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ANNALS OF THE 19th

NINETEENTH OHIO BATTERY

VOLUNTEER ARTILLERY;

INCLUDING AN OUTLINE OF THE OPERATIONS OF THE

SECOND DIVISION, TWENTY-THIRD ARMY CORPS;

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF ARMY LIFE,

AS SEEN ON THE

MARCH, BIVOUAC AND BATTLE-FIELD.

BY THEODORE C. TRACIE.

PUBLISHED FOR THE BATTERY COMMITTEES BY J. B. SAVAGE, CLEVELAND, O.

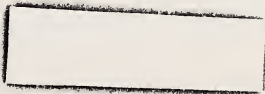
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“Our fight was nobler for disaster ;
No easy triumph were half so grand ;
The Nation's spirit towered the vaster
Because of defeat ; our spacious land
Was narrow verge for such events
As tracked its huge circumference !”



TO MRS. ALLEYNE MAYNARD,
WHO, AS
MISS MARY BRAYTON,
WON THE REVERENTIAL LOVE AND ADMIRATION OF A PEOPLE,
BY HER UNSELFISH AND UNTIRING WORK;
AND TO HER CO-WORKERS,
THOSE BRAVE, TRUE-HEARTED WOMEN
WHO COMPOSED THE
CLEVELAND BRANCH OF THE U. S. SANITARY COMMISSION;
WITH A TENDER RECOLLECTION OF THE GREAT SERVICE
THEY RENDERED TO THE
OHIO SOLDIERS ON THE FIELD AND IN THE HOSPITAL,
AS A TRIBUTE TO THE GRANDEST TRAITS OF AMERICAN WOMANHOOD,
-DISPLAYED IN A DARK PERIOD OF OUR HISTORY,
IN CARING FOR THE SICK AND WOUNDED;
IN GRATEFUL MEMORY OF THE REGRETTED DEAD,
AND IN HONOR OF THE LIVING,
THIS BOOK IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED BY
THE AUTHOR.



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PERSONAL.

I am loth to present this volume to the public without saying something of a personal nature regarding it. I have no apology to make for its manifest incompleteness, for the best of my poor ability has been applied to it. If any of my old army friends should feel disappointed with the work I have produced, they will bear in mind that they cannot feel as dissatisfied as I have many times felt since I commenced it, on account of the great disparity between my original design and its later execution. I had it in my mind to present at this late day, with some attempt at freshness of recital, the history, in detail, of the Battery's experience during three years of an unhappy war. I had a purpose in elaborating what to some may seem to be unimportant details, but which, I trust, will be read by my old comrades with no little interest. Their children will, at least, find some pleasure in reading the amusing and graver incidents of their fathers' experience.

The adding years since I commenced this work have brought to me a sad regret that these rambling recitals were not made earlier. But unpropitious events and a busy life have forced me to put away, year by year, a longed-for pleasure. Every year has lengthened the dead-roll of the command, and the list of the living has been unpleasantly lessened. Wide separation and diversity of pursuits have left

comparatively few together. Those young fellows who came out of the service with rounded, ruddy cheeks, nimble step and jaunty carriage, and unflecked hair, have drifted into middle age; many of them have silvered heads, and the deep lines and wrinkles which merciless Time leaves as his way-marks, can be seen in their faces; not a few of them see better with glasses, and their children are stretching up to them in size, and every day reminding them, with unconscious obtrusiveness, that they are no longer young—that the heyday has been superseded by a graver life. Those young bachelors, who flirted so desperately with bright-eyed girls in '62, have gravitated into matrimonial bonds, and now contribute materially to the census-taker's duties and the common school statistics. That their hearts are still young and their memories green, I had ample testimony less than one year ago, when I visited them for the first time since the war. To the young hearts of his old comrades the writer earnestly appeals, and hopes he has not lived alone in the past while preparing this work. If such a thing were possible, I would feel that it was indeed unfortunate; for I have had, as a large incentive to my work, the hope that I was strengthening the bonds of friendship and freshening the memories of those who were once banded together in a noble cause, and who in civil life have neither ignored nor forgotten the varied and perilous associations of their soldier life.

It is but proper that I should make some explanation of what may appear to be the frequent personality of the writer in these recitals. In many places I have used the facile "we" to express what I conceived were the impressions of my comrades as well as myself. In any other manner than this, a natural dislike of egotistical prominence has prevented me from lapsing into anything like personal recollections.

I need not say that the preparation of this work, which was begun twelve years ago, has been accompanied by severe labor on my part, which would have been much greater had it not been for the very prompt and generous assistance which

the officers and many of the members of the Battery have given me. The pleasure I have had in my task has been largely augmented by the kindness and sympathy I have received from my old command.

I believe that, in the main, the correctness of the details of movements will not be seriously questioned. In a large degree I have had my material before me in diaries kept by myself and others during the war, and I believe they were essentially correct.

In the expression of opinions on certain features of the war, from which deductions of a political character may be drawn, I trust that the exercise of what I assume to be the author's right will not serve to detract, in the estimation of those who may hold contrary views, from what little merit there may be in the book. It is an abiding belief with me that time exposes errors, but does not change facts. The man who fought for his country during the last war performed a noble and perilous duty, and deserves to be honored and remembered by his country. The man who fought to destroy this Government occupies altogether a different position in the world of fact. No sophistry can ever place the two on the same matter-of-fact plane. If one was right, the other was wrong, and the Union soldier was certainly not wrong.

To my mind, it is subversive of truth to attempt to ignore the great principle of right which actuated the Union soldier, and to degrade it to the weak concession that both parties were right from their respective stand-points, and that the stronger naturally overcame the weaker. If it is to be resolved, as has been suggested by a distinguished statesman, "that the war was a conflict between Greeks, which was ended by the greater number of Greeks overpowering the lesser," it is a pity that so much blood and treasure should have been expended in a mere trial of brute powers, when the contest could have been narrowed to a prize ring, at a much less costly price and with quite as satisfactory results.

In these days, when the supply of the commodity of pardon really seems to exceed the demand, one superficially remembers that the excesses of the returned Prodigal Son quite threw into the shade the unobtrusive virtues of the faithful brother, and that the Prodigal was not too proud to ask forgiveness—which was evidently an ancient quality—neither was he too proud to accept the offered feast of good things provided by the forgiving father—which is decidedly a modern quality.

In dedicating this work to the noble women of Cleveland and vicinity, who bore such a large part in the war for the Union, I have only faintly expressed what is treasured in every loyal man's heart. Since the close of the strife death has made frequent visits to the ranks of these brave, true women; but in no case in such sad manner as in the present year. Remembering the loyal women of Cleveland with admiration and gratitude, I trust that those who have lived to read these lines will accept this humble tribute as an expression of the high regard entertained for them by every Ohio soldier.

THEODORE C. TRACIE.

LOUISVILLE, KY., October, 1878.

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Annals of the Nineteenth Ohio Battery.

CHAPTER I.

The Necessity of Preserving the Incidents of a Military Organization—Its Interest to Those who Participated Therein—A Review of the Civil, Social and Military Situation in 1862—Robertson Smith's Poetical Satires on "Army Leeches," and the "Tendency of the Times."

To write the detailed history, at this late day, of any military organization that figured in the war for the preservation of the Union, is much like recalling a half-forgotten dream, or in maturer years rehearsing the incidents of an eventful youth. In both cases the details have naturally become dimmed by time, and to some extent have lost their charm and freshness, even to the actors themselves. The events of a military career, however, take deeper root in memory than any other experience, and old men, with failing faculties, love to recall and dwell with pride upon the dangers and hardships of a soldier's life, which they experienced

in their young days. Whatever changes time may bring, however, it cannot lessen the natural pride and interest with which men recall the patriotic services they rendered to their country when its existence was threatened by armed foes.

The preservation of the incidents and details of such a career in some authentic form is the laudable desire of every man who risked his life and honorably performed his duty in the army, and who contributed, in never so small a way, to the suppression of a rebellion which for four years menaced the life of this Government.

With this end in view, the writer has attempted to recite, from written memoranda and memory, the detailed history of a single organization in the grand army that fought for the Union. However limited may have been its field of operations, it performed its whole duty always cheerfully and promptly, and made an honorable record.

The history of the NINETEENTH OHIO BATTERY OF LIGHT ARTILLERY will be of interest, not alone to the surviving members of that organization, but to many others who directly participated in the same stirring events, endured the same dangers and hardships, and whose history necessarily is closely allied with it.

At this late day it is but proper, in commencing such a recital, to group together, without bias, the situations and conditions of affairs—civil, social and military—

which existed at the time the organization was brought into existence, in order that the reader may more readily recall one of the most trying periods of the country's history.

The year 1862 opened with no very cheering prospects to the friends of the Union. The people of the United States fully realized that the rebellion was no limited insurrection—no mere outbreak of a passionate people, chafing under imaginary wrongs. It was apparent to every one that the rebellion had assumed vast proportions, and had mighty resources; that it was the culmination of long years of preparation on the part of bold, designing politicians, who had been fitted by education and habit, and stimulated by ambition, to become the desperate leaders of the South, whose people and institutions, politically and socially, were directly in opposition to the teachings and customs of the people of the North.

The struggle had already assumed formidable proportions, and the drain upon the resources of the loyal States was being seriously felt in every avenue of life. The people had hardly made up their minds to thoroughly learn and practice the art of war. The arbitrament of the sword in the settlement of dispute was repugnant to them. They were loth to believe that the peace of half a century was to be rudely broken by a long and bloody civil war.

The conviction was forced upon them in the second

year of the war that the people of the Southern States were savagely in earnest, and determined to destroy for all time the bonds of the Union, and that compromise of the difficulty was out of the question, save on the basis of complete separation.

The heresy of secession was but the legitimate offspring of the infamous doctrine of State Sovereignty—the political creed that assumed the right of a State to retire at will from the confederation and set up an independent government of its own—a doctrine, in effect, that claimed the right to Mexicanize the most liberal, humane, peaceful, prosperous and civilized nation on earth.

Those good people who had an abiding faith in newspapers and over-confident statesmen, when they predicted that “the rebellion would be crushed out in ninety days,” began to despair, as the “ninety days” stretched into many months, and day after day, amid reverses, confusion and complications, hid the longed-for end from view.

Love of gain kept apace with, and too often in advance of, the spirit of patriotism. Peculation and speculation became synonymous terms. Men made loyalty a cloak for robbery. Greed, selfishness and inefficiency passed muster under the garb of assertive patriotism. The history of all nations, of all times, engaged in civil war, was being repeated in the United States.

There were many brave, true men, however, whose patriotism was beyond question. They left family, home and friends, and, shouldering the musket, marched to their country's defense, trusting to the righteousness of their cause, and to the patriotism and wisdom of the Administration for the selection of those whose duty it became to control the movements of armies, and to supply them with all the necessary munitions of war, provisions and equipments. That it required but a few months to demonstrate how poorly the anticipations of the patriotic soldiers were realized is a part of the history of that time.

While the loyal citizens were thronging to the front, to fight for their imperiled country, there were those behind who fattened upon the wants and woes of the times. They were human leeches on the body politic, who were sucking the national life-blood from every pore. They prayed for contracts from the Government, and they preyed upon the wants and necessities of the soldier on land and water. Legislative halls thronged with these parasites, who incited and pushed to successful end measures for selfish purposes. The army afforded a grand field for their operations. This class of men was very happily pictured at that time by a local poet, under the appropriate title of "leeches."*

* Mr. ROBERTSON SMITH, who was, early in 1862, editorially connected with the *Cleveland Leader*, wrote a number of happy hits on the times, from which we select one entitled "Leeches:"

Ohio had its share of these leeches. Such a great, generous, loyal State afforded large opportunities for this energetic class of patriots, who never hesitated at

“’Tis strange, indeed, in times like these,
 How many show their feeling
 And love of country in a kind
 Of ‘gently o’er me stealing.’
 One man goes prating, long and loud,
 About our bleeding nation;
 But while the soldiers gape around,
 He robs them of a ration!

“Another, with long face he asks
 A blessing on our forces;
 He wants a chance to try his hand
 In contracting for horses!
 He’s loyal to the ‘stars and stripes;’
 He voted, too, for Jackson!
 As long’s his contract lasts, he says:
 ‘Old Abe, just lay the tax on!’

“Another’s oldest brother went
 To school with Mrs. Lincoln’s;
 To show his love of country, he
 Would furnish it with tin cans!
 He’d like to cup Old Uncle Sam,
 And try that style of bleeding;
 And all the while he talks about
 ‘This damnable seceding!’

“Another wants a sutler’s berth—
 To fight he isn’t able;
 And so he’d like to do his share
 In furnishing the table!

the terms, size or nature of a contract; who were willing, in fact anxious, to sacrifice their private interests on the altar of their country's good; who, at great personal risk and sacrifice, were ready to furnish our brave troops with munitions of war, provisions, and all the varied supplies necessary to an army in time of war.

What did it matter if uniforms grew old and shabby after a week's wear, and gaping seams exposed the mean economy of the soldiers' underwear; that woolen shirts were mysteriously metamorphosed into a hybrid cotton

'He loves his dear old country's flag,'
 And 'Yankee Doodle Dandy,'
 And so he shows his love for them
 By selling bogus brandy!

"Go where you will, look where you choose.
 You'll find these army leeches—
 In Church, in Congress, on the stump,
 A-making Union speeches.
 'Round bar-room fires these wintry nights
 They drink their whiskey toddy;
 While shiver, shiver in the camps
 The men they clothed in shoddy!

"Away with all such men as these,
 Who rob our flag's defenders;
 To Warren and to La Fayette
 With all such base pretenders!
 And if at all our dear old flag
 Is to be rent asunder,
 Let it be done by Rebel hands
 And not by those of plunder!"

fabric; that blankets, warranted a sure protection from wet and cold, lost their weight and firmness under the disintegrating effects of the first shower, and became wonderful rag-combinations, not impervious to wind or weather; that uppers and soles of boots and shoes parted company after a day's march; that the coffee was too often light and tasteless, and the sugar much too heavy and rank; that ammunition, shot and shell, became more dangerous to those who handled it than to those toward whom it was directed, and that sawdust was not unfrequently found to be a substitute for powder? What did it matter if these and a thousand other misfortunes, wrongs, swindles and outrages resulted from fraudulent contractors and venal inspectors? The Government had plenty of money, the contractor was paid, and the soldier was not easily discouraged.

For a long time, with a patience and credulity unexampled, the Government and the people seemed to believe that the monstrous irregularities which were being exposed every day by the independent press were but the necessary results of a people trained to peace taking their first lessons in war; but, finally, with experience came watchfulness; then detection followed, and prompt punishment met the guilty in many cases.

The violent contrast of a long prosperous peace with a terrible civil war had its baleful influence on the country, and the effects were deplorable, not only in the cruel destruction of human life and property, but

in a wide-spread demoralization and general disregard of honor and honest dealing. The times were sadly out of joint* Hovering over and surrounding this grave condition of national affairs, however, there shone out, clear and bright, a grand spirit of patriotism, and a stern determination to punish wrong-doers and suppress the rebellion. The people began to fully realize the true condition of affairs, and throwing off the gloom and depression which had resulted from defeat and costly victories, girded themselves anew for the long conflict. Amid the dross and base metals of fraud, greed and selfishness, there was visible the pure gold of patriotism.

The great mass of the people did not grow disheart-

* We quote again one of ROBERTSON SMITH'S poetical comments on the tendencies of the times:

“What changes have come o'er our once happy nation;
What a mighty rebellion 's sprung up in the land;
How the men who lately stood highest in station,
In the ranks of the Rebels have taken their stand.

Prolific in orders and long proclamations
Was the year which lately has drawn to a close;
A great year for darkeys to leave the plantations,
A good year for dealers in old shoddy clothes.

For alas ! be it said, that among us are many
Who, while filling the air with their shouts and huzzas,
Put their hands in their pockets and take the last penny
Of the gallant defenders of the “stripes and the stars.”

ened under reverses, and although there were plenty of craven-spirited hounds in the political kennel that opposed the war, who cried "peace! peace! at any sacrifice!" a stern determination was evinced to prosecute the war to a successful end, whatever the cost might be in blood and treasure. From the heart of the loyal people came the undying sentiment, "the Union forever—it must be maintained."

There was but little advantage to be claimed in our favor in the opening of the year 1862. Disasters had alternated with doubtful successes, and public confidence in the reliability of such frequent telegraphic announcements as "Another Great Strategic Movement!" "The Backbone of the Rebellion Broken!" &c., was materially lessened. Credulity took the place of the gullibility which had prompted the public to hastily accept as "glorious victories," what too often afterward transpired to be only unimportant skirmishes, and unskillful retreats.

The nation's heart pulsed slow or fast as the news of the success or defeat of our troops was sent from the front. The terrible ordeal of a great nation in travail was ever present, but a belief in the justice of our cause kept alive hope, encouraged the despondent, and gave new life to the faint-hearted and despairing.

Our citizen apprentices to the art of war were learning costly lessons in every battle. They were confronted by a brave, determined, embittered people, and

they fully realized the fatal results of blunders in the field, and neglect and inefficiency in the rear. Political generals, after a few costly and unsuccessful experiments, dropped to the rear, or out of the service for which they were eminently unfitted, and very appropriately took their places in the ranks of the party that opposed the prosecution of the war; while the true soldier, the capable leader, stepped to the front, and won his way, step by step, with his own right trusty sword.

