.....
James H. Trimmel.....	Pilot.....	March 27, '63	April 20, 1863..	Promoted.....
<i>Captains Co. K.</i>				
Geo. W. Cook.....	Catlin.....	Sept. 4, 1862..	Sept. 3, 1862....	Mustered out June 9, 1865...
<i>First Lieutenant.</i>				
Oliver P. Hunt.....	Dallas.....	Sept. 4, 1862..	Sept. 3, 1862....	Mustered out June 9, 1865...
<i>Second Lieutenants.</i>				
Joseph F. Crosby.....	Catlin.....	Sept. 4, 1862..	Sept. 3, 1862....	Resigned June 22, 1863.....
William B. Galway.....	Dallas.....	June 22, 1863..	Resigned October 15, 1864...

One Hundred and Twenty-Fifth Ills. Vols. Reg't.

THREE YEARS' SERVICE.

NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Date of enlistment.	Date of muster.	Remarks.
		1862.	1862.	
<i>Sergeant Majors.</i>				
Edward B. Kingsbury.	Danville	July 16.....	September 3	Promoted 1st Lieut. Co. I.....
George Scroggs.....	Champaign...	Aug. 8.....	" 3	Promoted 2d Lieut. Co. E.....
Benj. F. Bonebrake.....	Vermilion co.	Aug. 10.....	" 3	Promoted 1st Lieut. Co. B.....
Thomas W. Blakeney..	Catlin.....	Aug. 13.....	" 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
<i>Q. M. Sergeant.</i>				
David H. Beasley.....	Champaign...	Aug. 14.....	September 3	Mustered out July 29, 1865; was prisoner.
<i>Commissary Sergeants.</i>				
Harvey J. Steward.....	Vermillion co	September 3	Reduced at his own request, and assigned to Co. K.
Bernard G. Parks.....	Champaign...	Aug. 8.....	September 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
<i>Hospital Stewards.</i>				
Benjamin F. Fagan.....	Newcomb	Aug. 7.....	September 3	Discharged June 18, 1863.....
Abram A. Sulcer.....	Catlin	Aug. 11.....	" 3	Pro. Ass't Surgeon 11th Ill. Inf.
Edwin J. Draper.....	Danville.....	Aug. 14.....	" 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
<i>Principal Musicians.</i>				
William A. Payton.....	Vance.....	July 20.....	September 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Curtis H. Tanzey.....	Pilot.....	Aug. 12.....	" 3	" " " "

ENLISTED MEN OF COMPANY "A."

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Date of enlistment.	Date of muster.	Remarks.
		1862.	1862.	
<i>First Sergeant.</i>				
James P. Brown.....	Danville	Aug. 13.....	Sept. 3	Promoted 2nd Lieutenant.....
<i>Sergeants.</i>				
Sylvester Hooten.....	Danville	July 18.....	Sept. 3.....	Mustered out June 9 1865.....
William A. Myers.....	"	July 25	Sept. 3.....	" " as 1st Sg't
Spencer Shumate.....	"	July 25	Sept. 3.....	Discharged May 6, '63, as pri- vate; on account disability...
John Brody.....	Danville	Aug. 16	Sept. 3.....	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
<i>Corporals.</i>				
William D. Huffman...	Danville	July 25.....	Sept. 3.....	Mustered out June 9, '65, as private. Absent on furlough.
Isaac M. Emile.....	"	July 25.....	Sept. 3.....	Trans. to Inv. Corps.....
Bluford S. Graves.....	"	July 25.....	Sept. 3.....	Mustered out June 9, 1865. Furlough.
John Celliben.....	"	July 25	Sept. 3.....	Died, Bowling Green, Ky., Dec. 6, '62.
William F. Henthorn..	"	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3.....	Killed at Kenesaw Mt., June 27, '64.
Jacob Grimes.....	"	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3.....	Mustered out June 9, '65, as private.
John H. Martin.....	"	July 25	Sept. 3.....	M. O. July 1, '65, as private; was prisoner.
Joseph Megee.....	"	July 25	Sept. 4.....	Died at Danville, Ky.....

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Date of enlistment.	Date of Muster.	Remarks.
		1862	1862	
<i>Musicians.</i>				
Nathaniel Clyne.....	Danville	July 25.....	Sept. 3	Died at Gallatin, Tenn, Jan. 24, 1863.
Isaiah Cummings.....	"	July 25.....	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
<i>Privates.</i>				
Bensel, John H.....	"	July 18.....	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Barnhart, Jonathan...	"	July 18.....	Sept. 3	Disch. Feb. 10, '63; disability...
Bryant, Robert S.....	"	July 18.....	Sept. 3	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Nov. 30, '62.
Beck, Ferry.....	"	July 18.....	Sept. 3.....	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Beatly, George.....	"	Aug. 12.....	Sept. 3	Killed at Kenesaw Mt., June 27, 1864.
Bonnet, John.....	"	Aug. 12.....	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Calliban, Sanford P.....	"	July 25.....	Sept. 3	Disch. March 8, '64; disability.
Coaner, James W.....	"	July 25.....	Sept. 3	Disch. March 21, '63; disability
Clingin, Nathan.....	"	July 25.....	Sept. 3	Died at Quincy, Ill., Jan. 9, '64.
Curtis, Andrew J.....	"	Aug. 1.....	Sept. 3	Missing at Kenesaw Mt., Ga., since June 27, 1864.
Clymon, Hyraia.....	"	Aug. 13.....	Sept. 3	Trans. to Inv. Corps Sept. 14, '63
Cooley, John B.....	"	July 25.....	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Cummings, James.....	"	July 25.....	Sept. 3	Disch. Feb. 15, '63; disability...
Cook, Alonzo H.....	"	Aug. 13.....	Sept. 3	Disch. Jan. 6, '63; disability....
Cole, George S.....	"	July 25.....	Sept. 3	Mustered out June, 9, '65, as Sergeant.
Douglas, Thomas S.....	"	July 25.....	Sept. 3	Disch. Feb. 3, 1863; disability...
Draper, James S.....	"	July 25.....	Sept. 3	Mustered out June, 9, 1865. Furlough.
Fugitt, John M.....	"	July 25.....	Sept. 3	Mustered out July 1, 1865; was prisoner.
Fagan, Marlon.....	"	July 25.....	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865, as Corporal.
Finley, James.....	"	July 25.....	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865,
Finley, Asbury D.....	"	July 25.....	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Fletcher, Ferris.....	"	July 25.....	Sept. 3	" " " "
Gillelan, Willford H.....	"	July 25.....	Sept. 3	" " " "
Gouge, Kavanaugh W.....	"	July 25.....	Sept. 3	" " " "
Guthrie, Michael.....	"	July 25.....	Sept. 3	Disch. Feb. 13, '63; disability...
Highotte, George L.....	"	July 25.....	Sept. 3	Disch. March 11, '63; disability
Henderson, Obediah.....	"	July 25.....	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Hortley, Amos A.....	"	July 25.....	Sept. 3	Disch. Jan. 14, '63; disability...
Hathway, George.....	"	July 26.....	Sept. 3	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Sept. 9, '64; wounds.
Hill, James W.....	"	Aug. 15.....	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Hooten, Charles B.....	"	Aug. 15.....	Sept. 3	" " " "
Hensley, James F.....	"	Aug. 15.....	Sept. 3	" " " "
Hart, Joseph.....	"	Aug. 15.....	Sept. 3	" " " "
Jordan, Dudley.....	"	July 24.....	Sept. 3	Trans. to V. R. C., July 29, '64.
Knight, Johnson F.....	"	July 18.....	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Linn, Francis M.....	"	July 25.....	Sept. 3	Disch. March 11, '63; disability
Layton, Andrew J.....	"	July 25.....	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Lafferty, Patrick.....	"	July 25.....	Sept. 3	Corporal killed at Kenesaw, June 27, '64.
Lafferty, William H.....	"	Aug. 2.....	Sept. 3	Mustered out May 18, 1865.....
Lope, Jesse.....	"	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3	Died in Andersonville prison, Oct. 1, '64. No. of grave, 10,179
Ludington, John G. W.....	"	July 25.....	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, '65, as Sergeant.
Lope, Zachariah.....	"	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, '65.....
Low, Hollingsworth.....	"	July 25.....	Sept. 3	" " " "
Mann, Sylvester B.....	"	July 25.....	Sept. 3	" " " "
Milliner, Gerard.....	"	July 25.....	Sept. 3	Disch. Jan. 13, '63; disability...
Morman, Charles C.....	"	July 17.....	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, '65.....
Meadows, William.....	"	July 25.....	Sept. 3	" " " "
Morgan, Evans.....	"	July 25.....	Sept. 3	" " " " Furlough
McFarland, James H.....	"	July 25.....	Sept. 3	" " " "
Morgan, Alford C.....	"	July 25.....	Sept. 3	" " " "

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Date of enlistment.	Date of muster.	Remarks.
<i>Privates.</i>				
McGregor, Gregor.....	Danville.....	July 25 1862	Sept. 3 1862	Mustered out June 9, '65.....
Olehy, Dennis.....	"	July 25	Sept. 3	" " " " " "
Olehy, William J.....	"	July 17	Sept. 3	" " " " " " as Corp'l
Olehy, George W.....	"	Aug. 17	Sept. 3	Disch. June 16, '63; disability..
Phillips, John.....	"	July 17	Sept. 3	Disch. Jan. 17, '63; disability..
Quillen, James W.....	"	Aug. 12	Sept. 3	Deserted Oct. 3, 1862.....
Ramsey, Mordecai.....	"	July 17	Sept. 3	Deserted May 7, 1864.....
Rodgers, Samuel.....	"	July 17	Sept. 3	Disch. Feb. 20, 1863; disability..
Shumate, William.....	"	July 25	Sept. 3	Disch. Feb. 5, '63; disability....
Shumate, Daniel.....	"	July 25	Sept. 3	" " " " " " " " " "
Smith, William H.....	"	Aug. 12	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, '65.....
Smith, William.....	"	July 20	Sept. 3	Disch. Feb. 10, '63; disability...
Tennery, Cyrus F.....	"	July 25	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, '65, as Corporal.
Wilson, David D.....	"	Aug. 15	Sept. 3	Disch. March 7, '63; disability
Williams, John.....	"	Aug. 14	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, '65.....
Wilson, William F.....	"	Aug. 12	Sept. 3	Disch. Feb. 10, '63; disability...
Wooley, George C.....	"	Aug. 10	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.
<i>Recruits.</i>				
Butt, Nathaniel.....				Furlough Deserted June, 1863.
Graves, Joseph.....				Died, Chattanooga, Nov. 14, '64
Lafferty, Edward M.....		Mar. 30, 1863	Mar. 30 1863	Killed at Kennesaw, June 27, '64
Pruett, Willis.....	Danville			Trans. to V. R. C., July 29, '64..

ENLISTED MEN OF COMPANY "B."

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Date of enlistment	Date of muster.	Remarks.
<i>Sergeants.</i>				
John W. McKibben.....	Ross.....	Aug. 10 1862	Sept. 3 1862	Discharged Oct. 23, 1862.....
John K. Lockhart.....	Newell.....	Aug. 10	Sept. 3	Discharged Jan. 20, 1863.....
Newell Duncan.....	Middle Fork	Aug. 10	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, '65, Pvt...
James A. McLean.....	Newell.....	Aug. 10	Sept. 3	Promoted 2d Lieutenant.....
<i>Corporals.</i>				
Ransom McLean.....	Newell.....	Aug. 10	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, '65, as Pvt.
Henry D. Parka.....	"	Aug. 10	Sept. 3	Died at Gallatin, T., Feb. 6, '63.
James Duncan.....	"	Aug. 10	Sept. 3	Discharged June 16, 1863.....
Charles S. Carter.....	"	Aug. 10	Sept. 3	Discharged Jan. 23, 1863.....
Thomas J. Price.....	"	Aug. 10	Sept. 3	Discharged June 7, 1863.....
George A. Collins.....	Ross.....	Aug. 10	Sept. 3	Disch. Feb. 17, '63, as Sergeant
Gen. W. Cunningham.....	Ross.....	Aug. 10	Sept. 3	Disch. Dec. 10, '64, as Sergeant; wounded.
Jarret W. Cunningham.....	Grant.....	Aug. 10	Sept. 3	Died at Nashville, Tenn., April 26, 1863.
<i>Privates.</i>				
Adams, Robert.....	Newell.....	Aug. 10	Sept. 3	Died of wounds at Atlanta, Ga., June 11, '64, in enemy's hands
Egan, Levi.....	Ross.....	Aug. 10	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, '65, as 1st Sergeant.
Bell, Elijah R.....	Newell.....	Aug. 10	Sept. 3	Discharged Nov. 22, 1862.....
Biehler, James E.....	"	Aug. 10	Sept. 3	Died at Bowling Green, Ky., Dec. 15, '62.
Biddle, Ephraim W.....	"	Aug. 10	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, '65.....
Bigham, Martin L.....	Jordan.....	Aug. 10	Sept. 3	Discharged March 20, 1863.....
Bonebrake, Benj. F.....	Newell.....	Aug. 10	Sept. 3	Promoted Sergeant Major.....
Brewer, William.....	"	Aug. 10	Sept. 3	Discharged Feb. 12, 1863.....
Brown, Henry.....	"	Aug. 10	Sept. 3	Discharged Jan. 21, 1863.....
Brown, John.....	Ross.....	Aug. 10	Sept. 3	Discharged Oct. 23, 1862.....
Carter, Isaac.....	Newell.....	Aug. 10	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Carter, Marion.....	"	Aug. 10	Sept. 3	Deserted Oct. 15, 1862.....
Carter, Zachariah.....	"	Aug. 10	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865, as Sergeant.
Chandler, William F.....	"	Aug. 10	Sept. 3	Died at Richmond, Va., from inhuman treatment in prison
Cox, John W.....	"	Aug. 10	Sept. 3	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Nov. 18, '62.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Date of enlistment.	Date of muster.	Remarks
<i>Privates.</i>				
Cox, Joseph M.....	Newell.....	1862. Aug. 10.....	1862. Sept. 3.....	Trans. to V. R. C., May 3, 1865. Mustered out Aug. 22, '65, as Corporal.
Edwards, Jacob H.....	".....	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3.....	Mustered out June 9, '65.....
Elwell, Alexander.....	Ross.....	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3.....	".....
Etchison, Jacob.....	".....	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3.....	Discharged Oct. 23, 1862.....
Fisher, James H.....	".....	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3.....	Died at Louisville, Ky, Dec. 5, 1862.
Fisher, John.....	".....	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3.....	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Gillad, Joshua C.....	Middle Fork.....	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3.....	Died of wounds rec'd at Big Shanty, Ga., June 30, 1864.
Grider, Albert.....	Newell.....	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3.....	Discharged Jan. 28, '63.....
Gutches, James H.....	Ross.....	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3.....	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Hamlin, David B.....	".....	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3.....	Discharged May 24, 1865.....
Helmick, Benjamin.....	".....	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3.....	Killed at Kenesaw, June 27, '64.
Keith, William.....	Blunt.....	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3.....	Died at Nashville, Jan. 1, 1864.
Ke'ley, Patrick.....	Ross.....	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3.....	Discharged Feb. 3, 1863.....
Kimball, William H.....	Blunt.....	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3.....	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
King, William C.....	Ross.....	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3.....	" " as Corp'l.
Lang, George W.....	Newell.....	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3.....	Must'd out July 1, '65; was pris
Leonard, Philip.....	Blunt.....	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3.....	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Leonard, John F.....	Newell.....	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3.....	".....
Lewis, Charles A.....	Carroll.....	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3.....	Discharged Dec. 24, 1862.....
Luckhart, Joseph C.....	Newell.....	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3.....	Mustered out June 9, 1865, as Corporal.
Marsh, Daniel A.....	Ross.....	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3.....	Died at Bowling Green, Ky., Nov. 23, '62.
Marshall, John H.....	Ross.....	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3.....	Mustered out June 9, '65.....
McElhany, Felix.....	Newell.....	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3.....	" ".....
Moore, James R.....	".....	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 2.....	" " as Corp'l.
Morrison, Dennis.....	".....	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3.....	" ".....
Norton, Scott.....	Grant.....	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3.....	" " as Serg't.
Peak, Uriah W.....	Ross.....	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3.....	" ".....
Ritchie, Samuel A.....	Ross.....	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3.....	Absent, sick at M. O. of Reg't.
Ritchie, James.....	Mound, Ind.....	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3.....	Mustered out June 9, 1865, as Sergeant.
Rohrer, Ezra P.....	Newell.....	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3.....	Mustered out June 9, '65.....
Rogers, Robert M.....	".....	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3.....	" " as Serg't
Ross, Hiram W.....	Danville.....	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3.....	Discharged Aug. 16, 1863.....
Ross, Isaac F.....	Grant.....	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3.....	Mustered out June 9, 1865, as Corporal.....
Ross, James T.....	Danville.....	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3.....	Trans. to V. R. C., Sept. 1, '63..
Ross, Nelson E.....	Grant.....	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3.....	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Sanburn, Richard J.....	Ross.....	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3.....	" ".....
Shaw, Loring D.....	Newell.....	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3.....	" ".....
Smith, Charles W.....	Ross.....	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3.....	" ".....
Smith, Martin V.....	Ross.....	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3.....	Killed at Kenesaw June 27, '64.
Starr, John E.....	Newell.....	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3.....	1st Serg't. Died at home Mar. 2, 64.
Starr, Simon.....	".....	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3.....	Discharged Dec. 26, 1862.....
Steward, Harvey J.....	Edgar Co.....	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3.....	Promoted Commissary Serg't...
Thrale, William L.....	Blunt.....	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3.....	Serg't. Died of wounds re- ceived at Jonesboro, Ga., Sept 2, 1864.
Watkins, Isaiah.....	Newell.....	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3.....	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Welford, David G.....	".....	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3.....	".....
Wiggins, George W.....	".....	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3.....	Discharged Dec. 26, 1862.....
Wiggins, Jacob W.....	".....	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3.....	Mustered out June 9, 1865, as Corporal.
Wiggins, James P.....	".....	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3.....	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Wilson, Amos A.....	".....	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3.....	".....
Williams, Abner S.....	Ross.....	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3.....	Deserted Oct. 2, 1862.....
Williamson, Riguel G.....	Newell.....	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3.....	Died Danville, Ky., Nov. 2, '62.
Wiley, Richard.....	Grant.....	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3.....	Died at Bowling Green, Ky., Dec. 10, '62.
Yocum, John.....	Ross.....	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3.....	Discharged Feb. 12, 1863.....