The daily panorama of the war, with all its terrible pictures, was spread before the people by the daily press, and had a most thrilling interest to every one. Defeat in one quarter was followed by costly and doubtful victory in another, until it seemed as if the future of this great country trembled in an uncertain balance.

In January, an important victory was gained at Mill Spring, Ky., by Maj. Gen. Thomas over the Rebel general Zollicoffer. The enemy was defeated with a heavy loss; the commanding general was killed, and a disorderly retreat ensued, leaving Southern Kentucky in undisputed possession of the Federal forces, and a passage open to the possession of East Tennessee. This stronghold of determined Unionists was separated from Kentucky by almost impassable mountain ranges, hills and valleys. The advantage gained was not followed up, however, by the Government, for lack of troops.

In February, Forts Henry and Donaldson, two Rebel strongholds on the Tennessee river, were surrendered to

the Federal land and naval forces, together with a large number of prisoners, arms, etc.

Not so cheering were the reports from other sections. Gen. Burnside, in command of a large expedition, sailed from Hampton Roads on the 12th of February, and after suffering great dangers and losses from terrific storms, finally succeeded in taking possession of Roanoke Island.

In the West exciting events were occurring. Gen. Price, in command of the rebel forces, retreated from Southern Missouri, and was pursued by Gen. Curtis to Arkansas, near the boundary line of which was fought, with great stubbornness, the battle of Pea Ridge. The victory was a costly one to the Federal forces, who were left in a perilous situation.

With April came one of the most terrific conflicts of the war. The battle of Shiloh was fought, and the victory was claimed by both armies. While the enemy conceded a technical victory to the Federal forces, the success of our arms was such a costly one, and had been attended by such manifest errors, that it inspired no exaggerated joy.

In the East, Gen. McClellan (who had suddenly become, in the estimation of some, the greatest of living generals) had crossed the Chickahominy with a large army; and Gen. Banks was pushing up the valley, hotly pursued by the Rebel general, Stonewall Jackson.

Forts Pillow and Randolph, and the City of Memphis,

Tenn., had surrendered to the Union forces, and the irrepressible Gen. Grant was thundering at the gates of Vicksburg.

The general situation, in the early spring, was not by any means a cheerful one. The Confederate Government had large armies in the field, and was fierce and aggressive. The Southern people were bitterly incensed, and fully determined on achieving their independence regardless of the terrible cost. In the North there was equal determination, but less union of sentiment. The Capital of the nation was threatened, and the Government was calling on the loyal governors to send forward three months volunteers for its protection.

When Washington was no longer in immediate danger, and the Virginia campaign had terminated, the Government realized the necessity of reinforcing the armies, and a call was made for 300,000 men. The necessity for this call was so fully appreciated by the loyal people of the North that a great patriotic uprising took place from one end of the land to the other, and the State of Ohio, that had been foremost in aiding the Government at the outbreak of the Rebellion, called upon her sons again to come forward in defense of their country. The reader can easily recall those stirring days, and the spirit of patriotism that pervaded the masses of the people. Recruiting offices were opened in every town and village in the State. Regiments of infantry and cavalry, and batteries of artillery, were

filled in a few weeks with men from every avenue of life. No class of citizens exempted themselves from military duty. Literally speaking, the people had risen in their majesty and said to the general Government, "This is a cruel, causeless war, provoked by pestilent politicians, to disrupt this Union, originally cemented by the blood of our forefathers. While we live the Secessionists shall not prevail. We offer our lives and our treasure to the Government to preserve this glorious Union."

It had begun to assume form in the minds of the people that the South meant by a separate government, the establishment and perpetuation of a great slave oligarchy. While at first there was a large patriotic element in the North opposed to interference with slavery, as the war progressed and the true spirit of the conflict became more clearly defined, the people accepted the issue, and said, The curse of slavery shall no longer exist in this free country. The irrepressible conflict, as predicted in the National councils, years before, had come. Thenceforward, the patriot soldier fought for the Union, and for freedom for all men, irrespective of race, color, or previous condition.

Cleveland, the garden city of the Western Reserve—the section wherein the tree of abolitionism had taken deep root and flourished, from the time that Lloyd Garrison, Gerritt Smith and Wendell Philips had taken an advanced position on the slavery question—this

beautiful city, with its generous, loyal citizens, gave itself up to the patriotic work of sustaining the Government to the exclusion of almost every other idea. Its best blood was offered and accepted. Men came from every avocation, and, as a general thing, sought only a place and opportunity to serve their country. Brave, true men were those Cleveland volunteers of 1862, who went forth to battle in a long and bloody war, many of whom came not back again, but laid down their lives ere the conflict had ended.

This, in brief, was the situation of affairs in the summer of 1862, and when the history proper of the NINETEENTH OHIO BATTERY begins.

CHAPTER II.

Sketch of the Officers of the Battery—Popularity of the Organization—Superiority of the Men Composing It—Life in the Barracks on the Heights—The Inutility of Orders, and How They were Evaded—Devices of the Volunteer—Governor Tod's Address—Running Guard by Night, and Standing Guard by Day—The Heartless Sergeant—Wrecking the Guard-House—The Draft and the Copperhead Mob—The Battery Called Upon—Lieut. Wilson Orders a Charge—Preparing for a Camp Fight which Didn't Come Off—The Scene Upon the Battery Leaving for the Seat of War—Enthusiasm of the People—The Old Maid's Farewell and the Fat Man's Misery—“All Aboard!” and the Battery Moves Southward—Exhilarating Scenes of the Night Ride—Officers and Men Swearing to Stand By Each Other, and all that sort of thing.

In July, 1862, Mr. JOSEPH C. SHIELDS, a gentleman widely known, received authority from the Governor of Ohio to recruit an independent battery of light artillery for three years' service, and opened a recruiting office on Bank street, near the Weddell House. He was assisted in the work of organization by Mr. FRANK WILSON, Mr. WM. DUSTIN, Mr. ROBERTSON SMITH and Mr. CHARLES W. HARRIS, whom he had selected as his lieutenants—all of whom, with the exception of the

latter, had served in the three months' service in West Virginia. They were all in the prime of life, were widely and favorably known, and enjoyed good social position and personal reputation in Northern Ohio.

Capt. JOS. C. SHIELDS was a man of powerful physique, possessing great strength, and bore a well-earned reputation for courage. He was a man of great energy and quick resources, and had all the natural qualities of a successful leader. His experience in life had been of a varied character,* and his intercourse with all classes of men had made him self-reliant, and an admirable judge of human nature. He had been for years connected with the Lake Shore Railroad as conductor, and enjoyed a most extensive acquaintance. He

* Capt. SHIELDS' experience had not been entirely confined to a railroad, for he went to the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, in the employ of a transportation company, in the fall of 1858, where he remained two years, enduring danger and hardship which, in comparison, made military life comparatively tame. His descriptions of his adventures were graphic and worthy of reproduction. He took passage from the Isthmus, bound for home on a little steamer that was wrecked in a terrific storm the first night out, and after drifting about at the mercy of wind and wave, finally made the coast nearly one hundred miles from Vera Cruz, to which he walked, in company with eight others, most of the way through the sand and surf of the coast. He sailed from Vera Cruz on the steamer Tennessee (afterwards transformed into a rebel ram) for New Orleans, where he arrived Christmas night of 1859. He returned to Cleveland quite satisfied with his South American and Mexican experience, having not a particle of desire to repeat it.

entered the three months' service in 1861, as a private in Company D—a battery raised in Cleveland—and had supervision of the stock and wagon-train. He was a thorough judge of a horse, and afterwards proved himself to be one of the most superb horsemen in the army. His success and reputation as an artillery officer was assured in every division in which he served, and he was appointed Chief of Artillery on two separate occasions, over officers bearing older commissions than his own.

Lieut. FRANK WILSON was superintendent's clerk and telegraph operator, in the employ of the Cleveland & Toledo Railroad Company, when the war opened, and entered Company D (referred to above), where he served as rider of a lead team on the gun, and participated in many of the battles and skirmishes of the brief West Virginia campaign of 1861. On his return to Cleveland, he resumed his former position in the employ of the Railroad Company, remaining therein until he accepted a commission in the NINETEENTH OHIO BATTERY. He was of slight figure, quick in his movements, impulsive, and full of pluck. He was a natural soldier, had an arbitrary will, and was a capable and fiery leader under excitement, without losing his head. With the opportunities, and his ambition gratified, Lieut. WILSON would have made a most efficient and gallant cavalry officer, having all the dash and elan that distinguished our most daring and successful cavalry men during the war.

Lieut. WM. DUSTIN was, at the outbreak of the war and for several years previous, a check-clerk in the transfer-house of the Cleveland & Toledo Railroad at Toledo, where he was highly regarded. He enlisted in the 14th Ohio Vol. Infantry (commanded by Col. J. B. Steedman) on the 22d of April, 1861, and as a private soldier took part in the battles of Philippi, Laurel Hill and Carrick's Ford, West Virginia, carrying his musket with honor. When he was mustered out, in July following, he returned to the employ of the Railroad Company. He was the most reticent and retiring man in the command. He possessed acute intelligence, and had a rare appreciation of humor. There was a gravity about him that at first repelled advances, but it did not reflect the character of the man. He was just the sort of man to obey any order given by a superior officer without the slightest curiosity, no matter what the consequences might be. Lieut. DUSTIN bore a high character for integrity and honor, and was respected by every one.

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Lieut. ROBERTSON SMITH was a native of Cleveland, and served in the three months' service in the same command with SHIELDS and WILSON. He was a literary man from education and taste, and was a frequent contributor to the magazines and newspapers of that day. At the time of his entrance into the Battery he was connected with the Cleveland *Leader* in an editorial capacity. He was a most genial and attractive gentleman, and very

popular in Cleveland, where he was widely known, admired and respected. He was delicate in constitution and health, and had been most tenderly reared. His entrance into army life was from patriotic convictions and a desire to serve his country, not from any taste or affinity for the profession of arms. Compelled to retire from the army after a few months' service, on account of ill health, it would be difficult to anticipate what his success might have been as a military man.

Lieut. CHAS. W. HARRIS was money-clerk in the Cleveland office of the United States Express Company, and had held the position for years. He was a gentleman of good address, and possessed good clerical and administrative ability. An accident, in the first year of his service, which fractured his leg, necessitated his absence from the command the greater part of the term of service, he being on detached service in the rear, in the ordnance department.

These were the gentlemen, in brief, who had the honor to command an organization which in point of intelligence and worth had no superiors in the State of Ohio.

The rapidity with which the enlistment roll was filled, and the character of the men being enrolled, was flattering evidence of the high appreciation and confidence felt toward the officers by the public. It soon became understood that "SHIELDS' BATTERY" was a crack organization, in which the most fastidious gen-

tle men would find congenial spirits. The railroad companies sent their conductors, engineers and clerks; the express companies their messengers and their office people; the dry-goods houses their favorite clerks and book-keepers; the newspaper offices compositors and editors *ad libitum*; the machine-shops and work-shops of all kinds sent their hardy, skilled mechanics; and from near Cleveland came the lusty farmers' boys, who at first looked with a little scorn upon their frailer city comrades.

As an organization, "SHIELDS' BATTERY" was composed of the best educated, the most intelligent body of men that served during the war—rather a broad assertion, but, we honestly believe, literally a true one.

So many offered themselves at the Battery headquarters that the officers were compelled to reject all but the best material. It came to be understood that a little influence was necessary to enable one to enter SHIELDS' BATTERY, so great was the pressure. There used to be a legend among us that a very enthusiastic gentleman thought it necessary to spend some fifty dollars among the Battery people before he could have his name added to the honorable roll. It was afterward remembered that the same enthusiastic individual did, on many occasions in the succeeding three years, when sorely depressed by short rations of indifferent hard bread and coffee, and hard pressed by long rations of uncongenial digging and trenching, express his willing-

ness to give twice the sum he spent to get in if he could only get out.

Personally, the writer and a few friends were in much trepidation when it was rumored that the Battery was full on the 5th of August, and it was a matter of doubt if applicants would be accepted at a later day. The evening of that day was an anxious one to quite a number. Having arranged our affairs on the following morning, and as we were hastening to headquarters to ask for admission, we met ROBERTSON SMITH, and hastily asked his opinion on the situation, and solicited his assistance. He replied with a grim smile:

“ You needn't be in a hurry. You won't feel quite so anxious in two months ! ”

Ah, that was a moment of pride when our names were added to that long ink-spattered roll, which boasted more styles of chirography than could be found in a petition to the Governor for the pardon of a defaulter. The deed was done, and for “ three years or the war,” we belonged to Uncle Sam, if not sooner killed; captured or discharged.

On the 31st day of July the first name was written on the roll, and nine days after 175 men had been enlisted and marched to the barracks on the Heights. As the regulations limited a battery of light artillery to 144 men, thirty recruits were rejected, the majority of whom promptly entered other organizations which were being recruited in the same camp.

The men who were retained went into camp in good health and high spirits, and eager to learn their duties with all speed, in order that their departure to the front would be hastened.

Barracks-life at Cleveland was like a long-continued gala day and picnic. In their ignorance of military duties and responsibilities, the boys became surfeited with the pleasures, grew restless under the inactivity, of camp life, and longed for marching orders. "Camp life was all good enough in its way," they murmured. "but we came out to fight the Rebels, and not waste our time feasting and flirting." Like all volunteer soldiers they probably felt a stronger desire to meet the enemy, while in their camp of rendezvous, than at any subsequent period.

It is not difficult to recall, even now, those charming days, when the sun seemed to shine for the especial benefit of the volunteer; when all honor attached to him who wore the blue; when to be a soldier was to be—a man, in the highest sense of the word.

No day passed that did not bring with it the lady relatives and friends of the members of the command. The camp was the favorite resort of the people of Cleveland, and bore a dreadfully unmilitary appearance.

Gradually military forms and observances took the place of indifference to soldierly habits. Roll-call twice a day required the attendance of the men, and to be absent without permission from this important observ-

ance, necessitated a mark against the name of the unfortunate absentee. Guard duty was instituted, and three reliefs, of twelve men each, patrolled the boundaries of the camp every hour of the day and night; at least they were supposed to, whether they did or not. At first, guard duty was a novelty; there was a certain harmless sort of fascination about it. It was so military to walk the beaten path, with chest protruded, carrying a wooden staff, or later on, a heavy Austrian musket, and to know that no man dare cross your beat without permission. It was no uncommon thing for the night relief to turn out and find a portion of the guard asleep on their post. Gradually the boys began to learn that it was not soldier-like to fall asleep on duty, and became more vigilant and attentive, as the officers began to introduce discipline where disorder reigned.

With discipline came all sorts of restraining orders, rules and regulations from headquarters, and promptly with these orders, came violations of them. Punishment followed, of course. It was then that the amateur soldiers began to realize the power of military authority and restraint upon individual actions. They were no longer their own masters, they indignantly exclaimed, and they seriously contemplated a mutinous resistance. There never was such tyranny. It was crowding men a little too much to say that only twenty-five men, (or one-sixth of the entire number,) should be allowed to

absent themselves from camp each day. The full number was always absent, with permission, and a larger number took the same liberty without permission, when darkness came on, and mysteriously leaking out of camp, quite unexpectedly appeared in town at all hours, and at all sorts of places, greatly to the surprise of the officers, who wondered that twenty-five men could duplicate themselves so successfully, and who imagined that they met on the streets, and saw dodging around corners, the larger portion of the command which they left in camp at sun-down.

These strange disappearances became so numerous that it was found necessary to take steps to prevent them. The guards were entrusted with a countersign, and peremptorily forbidden to pass any man after dark who could not give them the word. These and other precautions were taken, yet when the officer of the day inspected the men's quarters at nine o'clock at night, and found only empty bunks where there should have been sleeping men, he wisely concluded that there was a huge leak somewhere. But the discovery of the evil was a much simpler matter than finding a remedy to prevent it.

Gradually it came to be understood that passes would be granted only for good cause, and the most remarkable ingenuity was exercised to improvise the necessary excuse. "Important business that must be settled up before we leave the State," was very effective at first,

but when this was advanced by young chaps who had no kind of business whatever to settle, it lost its force. "Sickness in our family, sir," met with prompt permission for twelve hours leave, until it was discovered that the sickness, in many cases, existed entirely in the imagination of the applicant, then that failed; the "funeral" business was good for awhile, but when in a number of cases leave had been granted on account of the death of a relative or friend, and it transpired that the bereavement had occurred several years previous, the confidence of the officer of the day in excuses generally, became shaken.

When all else failed there was a wonderfully unanimous inclination to go to the spring at the foot of the hill outside the lines, with a conspicuous pail and elaborate display of towel, ostensibly for a bath. The guard permitted those bearing these innocent burdens to pass, but in time began to notice that the stay of many of them extended to a late hour at night or an early hour the morning following.

It mattered little how stringent were the orders looking to keeping the men in camp; a large number nightly found their way into the city, and could be seen at all manner of public amusements and in every social circle. Doubtless a great number went to the city surreptitiously, who would never have thought of it if their liberty had been entirely unrestricted.