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Date of enlistment	Date of muster.	Remarks.
Yates, John.....	Newell.....	Aug. 10, '62.	Sept. 3, '62.	Killed at Kenesaw June 27, '64
Young, Leonard.....	Grant.....	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3.....	Discharged Dec. 26, 1862.....
Young, Isaac.....	Newell.....	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3.....	Died at Gallatin, Nov. 29, '62.....
<i>Recruits.</i>				
Huddleson, William.....	Ross.....	Dec. 1, '63.....	Dec. 1, '63.....	Disch. Oct. 24, '64, wounds.....
Jones, John W.....	Vermillion Co.....	Died at Nashville, Dec. 17, '62.....
Knox, James.....	Newell.....	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Rutledge, Abraham.....	Ross.....	Nov. 23, '63.	Nov. 23, '63.	Trans. to Co. B, 60th Ill. Inf....
Sheets, Franklin.....	Ross.....	Dec. 21, '63.....	Dec. 21, '63.....	" " " " " ".....

ENLISTED MEN OF COMPANY "C."

Name and Rank.	Residence	Date of enlistment.	Date of muster.	Remarks.
		1862.	1862.	
<i>First Sergeant.</i> A. W. Ingraham.....	Danville.....	July 16.....	Sept. 3.....	Promoted 1st Lieutenant.....
<i>Sergeants.</i>				
Jas. H. McKee.....	".....	July 16.....	Sept. 3.....	Private. Disch. Nov. 9, '63, for promotion in 5th Ky. cavalry
Josiah H. French.....	".....	Aug. 1.....	Sept. 3.....	1st Serg't. Killed at Kenesaw Mt., June 27, 1864.
Wm. J. Davis.....	".....	July 22.....	Sept. 3.....	Disch. Oct. 23, '62, as 1st Serg't.
David M. Hays.....	Vance.....	July 22.....	Sept. 3.....	Promoted 1st Lieutenant.....
<i>Corporals.</i>				
Henry C. Gardner.....	Danville.....	Aug. 1.....	Sept. 3.....	Mustered out May 15, '65, as Pvt
Joseph W. Sennit.....	".....	Aug. 1.....	Sept. 3.....	Discharged April 18, 1863.....
James G. Payton.....	Vance.....	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3.....	Mustered out June 9, 1865, as 1st Serg't.
Thomas J. Cox.....	".....	Aug. 3.....	Sept. 3.....	Discharged Jan. 18, '63.....
Augustus H. Keric.....	Danville.....	Aug. 3.....	Sept. 3.....	Died at Nashville April 8, '63.....
James Ellison.....	Rossville.....	Aug. 11.....	Sept. 3.....	Disch. Nov. 10, 1862.....
Wm. E. Martin.....	Danville.....	Aug. 14.....	Sept. 3.....	Discharged May 2, 1863.....
Julius T. Culbertson.....	".....	Aug. 14.....	Sept. 4.....	Discharged May 5, 1863.....
<i>Musicians.</i>				
Charles Last.....	".....	Aug. 3.....	Sept. 3.....	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Wm. A. Payton.....	Vance.....	July 20.....	Sept. 3.....	Promoted Principal Musician.....
<i>Wagoner.</i>				
John Devore.....	Danville.....	Aug. 11.....	Sept. 3.....	Discharged Jan. 16, 1863.....
<i>Privates.</i>				
Allman, Levi.....	Vance.....	Aug. 1.....	Sept. 3.....	Died April 2, 1865; wounds.....
Bloomfield, Saml.....	Pilot.....	Aug. 1.....	Sept. 3.....	Discharged Jan. 10, 1863.....
Board, George.....	Vance.....	Aug. 20.....	Sept. 3.....	Corp. Trans. to I. C. Sept. 1, '63
Backman, Isaac.....	Blount.....	July 22.....	Sept. 3.....	Died Sept. 26, 1864; wounds.....
Blevins, Clark M.....	Vance.....	Aug. 14.....	Sept. 3.....	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Bogart, John.....	".....	Aug. 21.....	Sept. 3.....	Died at home, April 7, 1863.....
Baker, Isaac S.....	Danville.....	Aug. 21.....	Sept. 3.....	Died at Harrodsburg, Ky., Nov. 19, '62.
Barker, Wm M.....	".....	Aug. 9.....	Sept. 3.....	Discharged March 3, 1863.....
Cushman, Jonathan.....	Vance.....	Aug. 14.....	Sept. 3.....	Absent, sick, at muster-out of Regiment
Cruzan, Benjamin.....	Danville.....	Aug. 11.....	Sept. 3.....	Discharged Oct. 23, 1862.....
Deakin, Wm. M.....	Vance.....	Aug. 15.....	Sept. 3.....	Discharged July 24, 1863.....
Dickson, Simon A.....	Pilot.....	Aug. 13.....	Sept. 3.....	Died at Nashville June 2, '63.....
Deakin, John.....	Vance.....	July 22.....	Sept. 3.....	Absent, sick, at M. O. of Reg't.
Dobbins, Saml. S.....	Danville.....	Aug. 14.....	Sept. 3.....	Disch. Feb. 25, '65; wounds.....
Davis, Geo. W.....	Ross.....	Aug. 11.....	Sept. 3.....	Disch. Jan. 15, 1863.....
Draper, Edwin J.....	Danville.....	Aug. 14.....	Sept. 3.....	Promoted Hospital Steward.....
Fellows, Henry.....	Vance.....	July 22.....	Sept. 3.....	Discharged Jan. 18, 1863.....
Frownfelter, A. W.....	Danville.....	Aug. 11.....	Sept. 3.....	Disch. March 14, '63, as Corp'l.
Flaugherty, Owen.....	".....	Aug. 21.....	Sept. 3.....	Mustered out June 9, '65.....
Granshaw, Abram.....	".....	Aug. 3.....	Sept. 3.....	" " " " as Corp'l
Gray, Matthew.....	Vance.....	July 22.....	Sept. 3.....	" " " " as Serg't
Gray, David.....	".....	July 22.....	Sept. 3.....	Corp. Killed at Kenesaw June 27, '64
Gray, William.....	".....	July 22.....	Sept. 3.....	1. 64.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Date of enlistment	Date of Muster.	Remarks.
<i>Privates.</i>				
		1862.	1862	
Gardner, Wm. B.....	Danville	Aug 12	Sept. 3	Discharged Jan. 20, 1863.....
Hart, George	Vance	Aug. 20	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Heller, A. J.....	Danville	Aug. 1	Sept. 3	Mustered out July 1, 1865.....
Hoover, Albert W.....	Grant	Aug. 11	Sept. 3	Killed at Kenasaw June 27, '64.
Holycras, Wm.....	Danville	Aug. 1	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, '65.....
Johnson, Charles.....	Vance	Aug. 5	Sept. 3	Discharged Jan. 28, 1863.....
Kingsbury, E. B.....	Danville	July 16	Sept. 3	Promoted Sergeant Major.....
Kilpatrick, Jas. D.....	"	Aug. 14	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Kimball, Nelson.....	"	Aug. 20	Sept. 3	" July 1, 1865, as Serg't; was prisoner.
Lucas, William.....	Vance	July 22	Sept 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Mapes, Marcellus	"	July 20	Sept. 3	" " 22, '65.....
McCarty, Jas. S	"	Aug. 9	Sept. 3	Deserted Dec. 4, 1863.....
McCoy, Saml. P	Danville	Aug. 15	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Mead, Charles.....	Grant	Aug. 1	Sept. 3	Killed, Caldwell's Ford, on Tenn. river, Sept. 29, '62.
McVoy, John	Danville	Aug. 20	Sept. 3	M. O. June 9, '65, as Corporal...
Masters, Jas. L	"	Aug. 11	Sept. 3	A deserter from 39th Ind. ar- rested and returned to his com. Dec. 12, '62.
Mathews, Thos. A	"	Aug. 14	Sept. 3	Must. out June 9, '65, as Serg't
Mins, Chas. K. Jr	Vance	Aug. 14	Sept. 3	" " "
Majors, Samuel	Blunt.....	Aug. 21	Sept. 3	Discharged Dec. 20, '64, as Serg't; disability
O'Toole, Peter.....	"	Aug. 1	Sept. 3	Must. out July 22, '65; was pris
O'Toole, Samuel.....	Newell	Aug. 10	Sept. 3	Discharged Nov. 2, 1861.....
Oliver, Robt. W.....	"	Aug. 11	Sept. 3	Absent sick at muster-out Regt
Perry, Commodore.....	Rosa	Aug. 11	Sept. 3	Discharged Jan. 26, 1863.....
Prickett, Oliver	Danville	Aug. 14	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Pfitzinger Jacob.....	"	Aug. 12	Sept. 3	Killed at Kenasaw June 27, '64.
Radcliff, Felix.....	Vance	July 22	Sept. 3	Discharged Jan. 18, 1863.....
Richards, R. E.....	Danville	Aug. 14	Sept 3	Discharged March 18, 1865, as Serg't; wounds.....
Shepherd, George	Vance	Aug. 11	Sept. 3	Trans. to Inv. Corps Sept. 1, '63.
Shepherd, Isaac V.....	"	Aug. 11	Sept. 3	Killed at Kenasaw June 27, '64.
Southard, John B.....	Danville	Aug. 9	Sept. 3	Absent, sick, at M. O. of Reg't.
Short, James P.....	Peru	Aug. 9	Sept. 3	Killed at Kenasaw June 27, '64
Smith, Chas. S.....	Danville	July 25	Sept. 3	M. O. July 1, '65, as Corp'l; was prisoner.....
Smith, John D	Grant.....	Aug. 11	Sept 3	Died Sept. 7, '64; wounds.....
Thair, Nathan.....	Grant.....	Aug. 11	Sept. 3	Trans. to marine service, Mar 11, '63.
Wallen, Jacob.....	Pilot	Aug. 13	Sept 3	Trans. to Inv. Corps Sept. 1, '63.
Wilkins, William.....	Vance	July 22	Sept. 3	M. O. June 9, '65, as musician.
Wolf, Michael A.....	Danville	Aug. 12	Sept. 3	" " " as Serg't.....
Winning, Geo. H.....	Grant	Aug. 11	Sept. 3	" " "
Winnings, David M.....	Grant.....	Aug 11	Sept. 3	" " "
White, Wm. A.....	Danville	Aug. 14	Sept. 3	Died Andersonville pris., Sept. 14, '64. No. of grave, 8,755.....
Webb, John.....	Georgetown..	Aug. 14	Sept. 3	Discharged Jan. 27, 1863.....
				Mustered out June 9, '65.....
<i>Recruits.</i>				
Bates, Thomas.....	Danville			Discharged Mar. 3, '63; disabil.
Buesing, Geo. K.....	"	Dec. 29, 1863	Dec. 29, 1863	Promoted Chaplain.....
Black, William	"	Dec. 29, 1863	Dec. 29, 1863	Trans. to Co. C, 60th Ill. Inf....
Calvert, Hutchinson.....	Vermillion co			Died at Nashville Dec. 18, '62.....
Lord, Oscar D.....	Chicago	Oct. 5, 1864.	Oct. 5, 1864	Trans. to Co. C, 60th Ill., Inf....
McCue, Thomas.....	Danville			Deserted Sept. 13, 1862.....
O'Connor, Wm.....	"	Nov. 18, 1863	Nov. 18, 1863	Trans. to Co. C, 60th Ill. Inf....
Williams, William.....	"			Mustered out June 9, 1865.....

ENLISTED MEN OF COMPANY "D."

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Date of enlistment.	Date of muster.	Remarks.
<i>First Sergeant.</i>		1862	1862.	
Oliver Finley.....	Georgetown...	Aug. 6	Sept. 3	Promoted 1st Lieutenant.....
<i>Sergeants.</i>				
William J. Brinkley..	"	Aug. 6	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Geo. V. Baker	"	Aug. 6	Sept. 3	Discharged Feb. — 1863, as private; disability.....
Edmund W. Eakin.....	Dallas	Aug. 6	Sept. 3	1st Serg. Absent, sick, at M. O. of Reg't.
Elim Golden.....	Georgetown...	Aug. 13.....	Sept. 3	Private. Tr. to Inv. Corps, Sept 1, '63.
<i>Corporals.</i>				
Isaac E. Parks.....	"	Aug. 6	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, '65, as Sergeant.
Martin L. Hill.....	Dallas	Aug. 7	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, '65
Noah Long.....	"	Aug. 6	Sept. 3	Private. Tr. to E. Corps, Aug. 15, '64.....
Jacob B. Clifton.....	Vermillion co.	Aug. 11.....	Sept. 3	Mustered out June, 9, '65, as Sergeant.
Wm. J. Stevens.....	"	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3	Disch. March 22, '63, as private; disability.
Carroll Moore.....	Georgetown...	Aug. 13.....	Sept. 3	Private. Killed at Atlanta, Ga. July 19, '64.
Jordan J. Drake.....	"	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3	Serg't. Absent sick, at M. O. of Reg't.
David S. Tucker.....	"	Aug. 7	Sept. 3	Disch. June 16, '63, as Serg't; disability.
<i>Privates.</i>				
Alexander, Harvey.....	Vermillion co.	Aug. 14.....	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865, as Corporal.
Brennan, Patrick.....	"	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Black, Franklin.....	Georgetown...	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3	Died at Chattanooga, T., July 5, '64; wounds.
Bisner, Cornelius.....	"	Aug. 6	Sept. 3	Mustered out July 15, 1865; was prisoner.
Bally, Chas. R.....	Vermillion	Aug. 11.....	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Cowen, Wm. C.....	"	Aug. 6	Sept. 3	"
Cook, Frank	Georgetown	Aug. 9	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Canaday, H. D.....	"	Aug. 7	Sept. 3	"
Clipson, John C.....	Vermillion	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3	Mustered out May 18, 1865.....
Clary, Robt.....	"	Aug. 11.....	Sept. 3	Disch. Jan. 27, '65, as Corp'l; disability.
Cook, Zachens.....	"	Aug. 11.....	Sept. 3	Tr. to Eng. Corps, Aug. 24, '64.
Caton, Richard.....	"	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3	Disch. Oct. 24, 1863; disability..
Cotton, Allen.....	Georgetown...	Aug. 19.....	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Douglas, Payton.....	"	Aug. 6	Sept. 3	Absent, sick at M. O. of Reg't.
Downs, John W.....	"	Aug. 6	Sept. 3	Disch. Aug. 1, 1863; disability..
Dye, John S.....	"	Aug. 8	Sept. 3	M. O. May 22, '65, as Corp'l.....
Dillon, George.....	"	Aug. 31.....	Sept. 3	Absent, sick, at M. O. of Reg't.
Draper, John.....	"	Aug. 14.....	Sept. 3	Died at Nashville March 1, '63.
Donnovan, Chas.....	"	Aug. 13.....	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.
Dickerson, F. M.....	"	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3	Corp'l Died at Nashville, Dec. 6, '62.
Elliott, Eli.....	Elwood.....	Aug. 11.....	Sept. 3	Died at Louisville, Nov. 16, '62.
Fleming, Martin.....	Georgetown	Sept. 3	Sept. 3	Disch. Jan. 27, 1863; disability
Frazier, William.....	"	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3	M. O. June 9, 1865, as Corp'l.....
Glaze, Saouel.....	"	Aug. 6	Sept. 3	Killed at Kenesaw June 27, '64
Gauts, John J.....	"	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9 1865.....
Guess, Thomas.....	"	Aug. 9	Sept. 3	Killed at Kenesaw June 27, 64.
Golden, Richard.....	"	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3	M. O. June 9, '65, as Corp'l.....
Gauts, Henry C.....	"	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3	Died, Bowling Green, Ky., Dec. 10, '62.
Gephart, J. M.....	Dallas	Aug. 11.....	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Graves, John L.....	Georgetown	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3	Died at homo Dec 3, 1864.....
Hinton, Benjamin.....	Vermillion	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 3, 1865.....
Hinton, William.....	Georgetown	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3	"
Hesler, A. J.....	"	Aug. 7	Sept. 3	"
Haworth, Solomon.....	"	Aug. 23.....	Sept. 3	"
Hayett, Jas. H.....	Vermillion	Aug. 11.....	Sept. 3	"

Name and Rank	Residence.	Date of enlistment.	Date of muster.	Remarks.
<i>Privates.</i>				
		1862.	1862.	
Hall, James R.....	Georgetown ..	Aug. 6	Sept. 3	Disch. Mar 19, '63; disability..
Jordan, Geo. W.....	"	Aug. 8	Sept. 3	Killed at Jonesboro, Sept. 1, '64
Kistler, J. J. B.....	Vermillion ..	Aug. 8	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, '65.....
King, Thomas.....	Georgetown ..	Aug. 11.....	Sept. 3	" " " as Corp'l
Lamar, James.....	"	Aug. 6	Sept. 3	Killed at Kenesaw June 27, '64
Lamar, Frank.....	Vermillion ..	Aug. 13.....	Sept. 3	Di-d, Resaca, May 16 '64; w'de
Lockett, John W.....	Georgetown ..	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3	Mustered out May 17, 1865.....
Loveall, Eugenius.....	"	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3	Died at Nashville, April 10, '63..
Long, Wm. L.....	"	Aug. 13.....	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Long, Chas. F.....	"	Aug. 13.....	Sept. 3	"
McClure, Geo. W.....	"	Aug. 8	Sept. 3	Disch. Oct. 25, '62; disability...
McDonald, A. A.....	Pontiac.....	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3	Disch. May 4, 1863; disability..
Melton, William.....	Georgetown ..	Aug. 11.....	Sept. 3	Died at Edgefield Nov. 9, '62...
Martin, John M.....	"	Aug. 11.....	Sept. 3	Disch. March 9, '63; disability..
Morgan, Sylvester.....	"	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3	Tr. to Inv. Corps, April 30, '64..
Ogden Jas. H.....	"	Aug. 11.....	Sept. 3	Died, B.w'ling Green Dec. 11, '62
Preble, Thomas.....	"	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3	Mustered out July 17, 1865.....
Parker, Thos. M.....	Dallas	Aug. 15.....	Sept. 3	Killed at Kenesaw June 27, '64
Rednour, John S.....	Georgetown ..	Aug. 6	Sept. 3	Disch. Dec. 16, '64; disability...
Roberts, James.....	"	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3	Died, Rowling Green Dec. 27, '62
Rowland Thos. J.....	"	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3	Died, Danville, Ky., Nov. 1, '64
Rugg, Peter.....	"	Aug. 13.....	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9 1865.....
Ridnour, Samuel.....	"	Aug. 6	Sept. 3	Disch. Jan. 27, '63, as Corp'l; disability.....
Swank, John W.....	"	Aug. 8	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Sweeney, Joseph.....	"	Aug. 9	Sept. 3	"
Shoemaker, Sanford...	Danville	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3	Disch. Jan. 27, '63; disability...
Shearer, Josephus.....	"	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3	Disch. April 11, '63; disability..
Swack, R. H.....	Georgetown ..	Aug. 13.....	Sept. 3	Tr. to Inv. Corps, Sept. 1, '63...
Thompson, Abram B...	"	Aug. 8	Sept. 3	Disch. Jan. 27, '63; disability..
Whitlock, Wm.....	"	Aug. 13.....	Sept. 3	Disch. May 7, 1864; disability..
Wallhogsford, Jas. E...	"	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3	Committed suicide at Edgefield Aug. 10, '63. Supposed insane
West, William.....	Dallas	Aug. 14.....	Sept. 3	Corp'l. Died at Chattraooga, Aug. 3, '64; wounded.....
Weer, Wm. R.....	Perryville ..	Aug. 22.....	Sept. 3	Disch. July 30, '63; disability..
Whitcomb, E. T.....	Georgetown ..	Aug. 8	Sept. 3	Disch. Oct. 24, '64; disability...
<i>Recruits.</i>				
Hinton, Thomas.....	Selma	Sept. 13.....	Sept. 13.....	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Hughes, Jas. O.....	Dallas	"	"	Died at Nashville July 22, '63...
Moore, George.....	Georgetown ..	Sept. 8, '63.	Sept. 8, '63..	Disch. Jan 14 '64; disability...
Moore Charles.....	"	Nov. 18, '63.	Nov. 18, '63.	Trans. to Co. D, 60th Ill. Inf..