Gradually extra guard duty was prescribed for over-

staying a leave of absence, and at first the punishment was received with keen indignation. The writer remembers straggling into camp with half a dozen friends about nine o'clock one morning, our passes having expired at eleven o'clock the night previous, and being informed by the sergeant of the guard, that we "were just in time to go on guard for twelve hours." We went to our respective beats sullenly, and for some hours were sorely chafed at this tyrannical restriction of the liberties of an American citizen, and seriously contemplated the propriety of challenging Capt. SHIELDS for the arbitrary exercise of his authority.

Summing up the experience of those camp days we know now how delightfully the time was spent, and how slight was the discipline enforced. It was full of the largest liberty of action, which too often degenerated into license. As the time of our departure approached the number of our fair visitors increased, until the most humble among us could boast of his hosts of warm personal friends.

Great consternation fell upon the command about this time, on the announcement that a dispatch had been received to disband the Battery, and permit those who desired to do so to enter the infantry regiments in the same camp. To be dismissed from the service ere we had fairly entered it, and to be thus deprived of the opportunity of winning that glory which we all felt would attach to our names, was indeed a bitter disap-

pointment. The rumor produced the most unsparing, and we may add the most uncomplimentary, criticism of the Administration. We wanted to fight the common enemy, but we wanted to do it in a genteel sort of way; it being considered very genteel, it must be understood, to belong to SHIELDS' BATTERY.

Our fears and anxieties were allayed, however, a short time after, by the arrival in the city of Gov. Tod and staff, who came to review and encourage the various organizations being recruited at that point. We were ordered into line, and the Governor, uncovering his Napoleonic head, addressed us. He had just received a dispatch from the Secretary of War, stating that the Battery had been accepted, and would soon be mustered into the United States service.

How we cheered the grand old Governor for this announcement! Then he spake grave and solemn words of advice and encouragement. He thanked us, in the name of the State and the General Government, for entering upon this new career, so full of importance to the future of our country. He asked us to always remember what we had promised to do—to be brave and true, contented and stout-hearted in the performance of every duty; to make of our arm at night a pillow; to have the earth for our couch, the blue canopy of heaven for our shelter, and, trusting in God and the righteousness of our cause, hope for the best always!

The solemn injunctions of this patriotic Governor

were felt deeply by every man; and when, two years later, after sleeping upon the wet earth at night, and literally fulfilling the Governor's anticipations, we awoke morning after morning chilled and hungry, within range of the enemy's fire, and having but dim prospects of anything substantial then with which to appease our hunger—after enduring these hardships, it was but human to demur at times; but as often as complaint was heard, some one was ready to gravely remind the grumbler what Gov. Tod had said. This was sure to provoke a sharp retort, but the rejoinder that "a man was a traitor who couldn't endure some little inconvenience" generally closed the discussion. Good humor and cheerfulness a few minutes later dissipated the gloom of discontent; and I recall, at this late day, with pride and pleasure, the almost unflinching cheerfulness and willingness which characterized the daily lives of the members of the Battery under the most dispiriting and harassing surroundings.

On the 10th of September, 1862, Capt. J. R. Paxton, U. S. A., mustering officer, appeared in camp, authorized to muster the command into the service of the Government. The most extravagant rumors prevailed of the character of the examination which each man would necessarily be required to undergo. Nothing short of being stripped and critically examined for physical defects, and then being put through a course of eccentric gymnastics, was supposed to suffice this

vigilant officer. Painful fears of possible rejection tormented the boys of slight physique, and the fellows of lusty limbs and well-developed biceps and flexors affected to pity their comrades of frailer mould.

But the examination was concluded, and the men, with few exceptions, were accepted. They were formed into line, where, with uplifted hands, they solemnly pledged themselves to the faithful performance of a soldier's duties, and obedience to the officers placed in command over them—to become a part of the army of the United States for three years, unless sooner discharged. One month's pay, and an installment of \$25 on the bounty provided by Act of Congress, was received by each man after being mustered in.

The delicate work of selecting non-commissioned officers from among those who had been promised and those who wanted these humble places having been completed, every one was as well satisfied as could be expected, and the Battery organization, in all its details, was completed.*

Having become soldiers in pursuance of forms prescribed, the desire to obtain the largest liberty consistent with the least possible official sanction became more than ever a decided feature of camp life. Effecting an entrance through the camp lines, without being detected by the guards, amounted to a science, and was

* See Appendix, at end of this book, for list of names.

persisted in with a frequency worthy of a more important cause. It kept the guards awake, and excited their admiration to such an extent that they frequently permitted the candidate for the guard-house to cross the line before they halted him, with the consoling remark: "Got you this time, my boy; you won't take a turn on guard to-morrow, perhaps, neither!" after which they turned him over to the sergeant-of-the-guard, who, if he was not susceptible to the most pathetic pleadings of "Oh! let a fellow off this time; won't you?" or demonstrated a weakness for the contents of a pocket-flask, generally succeeded in getting the delinquents the promised extra guard duty.

A grave charge on one occasion was made against a sergeant, but we are constrained to doubt it. After agreeing to let the boys off without reporting them, in consideration of a pull at their bottle, he was reported to have taken an alarmingly vigorous drink, and, after endorsing the liquor in the most unqualified terms, coolly marched the possessors to the guard-house.

The consternation and confusion exhibited by the guards on dark nights, as belated ones made feints and dashes to cross the line into camp, afforded immense amusement to the boys, and served the double purpose of keeping the guards awake on their posts, and affording a bare possibility that a sharp run at an exposed point would enable an active chap to make his bunk in the barracks before the sergeant could identify him.

The guard-house was seldom unoccupied. It was part of the necessary economy of a military camp, and was utilized with a readiness and cheerfulness almost akin to duty. For deliberately refusing to obey an order that conflicted with their inclinations, two chums were sent to the guard-house for a week, where they congratulated themselves that they had no guard or police duty to perform, and where they received, through a little window, from their friends, condolences, beer, and other luxuries, which seemed to more than compensate them for the supposed disgrace of the confinement. But even the guard-house was not held inviolable, and on one occasion was almost demolished by two hilarious Battery-men.

A corporal and four men were detailed to go to town one day, to pick up and bring to camp, by force or otherwise, several of the boys who had overstayed their leave, and were reported in an advanced stage of intoxication and insubordination in the city. The corporal divided his squad into two detachments, to facilitate the search for the absentees, and, in the prosecution of their arduous duties, one detachment fell into temptation, and became quite as reprehensible in their conduct as the men for whom they had been sent. The corporal, with his sober detachment, was compelled to arrest them, and he marched sturdily into camp, to the amusement of every one, with half of his own squad under arrest, and in a very disordered state of body

and mind. With some assistance they were dumped into the guard-house, and the door was closed upon them. Strange noises were soon reported to headquarters as emanating from the guard-house, which noises soon swelled into a series of triumphant yells, and a sound of crashing lumber. Lieut. FRANK WILSON, who was officer of the day, had just remarked that—a place unmentionable to ears polite—“had broken loose over there;” and, as the words fell from his lips, a grand smash was heard, and the two hilarious prisoners, who had kicked one end of the house out, were seen gesticulating triumphantly at the opening, evidently regarding their work as very creditable to all concerned, and worthy of the highest commendation. The violent young men were, after some trouble, secured with ropes, and the guard-house was hastily repaired.

In September, the draft ordered by the Government was made in Cleveland, and it was rumored that violent resistance would be made to its enforcement. Incidentally, it will be remembered, the draft had a strange repellant influence on many people. Men who had business in Buffalo inexplicably found themselves in Canada, and others who had enjoyed good health all their lives suddenly discovered that they were in a very dangerous condition, from the encroachments of an insidious disease which unfitted them for military duty.

The Battery had been armed a few weeks before with

old Austrian muskets; and a Rebel brass six-pounder captured at Carrick's Ford, in West Virginia, by a Cleveland command, during the three-months service, was used daily to fire morning and evening salutes. These weapons completed the Battery's armament. The excitement in town increased as the draft proceeded, and charges of fraud were boldly (and we may here add, groundlessly,) made by the mob on the street, fronting the building on the south side of the Square where the ballot boxes were guarded. The charge of the copper-head element that the officers were discriminating against the poor in the interest of the rich, wrought the turbulent mob up to a dangerous pitch of excitement, and the necessity of military assistance to prevent trouble became evident. The Battery was hastily summoned to the post commandant's head-quarters, on the morning of the draft, where ball cartridges were issued, when they were ordered into town. We loaded the six-pounder with a miscellaneous assortment of scrap iron, nails, pebbles, crushed soda bottles, and broken brick-bats—we may thank our guardian angels that the necessity for discharging this formidable load did not arise that day—and away we marched to town at a rattling pace. The streets were crowded with an excited mob, as we filed into the Square. The first section was ordered to stack arms in a room adjoining the one where the draft was in progress, and Lieut. FRANK WILSON, commanding, went into the street to examine

the situation. Suddenly there was a commotion in the street, and some one shouted from the outside, "First section, fall in!" We grasped our muskets and going down stairs in flying leaps, hastily formed on the pavement, and realizing that the war had commenced, started for the Court House, apparently the chief scene of the trouble, on a double quick. As we forced a passage through the dense throng we saw our plucky commander in the midst of an excited group, with his uniform in disorder. He caught sight of the head of the column and shouted: "Form section, right wheel, charge!" and we executed the manœuvre, and charged with an impetuosity and earnestness that startled the belligerent mob, who fell back from our bayonets, crushing and tumbling, cursing and stumbling, in their eager haste to avoid contact with cold steel. We then formed into a hollow square, and guarding the approaches from the street stood at a "charge bayonet" for the longest half hour ever experienced.

No casualties were reported, I believe, as the result of this charge, although an enthusiastic little fellow privately boasted that he had "prodded a chap with his bayonet as he tumbled over the Park fence." After doing guard duty for some hours, and impressing the mob with the "power of the military arm," we marched into an oyster saloon, where refreshments had been provided by the officers.

This little brush sharpened the appetite of the com-

mand for blood, and each man afterward had long, and I must say, extraordinary tales to tell of his individual prowess that day.

On an occasion soon after, the Battery boys frustrated by force the attempts of an infantry command adjoining us to demolish a sutler's store hard by, and consequently incurred the animosity of that command. Intimations were made that they would pay our camp a visit some night and "get even." I need not say that the boys were "spoiling for a muss." One night when we were all at Ellsler's Theatre, by invitation of the manager, we were notified in a whisper by Sergeant GRIMSHAW to leave the house and form outside. We there received the information that the infantry boys had decided to "clean out the artillery camp" that night, and we marched for the Heights in a drizzling rain, with unfeigned pleasure, to be on hand when our neighbors called. The march was a very silent one, and our entrance into camp was from the rear, in single file, when we were quietly ordered into our quarters to prepare for the attack. Every man was to provide himself with such weapons as pleased him best, and await orders. For fifteen minutes we were engaged in rifling the baggage of our absent comrades of their pistols and spirit flasks, the first of which we proceeded to load, and the second to unload, with all possible dispatch. The brass gun received its usual heterogeneous complement of destructive material, and was brought to bear

on the approach from the enemy's camp. Thus prepared for the deadly fray we waited; waited by the indistinct light of a piece of candle in each barrack, dimly burning in the shade of a half barrel. But no enemy came. Regardless of danger, one by one lay down upon their blankets, and in a short time fell asleep, as oblivious to possible danger as they were to existing orders.

When morning came it was a matter of dispute as to the reliability of the information given that brought us to camp from Ellsler's Theatre. Finally, we compromised by assuming that the infantry boys had learned of our preparations to receive them, and wisely deferred their visit. It would only be fair to say that amicable relations were established between the two commands a short time afterward.

It should not be overlooked that drilling was one of our daily duties. Gun squads were organized, and in the school of the piece the men soon became proficient. The foot drill was creditably practiced each day, and in addition, bayonet and musket, and the zouave skirmish drills, afforded the boys a variety of military exercises. Social pleasures were varied and pleasing; vocal and instrumental music could be heard day and night. BILLY CHILDS' banjo solos kept the quarters thronged by day with lady visitors, and by night with admiring comrades.

In one of the barracks where Sergeant SMITH and

Sergeant KILLAM, known respectively as "Pard" and "Shorty," held unlimited sway and made things correspondingly lively, a lodge of the Sons of Malta was instituted, and young men with great curiosity and limited experience were initiated. The ceremonies were more vigorous and startling than attractive or soothing. The unhappy candidate for admission was put through a series of exercises that would have appalled an ordinary tight-rope performer and gymnast. He was blindfolded, and trotted up an inclined narrow board from the floor to the roof, dumped off suddenly into a blanket, and before he could collect his bewildered senses, he found himself being tossed in the air amid the most outlandish and solemn queries and responses. This exercise was followed by similarly cheerful and hazardous performances, until the candidate prayed for release, when he was formally admitted to all the rights and immunities of a Son of Malta. He in turn was repaid by seeing other aspirants for admission treated in a similar manner, and considering it an even thing felt constrained to maintain a discreet silence.

How sober in these late years some of those wild and unruly spirits have grown; and how many summer suns have bloomed on the graves of others. The password of the lodge those days, was "no levity," and to recall these trivial incidents at this late day, in view of those who have passed away, makes the writer almost feel that he is guilty of more levity now than his comrades were then.

In due time the monotony of our camp life was broken by the arrival of our uniforms from that extensive clothing dealer, Uncle Sam; and although at first the tall men gazed with disgust at trousers that only reached the shoe top, and jackets that failed to make connection with the waistband; and short men looked dismayed in a vast superfluity of trousers, and a perfect wilderness of jacket; still, with judicious swapping, everyone was satisfied, and with the aid of a tailor the command was becomingly and neatly uniformed. Thus garbed as became soldiers, and with the silver figures "19" on our caps, the anxiety to visit town became greater than usual, and unauthorized absences taxed the patience of the officers.

At last the long expected marching orders came, and on Saturday, October 3d, were read to the command, with instructions to break camp on Monday morning following. The brief interval left no time for trifling. It was spent in making final visits, closing up matters of business already too long delayed, and general preparations for the departure to the front. Few thought then that they would be compelled to serve longer than a year, and each one confidently felt that he held special immunities from death and disease, and his return home admitted of no doubt. Alas! for those who were in error, for some of them saw no more on earth their home or friends.

The crowds of visitors became larger every hour, and

every man was a hero, with plenty of admirers. At last Monday came; the last roll call in camp was had; absentees were accounted for; knapsacks were strapped on the shoulders, and the column of march was formed and put in motion. The military organizations in the city turned out as escort to honor our departure.

Looking back over the faded years, the scene comes wonderfully fresh before us. We see again the sturdy column filing down the hill road, that bright October day, into broad Superior street. We see the streets and sidewalks thronged with citizens, we hear the loud huzzas, and see myriads of tear-dimmed eyes. Outstretched hands greet us at every step, and the pulses of the manly fellows beat high. I recall (with a smile, now,) my own feelings as I glanced at my nearest comrade, adown whose cheeks the tears were fast falling, and could not be stayed. He was leaving a young wife and babe behind him, who, ere a twelve month passed, might be mourning over her orphaned child. My sympathy for him found blundering vent in some such remark as, "Never mind, old chap, you'll be back within a year, and it will pass in no time." As I received no answer I felt that he regarded it as indifferent comfort. I am glad that at least a portion of my prediction was verified, for he returned, unharmed, three years after.

It is not hard to fancy I hear those cheers ringing in the air yet, and see the clouds of fluttering handker-

chiefs in fair hands. Bright glances glimmered like sun-rays on the slow moving column, benisons fell upon every head, and "good bye," and "God bless you, boys!" filled every ear.

How intense and thrilling was that hour. The whole people of the Forest City were in the streets doing honor to her sons, and showering upon them prayers and wishes for their safe return. Ah, there was true metal in the patriotic outpourings of those days!

Down the broad street the column moved until it reached the depot, where the throng grew denser, and where myriad hands were stretched out to clasp the departing volunteers. The last clasp—the last kiss—the last tender message—the last solemn charge—the last glance from sparkling eyes—how often they were repeated in those fast-flying moments!

Not entirely indifferent to the sentimental surroundings, the writer, standing upon the platform, saw many a ludicrous feature in the swaying mass. Here was a ponderous old gentleman, panting, wheezing, and propelling his huge person forward through the dense throng, with the tears flowing down his fat cheeks, now begging, now denouncing the living obstacles before him, that prevented him from reaching his friend "Charley." He pumped up from cavernous depths anathemas on unconscious heads, but the honest old soul did not dream of offense—his heart was void of malice—and a way was opened up for him.

Few seemed free from this emotional epidemic, and even the writer, with glistening eyes, was compelled to laugh as he saw an enthusiastic maiden lady of forty summers, glorious in spectacles and side-curls, clasp the hands of one of our modest boys, and after effusively bidding him "Good-bye!" and "I pray that you will return home safe!" suddenly kiss the youth with the most enthusiastic earnestness. When I could compose myself sufficiently, I leaned forward and innocently remarked to the favored youth, "Sweetheart, of yours, my boy? Never mind; you can trust her while you're away!" and affected to be shocked when he indignantly replied: "No! blame you; I never saw the old girl before in my life!"

As I turned away from this scene, I caught the last glance and greeting from fair young friends, who it is safe to say have long ere this learned to bestow their glances upon their sober matrimonial partners, and in the hum-drum of every-day life would deem it but idle to recall the romance, enthusiasm and sentimentalism of girlhood's days.

At last the shout of "All aboard" is heard; the crowd clinging to the windows fall back from the moving train, and, with throbbing pulses and fast-beating hearts, amid waving hands, fluttering handkerchiefs and prolonged cheering, the Battery—the pride of the city—fades from view into the distance, and is at last *en route* to the front, leaving behind them a patriotic, but much disturbed people.

In all the mutations of time that came with the subsequent three years, I am confident that that parting day was not for a moment forgotten by the command, nor did they ever falter in their true allegiance and warm affection for the large-hearted people of Cleveland—the city that unselfishly sent her sons forth to do battle for an endangered country.

CHAPTER III.

The Camp in Covington, and the Beginning of Real Army Life—Camp Bliss by Sunlight and Moonlight—A Sketch of the Much-Abused Animal, the Mule, and Reference to a Model Driver—The Battery Fully Equipped—Capt. Thompson as a Drill-Master, and Lieut. Dustin's Imperturbability—The Grape Vine Developed—The March to Lexington—Substitutes for Money, and a Description of the Same—The Negro's Friendship for the Soldier—Camp at Ashland, and a Glance at the "Mill Boy of the Slashes"—Trophies of an Unimportant Battle—Details of Camp Arrangement—Occupations of the Men—The Comb Band's Serenade—Thanksgiving Dinner, and the Doubtful Means used to Procure It—The Command Unsuccessfully Searched for the "Crooked"—The Night Alarm, and the Remarkable Readiness of a Sergeant for Serious Business—Lieut. Harris Disabled by a Fall from his Horse—Camp Ella Bishop—The Union and Rebel Element in Lexington.

The ride through the night was accompanied by the most hilarious demonstrations. Kind friends had supplied abundant stores of refreshments in baskets and bottles, and every one partook freely. Every man enthusiastically pledged himself to stand by the officers, and the officers quite as effusively expressed their solemn intention to stand by the men, and "see the thing through," apparently under the impression that, having

left home for an uncertain career among strangers, they would have no one to look after them if they didn't do it themselves.

How those promises were kept—many of them meaningless, and all of them quite unnecessary—is a matter of no importance. For all practical purposes there was always hearty unanimity in the command. The dawn of day found the men wearied and worn from the excitement of the day previous, and they afforded anything but a picturesque view as they dozed and nodded in every imaginable attitude.

On the morning of the 6th of October the command arrived in Cincinnati, and on being reported to headquarters was ordered into camp across the river in the rear of Covington, whither we marched, our baggage being hauled in wagons. Some of the boys thought hacks or omnibuses should have been provided by the general commanding, but concluded to ignore the oversight in consideration of the fact that hardship and endurance must be expected by the soldier.

Our camp was near the Licking River, and as the men gazed about them, they involuntarily assumed a soldierly air, for were they not in the "enemy's country" at last? This injustice to the status of Kentucky, I opine, was due somewhat to the misunderstanding abroad of the beautiful and patriotic doctrine of "armed neutrality," which had distinguished that Commonwealth from every other border State.

The command was quartered in new barracks, and near us were a number of troops who had recently reached Covington ragged and destitute, having been part of the Federal command under Gen. Morgan that had been compelled to evacuate Cumberland Gap a few weeks previous, hotly pursued by the enemy, and suffering severely for want of food. They were awaiting new equipments and clothing, pending which they presented the most uninviting appearance imaginable. The number "19" was a conspicuous one in this camp, that number being borne by one regiment from Kentucky, one from Illinois, one from Indiana and one from Ohio, exclusive of our Battery.

The boys scanned the cliffs that skirted the river with keen eyes, and in every indentation and nook some of them fancied they saw the hiding place of a Rebel scout. At that time there probably was not an armed Rebel within a hundred miles of our camp.

Next morning the mail messenger had no sinecure in his office, for apparently every man had poured himself into letters to his friends. Were they not at last in the enemy's country, and were they not separated for the first time ever so many miles from relatives, friends and sweethearts? Rumors of the most extraordinary character circulated freely, and were promptly enlarged upon every recapitulation. We were to draw our armament and outfit within twenty-four hours and march for Southern Kentucky, where the enemy were waiting

to receive the "hireling invaders." There were all sorts of exciting things about to happen, which would directly and specially affect the fortunes and interests of the Battery.

I listened with patience and much doubt to the grape-vine dispatches, and was so indiscreet as to express as much on one occasion, when an excitable youth informed me confidentially that 25,000 Rebels were just south of Lexington, ready to march on Covington, and from there, the Lord only knew where else. Recollecting the fact that Kirby Smith had menaced Ohio from the Kentucky side with a large force a short time previous, and had felt it necessary to retreat without accomplishing anything more than a huge scare and a holiday for the squirrel-hunters, I wasn't ready to swallow such a rumor, and, intimating as much to the young man, received an indignant, "You'll see when its too late!" as he left me in disgust.

Camp Bliss—the inappropriate name of this camp—was a rude contrast to the quarters we had recently left in Cleveland, and had but few attractions. The frowning hills, the rugged gullies, the sluggish river, the dreary, dusty fields, and in general the uninviting landscape which met the eye on every side, forced the men to make comparisons, not favorable to this camp with the happy title. But even Camp Bliss was capable of coming out strong at night. To the æsthetical there was much to admire. The air was balmy; the moon

was at its best, and doing something particularly fine in the way of illumination; the rugged cliffs were softened and became silhouette pictures against the sky; the harsh and mean outlines of field and gully were toned down to an artistic vagueness; and even the river with its uninviting banks took upon itself by starlight to ripple and glisten, and conduct itself with vastly improved dignity; the bugles and drums sounded weird and attractive in the night air, and the shrill fifes were much less disagreeable than in the day; the tents scattered over the rising ground glistened white and still, in delightful contrast to the glimmering, blazing camp fires, which seemed to furnish in profusion the blue and red lights for a gorgeous stage-setting, just before the curtain was rung down before a full house. After all, it was surmised the boys missed their visitors more than they did the camp surroundings at Cleveland.

The 103d regiment O. V. I., recruited in and about Cleveland, and commanded by Col. Jack Casement, was encamped a few miles from Fort Mitchell, not far from Covington. The Colonel was widely known as a most genial, popular and energetic gentleman, and a good officer, and, with a large portion of the regiment, was personally known to our command. A number of the boys of the 103d visited the Battery every day, and a strong attachment was formed. They met and discussed the conduct of the war; what they purposed doing, and how they were going to do it. It all tended

to putting down the rebellion within twelve months, and returning to Cleveland with laurels on their brows, and all that sort of unreal thing. Happy enthusiasts! Two years later, as I saw the dead faces of a number of these brave fellows turned up to a wondering sky, I sadly recalled their wrecked anticipations. Instead of the laurel wreaths, there were unsightly blood-stains, and they had suddenly gone home to the narrow boundaries of a grave.

Within a week the officers of the command were so energetic in their demands upon the department, that they had succeeded in getting their requisitions filled, and the Battery received its outfit complete. Our armament consisted of six new twelve-pound Napoleon guns, manufactured by Miles Greenwood & Co., of Cincinnati, and excellent guns they were. Horses, mules, tents, and all the various articles necessary to the complete equipment of a battery of artillery entering upon active service, were furnished us in profusion. Training the horses to work in the guns, and breaking the mules, afforded occupation and amusement for everybody.

The promptness and facility with which the mules entangled themselves in double-knots in their harness, and the marvelous ease with which the leaders reversed themselves, and stared innocently at their drivers, from places only a moment previous occupied by the wheel team, was something startling and novel. They had

such an unpleasant way of disposing of their hind heels when any one was passing, and made so many energetic attempts to leave the imprint of their shapely hoofs on one's shirt-bosom or in one's diaphragm, that curiosity regarding these animals was very properly tempered with caution.

Association with the mules produced a sort of moral strabismus, sanctioned by long custom. The man of most precise and formal speech generally concluded an order to a mule with a remark which would be quite out of place here, and indeed shocking to ears polite. The animals really didn't seem to mind it, and it appeared to be wonderfully gratifying to their drivers. An exception to the rule was JAKE HARTMAN, the phlegmatic, jaunty JAKE, the crack of whose whip sounded like a rifle shot, and whose desire for glory was bounded by an army wagon and six mules. A model driver was JAKE, with his immovable manner and unlimited patience. There was a legend among us that he was the sole and solitary instance in the army of the Ohio, of a mule driver who didn't familiarize his animals with profane expletives. There was in JAKE the stuff out of which Christians are made. For twenty long months he followed his humble occupation and preserved his moral reputation—a long time to be moderately good under adverse circumstances, as the reader may possibly have experienced.

On one occasion, when an unusually aggravating

mule had sorely tried JAKE's patience for half an hour, and persisted in doing exactly what he was especially urged not to do, in the mildest and firmest of tones, JAKE is said to have dismounted, and, taking a long, perplexing look at the animal, was heard to mutter to himself, "Blast yer picter, any way!" and that was all. He then resumed his patient bearing and intuitive belief in the ultimate success of moral suasion over physical force and unlimited profanity, and never fell under suspicion again. I have often wondered if Jake, without being conscious of it, had not absorbed the teachings of some rural Zoroaster, and, dwelling upon the nature of the mule, believed in a vague sort of way in the transmigration of the soul.

Here the command commenced their field drill with guns, caissons and horses, and a rich and varied experience resulted. A certain Capt. Thompson, on the general staff, acting as Chief of Artillery, (and a very military man he was, by the way,) assumed the direction of our field drill on one occasion. He didn't take it kindly that the men and the horses should be awkward, and a trifle unfamiliar with battery manœuvres. During the drill the teams attached to one piece stampered and went flying across the field, striking ruts and stones with a horrible thud, and bouncing the cannoneers right and left from their seats on the ammunition chests. The excited Capt. Thompson rode furiously after the flying detachment, and, overtaking it, shouted to the lead driver:

“Are you a — fool; or don’t you know anything?”

The unhappy youth, who was making the most frantic efforts to keep his seat and check the speed of the hard-mouthed brutes, faintly replied, “Yes, sir;” and succeeded in pulling his team up against the nearest fence.

Lieut. DUSTIN, commanding this section, was riding about after his refractory pieces with an air compounded of weariness, disgust and lamb-like patience, when Capt. Thompson rode up and demanded, in a loud and offensive tone:

“Who commands this detachment?”

“I do, sir, in my feeble way,” replied the Lieutenant, with an unmoved countenance.

“Well, sir,” said the Captain, “you’ve got it somewhat mixed, haven’t you?”

As Lieut. DUSTIN didn’t like to commit himself on a question in which he was personally interested, he made no immediate reply. The Captain then proceeded to give this command in the most voluble manner:

“Form section, left oblique [pronouncing it ob-like], countermarch, forward, guide right—in battery!” After concluding, he turned to DUSTIN and said, brusquely:

“Now, sir, go on and give these commands, if you please. Throw out your chest, and begin!”

Lieut. DUSTIN, preserving an utterly expressionless face, promptly swelled himself up to such unnatural

proportions that he looked swaybacked, and shouted out in the most uninterested manner:

“Form section, left oblique [pronouncing it ob-leek], forward—what’s the rest of it?” said DUSTIN, in a mild tone of curiosity.

The Captain flushed, and shouted: “Ob-like, sir; call it ob-like, sir!”

“Left ob-like!” said DUSTIN, in a voice happily combining faint expectation and utter indifference.*

The gallant and excitable Thompson wheeled about at this astonishing display, and rode off, as DUSTIN afterward said, “in a cloud of profanity and dust.”

Capt. SHIELDS was more successful in his attempts to drill the command than these impetuous West Pointers. Under his instructions rapid progress was made by both horses and men. Every day was largely taken up in these important military exercises, and both officers and men were becoming intelligently familiar with their duties.

On the 23d of October the command took up its line of march for Lexington, accompanied by several regiments of infantry—the whole under the command of Col. Landrum, of the 19th Ky. Vol. Inf., an experi-

* As DUSTIN knew that the philologists and good authorities were about equally divided on the pronunciation of the word, he didn’t like the idea of tamely submitting to the arbitrary demands of the excitable Thompson. He only did so as a military necessity, he afterward explained.

enced and efficient officer. The guns and caissons were covered with plethoric knapsacks, and a miscellaneous assortment of baggage that would have sufficed for an entire division two years later. The cannoneer's mounted their seats, and sat with folded arms (just like the pictures in the artillery books), as the heavy, springless wheels jolted over the hard, dusty pike, until, fearing permanent disarrangement of the liver, they dismounted and trudged along on foot.

The road between Covington and Lexington traversed a wealthy country. Evidence of the culture and prosperity of the people could be seen in the residences and grounds lying adjacent to the road-side. The people of the blue-grass section were intensely Southern in their feelings, and had furnished men and money, supplies and sympathy lavishly for the Southern cause. They had experienced quite enough of military affairs to warrant them in the conclusion that it was both politic and wise to treat with kindness and labored courtesy the soldiers who made such frequent and unexpected calls upon them. The demands made did not partake of the extravagant; anything in the way of eatables satisfied the free-and-easy callers. One would suppose that these young men who unblushingly walked into private houses and asked "if they had anything cooked," were in the last stage of starvation, so persistent were they in their efforts to fill to overflowing their roomy haversacks. Sweet milk was pathetically

asked for, and there seemed to be a very general desire to eat everything in sight. It was taking that much from the enemy's supplies, some of the boys argued.

There was in the command an assortment and variety of money (so called) perfectly appalling. A beautiful (and, I may add, utterly worthless) bank bill was that emanating from Adrian, Mich. It was engraved in the highest style of art, but, unfortunately, the bank had busted before it had begun business. An enterprising Philadelphia lithographing company had printed a fine fac-simile of the Confederate bills and sold them cheap by the hundred. A Cleveland book-bindery had made its advertisements popular and valuable by having them resemble in no small degree a Government green-back. There were all sorts of seductive looking "promises to pay" in the possession of the men, who deemed it no particular sin to pass them off on the ignorant Rebels in exchange for food. They didn't argue from a very high moral or legal stand-point, I am sorry to say.

There were a few cases where the boys found the "trade even." On this day's march one of the "capitalists," hoping to raise some genuine money in trade, offered, in payment for a two dollar turkey, a ten dollar bill (Cleveland book-bindery), and received, as change, an advertisement of a Buffalo gold-pen factory and one of Perry Davis' Pain-Killer labels. Neither party demurred to this highly advantageous transaction, and parted without expressing the slightest dissatisfaction.

The first night was spent in an orchard, and an inch of snow fell, which soon vanished after sunrise the following morning. The march to Lexington was divided into five days, the distance being about eighty miles; and we went into Camp Sutton, in sight of Lexington, where we remained a few days in great enjoyment. Every man had his hair cut, and forthwith started a mustache, to look as soldierly as possible. These sanitary precautions were important, but it impressed strangers with a faint suspicion, when they came into camp and saw what a wonderful lack of hair there was among the men, that some reformatory institution had been emptied into the army as an act of clemency.

Absences from camp at night were here attended by substantial returns. The darkeys, who thronged the camp by day, indicated to the boys where particularly obnoxious Rebels resided, and lamb-chops and roast mutton became common. To the Northern soldier the negro, collectively and individually, was a remarkable character. Knowing nothing of the slave character, or the institution itself, other than by reading, the soldier had a mysterious interest in and sympathy for the black man, and was kind to him in all their intercourse. The negroes hailed the Union soldiers as their friends, their liberators from the bonds of slavery; and the writer cannot recall one act of bad faith or violated confidence on the part of a black man toward a Union

soldier. This was the universal endorsement of the negro by our soldiers in every part of the South during the entire war. They were true to the Union soldier, for in him they recognized the party—the Government—that was to make them and their children free people. In recalling that fact now, one naturally inquires, Has that loyalty and devotion been remembered at all times in a deserving manner by our Government? I fear the question cannot be answered in the affirmative.

In a few days the command marched through Lexington, and went into camp at Ashland, the home of the great statesman, Henry Clay. With us were several other batteries of artillery, the 17th Ohio being in park on our left. It was a grand old wood which surrounded us, and a very paradise for a soldier. Everything connected with Ashland had a charm and interest for the boys, who, like true Americans, venerated the name of Henry Clay.* The estate was owned by Mr.

* It may be out of character, in this connection, at this late day, to speak of the people of Lexington and their dead idol, but the writer thinks it fit to quote a few extracts from his diary of those days, to show the state of feeling then existing among his comrades: "On approaching Lexington, we pass within sight of the towering monument erected to the memory of the great statesman and patriot, Henry Clay, whose countrymen hold him in their hearts as one whose name will be indissolubly connected with the history of our Government for all time. 'If Clay had lived,' said the venerable Gen. Leslie Combs, on one

James B. Clay, the son of the great commoner, who was in sympathy with the South, and who discreetly and hastily retired from the State with Gen. Kirby Smith's army on the approach of the Union troops. The family residence was occupied by the wife and family of Mr. James B. Clay, who were under the protection of a son of Mr. Thomas Clay, both father and son being in sympathy with the Union cause. The estate was held almost sacred, and treated with the most punctilious respect; the personal feelings of the soldiers, independent of existing orders, prompting them to that course.