ENLISTED MEN OF COMPANY "E."

Name and Rank.	Residence	Date of enlistment.	Date of muster.	Remarks.
<i>First sergeant.</i>				
Martin V. Stone.....	Champaign ..	1862.	1862.	
		Aug 15	Sept. 3	Promoted 2d Lieutenant.....
<i>Sergeants.</i>				
Thomas Poage.....	Sidney	" 15	same	Absent, sick, at M. O. of Reg't.
George Scroggs.....	Champaign ..	" 8	same	Promoted Sergeant Major.....
G. W. B. Sadorus.....	Sadorus	" 12	same	Promoted Captain.....
William Wilsey.....	Champaign ..	" 6	same	Disch. July 14, '64, as private; disability
<i>Corporals.</i>				
John F. Waters.....	"	" 6	same	Mustered out June 9, '65, as pvt.
Ell S. Cook.....	Sadorus	" 12	same	Died at Nashville June 7, '64...
Jas. H. Simpson.....	Champaign ..	" 7	same	M. O. June 9, '65, as Sergeant.
James M. Story.....	"	" 8	same	Killed at Kenesaw June 27, '64.
J. A. Harrison.....	Sadorus	" 12	same	Died at home March 2, 1863...
William Humphrey.....	Sidney	" 19	same	M. O. June 13, '65, as Serg't...
J. Frankenbergr.....	Champaign ..	" 4	same	M. O. June 9, '65, as Sergeant...
Ge. T. Williamson ..	Sidney	" 15	same	Disch. Aug. 20, '64; disability..
<i>Musician.</i>				
John Rowe.....	Sadorus	" 15	same	Tr. to Inv. Corps, Jan. 5, '64....

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Date of enlistment	Date of muster.	Remarks
<i>Privates.</i>				
Ashby William.....	Sidoey	Aug 15	1862 Sept. 3	Disch. March 14, '63; disability.
Applegate, Samuel.....	Champaign.....	" 15	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Burris, Wm. L	Sidney	" 11	Sept. 3	" " " " " " " " " " " "
Burns, Frank.....	Champaign.....	" 19	Sept. 3	Absent, sick, at M. O. of Reg't.
Breese, Leonard.....	"	" 7	Sept. 3	Deserted Oct. 9, '62.....
Boak, William.....	"	" 11	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Bates, Daniel W.....	Danville	" 11	Sept. 3	Died, Chattanooga July 15, '64; wounds.
Cade, William.....	Sadorus	" 10	Sept. 3	Disch. Jan. 20, '63; disability...
Cade, Enoch	"	" 12	Sept. 3	Died, Nashville Nov. 21, 1862....
Coble, John H.....	"	" 12	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Custer, Thos W.....	Sidney	" 12	Sept. 3	" " " " " " " " " " " "
Campbell, Wm. N.....	Champaign.....	" 15	Sept. 3	Died, Bowling Green Dec 1, '62
Campbell, Jas. O.....	"	" 14	Sept. 3	Killed at Bentonville, N. C.. March 19, '65.
Culbertson, Hugh.....	"	" 11	Sept 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Darab, Samuel.....	Sadorus	" 12	Sept. 3	" " " " " " " " " " " "
Deer, Thomas.....	Sidney	" 22	Sept. 3	" " " " " " " " " " " "
Dooley, James.....	Homer	" 15	Sept. 3	Died, Big Shanty, Ga., July 1, '64; wounds.
Ellers, James.....	Sadorus	" 12	Sept. 3	Tr. to Invalid Corps, Jan. 5, '64
Fieg, John.....	Champaign.....	" 11	Sept. 3.....	Discharged at Nashville, Tenn.
Gibson, William.....	"	" 4	Sept. 3.....	Died in Georgia, Sept. 2, 1864; wounds.
Gilmer, Alexander.....	"	" 6	Sept. 3.....	Tr. to Inv. Corps, Jan 5, 1864...
Gill, John.....	"	" 11	Sept. 3.....	Absent, sick, at M. O. of Reg't.
Harrison, Geo. W.....	Sadorus	" 12	Sept. 3.....	Must. out July 1, '65; pris. war
Harper, Robt.....	Champaign.....	" 2	Sept. 3.....	Disch. Jan. 27, '63; disability...
Harlan, John.....	"	" 8	Sept. 3.....	M. O. June 9, 1865, as Corp'l...
Johnson, Levi.....	Sadorus	" 12	Sept. 3.....	" " " " " " " " " " " "
Kendell, William.....	Champaign.....	" 12	Sept. 3.....	Disch. March 3, '63; disability
King, Ransom B.....	Sadorus	" 11	Sept. 3.....	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Laughlin, Moses T.....	"	" 12	Sept. 3.....	" " " " " " " " " " " "
Lewis, Thomas W.....	Champaign.....	" 12	Sept. 3.....	" " " " " " " " " " " "
LaCost, John.....	Danville.....	" 11	Sept. 3	Deserted Nov. 5, 1862.....
Linsey, George.....	Sadorus	Sept 4	Sept. 3	Discharged Sept. 21, 1864.....
Monroe, Chas. E.....	Champaign.....	Aug 12	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865, as Corporal.
McKean, Victor.....	"	" 1	Sept. 3	Disch. Mar. 14, '63; disability..
McKinney, John W.....	"	" 8	Sept. 3	Disch. May, 4, '64; disability...
Miller, John H.....	"	" 7	Sept. 3	Disch. July 8, 1863; disability..
Myers, Geo. W.....	Danville.....	" 11	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, '65.....
Miller, H. J.....	Sidney	" 10	Sept. 3	Died at Savannah Jan 15, '65...
Pierce, Daniel.....	Champaign.....	" 5	Sept. 3	Tr to Inv. Corps, Jan. 5, '64....
Peabody, George.....	"	" 6	Sept. 3	Disch. July 23, '63; disability...
Reed, Francis A.....	"	" 8	Sept. 3	Absent, sick, at M. O. of Reg't.
Ramsey, Hugh.....	"	" 2	Sept. 3	ied at Nashville May 14, '63....
Reynolds, T. M.....	"	" 7	Sept. 3	M. O. June 2, '65; was prisoner
Ruckman, Geo. A.....	Sidney	" 15	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, '65.....
Stultz, John.....	Sadorus	" 12	Sept. 3	Disch. Mar. 8, '65, as Corporal; disability.
Shervy, Henry.....	"	" 12	Sept. 3	Disch. Apr. 20, '63; disability...
Silvers, William.....	"	" 12	Sept. 3	Died at Goldaboro, N. C., April 5, '65; wounds.
Shafer, Philip.....	Champaign.....	" 11	Sept 3	Deserted Oct. 9, 1862.....
Stacker, James.....	"	" 8	Sept. 3	Disch. Feb. 24, '63; disability...
Smith, Squire.....	"	" 8	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, '65.....
Shue, Samuel.....	"	" 11	Sept. 3	" " " " " " " " " " " "
Taff, Jas. L.....	Sadorus	" 12	Sept. 3	" " " " " " " " " " " "
Taylor, George.....	Sidney	" 15	Sept. 3	Died, Chattanooga, Aug 2, '64; wounds.
Urquhart, Parden.....	Sadorus	" 11	Sept. 3	M. O. June 20, '65; was pris....
Williams, John.....	Champaign.....	" 8	Sept. 3	Died at Louisville Jan. 13, '63....
Williamson, David.....	Sidney	" 15	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Wilson, Jacob.....	"	" 22	Sept. 3	Killed, Jonesboro Sept 1, '64...
Weckmire, William.....	"	" 4	Sept. 3	Absent, sick, at M. O. of Reg't.

Name and Rank.	Residence	Date of enlistment.	Date of muster.	Remarks.
		1862.	1862	
<i>Privates.</i>				
Wibley, William.....	Champaign ...	Aug. 2	Sept. 3	Disch. May 18, '63; disability...
Williams William.....	"	" 5	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Wilson, John.....	"	" 11	Sept. 3	Deserted Oct 9, 1862.....
We'ch, Joseph.....	"	" 11	Sept. 3	Disch. Mar. 22, '65; disability..
Whitfield, Lewis.....	"	" 15	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Yates, Samuel B.....	"	" 12	Sept. 3	"
Yates, Louis.....	Sadorus	" 12	Sept. 3	Tr. to Inv. Corps Jan. 5, 1864...
York, Charles	"	" 12	Sept. 3	Died at Chattanooga Dec 9, '64.
Young, M. M.....	"	" 19	Sept. 3	Tr. to Inv. Corps Jan. 5, 1864...
<i>Recruits.</i>				
Danford, Nelson	Champaign	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Latour, Henry.....	Sadorus	Aug 12	Aug. 12	Tr. to Inv. Corps Jan. 5, 1864...
Lindsey, Wm. L.....	Danville	Dec. 30, '63.....	Dec. 30	Died, Chattanooga July 14, '64; wounds.
Roberts, John W.....	Champaign	Disch. Feb. 2, '63; disability...
Stuits, Geo. A	"	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Troy, Martin.....	Danville	Deserted Nov. 4, 1862.....

ENLISTED MEN OF COMPANY "F."

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Date of enlistment.	Date of muster.	Remarks.
		1862.	1862.	
<i>First Sergeant</i>				
William R. Shoup.....	Newcomb	Aug. 7	Sept. 3	Promoted 2d Lieutenant.....
<i>Sergeants.</i>				
Joseph H. White.....	"	Aug. 9	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, '65, as 1st Sergeant.
James Smith.....	Aug. 11.....	Sept. 3	Died at Bowling Green, Dec. 19, '62.
Hugh Mitchell.....	Aug. 11.....	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, '65.....
Royal A. Sizer.....	Newcomb	Aug. 9	Sept. 3	Killed at Bentonville, N. C., Mar. 19, '65.
<i>Corporals.</i>				
Henry M. Rudolph	East Bend....	Aug. 11	Sept. 3	Serg't. Killed at Kenesaw, June 27, '64.
Hugh C. Minnix.....	Newcomb	Aug. 9	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Joseph Dickson.....	East Bend....	Aug. 7	Sept. 3	"
Joseph C. Pancake.....	Newcomb	Aug. 11	Sept. 3	Died, Harrodsburg, Dec. 4, '62.
James M Johnson.....	"	Aug. 15.....	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, '65, as Pvt.
Thomas Chism.....	Aug. 7	Sept. 3	"
James M. White.....	Newcomb	Aug. 9	Sept. 3	"
Nathan F. Trotter.....	"	Aug. 7	Sept. 3	"
<i>Privates.</i>				
Abbott, Jordan.....	East Bend....	Aug. 7	Sept. 3	Absent, sick at M. O. of Reg't.
Ater, Zachariah.....	Newcomb	Aug. 9	Sept. 3	Killed at Kenesaw June 27, '64
Beasley, David H.....	Champaign ..	Aug. 14.....	Sept. 3	Promoted Quartermaster Serg't
Beaughman, A. J.....	East Bend	Aug. 11.....	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Brown, Stephen C	"	Aug. 11.....	Sept. 3	Disch. Mar. 20, '64; disability..
Champion, Lyman E.....	Middleton	Aug. 11.....	Sept. 3	M. O. June 9, 1865, as Corp'l....
Christy, Richard.....	East Bend	Aug. 7	Sept. 3	"
Chism, Jacob.....	"	Aug. 7	Sept. 3	"
Caldwell, John.....	Newcomb	Aug. 9	Sept. 3	Died, Harrodsburg Oct. 30, '63.
Coffman, Wm. E.....	"	Aug. 12.....	Sept. 3	Died, Bardstown Nov. 20, '62...
Cole, Thompson.....	East Bend	Aug. 14.....	Sept. 3	Disch. Jan. 16, '64; disability...
Evans, Edward.....	"	Aug. 7	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Fenters, Ell	Newcomb	Aug. 9	Sept. 3	"
Fagan, Benj. B.....	"	Aug. 15.....	Sept. 3	Promoted Hospital Steward....
Fagan, Edwin.....	"	Aug. 9	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Fl-hor, John M.....	"	Aug. 11.....	Sept. 3	Accidentally killed at Chicka- mauga Sta., Nov. 26, 1863
Fry, George.....	"	Aug. 11.....	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Gross, Aaron.....	East Bend ...	Aug. 2	Sept. 3	Tr. to Inv. Corps, Sept 30, '63...
Henderson, Parson.....	"	Aug. 11.....	Sept. 3	Discharged Feb. 10, 1863.....
Herron, H. L.....	Newcomb	Aug. 9	Sept. 3	Pris. war. Captured Dec. 15, '64
Howard, G. W.....	East Bend	Aug. 11.....	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Houston, A. J.....	"	Aug. 7	Sept. 3	"

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Date of enlistment.		Date of Muster.		Remarks.
		1862	1862	1862	1862	
<i>Privates.</i>						
Houston, Benj.....	East Bend ...	Aug. 7	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....		
Hummell, Philip.....	"	Aug. 7	Sept. 3	"		
Irean, Moses.....	"	Aug. 7	Sept. 3	"		
Jackway, Geo. W.....	Pilot	Aug. 7	Sept. 3	Transferred to Co. I.....		
Jeffries, James.....	East Bend ...	Aug. 7	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....		
Jess, William.....	Newcomb	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3	Died of wounds received at Kenesaw, June 27, '64.....		
Jennings, William.....	"	Aug. 7	Sept. 3	Died at Louisville. Dec 18, '63..		
Kirsh, John G.....	Pilot	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3	Transferred to Co. I.....		
Kelly, Thomas.....	Park co., Ind.	Aug. 11.....	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 23, 1865.....		
Lesher, Isaac.....	Newcomb	Aug. 11.....	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....		
Lynch, Wm. F.....	Champaign ..	Aug. 7	Sept. 3	"		
Mavoney, Ithamas.....	East Bend ...	Aug. 7	Sept. 3	Killed at Louisville Nov. 29, '64		
Merrill, H. M.....	Newcomb.....	Aug. 9	Sept. 3	Killed, Kenesaw June 30, '64..		
Myers, Frederick.....	East Bend ...	Aug. 7	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....		
Myers, Henry.....	Pilot	Aug. 7	Sept. 3	Discharged March 21, 1863.....		
Mitchell, John.....	"	Aug. 11.....	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....		
Miller, Josiah.....	East Bend ...	Aug. 11.....	Sept. 3	"		
Miller, Alfred.....	Newcomb	Aug. 11.....	Sept. 3	"		
Nickelson, Charles.....	East Bend ...	Aug. 9	Sept. 3	Died at Nashville Dec. 3, '63...		
Newell, John W.....	"	Aug. 7	Sept. 3	Tr. to Eng. Corps, Aug. 10, '64.		
Osburn, Christian.....	Newcomb.....	Aug. 21.....	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....		
Peofey, Jonathan.....	"	Aug. 9	Sept. 3	Died at Louisville Nov. 12, '62.		
Perkins, Jas. L.....	Middleton	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....		
Pugh, Marshall.....	East Bend ...	Aug. 10.....	Sept. 3	"	as Corp'l	
Rowen, Philip.....	Newcomb	Aug. 7	Sept. 3	"		
Robbins, A. B.....	"	Aug. 9	Sept. 3	Corp'l. Died, Rome, Ga., May 30, '64.		
Rowe, Wm. S.....	East Bend ...	Aug. 11.....	Sept. 3	Discharged June 4, 1863.....		
Randolph, Chas. W.....	Newcomb	Aug. 11.....	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, '65.....		
Snell, Clark B.....	East Bend ...	Aug. 7	Sept. 3	Transferred to Co. I.....		
Stephenson, S. G.....	"	Aug. 7	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....		
Stout, James.....	Newcomb	Aug. 9	Sept. 3	"		
Showalter, Jonathan.....	"	Aug. 11.....	Sept. 3	"		
Strouns, David.....	"	Aug. 11.....	Sept. 3	"	as Corp'l	
Scott, Edwln.....	"	Aug. 12.....	Sept. 3	Died, Harrodsburg, Nov. 25, '62		
Taylor, John Q.....	"	Aug. 9	Sept. 3	Disch. Dec. 13, '64 as Corp'l; wounds.		
Yanngordon, D. S.....	East Bend ...	Aug. 11.....	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....		
Warfield, Richard.....	"	Aug. 11.....	Sept. 3	Died at Nashville Dec. 12, '62..		
Waugh, David.....	Champaign ..	Aug. 9	Sept. 3	Died at Nashville Apr. 12, '63...		
Weaver, W. B.....	Newcomb	Aug. 9	Sept. 3	M. O. May 15, '65, as Corp'l.....		
Weaver, Hiram D.....	"	Aug. 9	Sept. 3	Mustered out July 4, 1865.....		
White, John J.....	"	Aug. 9	Sept. 3	Promoted 2d Lieutenant.....		
Whitney, Jas. L.....	"	Aug. 7	Sept. 3	Tr. to Inv. Corps, Feb. 5, 1864..		
Woolsey, Alonza A.....	East Bend ...	Aug. 9	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....		
Woodcock, James.....	"	Aug. 7	Sept. 3	Tr. to Inv. Corps, Sept. 30, '63..		
Williams, Richard.....	"	Aug. 11.....	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....		
<i>Recruits.</i>						
Barton, J. N.....	Newcomb	Feb. 2, '64...	Feb. 2, 1864.	Tr. to Co. A, 60th Ill. Inf.....		
Barton, Stephen.....	"	Feb. 2, '64...	Feb. 2, 1864.	Killed at Kenesaw June 27, '64		
Campbell, Thos. J.....	Middleton	Nov. 17, '63..	Nov. 17, '63...	Tr. to Co. A, 60th Ill. Inf.....		
Fentors, Samuel.....	"	Nov. 17, '63..	Nov. 17, '63...	"		
Fetty, Newton.....	Newcomb	Aug. 3, '63...	Sept. 4, '63...	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....		
Hites Jas. O. K.....	Middleton	Nov. 17, '63..	Nov. 17, '63...	Tr. to Inv. Corps Nov. 17, '64.		
Jess, Thomas.....	"	Dec. 2, '63...	Dec. 4, '63...	Disch. Feb. 21, '65; wounds...		
Latter, Alexander.....	"	Dec. 2, '63...	Dec. 4, '63...	Trans. to Co. A, 60th Ill. Inf...		
Osturu, Christian.....	Rantoul	Nov. 17, '63..	Nov. 17, '63...	"		
Ray, John S.....	Newcomb	Mar. 30, '64..	Mar. 30, '64...	"		
Stout, Martin.....	Middleton	Nov. 17, '63..	Nov. 17, '63...	"		
Woodcock, John L.....	Cairo	Dec. 3, '63...	Dec. 3, '63...	"		

ENLISTED MEN OF COMPANY "G."