The Lexington people were either for the Union or for the Confederacy, and there was no mistaking their sentiments. The most intense bitterness was manifes-

occasion when visiting our camp, 'there would have been no such infamy as Secession, and if that could not have been avoided, there would have been no armed neutrality folly, but Kentucky would have stood for the Union with a warm heart.' One wonders with sadness why this beautiful, cultured city, the home of Clay, with a people treasuring his name and fame, his teachings and great talents in their heart of hearts, could so far prove recreant to his memory as to affix to her name the stigma of being the most bitterly disloyal city in the State; should regard it as a pride and honor to render aid and sympathy to those who would ruthlessly tear-down the grand governmental fabric to which Clay had contributed so much to build up. Yet the influence of this grand statesman is not totally lost, for there are many brave men and women here who stand firm and true to the old flag, and whose loyalty has remained unshaken through many grievous trials.

ted, largely on the side of the predominating element, which was of course disloyal. The women, God bless them, were true to their convictions, brave and fearless in their public commendation and sympathy for the Union troops and the Union cause. After Kirby Smith had vacated the city, the Union women, despite the sneers and threats of their Secession neighbors and friends, visited the hospitals where the Union troops were being cared for, nursed them, supplied their every want, and provided them with delicacies of every kind. It was, indeed, a courageous woman those days in Lexington who dared to be known as a friend to the Union and its defenders.

Ashland had additional interest to our command from the fact that a short time previous some Ohio cavalry troops had been surprised near here by Gen. Morgan, with a larger force, and after a brisk fight, in which less than a dozen were killed, the Union troops were compelled to surrender, but not until they had inflicted a heavier loss upon the enemy. The grand old trees were silent witnesses to the conflict that had taken place about them, and had many a bullet embedded in their uncomplaining trunks. So little had the Battery seen of war at that time, that these commonplace evidences of a battle were hunted for with the keenest scrutiny, and knife and saw and hatchet were always ready to detach these leaden messengers from their enforced seclusion. Many a letter was weighted

with these trophies and forwarded to friends in Cleveland. But that was in the days when the people had not become surfeited with trophies of the battle field. There came a time later on when wounded soldiers limped through the streets of every city, and a vacant chair, with sad suggestion, sat upon every hearthstone. They cared little for leaden trophies then.

Ashland was the most charming spot a tent had ever been pitched upon. Nature, cultivation and historical associations had done everything to make it lovely. The old forest trees shaded us from the October sun, and the greensward beneath our feet needed no embellishment to rank with the most elaborate carpet.

In the arrangement of our camp the officers followed a strict military precision, and the men adopted all sorts of conveniences and comforts, which two years later would have been regarded as ridiculous. The men were quartered in large Sibley tents, and each tent had its peculiar designation, and its occupants distinguishing characteristics. If the boys known as the "Firsters," had greater facilities for procuring apple brandy, and superior abilities for consuming the same, and to a greater degree solved the mysteries of a "full hand," and banked more heavily on a "bobtail flush," the "Towsters" excelled them in musical quartettes, overpowering metaphysical disputations, and demonstrated a more disgraceful aptness in introducing "Cleveland Bookbindery advertisements" and Philadelphia fac sim-

iles of Confederate treasury notes to those patriotic citizens who affected to despise Yankee money, and preferred Rebel currency; in addition to these amiable qualities they could kick down the center pole of their tent with greater equanimity and frequency than any other community in the line.

So we graduated down the line, in all the virtues and milder vices. From the frequent odor of roast mutton on the fires after dark, a reputation for being great gourmands attached itself to the boys on the left, who displayed almost supernatural powers in procuring dressed mutton without the formality of an order on the commissary.

All sorts of musical combinations were made, and vocal and instrumental harmonies made the night melodious or hideous in proportion to the powers devoted to the work. When Corporal CASSELL, he of the ruddy visage and flaming hair, was promoted to a new wall tent, it was regarded as of sufficient consequence to entitle him to a serenade. A comb band was promptly improvised, and went into rehearsal at full blast: full blast expresses the idea, for no organization was ever the recipient of such unlimited blasts as this one received every time they rehearsed before the industrious poker-players in the tents. Six desperate and determined young men composed this comb band; and provided with combs of varied and distinct capacity for producing the most horrible discords, they solemnly

marched to the corporal's tent, which was brilliantly illuminated with a tallow candle impaled on a nail, in honor of their coming, and proceeded to give the "Last Rose of Summer" with original and startling variations. Having concluded, they awaited a response. Soon the curtain swung back, and Corporal CASSELL, with all the gravity and self-satisfaction of a man who was about to return a favor in an appropriate manner, appeared, bearing in his hand a tin plate heaped with nut-shells and rotten apples, which he solemnly passed to the expectant performers, who, taking in the situation at a glance, and recognizing the appropriateness of the reception, hastily retired, to make life miserable to their comrades otherwise engaged.

The first real lessons of a soldier's life were learned at Camp Ashland; chief among which was how to subsist upon the enemy's country. That their efforts in this direction were not always attended with a strict adherence to moral laws, I am pained to admit. That the boys lived high, upon the discreet distribution of a deceptive currency among those of treasonable sympathies, was an undisputed fact, and to particularize at this late day, would, I fear, somewhat distress those who have long since become grave and steady citizens, possibly pillars of churches, and mayhap leaders in pious exhortation. The eccentricities of a licensed youth should not be rudely presented to the critical eyes of maturer and graver years.

I may be pardoned for recalling our Thanksgiving dinner in this camp, without going into those details which would mar the pleasure of the recollection of some, but which I recall, as one of the incidents peculiar to the soldiers serving in the field in those times. And if any one should be so absurd as to criticise with severity such peculiarities, they would evince a punctiliousness calculated to excite suspicion of their own purity.

As Thanksgiving Day approached, a few of the leading minds in the command resolved upon getting up a genuine dinner, peculiar to the day. Mindful of the injunction of the celebrated French *chef de cuisine*, in prefacing his invaluable method of preparing a hare for the table—first, catch your hare—the boys applied this same important principle to turkeys; and it was no unimportant matter, either, when one hundred and forty good appetites were to be satisfied. After skirmishing around, it was ascertained that ample opportunities would be offered for procuring the fowls before the day arrived.

Accordingly, their desires were gratified on the evening preceding Thanksgiving Day, by the approach of a prosperous old chap, of well-known Rebel proclivities, driving to town with a load of dressed turkeys. His wagon was promptly surrounded by the boys, who proceeded to price and critically examine the fowls. There was a gleam of gratified triumph on the old man's face

as he saw his load disposed of at prices fully double those he would have received in town. There was only the merest feint of disputing the prices asked, and the load was speedily purchased and promptly paid for—in Confederate fac-similes and Adrian bank bills.

The old man, apparently in admiration of such generous customers, asked, with some interest: "What Company is this, gentlemen?" and was promptly informed by a dozen voices, "The Seventeenth Ohio Battery." This was not strictly true, but was within two of the number, as the 17th Ohio Battery was on the left of the park, and was composed of young men who; it is to be regretted, were not quite so far advanced in the art of "getting along in the world" as their comrades on the right.

The proceeds of this outrageous transaction were soon distributed, and each mess was thankful in proportion to the amount of turkey-meat received, and, sinner-like, no one took heed for the morrow.

The old gentleman, relieved of his load, and with a pocket full of money, jogged along to town, doubtless congratulating himself on the ease with which he had beaten the Yankees. On making some purchases at a grocery, he presented in payment a nice ten dollar bill on the Bank of Adrian! The merchant, who had, in a somewhat costly experience, "cut his eye-teeth" in similar financial matters, promptly informed his customer that "the bill wasn't worth a d—n!" A

hasty inspection of the Confederate fac-similes resulted in a similar elegant opinion of their value.

Rage and consternation were depicted upon the irate old man's countenance, and he betook himself to the Post Commandant's office without loss of time. Before that highly-discerning officer he stated his case, and displayed the money (so-called). It is unnecessary to state that the opinion of the merchant as to the value of the article was corroborated by the Post Adjutant in a much less vigorous manner, who characterized the transaction very properly, it may be assumed, as "a most rascally affair, which should be sifted to the bottom with all speed."

The astonishment and alarm which pervaded the camp of the 17th Ohio Battery next day, when they were ordered out to be examined for spurious money, can easily be imagined, and only innocence of any such offense could be pleaded. They had neither money nor turkeys in their possession.

Intuitively, the 19TH OHIO BATTERY was suspected of being the guilty parties, and a timely hint having been received, every dollar of bogus money was promptly secreted, and the turkeys were exported to a safe distance in the rear of the camp. Having been ordered into line, an examination was made of the men and their quarters by the Post Adjutant and our own officers, during which time a perfectly marvelous expression of innocence shone on the face of every man.

Having concluded the fruitless investigation, Capt. SHIELDS gave the boys a significant warning that if they were caught with any of the "stuff" in their possession, he would promptly turn them over to the tender mercies of the Provost Marshal, and at the same time expressing the firm conviction that, although not detected, we were undoubtedly guilty, and not a particle too nice to commit even greater enormities—after all this, and even more uncomplimentary expressions by the "old man," the boys were dismissed, and meekly returned to their quarters, where they chuckled over their good luck, and expressed great curiosity as to the manner in which the boys of the 17th had withstood the awful charge.

This little episode delayed dinner that day a few hours, and when the different messes were engaged in consuming their respective shares of the turkeys, the Captain, sauntering through the camp with a cigar in his mouth, sententiously remarked:

"There's a d—n sight of turkey-eating going on here among you fellows, who didn't have a single bird in camp this morning!"

The Captain's remark was such a self-evident fact that no one thought it necessary to dispute it, and the Thanksgiving dinner progressed with great satisfaction to the end.

Personally, but privately, each man felt that Captain Jo. wasn't as much deceived as he affected to be, and

some of the boys assumed that "the old man and his mess had their share of the turkeys, any way."

Every day brought its duties and its hilarious fun, and no one's feelings were spared if, in harassing them, enjoyment for the many was extracted. There was a ludicrous affectation of jealousy of the non-commissioned officers on the part of the privates, who confidentially made threats that "if Sergeant —, or Corporal — put on airs over him, he'd hold him to personal account when the war was over." It was here that a disgraceful charge was made against ARTHUR GRAY, who, it was reported, was so impressed with his sergeant's chevrons that he was wont to go to the empty water cask in the rear of the camp, and, thrusting his head into it, shout: "Sergeant GRAY! oh, Sergeant!" thus gratifying his ears with the captivating sound of the title.

Living each day amid rumors of all kinds, and without not being too credibly informed as to our military surroundings and possibilities, the boys held themselves at all times in readiness to meet the enemy. It was here we experienced our first night alarm. Taps had sounded long since, the lights were out, the men were sleeping, and only the slow-pacing guard and the fretful horses at the picket rope gave signs of animation in the camp. Suddenly the bugle call broke the still night air, sounding "boots and saddles," accompanied by the sharp commands of the officers to "Turn out lively, men!" "Look to your guns!"

The men sprang from their couches, trembling with the rude manner of their awaking, and excitedly sprang into trousers, boots and saddles. For a few moments how chains, sabres and horses, rattled and clanked and snorted! In an incredibly short space of time the horses were standing before the guns and caissons, fully equipped, the riders stood at their horses' heads ready for the command, "Mount!" and the cannoneers stood grim and silent beside their pieces, in the chill and darkness of the night. The officers, mounted and in full uniform, rode about, hastily scanning the silent battery. The order was given and the riders rose to their saddles. Every man was at his post ready for duty, however dangerous. Then Sergeant PARD. SMITH sat erect upon his curveting steed, with burly chest protruded, and drawing his sabre, saluted the grim captain, and announced:

"First detachment ready for action, sir!"

This sounded out bold and very soldierly, standing at eleven o'clock at night, in battery, ready and expecting to move on a supposed enemy the next minute; but when in reply came the brief order, "Unhitch, and go to your quarters," and when we looked into each other's faces, and realized that some one had been badly sold*—

* The cause of the alarm, it was confidently stated, originated among the officers, while engaged in a harmless game of poker; the question arising as to the length of time it would take the Battery to turn out of bed and get into line, ready for action.

then we fell back for revenge upon the good-humored duty-sergeant whose zeal, however laudable, had been ridiculously misplaced, and tried to make life for him for several months an awful bore. It was a rare thing indeed for a day to pass from that time on until we became engaged in more serious matters, without some one impertinently remarking in the sergeant's hearing, in the most aggravating tone :

“Ready for action, sir.”

There was something extremely funny in the *contretemps*, and it was fortunate indeed for the subsequent peace of the command that the merciless quizzing that ensued was not endured by a less good-humored man than the big-hearted, jolly duty-sergeant, PARD. B. SMITH.

Here both men and officers went into schools of instruction ; and study by night and practice by day, in field and camp drill of the piece, characterized the daily experience of the command. Target firing, dismounting and restoring the guns, firing retiring with prolong attached—in fact, all the various manœuvres peculiar to the artillery arm of the service, were intelligently and diligently executed by the men, who soon became experts. I believe at that time there was scarcely a man

There is some gratification in being able to state that the feat was executed in even less time than was anticipated by the most sanguine, the time from the first call of the bugle to the order given to “Mount!” being less than eight minutes.

in the command who could not have satisfactorily directed the drill of the piece or put the Battery through its field exercises with marked credit.

The officers were proud and pleased with the progress made, and the volunteers of a few weeks previous had developed into very fair theoretical soldiers, ready for the most exacting service.

While in this camp Lieut. HARRIS met with an accident that prevented his rejoining the command until a short time before the close of the war. While riding on the pike one day he was thrown from his horse, and had his leg so badly fractured that he was incapacitated for duty for some months.

With life in camp came the inevitable attendant diseases of such a manner of living, and here we completed our military organization with the establishment of a hospital tent, a medicine chest, and an attentive hospital steward. An assistant surgeon of an adjacent infantry command made daily calls upon the sick, and every attention that the circumstances warranted, was paid to them. When they became seriously ill, they were sent to the general hospital in Lexington, where they were kindly and skillfully treated.

In a short time we were required to "break camp" at Ashland, and remove to another point south of the city near the race course, styled Camp Ella Bishop,*

*This camp was named in honor of the loyal daughter of a loyal and prominent citizen of Lexington, whose firm and pro-

where we remained only about ten days, when our first complete camp experience terminated, and we began to take, gradually, our degrees in the military order.

nounced stand taken in the Union cause gave rise to many extravagant reports as to her courage, beauty, &c. Among many brave acts imputed to Miss Bishop, was one told with I know not how many embellishments. When the Rebel general, Kirby Smith, was in Lexington, he caused an American flag to be hauled down from some public building. The same flag afterward came into the possession of Miss Bishop, who secured it upon her person, and when she was ordered to restore it to a Rebel officer, she refused, and bravely defied him to take it. She retained possession of the flag, and achieved a reputation for courage that made her the idol of the Union troops, who gathered about her with expressions of admiration as she rode through the camp mounted on a spirited horse. In every soldier she knew she had a friend and a defender.

CHAPTER IV.

The March to Richmond—Rumors of a Rebel Advance—Crossing the Kentucky River by Starlight—A Picturesque Scene—Fortifying the Camp at Richmond—Sketch of Col. Carter's Raid into Tennessee—Christmas and its Festivities in Camp—An Indian Summer Day Sketched—Feast of the "Twoosters" and its Solemn Ceremonies—Morgan Appears on the Outposts—The March to Danville in a Bitter Storm—The "Obtuse" Pedestrians Restrained—The Solemn Advice Given by One to the Other—A Ludicrous Scene—Morgan Slips by in the Night—Presentation to Capt. Shields by the Battery—A Speech that is yet to be Made—The March to Frankfort in the Snow—The Wretchedness of a Winter Camp—The "Yaller Junders"—The First Death—Intellectual Efforts under the Canvas—A Scriptural Reading, and What Came of an Interesting Discussion thereon—A Dissertation on the Manifold Uses and Abuses of Cards.

At an unpleasantly early hour on the morning of the 10th of December the bugle broke our slumbers, and the command turned out to prepare breakfast, break camp, pack, and prepare for a march to Richmond, Ky., where vague rumors said there was a prospect for a brush with the Rebel general, John Morgan. About 10 o'clock the head of the column moved out, the com-

mand, in addition to our Battery, comprising the 100th, 104th and 44th Regiments Ohio Vol. Inf., commanded by Col. Sam. Gilbert, of the 44th.

We made fifteen miles on this first day's march, and toward evening clambered up the steep sides of a rugged hill overlooking the Kentucky River, and there parked our guns. We built fires, and making coffee and hard bread suffice for our supper, the supply wagons being too far behind to be made available, lay down upon the ground, with the gun tarpaulins spread over us for our only shelter, to catch a few hours' sleep. During the night an unusually heavy frost or slight fall of snow whitened the men's hair and clothing.

About 2 o'clock in the morning the camp was aroused, and the entire column was put in motion, preparatory to crossing the river on a primitive ferry-boat, with such a limited capacity that a mule-team and wagon, with a few men added, taxed its carrying power to the utmost. The steep and winding road that led down to the river was crowded with a train of one hundred wagons, and the troops that were filing slowly down the narrow way were prepared to ford the shallow river, which at this point was about one hundred and fifty feet wide, rather than await the slow crossing by boat. It was a wild and rugged scene as a landscape, and an impregnable position from a military standpoint.