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Date of enlistment.	Date of muster.	Remarks.
<i>Sergeants.</i>				
		1862	1862.	
Newton Norris.....	Danville	Aug 11	Sept. 3	Promoted 2d Lieutenant.....
A. A. Sulcer.....	Catlin.....	" 11	same	Promoted Hospital Steward.....
Henry Cotten.....	Georgetown ..	" 11	same	Discharged Feb. 14, 1863.....
Elisha Littler.....	Catlin	" 11	same	Promoted 1st Lieutenant.....
William Hart	"	" 11	same	Died at Nashville, April 2, '63.
<i>Corporals.</i>				
Franklin Guymond.....	"	" 11	same	Deserted at Louisville, Ky.....
Wm. Hawkins.....	"	" 11	same	M. O. June 9, '65, as Serg't.....
Samuel Zortman.....	"	" 11	same	Serg't. Killed, Marietta, Ga., June 27, '64.
Marlon Lee.....	Fairmount	" 11	same	Promoted 2d Lieutenant.....
John Todd.....	Catlin.....	" 11	same	Serg't. Killed, Marietta, Ga., June 27, '64.
Joseph Buckingham.....	"	" 11	same	M. O. June 22, '65, as Sergeant.
Joseph K. Turner.....	"	" 11	same	Discharged
Franklin McKinsey.....	"	" 11	same	M. O. June 13, '65, as private...
<i>Musicians.</i>				
Joseph Ship.....	Fairmount	" 11	same	Discharged at Nashville.....
Joseph Crosby.....	Catlin.....	" 11	same	Discharged Nov. 15, 1862.....
<i>Wagoner.</i>				
Andrew C. Hignett.....	"	" 11	same	Mustered out June 9, '65.....
<i>Privates.</i>				
Burgoyne, Jas. H.....	"	" 11	same	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Bently, Thomas.....	"	" 11	same	Discharged March 17, 1864.....
Boggest, H. M.....	"	" 11	same	Died at Nashville Dec. 22, '62...
Culp, Marion.....	"	" 11	same	Discharged March 7, 1863.....
Clayton, J. J.....	"	" 11	same	M. O. June 9, 1865, as Corp'l....
Culp, J. D.....	"	" 11	same	"
Clearwater, Richard.....	"	" 11	same	Discharged Feb. 23, 1863.....
Davidson, John G.....	"	" 11	same	Discharged at Nashville.....
Darlin, Alphas.....	"	" 11	same	Mustered out June 9 1865.....
Darlin, E. P.....	"	" 11	same	Discharged Feb. 11, 1863.....
Escret, Samuel.....	Danville	" 11	same	Tr. to Inv. Corps Oct. 29, '63.....
Evans, T. L. H.....	Catlin.....	" 11	same	"
Flougher, William.....	Fairmount	" 11	same	M. O. June 9, '65, as Sergeant.
Felmley, William.....	Pilot.....	" 11	same	"
Gee, Mathias.....	Catlin.....	" 11	same	"
Griffith, Samuel.....	"	" 11	same	Died, Bowling Green, Ky., Nov. 16, '62.
Harness, Joshua.....	"	" 11	same	M. O. June 9, '65, as Corp'l.....
Herring, Henry.....	Danville	" 11	same	Died at Nashville Nov. 6, 1862..
Herring, Elisha.....	Pilot	" 11	same	Killed near Marietta, Ga., June 27, '64.
Hall, Marvin C.....	Catlin.....	" 11	same	Discharged Dec. 5, 1862.....
Keeny, Thos. A.....	"	" 11	same	Died at Perryville Oct. 8, 1862..
Keeny, Jas. W.....	"	" 11	same	Discharged March 7, 1863.....
Lyman, Warren.....	"	" 11	same	Killed near Marietta, Ga., June 27, '64.
Lenover, John.....	"	" 11	same	Tr. to Inv. Corps, Sept. 16, '63..
Littler, Cyrus R.....	"	" 11	same	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Leaky, Geo. M.....	"	" 11	same	"
Loman, James.....	"	" 11	same	Died, Nashville March 23, '63...
Lusew, William.....	"	" 11	same	Discharged Jan. 23, 1865.....
Lyman, Jonathan.....	"	" 11	same	Tr. to Inv. Corps, Sept. 16, '63..
Lloyd, Henry.....	"	" 11	same	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Littler, John.....	"	" 11	same	Killed, Marietta, June 27, '64...
Littler, Edwin.....	"	" 11	same	Died, Bowling Green, Ky., Nov. 25, '62.
McHenry, Timothy.....	"	" 11	same	Died, Bowling Green, Ky., Nov. 6, '62.
Neel, Jacob N.....	"	" 11	same	Killed near Marietta, Ga., June 27, '64.
Nire, Adam.....	"	" 11	same	Discharged at Nashville.....
Ogle, Francis M.....	"	" 11	same	Mustered out June 15, 1865.....

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Date of enlistment.	Date of muster.	Remarks.
<i>Privates.</i>				
O'Neal, Thomas.....	Danville	1862. Aug 11	1862. Sept. 3	Killed near Marietta, Ga., June 27, '64.....
Ogden, Jos. C.....	"	" 11	same	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Ozden, Jas. F.....	"	" 11	same	Mustered out June 22, 1865.....
Offett, Gabriel.....	atlin	" 11	same	Died at Louisville Dec. 30, '62....
Piper, Wm. H.....	"	" 11	same	Discharged Dec. 12, 1862.....
Parker, Charles.....	"	" 11	same	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Parker Robert.....	"	" 11	same	"
Pate, Lazarus N.....	"	" 11	same	"
Reynolds, John W	"	" 11	same	Discharged Feb. 12, 1863.....
Swoap, B. F.....	Danville	" 11	same	Died at Nashville Dec. 1, '62....
Shephard, M. B.....	Catlin	" 11	same	Di-charged Feb. 15, 1863.....
Stansbury, Amos	"	" 11	same	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Spangler, Wm	Danville	" 11	same	"
Smith, John D.....	Catlin	" 11	same	Killed at Jonesboro, Sept. 1, '64..
Sullivan Patrick	"	" 11	same	Died Chattanooga, July 26, '64..
Stearns, John H.....	"	" 11	same	Des-rted Dec. 5, 1863.....
Scott, William.....	"	" 11	same	Trans. to Pioneer Corps.....
Smith, John N.....	"	" 11	same	Discharged Oct. 23, 1862.....
Snider, William.....	"	" 11	same	Discharged at Nashville.....
Swain, Samuel.....	"	" 11	same	Killed, Marietta, June 27, '64....
Swain, Marion.....	"	" 11	same	M. O. June 9, 1865, as Corp'l....
Stobangh, Alexander.....	"	" 11	same	Deserted at Louisville, Ky.....
Sampson, H. R.....	"	" 11	same	"
Tanner, Isaac.....	"	" 11	same	M. O. July 1, '65; was pris.....
Tash, Jesse.....	"	" 11	same	Died at Nashville Dec 17, 1862....
Tborp, Joseph C.....	"	" 11	same	M. O. June 9, '65, as Corp'l.....
Worden, Henry.....	"	" 11	same	" " as Serg't.....
Williams, A. J.....	"	" 11	same	Killed, Marietta, June 27, '64....
Wright, Edward.....	"	" 11	same	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Williams, William.....	"	" 11	same	Discharged Dec. 12, 1862.....
Williams David.....	"	" 11	same	Discharged Feb. 18, 1863.....
Wilson, Benj.....	"	" 11	same	Died March 27, 1863.....
Wilson, James.....	"	" 11	same	Discharged Dec. 12, 1862.....
Walker, Isaiah G.....	"	" 11	same	Died Chattanooga, Jan. 11, '64..
<i>Recruits.</i>				
Love, William.....	"	"	"	Discharged Jan. 6, 1863.....
Puzey, Thomas.....	"	Dec. 19, '63.....	Dec. 19, '63.....	Trans. to Co. G, 60th Ill. Inf....
Simpeon, John.....	"	Aug. 11, '62.....	Sept. 4, '62.....	M. O. June 9, 1865, as 1st Serg't
Turner, James.....	Vermilion	Mar. 8, '64.....	Mar. 8, '64.....	Trans. to Co. G, 60th Ill. Inf....

ENLISTED MEN OF COMPANY "H."

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Date of enlistment.	Date of muster.	Remarks.
<i>First Sergeant.</i>				
John W. Hill.....	"	1862. Aug. 8	1862. Sept. 3	"
<i>Sergeants.</i>				
Samuel M. Dunaeth.....	Urbans.....	Aug. 8	Sept. 3	Promoted 2d Lieutenant.....
Augustine Blacker.....	Champaign	Aug. 8	Sept. 3	Killed at Jonesboro, Ga., Sept. 1, '64.....
William Padgett.....	"	Aug. 8	Sept. 3	Died June 16, 1864; wounds....
John F. Sims.....	"	Aug. 8	Sept. 3	Discharged March 20, 1863.....
<i>Corporals</i>				
Stephen C. Abbott.....	Middletown.....	Aug. 8	Sept. 3	Diach. Jan. 4, '65, as Sergeant... M. O. May 13, '65, as private....
Benj. F. Wingard.....	Champaign	Aug. 8	Sept. 3	"
Adam Harper	Piatt Co.....	Aug. 8	Sept. 3	M. O. June 9, '65, as Serg't....
Highland F. Hewes.....	Champaign	Aug. 8	Sept. 3	Captured May 21, 1864.....
Ephriam J. Scott.....	"	Aug. 8	Sept. 3	Died in prison hospital, Atlanta, Ga., July 3, 1864.....
Isaac J. Coon.....	"	Aug. 8	Sept. 3	Must. out June 9, '65, as Serg't..
James B. Ray.....	Middletown.....	Aug. 8	Sept. 3	died Sept. 22, 1864.....
Bernard G. Parks.....	Champaign	Aug. 8	Sept. 3	Promoted Commissary Serg't....
<i>Privates,</i>				
Acree, Joseph W.....	"	Aug. 8	Sept. 3	Must'd out June 9, '65 as Corp'l..
Alvis, Joseph.....	"	Aug. 8	Sept. 3	Died Feb. 2, 1863.....

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Date of enlistment	Date of muster.	Remarks.
<i>Privates.</i>		1862	1862.	
Blue, John W.....	Champaign..	Aug 8	Sept. 3	Discharged Oct. 23, 1862.....
Black, Peter.....	"	" 8	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Brown, James.....	Middletown..	" 8	Sept. 3	"
Baker, John.....	Champaign..	" 8	Sept. 3	Died in Andersonville prison Jan. 26, 1865. No. of grave, 12,530.
Burnett, Seth L.....	Middletown..	" 8	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Bond, Blackburn.....	Champaign..	" 8	Sept. 3	"
Carter, John.....	Middletown..	" 8	Sept. 3	Discharged Feb. 24, '65; disabil
Cappis, William.....	Champaign..	" 8	Sept. 3	M. O. July 1, '65; was pris.....
Coon, M. H.....	"	" 8	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Crabtree, Peter.....	"	" 8	Sept. 3	Disch. on or about Feb. 14, 63.
Curtis, Alvin F.....	"	" 8	Sept. 3	M. O. June 9, 1865, as Corp'l.....
Conter, Elisha W.....	"	" 8	Sept. 3	Discharged July 29, 1863.....
Case, Charles.....	"	" 8	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Cannon, Jas W.....	"	" 8	Sept. 3	Transferred to Co I.....
Coon, Joseph.....	"	" 8	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Coon, Thomas.....	Vermillion ..	" 8	Sept. 3	Discharged Aug. 30, 1863.....
Coon, Peter.....	McDonough..	" 8	Sept. 3	Discharged Jan. 22, 1863.....
Coon, Henry.....	DeWitt.....	" 8	Sept. 3	Discharged Oct. 23 1862.....
Campbell, John.....	Champaign..	" 8	Sept. 3	Deserted Dec. 4, 1862.....
Davidson, H. W.....	Middletown..	" 8	Sept. 3.....	M. O. June 9, '65, as Corp'l.....
Davis, Wm. I.....	Piatt Co.....	" 8	Sept. 3.....	Captured Nov. 30, 1864.....
Downs, Noble.....	Champaign..	" 8	Sept. 3.....	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Dickson, Andrew.....	"	" 8	Sept. 3.....	M. O. June 9, '65, as Corporal. Absent, sick.
Davis, Edward.....	Piatt Co.....	" 8	Sept. 3.....	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Danforth, Nelson.....	"	" 8	Sept. 3.....	See Recruits Co. F.....
Ensmioger, Saml.....	Piatt Co.....	" 8	Sept. 3.....	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Edwards, H. T.....	Champaign..	" 8	Sept. 3.....	Discharged Feb. 14, 1863.....
England, Albert.....	"	" 8	Sept. 3.....	"
Gulick, James P.....	Champaign..	" 8	Sept. 3.....	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Gordon, B F.....	Piatt Co.....	" 8	Sept. 3	"
Hughes, David F.....	Champaign..	" 8	Sept. 3	Died in Andersonville prison, Sept. 28, 1864. No. of grave, 9,962.
Hard, R. F.....	"	" 8	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Hadfield, Joseph.....	"	" 8	Sept. 3	Killed at Kenesaw July 1, '64.....
Johnston, John.....	"	" 8	Sept. 3	Died in Andersonville prison, Apr. 21, 1864. No. of grave, 9,458.
Johnston, Richard.....	"	" 8	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Knapp, Thos. J.....	"	" 8	Sept. 3	"
King, Granville C.....	"	" 8	Sept. 3	"
King, David.....	"	" 8	Sept. 3	Discharged Feb. 28, '63.....
King, Isaiah J.....	Edgar Co.....	" 8	Sept. 3	Captured near Dallas, Ga.....
Kesler, Joseph.....	Champaign..	" 8	Sept. 3	Died Dec. 7, 1862.....
Kafer, Peter.....	"	" 8	Sept. 3	Must'd out June 9, '65, as Serg't
Laughlin, Samuel.....	"	" 8	Sept. 3	"
Luman, Surl L.....	Middletown..	" 8	Sept. 3	"
Means, William.....	Champaign..	" 8	Sept. 3	Died of w'ds rec'd Sept. 22, 63.
Morris, John D.....	"	" 8	Sept. 3	"
Mallory George.....	Champaign..	" 8	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Minnear, Elias.....	"	" 8	Sept. 3	Disch. on or about Feb 14, '63.
McCall, W. H. H.....	Middletown..	" 8	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Mortimore, S. C.....	Champaign..	" 8	Sept. 3	Deserted Feb. 2, 1863.....
McMahan, W. M.....	Middletown..	" 8	Sept. 3	Disch. on or about June 1, '63.....
Mahlone, S. E.....	Piatt Co.....	" 8	Sept. 3	Discharged Feb. 10, '63.....
Manford, John.....	Champaign..	" 8	Sept. 3	Transferred to V. R C.....
Purtle, John.....	"	" 8	Sept. 3	Disch. Feb. 2, '65; disability.....
Pitman, Dubois.....	"	" 8	Sept. 3	Missing at Kenesaw, Ga., since June 27, 1864.
Phillips, James.....	"	" 8	Sept. 3.....	Mustered out May 26, 1865.....
Polston, Jacob.....	Vermillion ..	" 8	Sept. 3	M. O. July 1, '65; was prisoner.
Polston, John.....	"	" 8	Sept. 3	Killed at Kenesaw June 27, '64
Polston, William.....	Champaign..	" 8	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Date of enlistment	Date of muster.	Remarks.
<i>Privates.</i>		1862	1862.	
Robinson, William.....	Piatt Co.....	Aug. 8	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Smith, John.....	Champaign	Aug. 8	same	" " " " " "
Smith, Oliver H	"	Aug. 8	same	" " " " " "
Tryon, Harvey S.....	"	Aug. 8	same	" " " " " as Serg't
Yest, Samuel.....	Middletown	Aug. 8	same	" " " " " "
Waterman, Henry.....	Champaign	Aug. 8	same	" " " " " "
Waterman, Theodore...	"	Aug. 8	same	Discharged March 24, 1864.....
Wright, George.....	"	Aug. 8	same	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Wright, William.....	"	Aug. 8	same	Died of accidental w'ds in '62....
Weston, N.....	"	Aug. 8	same	" " " " " "
Williams, Daniel.....	Champaign	Aug. 8	same	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
<i>Recruits.</i>				
Hardin, Albert G.....	"	"	"	Died at Bowling Green, Ky., in 1862.
McCormick, J. H.....	Chicago	Oct. 8, '64....	Oct. 8, '64....	Trans. to Co. H, 60th Ill. Inf...

ENLISTED MEN OF COMPANY "I."