In whatever direction the eyes were cast a most magnificent view was presented. Standing upon the brow

of the bluff, up the face of which we had laboriously "tacked" and toiled, a wild and rugged picture stretched away. Far below hung the mist that had lifted from the river during the night, and which to the superficial eye became an enchanted lake. From above the horizon the blue-tipped hills stretched into view, faintly lighted with the slow-coming dawn, and fantastically spread themselves into weird shapes among the shifting clouds. The river so far below, with its diminutive ferry-boat, seen in perspective, looked very like the fabled Styx, with Charon and his ghostly load. The winding road on the opposite bluff was dotted with white-covered wagons as far as the eye could reach, which became wonderfully like a flock of slow-moving sheep, whose white fleeces were distinguishable in the darker back-ground of rock and hill-side. The fading camp-fires still twinkled in the uncertain light of a winter morning, outstaring the feeble rays of a belated sun that slowly lifted itself above the distant hill-tops.

Even after an indifferent breakfast at a miserably early hour, and several hours of laborious climbing, any one with any claim to imaginative faculty could easily fancy they were enjoying a grand panoramic picture by the oldest of old masters, Nature, instead of watching the somewhat prosy spectacle of a brigade of Federal troops, with artillery and baggage train, making the passage of a difficult ford on the Kentucky River, *en route* to Richmond.

A brief halt for refreshments, and the march was resumed, bringing the column, early in the afternoon, within sight of the town of Richmond, which in August previous had been the scene of a desperate and unequal battle, which had resulted disastrously to the Federal troops.

On the following day we moved to an elevated position southeast of the town, where we were rapidly initiated into the use and abuse of the pick and shovel, Col. Gilbert having laid out a fortified camp about which the works were being constructed with speed and skill. As artillery-men, our work upon the fortifications was not of a very laborious character compared with the service required of the infantry troops.

The enemy not being in the immediate vicinity, the discipline while here was not of the strictest character, and the boys promptly took steps to enjoy themselves to the full extent of their power. Their success was always commensurate with their efforts. The resources of Richmond were thoroughly examined, and finding it difficult to procure the beverage which literally out-ranked every other manufactured fluid with alcoholic parts, they found, in the medicinal stores of a convenient sutler, a panacea for all their wants. Drake's Plantation Bitters was highly recommended as a tonic for invalids, but it was discovered that its effects were quite as powerful as apple-jack or whiskey—a very poor and undoubtedly vile imitation of which it certainly was.

A few weeks before Christmas we were advised of important military movements south of us, which were regarded as bold and hazardous. A raid was projected, under the command of Col. Carter, to pass the mountains into East Tennessee, to surprise and capture the Rebel forces in that section, and destroy their railroad communications with the West. It was a desperate movement, led by a gallant officer, but, unfortunately, with a force too small to fully overcome the difficulties that presented themselves; and the expedition, after suffering great hardships and losses, returned to Kentucky early in January in a sad plight.*

* Col. Carter's raid was a conspicuously gallant and hazardous one. He was an East Tennessean, who, at the outbreak of the war, unselfishly tendered his services to the Government, and served with marked honor. From some cause his opportunities for distinction were less frequent the last eighteen months of the war, and it was thought strange that his splendid abilities were not more practically recognized by the General Government. The expedition under Col. Carter embraced about one thousand men, made up of portions of the 2d Michigan, 9th Pennsylvania and 7th Ohio Cavalry, and rendezvoused near Manchester, on the Kentucky River, on the 20th of December, 1862. The object of the raid was to cut off the communication from the Confederate armies in Eastern Virginia with Gen. Bragg, who was pressing Gen. Rosecrans in the West, and receiving reinforcements via East Tennessee. The expedition was stripped for rough riding, and divested of every encumbrance. Their march to the Cumberland Mountains was through swollen streams, over bleak hills, and through dense thickets; and the pass through which they rode on the mountains was a

The time passed rapidly in this delightful camp, and as Christmas was approaching, a formal dinner was projected, and the ingenuity of the men was taxed to pro-

narrow one, known as Pound Gap. In thirty-six hours after crossing the mountains, they marched one hundred miles. They passed through Rogersville, Tenn., without seeing a Confederate force, and rapidly pushed on to Bristol, near the Virginia and Tennessee line. Gen. Humphrey Marshall and staff barely escaped capture. After destroying the telegraph office and Government stores at that point, at an early hour on the 31st of December, they destroyed a valuable bridge on the E. Tenn. & Va. R. R., and captured 500 prisoners. A portion of the command was sent westward on the road, and captured a locomotive and tender, on which were all the field officers of the 65th N. Carolina Regiment. The camp of this Regiment, which was near Carter's Station, on the Holston River, was, after an hour's sharp fight, captured. A train of cars, loaded with military stores, and the great bridge across the Holston River, were destroyed. Having torn up the railroad track for miles, and inflicted great damage upon the enemy's communications, Col. Carter, finding his position one of great peril, hastily paroled his prisoners, and began his retreat on the 1st of January, 1863. For three days the men were constantly in saddle, almost without food, and amid snow and sleet which fell almost constantly. At Jonesville, Va., only nine miles from Pound Gap, the enemy met the raiders in force, prepared to cut them off from a retreat through the Gap. The flight and pursuit were most exciting, and were continued until a late hour. Col. Carter finally succeeded in eluding the enemy by passing through defiles supposed to be impassable, and at last reaching the Gap, where, hours after, his half-frozen men, many of them on foot, were greeted with blazing fires. Hannibal's great march through the Alpine passes was no more difficult or dangerous than Col. Carter's magnificent and successful attempt, with a vigilant and deter-

vide the necessary provisions. The Captain generously came to the relief of the men, and took upon himself to provide a turkey dinner for the entire command, and the weather being indescribably pleasant, a most enjoyable day was passed. We lounged about on the grass in our shirt-sleeves, sang songs, told very old, and I may say very improbable, stories of what we had done on previous Christmas days, and what, please God, we should do on coming Christmas days.

It will be remembered that the winter of 1862, up to the new year, was but the prolongation of a delightful summer into a much modified fall, in which the face of winter had scarcely dared to show itself at all. As we reclined under a tree and puffed our pipe, we fell into a meditative mood, consequent upon a contented mind and a satisfactory dinner. The summer had departed from us, but we had scarcely missed it. Our first year of army life was slowly passing away, and in a few brief days we should enter upon a new year that to us was to be fraught with many cares, dangers and vicissitudes. The smoke from the chimneys in the town beyond wreathed in fantastic shape, and lifted lazily heavenward, loth to leave such a charming world.

mined enemy swarming about him, to reach the mountain pass through which he had come a few weeks previous. Three days later the expedition filed into Manchester, ragged, foot-sore and debilitated, where they soon recuperated. The loss on this raid of twenty days was but twenty-five killed, wounded and missing.

The blue mountains in the distance seemed to grow huger and take themselves farther away, and a delightful sort of *dolce far niente* surrounded everything in nature. Far off, beyond the distant hills, the clouds lay softly, rolling and wreathing along the blue, and toward evening the camp of the retreating year was pitched along the misty tops of the mountain spurs that skirted the southern horizon in all the dreamy, hazy atmosphere of an Indian summer.

Christmas night was given up to general hilarity and fun of a highly miscellaneous character, and such stimulant as the boys failed to procure from the citizens was secured from amiable sutlers, at a limited profit to them of possibly only two hundred per cent. A goodly number became oblivious to all forms and regulations, and stubbornly refused to go to bed, or in fact, anywhere else. The officers had "taken in" Christmas, so to speak, after a very human way, and discreetly gave the boys as much license as they consistently could on the occasion.

In the tent of the "Twoosters," where BILLY HOGAN presided, a Quaker-like gravity was observed. The boxes of luxuries from home which had been received a few days previous had been opened, and their contents distributed with unselfish and unsparing hands. The delicacies that would have refreshed their respective owners many a long day, disappeared with frightful rapidity down capacious throats. Sardines, pound cake,

preserves, potted meats, rare wines and choice flasks of brandy, sent especially for use "in case of sickness," were all passed around, and soon were numbered among the things that were.

At last, when woful emptiness had taken the place of the well-filled boxes, and there was nothing more left to eat, BILLY HOGAN, with all the gravity and solemnity of an Indian chief in an impressive powwow, drew from his pocket a gorgeous bandana handkerchief, and with unmoved and expressionless face, having treated himself in a dignified way, to "a rounder," gravely passed it around, each one going through the same expressive pantomime. The pipe was then passed from mouth to mouth, and this lugubrious ceremony having ended, the boys laid themselves down, as the village cocks began to crow, with all the complacency and satisfaction of fashionable diners-out, who had retired in evening dress from a prolonged season at table, and composed themselves to sleep, disturbed only by an occasional howl or attempt at a song by an unlucky wight strapped to a fifth-wheel for reckless violation of orders, or the occasional visit of a wag, who persistently but quietly awakened each man to ask him the unimportant question, "How do you feel at present?" Even the untimely attempts of another wag to "borrow a pin," in which he severally awoke every man in the tent, failed to materially disturb the good humor of the "Twoosters." who slept the sleep of the just, until reveille sounded,

and broad day shone upon their faces through the open tent.

The rumors which had hitherto borne but vague resemblance to facts, since our arrival in Richmond, at last took tangible shape, and it became known that John Morgan, with his well-mounted troops, was making his periodical march through the State, much to the alarm and distress of the citizens who were so unfortunate as to possess horses and mules, and resided on or near roads traversed by the ubiquitous Rebel raider.

A conflict was impending and the troops were anxious to meet Morgan. Our brigade received orders to march early on the morning of December 29th, and moved out of the fortifications at the appointed hour, en route to Lancaster, which we reached after a sharp march, and without halting, pushed on to Danville, near which point Morgan was said to have taken position.

On the afternoon of the 31st, the weather, hitherto delightful, underwent a marked and disagreeable change, a piercing rain and cutting sleet dashing in our faces as we marched through Danville. Toward night, wet and chilled to the bone, we went into camp on the Fair Grounds, where there was neither wood nor water in close proximity, and there waited the arrival of our baggage wagons. We were decidedly and justifiably wretched. All the romance had oozed out of our military life, and we were face to face at last with the sterner realities of a campaign in winter.

About dark the wagons came up, wood was supplied, fires built, tents pitched, and an air of comfort took the place of the wretched condition of affairs an hour previous. The amphitheatre near by, which included a race-track, became the animated scene of ineffectual efforts to get up a foot race, for an impossible wager, on the part of two of the boys, who had kept their spirits up during the dreary afternoon's march, by diligently pouring spirits down, and who were now in a moist and soggy state of indifference to every physical discomfort. Their frequent attempts to start in the race, only resulting in unnecessary tumbling and repeatedly intruding their faces into the soft earth of the track, Capt. SHIELDS appeared in the ring, and ordered them both to be tied to a tree, as a slight punishment for their offense.

Swaying from one side to the other, the indignant pedestrians gave vent to their impotent rage, and promised themselves the most extravagant revenge some time in the future. The philosopher, HANK, with a grave face listened to RUE, who was piling up a fearful load of anathemas on the Captain's head, and solemnly vowing that "he'd remember this, by thunder, till his dying day," and with an effort, steadying himself with the same rope that bound them both, like two fond hearts, to the same object, composed his countenance, and with a touch of reproach in his voice remonstrated with his irate companion: "Don't be so obstuse, you

old fool, you!" This remark was received by the outsiders with roars of appreciation, but it only excited the indignant RUE to fiercer efforts to get loose, and he included HANK in a sweeping anathema, wonderfully wholesale in its character, which elicited from that philosopher only this reply, in an expostulating tone of voice: "Now, don't be so *obstuse*, RUE; (hic) whatseruse bein' so obstuse about it?"

Just what this mysterious "obstuseness" consisted of in HANK'S mind was not clear to the lookers-on, who, however, fully appreciated the gravity of the advice and the urgency of the situation which the philosopher had volunteered and recognized in his oracular utterance.

The wearied prisoners were soon released and sent to their quarters, where they received the condolences of their friends, and, under the mollifying effects of hot coffee, soon fell asleep.

For many months afterward, any one with sufficient curiosity could raise a breeze by approaching RUE while he was in conversation, and, assuming a maudlin gravity, exclaim, "Whatseruse you bein' so obstuse?" To get out of danger required all the agility in one's power, for nothing was considered too cumbrous or dangerous to fling at the head of the audacious interrogator.

The recollections of the ludicrous picture presented by the boys in question on that wretched winter day

are still fresh in our mind; not fresher, however, than the remembrance of their genial, manly characters, their courage as men, or their devotion to their comrades.

That night unusual precautions were taken to be ready to move at the shortest notice. The guns and ammunition were carefully inspected by the officers, in the moonlight, and the camp-guards were instructed to promptly report the slightest indication of the approach of the enemy on our out-posts. The infantry pickets were discreetly posted on all the approaches to the position, and the command retired to sleep.

The morning came, cold and clear, and with it the report that the enemy had discreetly passed to the north of Danville during the night, without risking a conflict. The pursuit was temporarily abandoned, and the command made itself as comfortable as circumstances permitted.

While at Richmond a universal feeling among the men to show Capt. SHIELDS how highly they regarded him as a man and an officer took form, and a presentation was decided upon. A committee was appointed and provided with funds to purchase a handsome outfit for the Captain's horse. Accordingly, everything being in readiness, on the third day of January the men fell into line at the call of the orderly, and stood at "Attention!" Some one then called the Captain, who came out of his tent with astonishment depicted upon

his face at the unusual condition of affairs. He was immediately addressed by Lieut. DUSTIN, who was the only man in the command supposed to be capable of making a speech, in the most elaborate manner, explaining that he had the honor of presenting to him, in the name of the members of the Battery, as a mark of their regard and esteem for him as an officer and gentleman, a complete set of horse-equipments, pointing to "Colonel," the favorite and high-headed riding-horse of the Captain's, who stood just in the rear, gorgeously equipped, and champing his bit with almost human pride.

The Captain's sharp eyes twinkled with surprise and pleasure, and a trifle of embarrassment, as he glanced from the smiling ranks to the mincing, bridling horse, and, being called upon for a speech, proceeded in a hesitating manner, not being much of a speech-maker, to express his appreciation of the splendid gift. Regarding it as a duty to say something, the Captain made a rush at it with: "Gentlemen, I thank you very much for this handsome present;" and then he stopped and flushed up, moved uneasily in his tracks, and evidently feeling it incumbent to extend his remarks, continued: "I hardly know what to say. I can't do much in the way of making a speech; but you know I thank you all very much indeed, and—and—" happily he just then turned his head, and saw such unmistakable evidence of vanity and confusion in "Colonel," who

was daintily champing his bit, with ears erect and nostrils distended, that it furnished him with a happy idea, and he continued: "I rather think Colonel's as proud as I am of the present, and I can't say any more than he can now, for I'm rather cornered; but I'll make you a speech another time, if you'll let me off now!"

The Captain having apparently exhausted his oratorical powers, the men gave a ringing cheer, and, breaking ranks, proceeded to examine the equipments.

The outfit consisted of a fine McClellan saddle; a rich cloth saddle-blanket, trimmed in gold, with the figures "19" elaborately worked in the corners; a pair of holsters, containing a superb pair of six-shooters; a richly-ornamented curb and bridle, and a watering-rein—the whole surmounted with a gaily-trimmed horse-cover, which enveloped the animal from head to heels, and, from the fit, apparently made to order.

No one has any recollection of hearing that promised speech from the Captain, who could sit a horse like a centaur, ride like the wind, and fight like the devil, but—he couldn't face a line and make a speech!

The Captain prized the gift very highly; for, if I mistake not, this was the only occasion on which the vain "Colonel" ever appeared in his gorgeous trappings. They were carefully boxed and sent home,* much to the

*The writer had occasion to know, only a year ago, that the Captain still prized his gift most jealously; and the occasion must be a very distinguished one, and the party a very highly valued friend indeed who could borrow it for practical use

disappointment of some of the boys, who anticipated great pride and pleasure in seeing the Captain so gaily mounted, in the reviews and parades which formed part of our military life.

Winter, in his most dreary garb, had apparently come to stay, and snow and sleet alternated with disagreeable regularity, bringing into striking contrast the delightful weather which we had enjoyed up to the close of the year. On the 5th of January we broke camp and marched to Frankfort, the capital of the State, near which city we went into winter quarters, a part of our old brigade being in the immediate vicinity. The 103d O. V. I., which had been doing provost-guard duty at Frankfort for several weeks, were encamped near the Battery. The boys needed no prompting to make themselves comfortable, and proceeded to supply themselves with sheet-iron stoves and other disease-engendering articles.

These were critical times in a political point of view, and new and heroic remedies for new and startling evils had to be improvised. The aggravating official status of Kentucky in the great contest, while it nominally affected to be a neutral one, was regarded, very properly, by the loyal people of the State and of the North, and by the Administration, as utterly absurd, and only another name for disloyalty and open sympathy for the Rebels. The Legislature was composed of a majority of Union men, who quickly saw through the schemes

of the wily, disloyal Governor, Beriah Magoffin, and through the influence of prominent Union men of the State, frustrated his treasonable designs. The situation was so imminent that it was deemed imperatively necessary to do one of three things: either arrest him for treasonable conduct, impeach him, or force him to resign. The latter course was decided upon, and a committee waited upon the Governor and received his resignation. He left the State, very discreetly, within twenty-four hours, and found an asylum in Canada, where, with other Rebel refugees, ample liberty was afforded them to hatch their treasonable plots against the peace and security of the United States.

Judge Robinson was promptly elected Governor by the Union men of the Legislature, who in the main were loyal and determined, but eminently conservative. The Rebel element in the Legislature and throughout the State was bold and impudent in the extreme, and promulgated a call for a convention, at Frankfort, of the Democratic party, on the 18th of February, for the ostensible purpose of making nominations for the different State offices, but really for carrying out their treasonable projects. The convention was dissolved, before it had time to organize, through the firmness and courage of Col. S. H. Gilbert,* the Post-Command-

*This convention was discountenanced by the Union Democrats of the State, and was known to be an audacious attempt on the part of the Rebels of the State to overawe the Union

ant, who thereby laid himself open to the charge of trampling upon the Constitution and the sacred rights of the people; and, worse than all, of utterly ignoring the resolutions of '98.

people. They affected loyalty and mouthed their patriotism, but they did not deceive any one. The convention was composed of several hundred delegates, and met in the Theater building, having been refused the Legislative Hall. The morning this insolent body convened, Col. S. A. Gilbert, the Post Commandant, acting with the sanction of Gen. Gilmore, his superior officer at Lexington, marched a regiment to town, and paraded them in front of the Theater building. Col. Gilbert and staff, in full uniform, entered the hall just as the call of the counties was being made, and, in a loud, clear voice, asked attention while his Adjutant read the following Order:

HEADQUARTERS FIRST BRIGADE,
ARMY OF CENTRAL KENTUCKY,

February 18, 1863.

GENERAL ORDERS, No. III.

Reliable information having been received at these headquarters that a number of Rebel spies and emissaries are in this city, it is ordered that all persons now here who are not residents, or who are not members of the Kentucky Legislature, or officers of the State Government, shall forthwith send their names to these headquarters, accompanied with satisfactory references as to their loyalty to the United States Government.

S. A. GILBERT,
Colonel Commanding Brigade.

This was a terrific blow to the "patriots." Col. Gilbert then proceeded to address the Convention in unmistakably plain language. He told them that, while there might be a few well-meaning and self-deceived men among them, he knew the majority of them to be traitors of the most contemptible type. He gave them to understand that they couldn't nominate men of their stripe for office, and if they did, and succeeded in electing them, they shouldn't hold office in Kentucky as long

The snow, and mud and slush which surrounded the camp, and the bitter cold weather, which continued unabated, soon had its natural results. The inability of the men to take exercise, the crowded condition of the tents, the stifling, overheated stoves and injudicious diet soon told upon the strongest men, who fell ill, and taxed the little hospital tent to its utmost. The "sick-call" each morning was no longer an empty formality, but instead, an important and well-attended summons. Fevers, the scourge of a winter camp, jaundice (familiarly called "yaller janders"), and all the ills and diseases peculiar to a soldier's first winter's experience in tents, found lodgment with the command. When the men became too ill to be treated in camp, they were carried to the hospital in the city.

Here the first loss, the first sorrow, was felt by the

as a Federal regiment was on its soil. He wanted their names, he said; and, to facilitate matters, he had brought his Adjutant with him, who would take down the names of the delegates as they were called. The discomfited Rebels gave in their names, and wanted permission to offer some resolutions, but the cool and determined Gilbert wouldn't permit any such nonsense, and, acting upon his suggestion, the Convention hastily and discreetly adjourned *sine die*.

A few of our command who saw the incident that day felt an admiration for Col. Gilbert that in after years did not abate. He was a superior military man in the estimation of his officers; but, if the writer is not mistaken, failed, through some mysterious cause, in securing that promotion to which he was so justly entitled. If he was ever awarded the stars he had earned, I have no recollection of it.

command. Death made an inroad upon our ranks. GUY BALL, one of the most quiet and unassuming men, universally liked by officers and men, was sent to hospital with typhoid fever, where, after lingering only a few days, he turned his heart homeward, spoke of those whom he should nevermore see, and died. As a number of us stood at the side of the cot whereon he lay, still in death, we saw the tears rolling down the Captain's cheeks, and knew that beneath a stern exterior there beat a warm and tender heart.

Ignorant of the proper ways and means of combining health and comfort under such unpleasant circumstances, many of the men grew homesick, peevish and wretched. The "sick-call" by the bugle each morning provoked the most uncomplimentary reflections from those who felt it necessary to respond.

"There it goes," said a jaundiced chap peevishly, one morning, "and blast me, if I don't fancy I hear it say, 'Come, and get yer blue pills—blue pills—qui-nine—qui-nine, too!'"

Even whisky and quinine (ordinarily regarded as a choice tonic) lost its attractions as a beverage, and was taken compulsorily, with a wry face. Only the superior pluck of the NINETEENTH saved many of the boys from the half-way house to the grave—the general hospital. The officers required as much exercise of the men as they could consistently, for its sanitary effects, but it seemed very hard to the listless men to be compelled

to remove in one day the snow from the camp-grounds, when the next day would see it replaced with a similar covering. Grumbling over the unnecessary task one day to Lieut. ROBERTSON SMITH, the officer of the day, one of the boys was informed by that gentleman that nothing was ordered without a reason, "for," says he, "it's only the fair thing to shovel the snow off to give the mud a show."

All the usual means and modes of successfully passing time were thoroughly exhausted in this camp. Deprived of the opportunity of having either mounted or foot drills, in-door pastimes had to suffice. In some of the tents a feeble effort was made to find a higher and more profitable enjoyment than card-playing. The few books and papers that came to camp were read aloud to the occupants of the tents until they lost their freshness, and BERGER, who was a willing reader, ran the risk of being "guyed" every time he attempted to impart any information to his comrades. Probably the most marked failure in the way of improvement was the introduction of the Scriptures into the tent circle. It was proposed and accepted that every night one or two chapters of the Good Book should be read, and those who desired could then make remarks upon the subject selected. The first attempt passed off very well; but, on the conclusion of the second night's reading, a lively discussion ensued as to the meaning of some passage read. Then they acted just like many church

organizations—they got to quarreling. The discussion was concluded by one irate defender of the doctrine of baptism by immersion ascribing to his opponent (a bigoted believer in sprinkling) a pedigree utterly impossible and degrading, and who received in return a blow in the stomach that sent him half way out of the tent, his head coming in contact with the tent-stake; whereupon there was a struggle, an intermingling of legs, arms and bodies, profanity and expletives truly horrifying, terminating only when the chap who held so tenaciously to sprinkling went over on his head, with his breath knocked out of him, “the subsequent proceedings interesting him no more.”

They discontinued religious readings in that tent, as there didn't seem to be the requisite meekness of spirit present to make the exercise successful. As soon as this exciting topic of debate was discontinued, harmony was restored, and peace abided with them.

Of all amusements resorted to by storm-stayed travelers and soldiers camp-bound with snow, we think cards possess almost supernatural superiority. Books and papers fill a void, so to speak, for a while, but you can't read the same book or paper with interest more than a dozen times. Writing letters is a trifle laborious, but has considerable interest, especially if the writer receives prompt answers, which he most always—don't; after awhile one's stock of pretty things runs out—there's no news to tell; and then letter-writing

ceases to have a charm, and becomes a bore. Similarly with old newspapers; when you have read them so often that you see in advertisements old friends, and have an indistinct idea that you ought to answer all the requirements of the "want" column in person; when the old, stale jokes win respect by their attenuated construction and venerable age—well, then even newspapers pall on the mental palate.

But cards—ah! what would the dreary waste places in this world be without them? Cards have within them a spring of perennial joy; their fascinations, like those of the charming NIXON D'ENCLOS, increase with their age. These virtues undoubtedly attach to cards, notwithstanding many good people affect a horror of the seductive papers, and regard playing with them an inexcusable loss of time and reputation.*

It was our experience that winter that, when all other resources failed, when everything was dreary without and wretchedly dull within, some one suggested "cards," and the venerable pack was produced. Every spot bore a fleck known to some chap present; every thumb-mark had its significant meaning; every face-card beamed upon its holder with a sort of

* Some such moral observation must have been made in the hearing of a Mr. John Oakhurst, of Poker Flat, who is said to have sententiously remarked, after winning five thousand dollars at a single sitting from a gentleman who promptly blew out his own brains immediately thereafter, "and yet thar's people as thinks keyards is a waste of time!"

confidential grin. Then the game opened right after breakfast, and was continued with undiminished interest until dinner-time, when, with a look of regret, the hands were laid down for a brief skirmish with a knife and fork; then they were taken up with an interest positively astonishing until night, when reluctantly the cards were dropped for supper, which was usually eaten sandwiched between stories of marvelous wealth won and colossal fortunes lost on a full hand, or three aces and a king, as the case might be. As supper in the tents was but a mere repetition of the two preceding meals, it was soon despatched, and the game progressed with undiminished interest until the bugle sounded the assembly call, and stern duty compelled the devotees to "fall in for roll-call." After this last duty of the day was performed, there was a visible increase in the interest of the game until the bugle sounded the "taps," when all lights in camp were supposed to be extinguished; but it was only a supposition, for the candle about which the players sat was sheltered from outside view, and in painful posture the game went on with an overpowering, but necessarily subdued interest until midnight, when the sergeant-of-the-guard interfered and sent the group to bed, where they discussed the relative value of their respective hands until they fell asleep.

Cards preserved the sanity of some of the boys that winter, and almost drove others to the opposite condi-

tion. The writer has ventured to say, probably, too much upon a subject about which he has only the most superficial and limited knowledge. If it were otherwise, he would attempt to give some faint idea of the effects produced upon him by witnessing for seven long weeks the (to him) exceedingly monotonous and uninteresting game of cribbage,* as played by every animated thing in camp, including the niggers and the mules—the former displaying their dexterity and familiarity with the science of cribbage by plundering the mess-chests, and the latter demonstrating their peculiar skill on the corn-crib.

* The writer being profoundly ignorant of the peculiar virtues of cribbage especially and cards generally, and having regarded the game something in the light of a night-mare during several weeks of disordered liver, he hopes he has not said any thing to the prejudice of those who found a serene and abiding joy in making cards absorb all the time not devoted to sleep and imperative duties.

CHAPTER V.

Serious Illness of Lieut. Robertson Smith—His Last Visit to Camp—His Resignation and Return Home—Resolutions Thereon Adopted by the Battery—The News of his Subsequent Death—Recollections of a Friend—A Tribute to his Character and Personal Worth.

In the annals of the NINETEENTH OHIO BATTERY, I am thankful there are but few sad landmarks. The chiefest of these is indissolubly connected with one man. The inclemency of the season, and the delicacy of his constitution, soon told with marked effect upon Lieut. ROBERTSON SMITH, who was compelled to find in a private residence in town the comforts and luxuries which the camp did not afford. A low fever and general debility were followed by a severe attack of typhoid fever, which prostrated him and confined him entirely to his apartment. He was visited almost every day by the officers and men, and though weak and unnerved from the attacks of the disease, he always had a kind and pleasant word for every one. He was a universal favorite in the command, and few men in military life were so fortunate as to win such love and

hearty regard from his comrades as ROBERTSON SMITH. He was a man of somewhat eccentric character, and full of quaint humor and harmless cynicism. He affected to regard everything in life in anything but a serious aspect. To a well-stored mind and a cultivated taste were added rare gifts and culture, which in time would have made him conspicuous in literary and æsthetic circles. Like all of nature's true gentlemen, he had the happy faculty of adapting himself to circumstances, and in making those around him feel their troubles and trials less. Many a night have the boys of the Nineteenth lounged in their unwholesome tents, surrounded by mud and snow, and listened to ROBERTSON SMITH, passing down the line as officer of the day, and heard him call out in his inimitable manner, "Turn out, boys; clean up the park." With the mud six inches deep, and the hour ludicrously unseemly, the humor of the order was so apparent that the gloom would be dispelled, and shouts of laughter would be the only response.

To say that one is missed from a circle may be more simple than real; but in this case the absence of ROBERTSON SMITH was deeply felt by his comrades. His recovery became so doubtful that his physicians decided it necessary that he should resign and return home. Accordingly, his resignation was forwarded and accepted, and a time set for his return to Cleveland. The ambulance was sent to town, at his request, and he was

brought to camp to see his comrades for the last time. The day was dark and lowering, and its gloom seemed to be reflected in the faces of the men as they gathered around him to say good-bye, as he was about to depart. The pale, thin face, wan with sickness, yet manfully bearing the same cheery smile, looked upon them for the last time. Pressing the eager hands stretched out to shake his in parting, he seemed almost dismayed at the demonstrations of affection that met him on every side. His voice faltered as he tried to utter in indifferent tones, "Good-bye, boys," and with the faintest touch of humor he added to the driver, "Move out, or they'll shake me to pieces!" His face was turned toward the groups again, lit up by the old cheery smile, and he was borne rapidly away down the hill, to be seen no more by his comrades on earth.

Sadly the men turned to their tents, for about the camp had settled a shadow. There were none who did not feel the heaviness of heart consequent upon the loss of a cherished friend. Though some hoped to see Lieut. SMITH again in the spring, with restored health, most of the men felt that he would never appear in their midst again; that the sound of his voice, heard that day, was ever to be an echo in their hearts, for never again would the cheery tones fall upon their listening ears.

After Lieut. SMITH had returned to Cleveland, it was the unanimous desire of the command that some ex-

pression should be given of their feelings toward him, in order that both he and his friends should know the deep and lasting regard and affection felt for him by his old comrades. Accordingly, one dark night, as the men stood in line at roll-call, Lieut. WILSON, the officer of the day, read the following resolutions, which had been prepared by a committee:

WHEREAS, Lieut. ROBERTSON SMITH has been compelled to resign his commission in the NINETEENTH OHIO BATTERY, on account of ill-health; therefore, be it resolved, by the members of the Battery;

That we deeply regret the stern necessity that compels Lieut. SMITH to leave the command, feeling that in his resignation we have lost the services of an able officer and the companionship of a gentleman—of one who has endeared himself both to officers and men by his unassuming kindness of heart, cheerful nature, and noble disposition. Being unable to fully express, in words, our appreciation of his conduct since he has been with us, and the sincere regret felt by everyone on his leaving us, we deem it our duty and a pleasure to give to Lieut. SMITH's friends, and the friends of the NINETEENTH OHIO BATTERY, in Cleveland and vicinity, the assurance that he leaves us with the kindest wishes of everyone for the recovery and long enjoyment of his health, now in so precarious a state.

Resolved, That the foregoing preamble and resolution be published in the Cleveland daily papers."

The unanimous shout of "aye," as if from one mighty voice, went up from the command, on the adoption of these resolutions, and if that earnest endorsement of kind words framed in a loud response could have penetrated the night and distance and reached his ear, he would have known that the hearts

of his comrades had taken one brief voice to wish for him all that life and health could give.

I write these recollections of ROBERTSON SMITH, with a freshened memory of a friendship and regard that was but a brief prelude to a warm admiration and affection for this gifted and somewhat cynical gentleman. Unassuming, cheery and kind-hearted in his intercourse with his comrades, it was impossible to know him and not love him. Our friendship antedated our entrance into army life, but the later intimacies only made it stronger, and it was with unaffected grief that I saw him growing feebler day by day, and was at last compelled to say good-bye, when I knew it should have been farewell. His was a rare mental organization, and hiding his talents under a cover of indifference and cynicism, he permitted his own worth to be undervalued by those who lacked the discernment to look beneath the surface for the jewel.

Few who read these random recollections and knew ROBERTSON SMITH can recall him to mind, and the gloomy day he said good-bye to his comrades at Frankfort, without a shadow of the old-time sadness coming back, filling them with a subdued and tender reverence for the memory of one who was so dear to so many manly hearts. And if to those who did not know him my testimony to his nobility of character and high personal worth seems too flattering, and my recollections of his death written in these pages too sombre, they

will remember that I write these lines as a tribute of love and respect to the memory of a cherished friend, which death and the lapse of changing years have not diminished.

It is but fitting that this memorial should include the sad event which followed some months later. We had passed through many exciting scenes, of which Lieut. SMITH had been kept advised; the summer was gone and early September was upon us, when the startling announcement was made that ROBERTSON SMITH was dead!

As I recall that day and the feelings that announcement aroused, it seems but yesterday that I had been bereaved, and my heart saddens even after these many years, as I write the word *dead* after my friend's name. I was lying in the hospital tent recovering from a fever when I received a letter in his familiar handwriting, and proceeding to open it with trembling eagerness, my eye fell upon some penciled words on the back of the envelope. As I read them, my heart stood still and my eyes were blinded. It seemed impossible that I could have read aright, and yet the words were there and would not out: "*Robertson died to-day at half-past five o'clock. Please inform his friends in the Battery.*" The post-mark bore a date almost a month old.

The hand that had written kindly words to me, and the heart that had prompted them, had been stilled in death weeks before the missive had reached me. The end had come.

The morbid fancies of a sick man prompted me to give myself up to retrospective thoughts, and as I sat with that last letter in my hand, amid the falling shadows, I fancied I saw him who was dear and dead to me, beckoning among the vague outlines of the trees that were languidly swaying in the mystic embraces of the night breezes, and-like a phantom alluring me to the darkness beyond. As it is given us in seasons of great depression to see the past in almost unnatural clearness, I lived over again my last visit to his apartments in Frankfort. I sat beside him, and again talked with him as one friend would talk to another. When I arose to leave, and in a few words said that I hoped his illness would only be temporary, and that he would be restored to us and to health with the return of milder weather, his face was turned toward the setting sun, and a strange look came brooding over it as he said, in simple tones, "I shall never be all right again, my boy; my race is nearly ended." In my lonely walk to camp in the twilight, my thoughts were all with that quiet figure at the window; and in the eyes that looked so steadily then into the unknown future which was nearing him, there was something akin to that wistfulness seen in the face of a sad-eyed child looking out into a dark and rainy night. Only the glare of the camp-fires dissipated my musings.