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Date of enlistment.	Date of muster.	Remarks.
<i>First Sergeant.</i>		1862.	1862	
Jas. H. Trimmel.....	Piatt.....	Aug. 12	Sept. 3	Promoted 2d Lieutenant.....
<i>Sergeants.</i>				
Alfred Atwood.....	"	" 15	Sept. 3	Discharged Feb. 9, '65, 1st Serg.
Samuel Hardisty.....	"	" 12	Sept. 3	Disch. Mar. 19, '63; disability..
Geo. A. Clapp.....	"	" 12	Sept. 3	Promoted 1st Lieutenant.....
Daniel Gibson.....	"	" 12	Sept. 3	Died at Edgefield, Nov. 25, '62..
<i>Corporals.</i>				
George Young.....	"	" 12	Sept. 3	Died, Louisville, Nov. 29, '62....
Levi W. Coughton.....	"	" 12	Sept. 3	M. O. June 9, '65, as private.....
Henry Armentrout.....	"	" 15	Sept. 3	Disch. Feb. 4, '63; disability.....
Barton Snider.....	"	" 12	Sept. 3	M. O. June 9, '65, as 1st Serg't..
Jarrett Davis.....	"	" 12	Sept. 3	" " " " " as Sergeant..
Thos. Mackemson.....	"	" 12	Sept. 3	" " " " " "
Robert Michael.....	"	" 12	Sept. 3	Killed at Kenesaw June 27, '64
Daniel D. Cannon.....	"	" 12	Sept. 3	M. O. June 9, '65, as private.....
<i>Musician.</i>				
Curtis H. Tanzey.....	"	" 12	Sept. 3	Promoted Principal Musician...
Milton C. Cannon.....	"	" 12	Sept. 3	M. O. June 9, '65, as Corp'l.....
<i>Wagoner.</i>				
Daniel B. Sanders.....	"	" 12	Sept. 3	Disch. Oct. 24, '62; disability...
<i>Privates.</i>				
Acton, David A.....	"	" 12	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, '65.....
Alton, Preston.....	"	" 12	Sept. 3	" " " " " "
Acton, John W.....	"	" 12	Sept. 3	Died, Bowling Green, Ky., Dec. 2, '62.
Alexander, W. W.....	"	" 12	Sept. 3	Disch. Feb. 3, '63; disability....
Blevins, Geo. W.....	"	" 12	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Burd, Wm F.....	"	" 12	Sept. 3	M. O. June 9, '65, as Serg't.....
Brown, Jacob.....	Middle Fork.....	" 12	Sept. 3	M. O. June 17, 1865, as Corp'l..
Burd, Adrian P.....	Piatt.....	" 12	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Babb, Gideon.....	"	" 12	Sept. 3	Tr to Eng Corps, July 29, '64.
Brittingham, A. W.....	"	" 12	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Cossart, John.....	"	" 12	Sept. 3	Died at Edgefield, July 23, '63..
Carmack, John.....	"	" 12	Sept. 3	Corp'l. Killed, Kenesaw, June 27, '64.
Cannon, John T.....	"	" 12	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Dancer, Elias F.....	Middle Fork.....	" 12	Sept. 3	Died at Nashville Jan. 9, 1863....
Dove, Abram C.....	Piatt.....	" 12	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Durham, Samuel.....	"	" 12	Sept. 3	Disch. July 18, '63; disability...
Disert, Joseph.....	"	" 12	Sept. 3	Tr. to Eng. Corps, July 29, '64..
Dare, Philip H.....	Middle Fork.....	" 12	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Elkus, Stephen.....	"	" 12	Sept. 3	Died, Harrodsburg, Nov. 11, '62
Gilliland, Reason.....	Blount.....	" 12	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Hewitt, Eli M.....	Middle Fork.....	" 12	Sept. 3	Disch. for promotion, Mar 23, '64

Name and Rank.	Resid-ence.	Date of enlistment.		Remarks.
		1862.	1862.	
<i>Privates.</i>				
Hardisty, N. W.	Pilot	Aug. 12	Sept. 3	Disch. Mar. 7, '65; disability...
Huston, John	"	Aug. 12	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Hillary, Jas. P.	"	Aug. 12	Sept. 3	Disch. Feb. 25, '63; disability...
Hillary, Francis J.	"	Aug. 12	Sept. 3	Disch. May 6, '63; disability.....
Hardisty, A. S.	"	Aug. 12	Sept. 3	Disch. June 19, '63; disability..
Hollett, Hiram	"	Aug. 12	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Hughes, Isaac	"	Aug. 12	Sept. 3	"
Hoboy, Elisha	Blount	Aug. 12	Sept. 3	"
Howard, John W.	Pilot	Aug. 12	Sept. 3	"
Herring, John	"	Aug. 12	Sept. 3	"
Hannahs, Thomas	"	Aug. 12	Sept. 3	"
Holtman, I. H.	"	Aug. 12	Sept. 3	"
Jones, Harlin	"	Aug. 12	Sept. 3	"
Kane, Matthew	"	Aug. 12	Sept. 3	"
Liggett, Lawson	Middle Fork	Aug. 12	Sept. 3	Disch. May 31, '65; disability...
Liggett, Nelson	Pilot	Aug. 12	Sept. 3	Tr. to Inv. Corps, June 21, '61..
Lourance, Whitacher	Middle Fork	Aug. 12	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, '65.....
Lourance, Jonas	"	Aug. 12	Sept. 3	"
Laue, William	"	Aug. 12	Sept. 3	"
Lafin, Amos W.	Pilot	Aug. 12	Sept. 3	"
Masters, Jacob F. S.T.	"	Aug. 12	Sept. 3	"
Miller, Jas. W.	"	Aug. 12	Sept. 3	"
Moody, Joseph	"	Aug. 12	Sept. 3	Disch. Oct. 24, '62; di-ability...
Maustar, J. W.	Middlefork	Aug. 12	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Miller, John	Pilot	Aug. 12	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 30, 1865.....
Madole, William	"	Aug. 12	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Odey, Newton	Middlefork	Aug. 12	Sept. 3	"
Osborn, Uriah	Pilot	Aug. 12	Sept. 3	Tr. to Inv. Corps, Sept. 16, '63..
Parnell, John W.	Blount	Aug. 12	Sept. 3	Disch. Nov. 10, '63; disability...
Pilkinton, Charles	Middle Fork	Aug. 12	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Rutledge, Isaac S.	"	Aug. 12	Sept. 3	Paroled pris. Died, Annapolis, Md., March 10, 1865.....
Rowe, John	"	Aug. 12	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Rees, Wm. M.	"	Aug. 12	Sept. 3	Died at Atlanta, Sept. 23, '64....
Starr, Peter L.	"	Aug. 12	Sept. 3	Discharged Dec. 12, 1862.....
Sanders, Newton	"	Aug. 12	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, '65.....
Sanders, Levi W.	"	Aug. 15	same	Promoted Chaplain.....
Smoot, Nathan J.	Danville	Sept. 3	same	Mustered out June 9, '65.....
Taber, Jesse	Middle Fork	Aug. 12	same	Died, Gallatin, Jan. 23, 1863....
Vansandt, H. G.	Pilot	Aug. 12	same	Mustered out June 9, '65.....
Waugh, William	Middle Fork	Aug. 12	same	Died at Louisville Nov. 5, 1862..
West, William	Pilot	Aug. 12	same	Died, Bowling Green, Ky., Jan. 7, '63.
Wilson, John G.	Middle Fork	Aug. 12	same	Died at Big Shanty, Ga., June 29, '64; wounds.
Walker, Andrew	"	Aug. 12	same	Mustered out May 20, 1865.....
Waugh, David W.	"	Aug. 12	same	Died, Danville, Ky., Nov. 1, '62.
Waugh, Vains	"	Aug. 12	same	Supposed disch. and re-enlisted in 86th Ind. Vols.
<i>Recruits.</i>				
Ballard, Josiah	"	Dec. 15, '63.	Dec. 15, '63.	Died at Camp McAfee Church, Ga., Feb. 6, 1864.
Ballard, Henry	"	Dec. 15, '63.	Dec. 15, '63.	Trans. to Co. I, 60th Ill. Inf....
Cannon, James W.	"	"	"	Absent, sick, at M. O. of Reg't.
Clark, W. W.	Middle Fork	"	"	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
French, Louis T.	"	Mar. 7, '64....	Mar. 12, '64.	Trans. to Co. I, 60th Ill. Inf....
Harper, B. F.	"	"	"	Died at Nashville Jan. 28, '64....
Jackney, Geo. W.	"	"	"	Disch. Feb. 27, '63; disability...
Kirsh, John G.	"	"	"	Must'd out July 1, '65; was pris.
Kirkhart, Michael	Blue Gra-s.	Dec. 22, '63.	Dec. 22, '63.	Died Chattanooga, July 15, '64.
Liggett, John	Middle Fork	Dec. 15, '63.	Dec. 15, '63.	Trans. to Co. I, 60th Ill. Inf....
Moore, James	Catlin	Dec. 29, '63.	Dec. 29, '63.	"
Snell, Clark B.	"	"	"	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Tansey, Verlin G.	Quincy	Feb. 23, '64.	Feb. 23, '64.	Disch. Feb. 20, '65; disability...
Watson, Milton	Pilot	"	"	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....

ENLISTED MEN OF COMPANY "K."

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Date of enlistment.	Date of muster.	Remarks.
<i>Sergeants.</i>				
Ezekiel B. Timmon.....	Catlin	1862 Aug. 13	1862 Sept. 3	Discharged July 17, 1863.....
William B. Galway.....	Dallas	" 13	Sept. 3	Promoted 2d Lieutenant.....
Peter S. Burk	Catlin	" 13	Sept. 3	Tr. to regular army, Dec. 16, '62
Isaac N. Adams	Georgetown ..	" 13	Sept. 3	Died, Chattanooga, Nov. 4, '64 wounds.
Thomas Guthrie.....	Dallas	" 13	Sept. 3	Disch. July 13, 1863.....
<i>Corporals.</i>				
James M. Cook	Georgetown ..	" 13	Sept. 3	M. O. June 9, '65, as 1st Serg't..
Thos. L. Douglas.....	Danville.....	" 13	Sept. 3	" " " " " " " " " " " "
Wm. M. Marity	Indianola	" 13	Sept. 3	Discharged April 10, '65 w'ds...
A. J. Woolcot.....	Catlin	" 13	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 18'5
David M. Wooten	"	" 13	Sept. 3	Tr. to Inv Corps, Nov. 1, '63, M. O. April 13, '65; disability
T. A. Baker	Indianola	" 13	Sept. 3	M. O. June 9, '65, as Sergeant.
William Jamison.....	Catlin	" 13	Sept. 3	" " " " " " " " " " " "
Thos. W. Blakeney	"	" 13	Sept. 3	Serg't. Promoted Serg't Major
<i>Musicians</i>				
Eli Shephard	Danville.....	" 13	Sept. 3	Tr. to Inv. Corps, Nov. 1, '63...
Saml. R. Tilton	Catlin	" 13	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
<i>Privates.</i>				
Anderson, Joseph.....	"	" 13	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Arg, Wm J.....	St. Joseph.....	" 13	Sept. 3	Killed at Kennesaw June 27, '64.
Beth, John V.....	Catlin	" 13	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Blakney, Jas. W.....	Georgetown ..	" 13	Sept. 3	" " " " " " " " " " " "
Boon, Wm J.....	"	" 13	Sept. 3	Disch. May 4, 1865; wounds...
Barnard, John.....	Danville	" 13	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Brown, John	Vermillion.....	" 13	Sept. 3	Died at Nashville Dec. 7, '62.....
Barnett, Thompson.....	Dallas	" 13	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Crosby, S. J.....	Catlin	" 13	Sept. 3	Discharged Oct. 17, 1862.....
Cabbage, John.....	Danville	" 13	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Cole, Commodore P.....	Catlin	" 13	Sept. 3	Tr. to reg. army, Dec. 10, 1862..
Conover, John R.....	Dallas	" 13	Sept. 3	Mustered out May 26, 1865.....
Denton, John.....	Georgetown ..	" 13	Sept. 3	Killed at Kennesaw June 27, '64
Davidson, John S.....	Danville	" 13	Sept. 3	Died, Bowling Green, Ky., Nov. 20, '62.
Dowers, Washington.....	Dallas	" 13	Sept. 3	Died at Chattanooga, July 6, '64; wounds
Elsby, Nehemiah.....	Georgetown ..	" 13	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865
Evans, Jesse A.....	Dallas	" 13	Sept. 3	" " " " " " " " " " " "
Evans, Strader.....	"	" 13	Sept. 3	Killed at Kennesaw June 27, '64
Earls, Mordical.....	"	" 13	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Foster, A. M.....	"	" 13	Sept. 3	Discharged Feb. 15, '61; w'ds...
Fields, Thos. S.....	Catlin	" 13	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Gibson, Philip M.....	Danville	" 13	Sept. 3	" " " " " " " " " " " "
Gibson, James	Georgetown ..	" 13	Sept. 3	M. O. July 1, '65; was prisoner
Guthrie Geo.....	Dallas	" 13	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, '65.....
Gibson, Abyrain.....	Catlin	" 13	Sept. 3	" " " " " " " " " " " "
Gibson, Garrett.....	Dallas	" 13	Sept. 3	" " " " " " " " " " " "
Henson, W. P.....	Catlin	" 13	Sept. 3	Disch. Nov. 29, '62; wounds.....
Harrison, W. M.....	Perryville ..	" 13	Sept. 3	Died at Gallatin Jan. 13, '63.....
Hoyle, James.....	Catlin	" 13	Sept. 3	Died at Nashville June 8, '63.....
Herald, V. G.....	Dallas	" 13	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, '65.....
Hidreth, Alvin.....	"	" 13	Sept. 3	" " " " " " " " " " " "
Holt, Wm. H.....	"	" 13	Sept. 3	" " " " " " " " " " " "
Jumps, Theodore.....	Georgetown ..	" 13	Sept. 3	" " " " " " " " " " " "
Jumps, John W.....	"	" 13	Sept. 3	Died, Jeffersonville, Oct. 4, '64.
Kiger, Charles.....	Danville	" 13	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Kiger, Henry	"	" 13	Sept. 3	" " " " " " " " " " " "
Kelly, Jas. N.....	Rockville.....	" 13	Sept. 3	Disch. Mar. 14, '65; wounds...
Leach, Ge. T.....	Indianola	" 13	Sept. 3	Tr. to Vet. Eng. Corps.....
Lench, Henry C.....	"	" 13	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, '65.....
McCartney, Isaiah.....	Catlin	" 13	Sept. 3	Discharged Oct. 18, 1862.....
Martin, Wm. H.....	Georgetown ..	" 13	Sept. 3	Died, Chattanooga, July 26, '64; wounds.
McCorkle, N. M.....	"	" 13	Sept. 3	Trans. to I. C., Nov. 1, 1863.....

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Date of enlistment.	Date of Muster.	Remarks.
<i>Privates.</i>		1862.	1862	
Miller, Andrew.....	Danville	Aug 13	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
McMillen, J. G.....	"	" 13	Sept. 3	"
McMillen, George.....	"	" 13	Sept. 3	Killed at Kenesaw June 27, '64
Mitchels, Jasper.....	Dallas	" 13	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, '65.....
Mills, Richard.....	"	" 13	Sept. 3	"
Mills, Adam H.....	"	" 13	Sept. 3	Killed at Kenesaw June 27, '64
Orr, Wm. W.....	Bloom	" 13	Sept 3	Died, Big Shanty, Ga., June 28, '64; wounds.
Ogden, William.....	Georgetown ..	" 13	Sept. 3	M. O. June 9, 1865, as Serg't....
O'Bryant, W. W.....	Dallas	" 13	Sept. 3	"
O'Bryant, Asberry.....	"	" 13	Sept 3	"
Pettis, John.....	Georgetown.....	" 13	Sept. 3	Deserted Nov. 6, 1862.....
Porter, Henry S.....	Indianola.....	" 13	Sept. 3	M. O. June 9, 1865, as Corp'l ...
Richardson, K. T.....	Catlin.....	" 13	Sept. 3	Discharged Oct. 27, 1862.....
Rogers, John A.....	Perryville ..	" 13	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Ramsey, Joseph.....	Indianola ..	" 13	Sept. 3	Deserted Aug. 7, '64.....
Ritter, John.....	"	" 13	Sept. 3	Discharged Oct. 18, 1862.....
Spry, J. W.....	Catlin	" 13	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Spicer, William.....	"	" 13	Sept. 3	Died at Gallatin Dec. 25, 1862....
Shewman, F. N.....	Georgetown ..	" 13	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Stunkard, W. N.....	Indianola.....	" 13	Sept. 3	"
Studley, H. H.....	"	" 13	Sept. 3	Tr. to V. B. C., May 1, 1864.....
Scott, Thos. W.....	Georgetown ..	" 13	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Tabor, Alfred.....	Catlin	" 13	Sept. 3	Discharged Feb. 28, 1863.....
Thornton, J.....	"	" 13	Sept. 3	M. O. June 9, '65, as Corp'l.....
Trosper, James.....	Georgetown ..	" 13	Sept. 3	Tr. to Inv. Corps. Nov. 1, '63....
Thornton, David.....	Catlin	" 13	Sept. 3	Discharged Feb. 29, 1863.....
Thomas, W. H.....	Dallas	" 13	Sept. 3	M. O. June 9, 1865, as Serg't....
White, William.....	Catlin	" 13	Sept. 3	Discharged Oct. 23, 1862.....
Whitehead, W. M.....	Indianola ..	" 13	Sept. 3	Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Wilson, Jesse.....	"	" 13	Sept. 3	"
White, Jas. B.....	"	" 13	Sept. 3	"
West, Benj. F.....	"	" 13	Sept. 3	Discharged Jan. 30, 1863.....
<i>Recruits.</i>				
Bishop, Austin B.....	Georgetown ..			Mustered out June 9, 1865.....
Hinson, Franklin.....	Collier.....	Mar. 30, '64...	Mar. 30, '64	Tr. to Co. K, 60th Ill. Inf.....
Jenkins, Eli.....	Catlin.....	Mar. 20, '64...	Mar. 29, '64	"
Jenkins, W. F.....	Springfield ..	Feb. 23, '64...	Feb. 23, '64.	"
McMillen, W. M.....	Middle Fork..	Dec. 29, '63...	Dec. 29, '63.	Trans. to Co. K, 60th Ill. Inf....
McNutt, Joseph.....	Dallas			Deserted April —, 1863.....
Nicholson, John.....	Danville.....	Feb. 19, '64...	Feb. 19, '64.	Tr. to Co. K, 60th Ill. Inf.....
Richardson, S. E.....	Catlin.....	Dec. 29, '63...	Dec. 29, '63.	"
Rotroff, Thomas.....	Indianola ..			Died at Nashville Nov. 27, '62....
Stewart, H. J.....				Reduced from Commissary Serg. at his own request. M. O. June 9, 1865
Sheuman, R. W.....	Georgetown ..	Feb. 19, '64...	Feb. 19, '64.	Trans. to Co. K, 60th Ill. Inf....

UNASSIGNED RECRUITS.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Date of enlistment.	Date of muster.	Remarks
<i>Unassigned Recruits.</i>		1862.	1862.	
Gray, Joseph.....	Middle Fork..	Dec. 29, '63...	Dec. 29, '63.
Glandon, Sterling.....	"	Dec. 15, '63...	Dec. 15, '63.	Died Camp Butler, Feb 12, 64.

INTRODUCTORY.

Believing it would prove interesting and profitable to all the old members of the 125th, we have concluded to append the official reports of the brigade since the beginning of the Atlanta campaign; and the fact that they were made by the only surviving field officer of the regiment, who, as lieutenant colonel, commanded the brigade through more than ten months of its greatest perils, will not, we feel very sure, detract from their interest.

By the opening of the campaign, the regiment and brigade were very nearly rid of their weakly men and inefficient officers, and were well prepared to engage in the arduous duties before them.

Prior to the spring of '64, the whole brigade was largely in the school of preparation, but from that time forward, always in the field of labor and danger.

It must be remembered that official reports are limited to the recital of acts done by the whole body, or some portion of it, in obedience to orders, or the general plan of operations, and a description of the performance of such acts, but the commander may not, like the independent historian, indulge in generalities, individual opinion and criticism, or extended personal mention. This difference will be more apparent when the reader compares the reports with the author's accounts of the same subject matter.

With this introduction, we present the official reports of our most important campaigns.

BRIGADE REPORT FROM LEE AND GORDON'S MILLS TO ATLANTA, GA.

Headquarters 3rd Brigade, 2nd Division, 14th A. C.,
Atlanta, Ga., Sept. 9th, 1864.

Captain: Pursuant to directions from division headquarters, of date the 6th instant, I have the honor to report, so far as my infor-

mation extends substantially, the operations of this brigade from the 3rd day of May, 1864, when it struck tents and broke camp at Lee and Gordon's mills, until its arrival at Atlanta on the 4th day of the present month. Being the fourth brigade commander since the campaign began, and having served on the corps staff for some time before, and up to, the 27th day of June last, I am compelled to rely largely for data, upon the necessarily confused memoranda of the different commanders who preceded me.

On the 3rd day of May last, the brigade, comprising the 22nd Ind. Vet. Vols., 85th, 86th, 110th and 125th Ills. Vols., and the 52nd Ohio Vols., commanded by Col. Dan. McCook, left Lee and Gordon's mills and marched to Ringgold, Ga., where, toward night, it crossed the Chickamauga river and joined the division commanded by Brig. Gen. J. C. Davis, and bivouacked until the morning of the 5th of May, when it marched out to near Catoosa Springs and encamped until the morning of the 7th, when it marched beyond Tunnel Hill about two miles, part of the time under heavy fire from the enemy's artillery. On the morning of the 8th of May, the brigade marched towards and confronted the enemy's skirmishers guarding the entrance to Buzzard Roost Gap. May 9th, supported the 1st brigade skirmish line. May 10th, the brigade lay under fire from the enemy's sharpshooters until evening, when it moved to the front, and relieved the 1st brigade, with the 52nd Ohio deployed as skirmishers. May 11th, remained on the line until dark, at which time we were relieved by a brigade of the 4th corps, and moved up the valley about two miles and bivouacked for the night. May 13th. at day break the brigade with the division marched toward Resaca by way of Snake Creek Gap, reaching the mouth of the Gap, after a tiresome march, at about 8 o'clock p. m.; continued the march until nearly 2 o'clock a. m. next day, when the command halted until daylight, took breakfast and moved beyond the line of intrenchments towards Resaca, where it rested until evening. Took up position at night in rear of 1st division, 14th corps. Moved into line next day, and confronted the enemy in his works at Resaca. Remained thus until the enemy evacuated that place, when this brigade with the division was ordered to Rome. The march commenced early, the 3rd brigade in rear, with the 125th Ills. detailed as guards for the division train; went into camp on the left of the Rome road. The brigade resumed the march on the next morning at daylight, following the 2nd brigade, and arrived within two miles of Rome at 5 o'clock p. m., where the enemy was reported to be in his works in full force. Col. McCook immediately disposed the brigade in order of battle as follows: the 22nd Ind. and the 86th Ills., as front line, the 52nd Ohio and 85th Ills., as second line, with three companies from the 22nd Ind. thrown forward as skirmishers.

The front line occupied an elevation of ground known as Howe's Hill, with the left resting near Howe's house. The lines were but just formed, when the enemy made a vigorous attack upon the 22nd Ind., throwing it into some confusion, and forcing its right back about sixty yards, where it rallied behind a rail fence. A part of the 86th Ills., in the mean time, was pouring a well directed fire from its right, into the enemies advancing lines. This had the effect to check them; at the same time the 52nd Ohio advanced and relieved the 22nd Ind. By this time it became so dark that but little could be discovered of what was going on, but by continuously advancing the skirmish line, it was soon ascertained that the enemy had retreated to his main works. To be prepared for an attack in the morning, a light line of works was constructed, but was not needed, for during the night the enemy evacuated his intrenched position, and moved across the Ostenaula river, burning the bridges after him. On the morning of May 18th, the 85th Ills. crossed on the floating *debris* of the bridge, and occupied the city of Rome. On the following day the entire brigade crossed on newly constructed pontoons, and encamped in the suburbs of the town, where it remained doing various duties until the morning of the 24th of May, when the brigade, with the division, marched toward Dallas, reaching the latter place about noon, May 26th, and took up position about one half mile to the left of town, where it remained until the next morning, when it moved with the division to the mouth of—Gap. Here the brigade was placed in single line, with the 125th Ills. deployed as skirmishers. At about 10 o'clock on the night of the 27th of May, the enemy attacked the skirmish line and captured one commissioned officer and fourteen enlisted men, when a counter charge was made which resulted in the capture of two commissioned officers, and twenty seven-enlisted men from the enemy. The officers and men of the 125th Ills., on this spirited occasion, displayed that high degree of coolness and bravery so essential to success. The brigade lay in this position for several days, holding works. June 1st moved toward the left, and relieved a brigade of the 23rd corps, remaining in this new position under a constant fire from the enemy, until June 4th, when it moved about three miles further to the left, and, with the division, rejoined the corps. The brigade performed the various duties imposed upon it; sometimes skirmishing with the enemy, changing position, building fortifications, or holding those built by others, but all without taking any active part in any general engagement, until on the morning of the 27th of June, when it was disposed in order of battle as follows: 85th Ills. deployed as skirmishers, with lines of battle composed of first, the 125th Ills.; second, the 86th Ills.; third, the 22nd Ind., and fourth, the 52nd Ohio. These dispositions were made in an open

field, little more than half a mile from the works to be stormed. The 2d brigade was formed on the right, and Gen. Harker's brigade of the 4th corps, on the left. At a few moments before nine, the command "forward" was given and responded to by the brave men of the brigade with a will and determination to succeed when success is possible. The movement began in quick, and continued in this time for near one third the distance, when the step was changed to double-quick. The lines moved with marked precision, until they reached the foot of an abrupt hill where they encountered a marshy creek lined on either side with shrubs and thickly matted vines. The command relieved itself as rapidly and orderly as possible from this confusion, and turning its face towards the enemy, rushed forward across an open field extending to within fifteen rods of the point of attack. Here it entered a skirt of light timber, and from this point also commenced an ascent of the ground. On, and up the brave men rushed with their gallant leader at their head, until some of them reached the base of the enemy's parapet. Nothing daunted they struggled to scale the works. In their efforts to do this, some were knocked down with stones and clubs hurled at them by the enemy. Here the gallant McCook fell, mortally wounded, while present with, and cheering his men on. Shot and stoned down completely exhausted by the length and impetuosity of the charge, the brave men reformed their lines a few steps in the rear, and partially under the crest of the hill. While this was being done, Col. O. G. Harmon, of the 125th Ills., left the command of the regiment to Maj. J. B. Lee, and placed himself at the head of the brigade. But hardly did he enjoy this new command five minutes, when a musket shot from the enemy pierced his heart, and in a few moments his remains were borne from the field. Col. C. J. Dilworth then assumed command, and after adjusting his lines to his satisfaction, he ordered works to be constructed, the front line of which did not exceed sixty yards from the enemy's strong line of works.

The loss to the brigade in this bloody encounter was four hundred and ten, nearly all of which occurred within the short space of twenty minutes. These casualties fell heaviest upon the 125th Illinois and 52d Ohio. By three o'clock p. m. the men were sheltered by their new lines of works and were confronting the enemy as sharp-shooters. At four o'clock of the same day, upon my request to be relieved from duty at corps headquarters, I returned to and took command of my regiment. From this point forward in my report I am chiefly reliant for information on the notes and memoranda of Col. Dilworth. After the confusion of the battle was over, the brigade was disposed thus: The 85th Illinois on the right, connecting with the 2d brigade; the 22d on the left, connecting with Gen. Harker's brigade; the 125th Illinois in the center, and the 86th

Illinois and 52d Ohio in reserve. The lines remained the same until the morning of the 28th, when the 125th Illinois was relieved by the 86th Illinois, that in turn was relieved on the morning of the 29th by the 52d Ohio. On this day a cessation of hostilities was effected, and arrangements made, under flag of truce, by which the dead between the lines were removed or buried. On the 30th under my personal supervision a new line of works was constructed within from five to seven rods of the enemy's strong works. From this position our sharpshooters did excellent service, many of them using an invention called the "refracting sight," the testimony in favor of the use of which at short range was abundant. The brigade did duty here until the morning of the 3rd of July. The enemy having again abandoned his works, we marched through Marietta, thence in a south-west course about five miles toward Atlanta. We halted and encamped here for two nights. On the morning of the 5th of July, we advanced again about five miles towards the railroad bridge over the Chattahoochie river. Upon our arrival within about three miles of the bridge, we came up with the enemy's skirmishers. The 3rd brigade was put in position in a heavy wood, connecting on the left with the 2d brigade. As soon as the lines were formed, I was ordered forward with the 125th as skirmishers. The line was at once established and waited for support on the right, which was late arriving. About five o'clock, all things being ready, the line advanced at the double quick across an open field, and charged the enemies' skirmishers behind works at the verge of the woods on the opposite side. Routing them from these, we drove them in confusion to their main line of fortifications, our own line pursuing to within less than three hundred yards. The enemy made three unsuccessful attempts to drive our line back. As soon as it was dark the 86th Illinois relieved the skirmish line, and by morning were well entrenched. The other regiments of the brigade moved forward to the road and threw up works. The command remained in this position, each regiment in its turn doing picket duty until the morning of the 10th of July, when a little before daylight the bridge over the Chattahoochie river was discovered to be on fire, and no enemy in our front. Col. Dilworth was ordered to make a reconnoissance with the 86th Illinois, and accompanied it in person as far as the river, meeting with no opposition, when he returned with all but two companies, which he left at the river as pickets. On the afternoon of the same day the brigade moved down to the Atlanta road and went into camp on the right and within one mile of the railroad bridge, in which position we remained doing picket and guard duty until the morning of the 18th, on which day we crossed the Chattahoochie river on a pontoon bridge at Paces' Ferry, and about five miles above the railroad bridge. On the same day we crossed Nancy's

creek, and advanced skirmishers from the 22d Indiana as far as Peach Tree creek near Howell's mill. The brigade bivouacked for the night on the Atlanta and Pace's Ferry road.

As the 19th of July was an eventful day in the history of this brigade, I choose to incorporate in this report the minutes of its operations made by Col. Dilworth at the time :

"This morning I was ordered to form my lines in rear of skirmish line and push across the Peach Tree creek. This was done by placing the 52d Ohio in advance, crossing the creek on a log, and moving out across the field and over the hill. Here we found an entire brigade of rebels and a portion of another. The balance of our brigade crossed, 1st, 85th Illinois and went to the assistance of the 52d Ohio on the left, and found a heavy force. Next came the 125th Illinois and moved forward to the crest of the hill. Next the 86th Illinois and formed on the left. The 22d Indiana at the same time commenced crossing on our right and connected with the 52d Ohio skirmishers on the right. Word was sent to Gen. Davis for assistance, at the same time information was received that the enemy were drifting to the right. Col. Langley, of the 125th Illinois, was ordered to form on the right, which he did at a double-quick, and just reached the top of the hill as the enemy were ready to attack, and after a fire from the 125th the rebels were driven back from the right. That night entrenchments were thrown up, and the men remained on the ground getting in the wounded."

The brigade lost in this day's operations two hundred and forty-five men, killed, wounded and missing. These losses fell heaviest on the 52d Ohio, 22d Indiana and 85th Illinois. The morning of July 20th found the brigade well fortified, and about noon two sections of Capt. Gardner's battery were put in position, which with the aid of sharpshooters from this and the 2d brigade, succeeded in driving the enemy from his works. On the same day the 110th Illinois, Lieut. Col. Topping commanding, reported for duty and was put in line on the right. July 21st Col. Dilworth was ordered to make a reconnoissance with one regiment. He ordered out the 125th Illinois and connected with Col. Mitchell's brigade on the left and Gen. Morgan's on the right ; moved too far to the right ; found rebels near Moore's house on the Marietta and Atlanta road and returned to camp. July 22d—No enemy in our immediate front. Moved towards Atlanta to within two and a half miles of the city. Heavy cannonading to our front and left. Went into camp at night in reserve. July 24th—Relieved a regiment of Gen. Beard's division with the 125th Illinois. Remained in this position with a slight change of camp until the morning of the 28th of July. One regiment on out-post duty daily. July 28th—In connection with the division made a reconnoissance to Turner's Ferry, intending to strike

the enemy in left flank, but being misled by an inefficient guide, the division took no part in the engagement of this day. After a long meandering and weary march, we returned late at night to near our old camp. From this date forward our duties were various. We built several lines of works, did picket duty, and changed position towards the right and front about three miles, and went into position in the evening, connecting with Gen. Baird on the left, 125th Ills. on the left, and the 22nd Ind. on the right of the front line, with the 85th Ills. on picket. On the following morning the picket line moved nearly three quarters of a mile to the front, and took fifteen prisoners with no loss to us. The main line moved forward, still keeping up the connection with General Baird on the left, and also connecting with Col. Mitchell on the right. Four companies of the 52nd Ohio relieved the 85th Ills. pickets. July 6th; brigade in same position, the enemy almost constantly shelling our lines. At night seventy-five men from the 110th Ills. relieved the 52nd Ohio on picket. I quote below, substantially, Col. Dilworth's minutes of the operations of the brigade on the 7th of July:

“Received orders about ten o'clock, that the division was to swing to the left, and that the movement would begin on the left. About noon I went to the lines and saw General Baird, who said he could not advance until evening. As soon as he had gone I received orders that Gen. Morgan had commenced the movement on the right, and for me to conform my movements to Mitchell's. I then went to the right, and found Col. Mitchell had advanced. My skirmish line was advanced, and the 125th Ills. was ordered forward, the 52nd Ohio was ordered up also. The 22nd Ind. advanced and connected with Col. Mitchell on the right and facing north-east. At night the 86th relieved the 110th Ills. on picket.”

In gaining this new and important position, the brigade was exposed to a galling fire of musketry and artillery from the enemy's lines, and with but little chance to us to return, successfully, the fire. The brigade took possession of, and extended its lines across, the Sand Town road, and as speedily as possible erected strong fortifications. The loss to the brigade in this day's operations, was forty-two officers and men killed and wounded. Nothing of further importance than frequent changes of camp, and position in line, and picket duty, occurred until August 20th, on which day the brigade started at day break and marched to the rear lines of works of the 23rd corps, where we lay in close column for two or three hours, when orders came to move out. The whole division moved toward the right of our lines, with this brigade in advance. We marched rapidly to the line of the West Point rail road at Red Oaks; tore up track, and cut the telegraph wires in sight of a large force of rebel cavalry. Returned to camp at night after making a march of

22 miles, most of the time in heavy rain and mud. From this time forth, the brigade performed its usual duties until August 26th, when we broke up camp and marched out with the division to contribute our remaining efforts to turn the enemy's left, and destroy the Macon rail road, the last and only line of transit for subsistence to his army at Atlanta. By the last of August it was very generally conceded that the enemy would tender us battle, as usual, on his choice of ground, and within his strong fortifications. On this last named day, we marched to an encampment for the night near Turtle Swamp, on the left of the Atlanta and Jonesboro road. On the following morning, early, we moved across to, and down, the Rough and Ready and Jonesboro road toward the latter named place, to a point about one half mile south of Flint river. Here the brigade moved to the left in an open field, and formed in order of battle as follows: First line, 22nd Ind. on the right, 125th Ills. in the center, and the 52nd Ohio on the left, except three companies of the 52nd Ohio, which were deployed as skirmishers; the second line comprised the 85th, 86th and 110th Ills. About 2 o'clock p. m., the brigade moved by the right flank across a difficult slough, and reformed its lines on the crest of a hill beyond, and under a heavy fire from the enemy's artillery. From this point we discovered that the enemy were in strong force and well intrenched along the line of the Macon railroad. At about 3 o'clock p. m., our line advanced through a thick skirt of woods to an open cornfield beyond, swinging gradually to the right as it advanced down the slope beyond, until our course was nearly south. We moved to within one fourth of a mile of the enemy's line of works, and engaged his skirmishers with our own, while the main line was struggling to cross a swamp at the foot of the slope. As soon as a crossing was effected the enemy's skirmishers were vigorously attacked and driven to their main works. In this valley the first line built temporary works which it held but a few minutes, when it again moved forward. A part of the 52nd Ohio, charging with the 2nd brigade, aided in taking a rebel battery in their front. The 22nd Ind. and 125th Ills. advanced in quick time to the crest of the hill, where they encountered a line of rebels concealed among the standing corn. These two regiments became at once hotly engaged. The contest for a few moments appeared doubtful, and might finally have turned in favor of the enemy, but for the success of the 2nd brigade on our left. As soon as this success was known, not one moment was lost by the 22nd Ind. and 125th Ills. in charging the enemy's line, which finally yielded and broke, the men running in confusion to their intrenchments, but just in time to find themselves our prisoners. After driving the enemy back some six or seven hundred yards to their second line of works on the rail road, and the woods to the west of

the rail road, our lines were about being reformed, when Col. Dilworth, commanding the brigade, received a severe wound, and was carried off the field. As soon as notified of this fact, I assumed command, and as rapidly as possible reformed my somewhat broken lines. Going a few rods to the left and rear, I met Captain Swift, brigade inspector, coming forward with the 85th Ills. from the second line. This I put to work to turn the rebel fortifications, and make them available to us in the event of a counter assault. Meeting with other members of the brigade staff, I directed them to bring forward the 86th and 110th Ills. as rapidly as possible, and hold them in readiness for further orders. In the mean time I drew from their former positions, the 125th Ills. and 22nd Ind., to give them some rest. At this juncture Col. Mitchell represented to me, that the enemy were massing in his front with a view to an attack, and asked me to send him some assistance. Knowing the importance of holding the hill we jointly occupied, I immediately sent him five companies from the 86th Ills., and seven from the 52nd Ohio. In a few minutes the other battalion of the 86th Ills., also went to his assistance. This force remained with Col. Mitchell about one hour, and I depend on him to do them justice in his report.

Between the right of the 2nd brigade and the left of the 15th corps, was a gap in the lines about one half mile wide. The threatening demonstrations of the enemy in front of this gap, showed the importance he attached to it, and I determined to throw all my available force into, and as far as possible close, it up. I accordingly moved the 125th Ills. to the right and front, as far as the crest of the hill, putting it nearly in the same position it occupied while fighting half an hour before. I then moved the 85th Ills. to the right, and the 110th Ills. to the left of the 125th, and directed them to put out as many sharp shooters as could be made available, to annoy and keep back the enemies' skirmishers, while the main line was ordered to construct works. The firing was kept up until dark. Several times the enemy attempted to advance, but were driven back to their works by the unerring aim of our guns. On the return of the 86th Ills., and the 52nd Ohio, from the assistance of the 2nd brigade, I put the first in position on the right, with the right well refused. The 52nd Ohio and 22nd Ind. were placed in reserve. Each regiment furnished pickets for its front, the entire picket line being under the especial charge of Captain Burkhalter, brigade provost marshal. These dispositions, in my opinion, rendered our position perfectly secure. At night the enemy abandoned his works, leaving his dead unburied, and wounded uncared for. Our loss in this day's fight was one hundred and thirty-five killed and wounded. The loss fell heaviest on the 22nd Ind. and 125th Ills.

We advanced about 10 o'clock to Jonesboro, went into position

on the left of the rail road and town, where we remained until late in the day of Sept. 3rd, when I received orders from Major Gen. Davis, commanding the corps, to remove the brigade to Atlanta on the following day, to guard prisoners of war, and as escort to corps hospital trains. Arrived at this place on the afternoon of Sept 4th, with 1674 prisoners, and trains. Reported pursuant to orders, to Maj. Gen. Slocum, and went into camp on the west side of town, where the troops have remained doing no duty since.

In this review of the history of the third brigade during the late campaign, I have confined myself thus far, as nearly as possible, to a simple recitation of facts and circumstances; having been absent from the brigade a part of the time, and afterwards only with one of its regiments until the late fight at Jonesboro. Special mention of the conduct of many brave officers and soldiers, would, perhaps, meet with little favor from my feeble pen, even of those who have distinguished themselves by their heroic and daring behavior on every battle field. So far as I can learn, on the march, and in every engagement, they all did their entire duty, and the appalling casualty list, show the sanguinary character of the many conflicts in which these troops have taken part. The losses of the brigade foot up, since the 3rd day of May last, the enormous sum of ONE THOUSAND AND EIGHTY-TWO, killed, wounded and missing, being little less than the number now present in the ranks for duty. The brigade met with its heaviest loss in the assault on the enemy's works at Kennesaw Mountain, June 27th. The number has been stated previously. There every regiment was engaged, and where the contest was hottest, the front line could be claimed by no particular regiment, but was made up of the bravest men from all. At Peach Tree creek, July 14th, the 52nd Ohio, commanded by Lieut. Col. Clancey, with skirmishers, under command of Major Holmes, did nobly in clearing the heights beyond the creek, thus enabling the remainder of the brigade to cross and form line free from the enemies fire. In the same engagement, the 85th Ills., commanded by Major Rider, advanced to within a few yards of the enemy's main line, but could not hold its position. The loss to the regiment was heavy, but it behaved manfully. The 22nd Ind., commanded, in the early part of the engagement, by Maj. Shea, stood, unsupported, the brunt of a heavy assault and yielded only as it was overpowered by superior numbers. Maj. Shea was wounded, and the command fell to Captain Snodgrass, under whose charge it has been most of the time since. The conduct of this officer, and his command, were all that could be asked in the late battle of Jonesboro, and as truly may I say the same of Maj. Holmes, who commanded the 52nd Ohio in the same engagement, until wounded and disabled, when the command devolved upon Capt. Rothacker.

Also the 85th Ills., commanded by Maj. Rider until disabled, when the charge of the regiment fell to Captain Griffith. The 86th Ills. commanded part of the time by Lt. Col. Fahnstock, and part by Maj. Thomas. The 110th Ills., commanded throughout by Lieut. Col. Topping, and also the 125th Ills., commanded, through the latter part of the engagement, by Captain Geo. W. Cook. I wish to bear testimony to the general good conduct and bravery of the several officers above named, and their respective commands. I observed several striking instances of noble courage and true bravery among subordinate officers and enlisted men, but want of space forbids that I should mention them here. The reports from the commanders of regiments must suffice. Captains Anderson, Swift and Burkhalter, and Lieut. Tanner, of the brigade staff, are all known to the brigade, and appreciated for their coolness and bravery in action. My heartfelt thanks are due to the three last named for the eminent assistance they so cheerfully rendered me during the engagement on the 1st instant. Captain Anderson, A. A. Gen., while in the discharge of his duties, received a severe wound just before the command of the brigade fell to my charge, thus depriving me of his valuable services.

Our honored dead, of whom from this brigade there are many have all received a soldier's burial, and their scattered graves mark the meandering course of our march all the way from Resaca to Atlanta.

I have the honor to be, Captain,
 Very respectfully, your obdt. servant.
 (Signed) JAS. W. LANGLEY,
 Lt. Col. 125th Ills, comd'g brigade.

To
 Theodore Wiseman,
 Capt. and A. A. Genl., 2nd Div., 14th A. C.

BRIGADE REPORT FROM ATLANTA, FLORENCE, TO SAVANNAH, GA.

Headquarters 3rd Brigade, 2nd Division,
 14th Army Corps, Army of Georgia, near
 Savannah, Ga., January 3rd, 1865.

CAPTAIN: Pursuant to orders, of date Dec. 28th, 1864, I have the honor to report substantially the operations of my command, from the fall of Atlanta, up to, and including the, fall of Savannah.

On the fourth day of September last, my command, comprising

the 85th, 86th and 125th Ills., the 52nd Ohio, the 22nd Ind., and three companies of the 110th Ills. Vols, moved from Jonesboro in charge of the 14th army corps hospital trains, and about seventeen hundred prisoners of war, to Atlanta, reaching the latter place about sundown. After reporting to Maj. Gen. Slocum, then commanding at Atlanta, and turning over my prisoners, by his orders I went into camp to the left of the White Hall road, just beyond the suburbs of the city, where I remained until the 29th day of September, when I received orders to move to Chattanooga by cars as rapidly as possible. At about 9 o'clock p. m., I got the brigade on board a train of cars going north, and arrived at Chattanooga Oct. 1st, at 3 o'clock p. m. General Morgan having previously gone to Huntsville, Ala., with the 1st and 2nd brigades of the division, I reported in person to Maj. Gen. Thomas, who directed me to proceed to Huntsville as rapidly as I could do with safety. I accordingly started on a train from Chattanooga at sundown, and arrived safely at Huntsville at 12 o'clock m., Oct. 2nd and went into camp on the south side of town, where we remained about two hours, when I received orders to move to the depot immediately. On going to my command, I found it all asleep, a luxury the men had not enjoyed since leaving, Atlanta, three days before. Shortly after arriving at the depot, we commenced reloading the same cars from which we had disembarked but two or three hours previously. At dark the entire division moved towards Athens, six miles when we met with obstructions on the road that delayed us until next morning, when we again started, reaching within six miles of Athens by noon. Here were other obstructions in the road, and we disembarked for the last time. By the order of Gen. Morgan, I directed Capt. Cook, commanding the 125th Ills., to guard the empty trains back to Huntsville, and return to the brigade by next train. At 2 o'clock p. m., the brigade marched with the division to Athens, and went into camp in two lines, facing south-east. It will be seen that my command was three days and four nights traveling from Atlanta to Athens, and with the exception of about six hours of that time they were on the cars, so closely crowded that none could lie down, even had that been possible they could not have slept, owing to the very heavy rain that fell almost without intermission during the trip. It was the ill fortune of my brigade, to ride on trains managed by drunken, incompetent, and irresponsible conductors and engineers, who, for the most part, seemed perfectly indifferent to the sufferings and inconvenience they imposed upon the soldiers, so long as they enjoyed official confidence, a profitable salary, and plenty to eat.

On the morning of the fourth of October, the brigade, except the 125th Ills., not yet returned from Huntsville, and the 110th Ills., in charge of supplies, marched from Athens toward Florence, fording

the Elk River at Brown's Ferry, about sundown, after which it marched four miles to Rogersville and encamped for the night. Oct 5th, marched at 6 o'clock a. m., crossed Shoal creek at dark, and went into camp beyond and within seven miles of Florence. Oct. 6th, the first brigade moved toward Florence at 7 o'clock a. m. but met the enemy's cavalry skirmishers just beyond our picket line. I was immediately ordered to follow with three regiments, leaving one as camp guard. It was with little difficulty that a reconnoissance was pushed through to Florence, as it was afterwards ascertained that the enemy opposing our progress thither, amounted to only about one hundred and fifty men. We reached the town at 1 o'clock p. m., and there learned certainly, what we already suspected, that Forrest had escaped across the Tennessee. At 3 o'clock p. m., we returned to Shoal creek, reaching there about sundown. On the following morning the entire command with the division returned to Florence, and went into camp on the south-east side of the town, where we remained two days.

Up to this time, from the date of our departure from Atlanta, it rained heavily every day, rendering the roads from Athens to Florence very muddy, besides swelling the numerous streams to their banks. These streams we were compelled to ford, with the exception of Shoal creek, which had a good bridge. The men were drenching wet, adding greatly to the weight of their loads, and their sleep, though sound, was the sleep of exhaustion and afforded them but little rest. Besides many were bare footed and foot sore. Those who fell sick by the way side, were left in houses to the care of the citizens, as we had no means of transportation. The citizens, as far as I am able to learn, uniformly treated our sick soldiers with a great deal of kindness. Officers had no comforts or conveniences above those of enlisted men, and indulged only in such luxuries as they could transport by virtue of their own physical strength. In short I do not hesitate to say, that our trip from Atlanta to Florence, came nearer tasking to the utmost, the physical endurance of the American soldier, than any campaign I ever witnessed, and I cannot withhold the mead of praise so eminently due the brave officers and men who made it. They performed all that was required of them with that characteristic cheerfulness, which has recently become so strongly engrafted in the heart of our army. Oct. 10th, we left Florence on our way back towards Athens, marched nineteen miles, and encamped for the night. Oct. 11th, resumed march towards Athens, and encamped for the night within eight miles of the town. Oct. 12th, reached Athens at 10 o'clock a. m., where the 125th Ills. rejoined the brigade. We moved two miles east of town, and went into temporary camp. At 2 o'clock p. m., I received orders from Gen. Morgan to detail one regiment to rebuild a rail

road bridge across a branch of Lime Stone creek, which next morning it had completed, and about noon cars began to arrive at Athens to transport the division to Chattanooga. My command got off at 4 o'clock a. m., Oct. 13th, and reached Chattanooga at midnight and went in camp in two lines on the west side of town where it remained four days. My first effort was to procure shoes and clothing for my barefooted and almost naked men. I succeeded in procuring 785 pairs of shoes, and a sufficient supply of clothing. At the expiration of our four days rest at Chattanooga, we marched, on the morning of the 18th of October, by the Rossville and Dry Valley roads, to Lee and Gordon's mills on the Chickamauga river and encamped for the night. Oct. 19th marched to La Fayette and camped for the night. Oct. 20th, marched south from La Fayette about twelve miles and turned to the right, on a road leading to Brown Town Valley, and after fording Chattanooga river, we went into camp for the night. October 21st, marched 25 miles on Brown Town Valley road towards Galesville. Oct. 22nd, marched to Galesville, and went into camp north of town, where we joined the corps and remained five days, subsisting partly on government rations, and partly on the country. Oct. 28th, left camp at 2 o'clock p. m., and marched 8 miles towards Rome and camped for the night at Missionary station, near the state line. Oct. 29th, resumed the march at 6 o'clock a. m., and encamped at night on the north side of the Ostanalla river, and within one mile of Rome, where we remained until Oct. 31st, when I received orders to march to Kingston as guard to corps train. My command left Rome at 3 o'clock p. m., marched 8 miles and encamped at night on Cedar creek. Resumed march at 7 a. m. next day, and reached Kingston within three hours, when it went into camp and remained until November 8th, on which day we marched to Cartersville and encamped south-west of town about two miles, until November 12th, when I was ordered to relieve a brigade of the 2nd division, 15th army corps, at the fort on the Etowah river. November 13th, marched to Ackworth, stopping on the way to tear up and destroy three and a half miles of rail road track and ties; reached camp at 9 p. m. November 14th, marched by way of Kenesaw Mountain to within four miles of Chattahoochie river. November 15th, resumed march at 6 o'clock a. m., crossed the river on pontoon bridge and reached Atlanta at 1 o'clock p. m. This may be said to finish the North Alabama campaign, having been gone from Atlanta forty-eight days, instead of four, as was expected. Before reaching Atlanta, I sent orders to Captain Hall, commanding a small detachment of the brigade at that place, to procure guns, accoutrements and ammunition for every man in his command able to march, and I also had requisitions made by regimental commanders, for the amount of such or-

nance stores required to perfectly equip their command. I had also an officer detailed from each regiment to take these requisitions to Atlanta, and give them their personal attention. These were sent from Kingston as soon as I received intelligence that we would shortly cut loose from our "old base;" but they failed to get the men properly armed, in consequence of the surplus ordnance stores having been shipped from Atlanta before their arrival. This left my command on reaching Atlanta, short fifty-four guns and accoutrements. From Kingston, also, I directed my brigade quartermaster, Lieut. A. M. Ayers, to proceed to Atlanta and draw his estimate of clothing and allowance of transportation. This he did to my entire satisfaction, having procured a sufficient number of shoes to give every man two pair; the result of which was, that upon our arrival at Savannah, I had not a barefoot soldier in my command.

The 3rd brigade, comprising 1721 total commissioned officers and enlisted men present, left Atlanta Nov. 16th, at 12 m., and marched on the Decatur road 9 miles and camped for the night. Nov. 17th, marched at 7 a. m. by way of Lithonia to Conyer's station. During the afternoon of this day we tore up and destroyed three miles of rail road track and ties. Nov. 18th, marched at 6 o'clock a. m. on the Covington road, and camped for the night three miles east of that town. To day the brigade destroyed two and a half miles of railroad track and ties. To-day, also, we began to subsist off the country. Nov. 19th, marched at 6 o'clock a. m., crossed Alcova river, and went into camp at dark near Shady Dale. Nov. 20th, marched at 7 a. m., and camped at night near Eatonton Factory. Nov. 21st, marched at 6 o'clock a. m., and camped at night on east side of Cedar creek. Nov. 22nd, laid still to day and let the 1st and 3rd divisions of the corps pass by. Nov. 23rd, marched at 6 a. m. with two regiments as train guard, and two as rear guard, and camped at night within two miles of Milledgeville, the rear guard reaching camp at half past 9 o'clock p. m. Nov. 24th marched at 10 o'clock a. m. through Milledgeville, Georgia's capitol, with colors displayed, and bands playing national airs, and camped at night seven miles beyond, on the Sandersville road. Nov. 25th, marched at 6 a. m. to Buffalo creek, where we found the bridge had been destroyed just before our arrival. My command marched at the head of the division column to-day; upon its reaching this creek I set to work a company of pioneers and two companies of men from the 22nd Indiana, and in half an hour had constructed a very good foot bridge, upon which I crossed the 22nd Ind., and afterwards the entire brigade. Leaving my pioneer party to assist Col. Buell in putting down a pontoon bridge for the crossing of trains, we camped at night on Keg creek. Nov. 26th, marched at 6 o'clock a. m., crossed Keg creek and met rebel skirmishers within ten miles

of Sandersville. My foraging party assisted the troops in the advance to drive the enemy through town. We arrived in town at 10 o'clock a. m., and went into camp on the north side. Nov. 27th, marched at 7 a. m. on the Louisville road, crossed the Ogechee river, and camped within eight miles of Louisville for the night. Nov. 28th, marched at 6 o'clock a. m. to within one mile of Louisville, where we found that the bridge across Rocky Comfort creek, had been burnt, and was being repaired by the 3rd division, 14th army corps. At dusk I crossed my command over, marched through the town, and went into camp on the left of the Augusta road, about one and a half miles beyond. Nov. 29th, remained in camp all day. Nov. 30th, still in camp at Louisville. To-day I deployed the 86th and 125th Ills. as skirmishers, supported by the 52nd Ohio and 22nd Ind. and moved forward, covering the Warrenton and Augusta roads. This movement was induced by the presence in our vicinity of small parties of the enemy's cavalry, that had for two or three days past, been capturing and murdering foragers and other soldiers who were so unfortunate as to fall into their power. The enemy had, on the night previous to this movement, captured and killed two men of the 85th Ills., and one of the 125th Ills. My line advanced at 11 o'clock a. m. and drove the enemy in fine style, recapturing a small foraging party with trains from the 20th corps, that had ventured too far out. Pretty smart skirmishing continued for some minutes, when the enemy attempted to break my line, but were repulsed by the 86th Ills., with the loss of one captain and one private, who were killed outright, and left by the flying enemy on the field. At this juncture, by order of Gen. Morgan, I halted and adjusted my line. Everything remained quiet until 3:30 p. m., when I received orders to move forward until my right should connect with the left of the 2nd brigade, which was moving across towards the Augusta from the Waynsboro road. In this movement my line advanced at the double-quick across a cornfield, to the woods beyond, driving the enemy out of a line of works about two hundred yards in length. It being deemed useless to pursue cavalry with infantry, I was directed at sun down to withdraw my brigade, and reestablish my picket line as it had been in the morning, which I did, the enemy following the skirmish line as it retired. In this day's operations a good deal of shooting was done by the enemy, but in driving him more than a mile, he did not succeed in wounding one of our men. We recovered the bodies of the enlisted men murdered the night before. I have no hesitancy in saying they were deliberately murdered after they had surrendered, as was evinced by an examination of the fatal wounds. One man was shot through the head, the ball entered just above the left ear, surrounding the entrance the hair was singed close to the scalp by the burning powder. The other two were shot

through the body ; one was shot three times, and the other twice. So close was the weapon held when discharged, that in every instance the clothing was scorched and burned.

In front of the left of my picket line, stood a cotton gin containing forty-eight bales of cotton, the property of Asa Hoyt, behind which the enemy had concealed himself, and fired upon my men in the morning. Not willing to give him the advantage of that position longer, upon the withdrawal of my troops, I detailed Major Holmes, 52nd Ohio, with a small number of men to destroy it, which they accordingly did, and which fact I reported to you in writing, while the gin was still burning. This embraces the only property of any kind burned by my orders during the campaign. Dec. 1st, marched at 10 a. m. as guard to 3rd division train, and reached camp at 11 p. m. Dec. 2nd, marched at 8 a. m. Furnished two regiments to guard the corps reserve artillery and ammunition trains, and reached camp at 8 p. m. Dec. 3rd, marched at 9 a. m. on Augusta road ; crossed Buckhead creek and went into camp at dark on Mill creek, near Lumpton's station. Dec. 4th, marched at noon in rear of, and as guard to, 3rd division trains ; passed through Habersham, and went into camp at 10 p. m. Dec. 5th, marched at 7 o'clock a. m. ; furnished guard of two regiments for corps reserve artillery trains, and camped for the night at 7 p. m. Dec. 6th, marched at 6:30 a. m. ; good roads all day. Marched twenty-one and a half miles on main Savannah road, and went into camp for the night. Road blocked just ahead of this camp for three quarters of a mile by fallen trees. At night I made a detail of sufficient pioneer force to clear the road, which they accomplished by 9 p. m. Dec. 7th, marched at 11 a. m. in rear of, and as guard to, 3rd division trains. Reached camp at Ebenezer creek at 8 p. m. Dec 8th, marched at 7 a. m. ; order of march changed. Left all transportation excepting that belonging to brigade and regimental headquarters ; crossed Ebenezer creek at 12 m. and awaited the building of a bridge over little Koggles creek ; after which we marched four miles beyond, and went into camp at 8 p. m. In half an hour afterwards I received orders to return and camp for the night between the two creeks. Got into camp at 11 p. m. Dec. 9th, marched at 7 a. m., moved four miles and built two bridges over creeks. Moved about four miles farther on and encountered a section of a rebel battery planted in the road, well protected by a substantial earth work. I received orders from Gen. Morgan to send the 125th Ills. forward, deployed as skirmishers, on each side of the road, and develop, if possible, the strength of the enemy. The regiment thus moved to within one hundred yards of the rebel works, without drawing a shot from the enemy's musketry, though his artillery played continually upon a piece of our own posted in

the road. The enemy had selected a good position to make a brief stand with a small number of men, having built his works in the center, and on either side of the road, just beyond where it divides a swamp. By direction of Gen. Morgan, I pushed forward the 86th Ills., six companies as skirmishers, until it joined the right of the 125th Ills. I then directed Lieut. Col. Fannestock, commanding the 86th Ills., to wheel gradually to the left, and if possible get his right to the enemy's rear. This he did, so far as was in his power, but his whole line was in a swamp, where vines, rank weeds, and undergrowth timber was so abundant, that his progress was necessarily too slow to reach the desired position before dark, and at dark, by order of Gen. Morgan, the entire line was halted and established as a picket line for the night. During the night the enemy withdrew, and my skirmishers entered his works at daybreak. In this affair two men of the 86th Ills. were wounded. Dec. 10th, marched at 7 a. m.; proceeded five miles in the direction of Savannah, when we struck the 20th army corps column. Went into camp for the afternoon and night, on the left of the road. Dec. 11th, marched at 8 a. m. towards the city as far as the five mile post, and turned to the right and marched about three quarters of a mile, when, by direction of Gen. Morgan, I went into position in three lines, in reserve, facing south. My camp was as comfortable as I could wish, being on high ground, and in the midst of a pine grove. Dec. 12th, in the afternoon my command tore up and destroyed two and a half miles of track and ties, on the Savannah and Macon railroad. Dec. 13th, made the road, destroyed yesterday, suitable for a wagon road, after which the brigade did no other duties than furnish train and other guards, until the 22nd of December, the day subsequent to the fall of Savannah, when my command marched to within one and a half miles of the city, and went into camp in two lines, facing north, on the left of the canal, where we now are, making preparations for such other work as may be our lot to perform. This brigade, though small, is, perhaps, in as good condition for active operations, as any. There are many officers and men absent, whom I would be glad to have returned to their command. While in camp at Atlanta during the month of September last, there was perfected and forwarded a list of absentees, and efforts were being made to secure their return, but before much could be accomplished in this respect, the brigade was put in motion, and only stopped since arriving at this place. The strength of the command is as follows:

Present: Commissioned officers, 80. Enlisted men, 1634.

Absent: Commissioned officers, 58. Enlisted men, 1177.

Total: Commissioned officers, 138. Enlisted men, 2811.

After two day's marching from Atlanta, I found necessity for a party of pioneers to clear out and repair bad places in the road. To

meet this end I detailed 30 enlisted men, for whom I could not procure guns, and armed them with spades, picks, and axes. These I put under command of Lt. Groninger, of the 86th Ills., an officer of the proper spirit and energy to make such a party very useful. I required these pioneers to march, each day, at the head of the brigade column, and build rail and pole bridges over small streams, for the safe and speedy passage of troops, and none will fail to appreciate the utility of such a force on all campaigns. When once drilled to labor, they will perform as much work in the same length of time, as three times the number detailed temporarily from the ranks. On the 18th of November, I began to subsist off the country, and to prevent, as far as possible, pillaging and marauding, and all manner of lawlessness, I had details of thirty men, and one commissioned officer, made daily, from each regiment, who reported at an hour stated, at brigade headquarters, where these details were verified. These I put in charge of a field, or acting field officer, whom I made responsible for the conduct of his men on that day. I directed that every thing obtained should be reported to this officer, and by him turned over, if subsistence for the troops, to the brigade commissary, or if mules and horses, to the brigade quartermaster. By so doing my foragers always obtained plenty and the troops shared alike in its distribution through the brigade commissary. From a statement submitted to me by Lt. Batchelder, A. C. S., I find that from Nov. 16th, until Dec. 16th, inclusive, my command drew, per man, of hard bread, 9 rations; peas, 8 rations; coffee, 26 rations; salt, 25 rations; sugar, 15 rations; bacon, 4 rations, and salt pork, 6 rations, beyond which issues the command subsisted from the country, and always had abundance. Besides this tabular statement of issues, I left Atlanta with 150 head of beef cattle very poor in flesh, and already weak from travel. The forage parties supplied the command so bountifully with fresh pork, that but little beef was consumed on the march, and before reaching Savannah, nearly all these cattle had died along the road, or were abandoned on account of being too weak to travel; but still my drove increased daily by acquisitions from the country, and on the 12th of December, when my command reached this position, it numbered about 231 head, large and small, all of which have since been issued to the troops. My forage details were frequently annoyed by the enemy, but, by always keeping well together, they were able to resist or drive away a considerable force. On the 30th November, particularly, the foragers of the brigade, under command of Capt. Powers, of the 22nd Ind, were attacked about nine miles from Louisville, by a party of Wheeler's command, and after a brisk fight, drove the enemy away. Towards night of the same day, as the detail was proceeding to camp at Louisville, with four ox wagon

loads of forage, they were suddenly surrounded by three of Wheeler's regiments, and after some very severe fighting, succeeded in getting into camp, with the loss of one man killed and four wounded, and were compelled to abandon their provisions and wagons. On the 29th November, I mounted forty men on captured mules and horses, and placed the party under command of Captain Harbor, of the 125th Ills., a very brave and efficient officer. These labored to find where subsistence could be obtained, and to aid the infantry details in getting it, as well as for the purpose of capturing stock for the use of the army. It is not possible for me to state the exact number of horses and mules captured, as such property was frequently taken from my foragers, while on their way to camp, and informally turned over to Lt. Coe, quartermaster for the division. How many were turned over by orders from these headquarters, together with the number known to have been informally returned to Lt. Coe, were: horses, 104; mules, 160; total, 264. These numbers might have been increased somewhat, had I sent out parties to hunt exclusively for stock, but in nearly every instance such captures were the labors of my subsistence details.

The number of negroes that followed my column was 160. Of these 92 were officers' servants and 68 were refugees. The latter have been sent to division headquarters pursuant to orders. I submit and call your attention to casualty lists of the north Alabama and the Savannah campaigns hereto attached. A few of those marked "missing," deserve the punishment prisoners of war usually get, but it is the misfortune of the service that such men belong to the army and are counted as soldiers. They were doubtless in the act of stealing something when captured. I suppose every command has a few of such men. I know this one has, whom to loose from the army is a gain to the government. Nor can I say much less of some officers in the service, who in spite of their long experience, and in face of positive orders to the contrary, suffer, nay, by their passiveness, encourage their men to throw aside the restrictions of discipline, and become out-laws and brigands. I believe a company commander should be the best disciplinarian in the service, and should feel that his position, so immediately connecting him with the rank and file, makes him the surest conservator of the peace and good order of the army. And an officer who from incompetency or other cause is not well adapted to teach and maintain a good system of discipline in his command, should be summarily dismissed from the service. A few of such in my command I could cheerfully recommend for dismissal, and do honestly believe the service would be promoted thereby. Since the fall of Atlanta the brigade staff has undergone several changes. Most of the old members were absent during the Savannah campaign. Those at present

-serving on such duty, without specially naming them here, have all well and faithfully discharged every trust confided to them. I am also under special obligations to regimental commanders for their efforts to maintain strict discipline throughout the entire campaign. I commend them all to my superior officers.

RECAPITULATION.

Number of horses captured, 104; mules, 160; total, 264. Number of negroes that followed the command, 160. Rations issued on the Atlanta and Savannah campaigns per man: Hard bread, 9 rations; peas, 8 rations; coffee, 26 rations; salt, 25 rations; sugar, 15 rations; bacon, 4 rations; salt pork, 6 rations. Amount of railroad destroyed, track and ties, 11½ miles; cotton destroyed, 48 bales; cotton gins, one.

I have the honor to be Captain,
Very Respectfully,

Theo. Wiseman,
Capt. and A. A. G.
Second Division.

Your Obedient Servant
JAS. W. LANGLEY,
Lieut. Col. Comdg. Brigade.

BRIGADE REPORT FROM BENTONVILLE TO GOLDSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA.

Headquarters 3rd Brigade, 2d Division, 14th A. C.
Goldsboro, N. C., March 30, 1865.

CAPTAIN: I have the honor to report herewith the operations of this brigade from the hour I assumed command of the same up to its arrival at this place.

A few minutes before 4 o'clock in the afternoon of the 19th, I was informed by Capt. Swift, A. A. A. G. of the brigade, that Gen. Fearing was wounded and disabled for further command, when I immediately assumed command of the brigade. This was just as my own regiment came out of the fight and began its formation on the Goldsboro road, as described in my regimental report. Capt. Snodgrass, commanding the 22d Indiana, had rallied about 100 men, mostly of his left wing, which had remained in better order than his right. The 125th Illinois almost entire formed line to the left and on the prolongation of the basis of alignment of the 22nd Indiana. I immediately directed two staff officers to find the 52d Ohio and 86th Illinois and put them in their order on the right of this new line. While these officers were preparing to execute this order, I directed so much of the line as was already formed to move forward

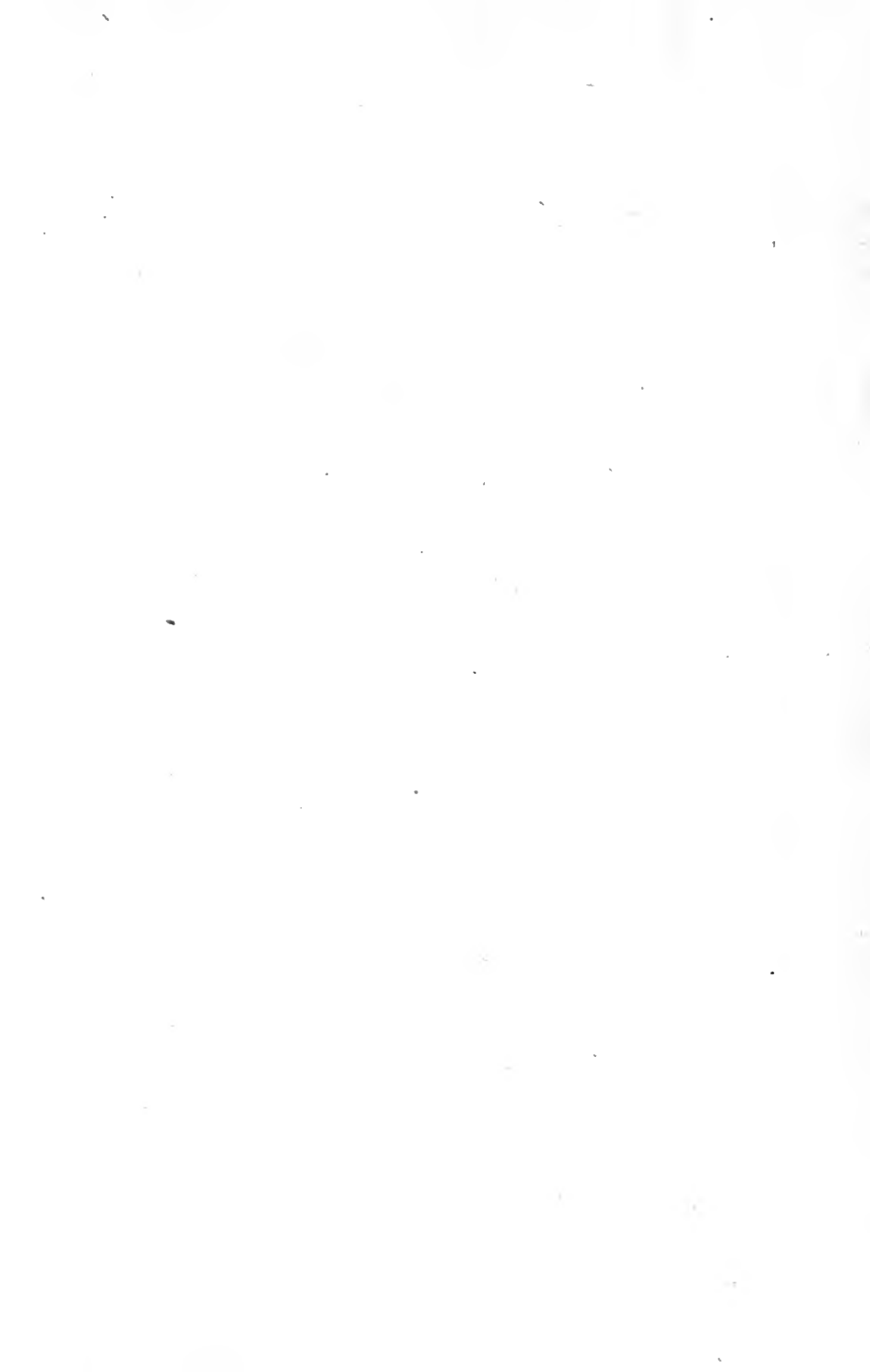
to a point by me designated, where the left should rest, and about seventy-five yards in advance of the rallying point. I had at this time but one entire regiment and so much of the 22d Indiana as above mentioned. These I directed to carry rails and when arrived at the point to which they were ordered, to advance. I then chose my defensive line, nearly at right angles with the Goldsboro road, and ordered works to be rapidly constructed. As soon as the work began, a brigade of the 20th A. C., commanded by Gen. Robinson, joined my left, and began the construction of a refused line. I then passed towards the right and met Capt. James, commanding a portion of the 52d Ohio, and directed him to form on the 22d Indiana. Very soon thereafter Lieut. Col. Fahnestock reported with a part of the 86th Illinois, whom I directed to form on the right of the 52d Ohio, refusing well his right. By this time I may safely say that not more than one-half the command was present. I urged regimental commanders to bring forward their men as rapidly as possible, and waste no time in strengthening their works. Cartridge-boxes were nearly empty, and I directed Captain Swift to find ammunition wherever he could and distribute it to the regiments. This he obtained from the 20th army corps, not being able to find ammunition wagons of our own division. Men who had become separated from their commands, were rapidly coming forward, so that the line was now compelled to yield battalion front to the right. My works were scarcely strong enough to protect men lying down, when the enemy's skirmishers advanced to within shooting distance, and commenced a lively fire. At this moment a staff officer of the Major General commanding left wing, met Captain Burkhalter, brigade inspector, and directed that the line should be thrown back about seventy-five yards. This direction I could not obey, even if the point, selected by him, had been more advisable, for the main line of the enemy at this moment vigorously assaulted my works, and were handsomely repulsed. My line having proved available once I determined to strengthen and hold it; besides it was the nearest position I could obtain to the lines of the 1st and 2nd brigades of the division, which I knew were then isolated by the intervention of a heavy rebel column. About half an hour before sundown, Gen. Coggsell, commanding a brigade of the 20th army corps, moved in past my right, and advanced swinging to the left past my front, until his left rested about 150 yards to the front of my center. Here his command became hotly engaged, but maintained firmly its position, until darkness terminated all efforts of the rebels to dislodge it. During the fight in front, my left was attacked by strong columns of the enemy, but in every instance they failed to move it. As soon as darkness came on, I directed my line of works to be made strong, and obstructions placed in front. Though the troops

of this command had been driven back at an early period of the day, I can bear witness to the total absence of anything like demoralization in the ranks; in the engagement I have attempted to describe. Men were cool and determined, and fought with the energy of heroes. During the night I maintained a good picket line to my front. On the morning of the 20th, at 9 o'clock, I was relieved by Gen. Carlin of the 1st division, and directed to join the 1st and 2nd brigades. This I did, and took position in reserve. At 9 p. m., by order of Gen. Morgan, I placed two regiments in temporary works which had been vacated by Gen. Baird's troops, and on the following morning I moved the two remaining regiments of the brigade, and extended the line across the Goldsboro road. This formation put the brigade in single line with the left much advanced. Here I had constructed a strong line of works. This new position placed me about one third of a mile in advance of the 1st division of the corps, and with no connection on my left, which fact I reported. About 10 a. m. Maj. Gen. Slocum visited my line, and informed me that he would immediately put in troops on my left. Soon after a division of the 20th army corps was formed, making the connection complete, but did not remain more than half an hour, when it was withdrawn, again leaving my left exposed. This involved the necessity of refusing the center and left of my line so much, that it threw my entire line on the south side of, and parallel to, the road. About 3 p. m., the enemy opened on my skirmish line with artillery, and at the same time advanced a line of battle and drove the skirmishers in. The line of battle advanced to within shooting distance of my main line, but hastily retired upon receiving our fire. The most of my line was so close to that of the enemy, that lively picket firing was kept up all day. At night the enemy retreated, and my skirmishers were the first to enter his works at daybreak, which fact I reported to you at once. On the 22nd instant the brigade marched as far as the Neuse river, and encamped for the night. On the morning of the 23rd, it crossed the Neuse and marched as train guard to this place, where it reached its present camp, on the north side of the city, at dark. In order to show, to some extent, the damage done to the enemy in the fight of the 19th instant, I have to report that on the next day, details from this brigade, for that purpose, buried 112 dead rebels, including 8 commissioned officers, on our front alone. Other duties were required of the troops before the dead were all buried. The casualty list of the brigade, pursuant to orders, has been forwarded. My grateful thanks are due to Captain Swift, A. A. A. G., Captain Burkhalter, A. A. I. G., and Lieut. Tanner, A. D. C., for the efficient services they rendered me at the critical moment when I assumed command of the brigade, and their subsequent conduct on the field only added luster to their

long acknowledged bravery; also to Captain Stinson and Lieutenant Scroggs, of the division staff, who were, during a portion of the engagement, cut off from their commander, and served me to excellent purpose as volunteer aids, until communication was opened to Gen. Morgan's quarters.

	I have the honor to be Captain,
To	Very Respectfully,
Theo. Wiseman,	Your Obedient Servant
Capt. and A. A. G.	JAS. W. LANGLEY,
Second Division.	Lieut. Col. Comdg. Brigade.

















UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA

973.74IL6125

C002

THE 125TH REGIMENT, ILLINOIS VOLUNTEER I



3 0112 025370955