With that letter in my hands, the winter camp-fires and the fire-flies of a September gloaming became inter-

mingled, and I can be pardoned if, in my weakness, I gave myself up to utter dejection and melancholy retrospection. The summer wind wailing over a stricken landscape, the waning, clouded moon hanging in the hollow east, and the tender sympathy of a heart that knew and appreciated the rare worth of the man's nature, were all melancholy dirges far sadder than any obsequies.

Accompanying his letter was one from his sister, thoughtfully giving me the details of my friend's last hours. I opened a Cleveland newspaper and read there the printed tale of his death, which I here reproduce:

“It becomes our painful duty to chronicle the sudden demise of ROBERTSON SMITH of this city, late second lieutenant in SHIELDS' BATTERY, which event occurred at the residence of his father on Euclid street, about six o'clock last evening. Up to within a very short time before his death, Mr. SMITH was apparently in the enjoyment of his usual health—which, however, has been delicate for several months—and in fact he had seemed during the day to have been in even better spirits than usual. Between four and five o'clock he was seized with violent convulsions while ascending the stairs to his room, and it was there that the family, attracted by his groans, found him. Notwithstanding that every effort was made to relieve the sufferer, he sank rapidly until death relieved him from his sufferings. The deceased was entirely unconscious from the moment of the attack until his death. The latter was undoubtedly caused by a disease of the heart with which he had been afflicted for some time.

“ROBERTSON SMITH served through the first three months campaign in Western Virginia, as a private in Barnett's Cleveland Battery of Artillery. Afterward he assisted Capt. JOSEPH

C. SHIELDS to raise his light battery, in which command he accepted the position of second lieutenant. After serving several months in Kentucky, however, he was compelled to resign and return home, owing to delicate health.

“Mr. Smith was a noble and high-minded young man, and his untimely death will be sincerely mourned by a very large circle of friends. He possessed literary ability of a high order, and at different times has been a highly-prized correspondent of some of our first papers and periodicals.”

Predisposed as he was to melancholy by a disease of the heart, and although surrounded by a family that loved him devotedly, it must have been in an unusually despondent mood that he penned the lines that follow, entitled, “Who Will Mourn when I am Dead?”

“Who will mourn when I am dead?

Who a single tear will shed,

When I am gone?

When to beat my heart doth cease,

Forevermore I'll sleep in peace,

And slumber on!

“When I am dead, then I shall be

From earthly toils and cares set free—

From earthly lust;

In my grave from day to day

I shall lie and mould away,

From ‘dust to dust!’

“There'll be no friend or passer-by

Stoop o'er my grave, and give a sigh,

When I am not;

No friendly eye to look upon

My humble grave. I'll slumber on,

And be forgot!”

Not forgotten, O friend of my youth! for one who knew you and loved you brings, after many years, his poor tribute to your memory, and bears testimony to your genius, nobility and most rare nature.*

Scattered through this volume are a few of ROBERTSON SMITH's poetic fancies. They will serve as a link between the past and present, and recall to the survivors of the Battery, with renewed freshness, the man whom they so deeply admired, and who entered the same service with them so many years ago, but who has long been sleeping in his quiet grave, with the summer's grass and the winter's snow alternately sheltering him, and whose spirit, mayhap, is mingling with those of his comrades who laid down their lives in the same service which speeded his own untimely death.

* With the exception of a few necessary and simple alterations, the contents of this chapter were written at the time the events occurred, and the writer, with the lapse of fifteen years, can find no reason to add or detract from the high estimate he placed upon the deceased, and has no wish to lessen the impressions of a sorrow felt for the loss he and his comrades experienced in the parting-scene and death of ROBERTSON SMITH, who was, in the words of Capt. SHIELDS, "the flower of the command."

CHAPTER VI.

Promotion of Orderly-Sergeant Estabrook—The Ubiquitous John Morgan Again—The Night March, without Escort, to Lexington—A Startling Incident Thereof—A Reference to John Brown's Body and Soul—The Unfortunate Attempt to Sell Surplus Rations—The "White Mansion" and its Proprietors—Capt. Shields Appointed Chief of Artillery—How Gen. Gilmore was Regarded by the Rank and File—Extracts from a Soldier's Letter—Establishing a "Base of Supplies"—Camp Telford—A "Regular" Directs the Battery's Target Exercise on his own Camp, and Depopulates it—"Uncle Bob," the Convenient and Pious Agent—Recklessness of the Boys—The Tennessee Refugees, and how the Boys Utilized their Homespun Garments—A Sketch of Col. R. Clay Crawford, a Remarkable Adventurer—An Escapade to Town—An Amusing Scene in the Theater, wherein a Novel Tribute is Paid to the Players—The Roll-Call Next Morning—Festive Appearance of the Bibulous Jack as a Refugee—"Cleaning up the Park" as a Penalty—"Extra Duty," and the way a Chap Represented it to Confiding Friends at Home—Redhead's Peril in the Inspection of Damaged Shells—Tent Comforts—Celebrating a Birth-Day—Destruction and Sale of the Mysterious Effects of the "Babes in the Woods"—The "Old Guard" and its Imposing Review in Preston's Woods.

Toward the close of February the inactivity that had characterized military circles bade fair to be broken. The weather grew less inclement, and the health of the command visibly improved. Orderly-Sergeant JOHN

N. ESTABROOK was promoted to the vacancy made by Lieut. SMITH's resignation. Lieut. ESTABROOK was a most genial, amiable gentleman, and deservedly popular among the men. Probably the only weakness which the Lieutenant possessed was his admiration and care for his superb whiskers—the largest, richest and blondest in the brigade. First-duty Sergeant JAMES W. GRIMSHAW was promoted to be Orderly-Sergeant. He was the most energetic, industrious officer in the command; and it used to be a legend among the boys that he was never known to sleep longer than an hour at a time, or sit at any regular meal more than two minutes. When his official duties did not require his attention, he devoted his time to the care of his horse and equipments, until they were the admiration and envy of every mounted man.

The broken inactivity referred to in beginning this chapter was evidenced by constant rumors of the approach of a Rebel command under General Morgan, and the consequent peril of Central Kentucky, together with the sense of danger manifesting itself among all classes of citizens, who flocked in droves to the city for protection. A perfect hegira was taking place among the negroes, who passed our camp day after day, in every imaginable kind of vehicle, laden with every conceivable kind of furniture. To every wagon was attached a superfluity of children and vastly too many mangy dogs.

On the 21st of February it was credibly reported that Gen. Morgan had captured Richmond and a portion of the troops in the fortified camp our brigade had built, and, flushed with victory, was marching on Lexington. The correctness of these rumors could not be definitely known by the troops, but that there was immediate danger no one doubted. The 44th O. V. I. had been mounted a short time previous, and with the 104th O. V. I., started out of camp hastily on the afternoon of the 21st. The 100th and 103d O. V. I. were sent forward to Lexington by train. The day following, the Battery, in command of Lieut. FRANK WILSON, (Capt. SHIELDS being absent on short leave,) received orders to be prepared to move, and just before dark, in obedience to orders, moved out on the muddy pike, to make a night march, without infantry escort, to Lexington—a distance of twenty-five miles. Sergeant CHAS. LUCK and another non-commissioned officer were to go forward as advance-guard, riding a mile ahead of the command, with orders to report to Lieut. WILSON the faintest signs of the presence of the enemy.

It was a subject of conjecture afterward what we would have done if a squadron of Rebel cavalry had galloped down upon us on that night march. After exhausting all the novel methods of defense possible for a battery of artillery to make use of in case of attack by cavalry, and unsupported by any kind of troops, it was generally conceded that the command

would be ordered "into battery;" the men would dismount and stand by their guns and horses, while each detachment would lead off, in a spirited manner, with the first verse of a thrilling war-song, composed and sung by Sergeants SMITH and KILLAM, the initial line being

"JOE SHIELDS' Battery will make the Rebels run."

The air to which this was sung was supposed to be highly disagreeable to the Rebels, inasmuch as it was attached to another piece of doggerel, which anticipated in gratifying terms the forcible suspension of the Chief Magistrate of the Confederacy to an acidulated fruit-tree, and at the same time was laudatory of a party by the name of Brown, who made an unexpected and, we may add, very unpleasant visit to Harper's Ferry just before the war, and who finally died there, with the kindly aid of the combined forces of the proud Commonwealth of Virginia, and whose soul, it was asserted with great unction, was in a constant state of progression. This parody, when sung with a lusty chorus, standing in position at their pieces, would, it was supposed, have the effect of throwing the attacking force off their guard, and so thoroughly demoralize them that a few rounds of canister would put them to flight.

I am happy to say that the necessity did not arise for a trial of this novel and heroic experiment. In our sublime ignorance of military affairs we made bold to

criticise Gen. Q. A. Gilmore (commanding the Department), who had ordered out a valuable aggregation of Government property on a night march (incidentally accompanying it being 145 unarmed men), and who were liable at any hour to be attacked, the property to be destroyed and the men captured by any prowling detachment of Rebel cavalry that might overtake or meet them on the road. We really thought the General should not have taken such risks with such valuable property when it was uninsured, and quite ignored our personal interests in our fears of a possible loss to the Government.

If we had been picked up that night by any of Gen. Morgan's scouting parties, it would have been perceptible to the most unmilitary mind that some one in authority had blundered. We were, fortunately, spared such a disagreeable termination to our military career, and were permitted to plod along in a cold, drizzling rain, hour after hour, the silence of the march being broken only by the clanking of the chain tugs on the horses, the sabre-scabbards on the riders, and the deep rumble of the heavy guns and caissons on the stony pike. The riders, wet and benumbed, dozed in their saddles, and the cannoneers sat nodding on the ammunition-boxes.

Twelve miles from Frankfort brought us to Versailles—a groggy-looking little town—where some of the boys filled their flasks and canteens with a beverage

which was, I am compelled to believe, paid for in Confederate money that never saw the Confederacy. We had not marched beyond a couple of miles before we were aroused by the clatter of horses' hoofs and fierce yells, and every man was wide awake in a moment. Just as Lieut. WILSON shouted, "Halt!" a white horse, bearing two drunken rowdies, dashed by the column at a rapid gait, and went tearing down the road to Versailles like a demon.

The night passed without any further interruptions, and about daybreak the command crept into their old camp at Lexington, wet, and cold, and weary, where we quickly threw ourselves down upon blankets and fell asleep. With the sun well up we were awakened by the approach of visitors, who gave us glowing details of the recent Rebel raid, in which the 100th and 103d Ohio Regiments had skirmished with the enemy, without any particular loss.

Here occurred an incident which, I regret to admit, was a characteristic trait of the boys of the 19th. While in Frankfort, access to stronger beverages* than

*It was not a difficult matter to procure everything to eat and drink in Frankfort restaurants, providing one had money, and plenty of it. The rapacity of the restaurant people was proverbial, and to "get even" became the solemn duty of those who had suffered. On one occasion some of the boys returned to camp with a report of a fresh act of greed and rapacity perpetrated upon them, and next day fully a dozen hungry men walked into the same place, and, having eaten their fill, walked

those furnished by the Government had been comparatively easy, and the coffee rations had accumulated until a handsome surplus was in possession of each mess. It was suggested that this surplus might be sold, and the proceeds of the sale invested in tinware for the use of the mess. The unsuspecting youth in charge of the stores accordingly sought out two of the boys of extensive acquaintance and unlimited experience (Corporal VIC. WILLIAMS, and his chum, ED. FAIRCHILD), and deputed them to undertake the business. These worthies accepted the commission with suspicious eagerness, and, throwing two canteens over their shoulders, started for the city, each with a bag of coffee under his arm. They had not been gone more than an hour before the members of the mess were informed of the project, and the prospective display of tinware for dinner. The youth was congratulated on his thoughtfulness: "It was just what the mess needed." "It was a bully idea!" When, flushed with the hearty endorsement he had received, he ventured to include, in a further remark, the names of the two chaps who had undertaken the commission, the smiling faces of the boys suddenly became grave, and some of them walked off, muttering something about that "d—d white grocery!"

out with every knife, fork and spoon on the tables, and returned to camp triumphant. A careful examination of the articles by daylight resulted in the regretful fact that the restaurant villain was still ahead fully one hundred per cent.

The "white grocery" was a resort, or, more properly, a "shebang," much affected by the boys in blue, who could procure from the humbugging Irishman and his wife, who owned the establishment, all the whisky they desired, provided there was an equivalent in cash or coffee, pork or crackers. No matter how stringent the orders might be against the sale of spirits to soldiers, the industrious Mr. and Mrs. McFinnegan took the risk, watered their stock, and increased their profits. The boys of the NINETEENTH were good customers of the famous "white grocery," and being chronically impecunious, were in the habit of exchanging their surplus rations for other and more potent articles of food. Coffee, sugar, beef and beans, like corn, rye, barley and wheat, were alike capable of being transferred from their natural solid into a fluid state. To the "white grocery" promptly went the bearers of the surplus coffee stores. They were favorite customers of the McFinnegans, and were popularly supposed to be part of that extremely limited number who had "tick" there, utterly regardless of the warning sign conveyed in the silent clock face on the wall, across which was printed the explanatory and quite unnecessary announcement, "No tick here!"

In a few hours the agents returned, with faces flushed and radiant, a suspicious lack of firmness in their gait, and the unmistakable odor of whisky about their persons. The peculiar "slop and gurgle" of a fluid in the

partially-filled canteens convinced the youth who had commissioned them that, as it was too late to milk the citizens' cows, there was a bare possibility that the fluid was whisky. He took the canteen, raised it to his mouth—and he was satisfied it *was* whisky! Quite delighted, he asked: “How did you raise it, boys?” and received in reply mysterious winks and nods, and some indefinite reference to the “white grocery”—“old McFinnegan”—“got tick there”—“lots of it!”

With a suspicion that his worst fears had been confirmed, the youth said, faintly: “Got the tinware, boys? How did you sell the coffee?”

The boys of the mess just came up in time to hear the unblushing explanation that “we didn't get the plates, for we lost the coffee on the road to town; the bag broke, and let the coffee out in the mud, and a wagon passed over it!”

That settled it. The radiant countenances, the half-filled canteens of whisky, the vague intimations of a wide and unlimited credit at the McFinnegans, were all indubitable proofs of the faithlessness of Vic. and his chum. The coffee was undoubtedly gone, and the whisky nearly so. The mess and their hoarded stores were both badly sold. To the indignant denunciations of their rascally conduct these worthies returned solemn denials, closing with “No levity, boys!”

The boys didn't get new tinware, and refused to further accumulate mess-stores. They accepted the

situation with a good grace, and, as they took satisfaction out of the canteens, philosophically concluded that "they couldn't *drink* tinware, any way!"

Capt. SHIELDS arrived in camp on the morning of the 3d of March, having reached Lexington the night previous, and was received with demonstrations of delight by his men, who flocked about him asking news from home, and what their friends had thought about the Battery in the recent scare. The Captain consoled them with the reply that, when the people had asked him how the Battery would get through a tight place, he had told them that, "as they had proved themselves such adepts at stealing on all former occasions, he had no doubt whatever, if they were caught in a tight place, and surrounded by a superior force, they would easily steal their way out in the night;" which reply cut off further inquiries of that nature, and apparently gratified the curiosity of the questioners.

About the 17th of March, Capt. SHIELDS was appointed Chief of Artillery, and the immediate command of the Battery devolved upon Lieut. FRANK WILSON; the Captain, however, making his headquarters in his own camp, as usual.

Just or unjust, the troops did not entertain a very exalted opinion of the abilities displayed by Gen. Q. A. Gilmore, in the administration of the affairs of his department. He was regarded as entirely too "conservative" in his views to successfully advance the

interests of the cause in Kentucky. If the anxiety manifested by that distinguished officer to preserve intact the fences and other portable property of the Rebels about Lexington had been devoted to the comfort, care and direction of his troops, the practical results of his administration would have been more apparent. It was the unanimous opinion that a reputation formed at Fort Pulaski was not materially enhanced by the milk-and-water policy pursued, and the exertions made to drive the armed Rebels out of Central Kentucky, or the unarmed Rebel sympathizers out of his counsels. Letters to the Cleveland papers*

* Under date of "Camp Ella Bishop, Lexington, Ky., March 1st, 1863," a letter to the Cleveland *Leader* says: "The telegraph has informed you long ere this that the forces in Central Kentucky have had something to do in marching, if not in fighting. During the last ten days at Frankfort, our brigade has been marched off by piecemeal until only the 103d O. V. I. and our battery remained to listen to and talk about the grape vine dispatches that are received hourly. At one time we would be told that the 100th O. V. I. was repulsed at Danville, or some other point, by an overwhelming force, and compelled to retreat. Another rumor would circulate that 4,000 Rebels were marching on Lexington, where our brigade was stationed, and that Kentucky would certainly soon be held by the Rebels. We were only too glad when marching orders came. * * * * On Thursday night we left camp and started for Lexington, twenty-five miles distant, with all our baggage. The 103d O. V. I. was sent forward on the cars, so we had no infantry escort whatever. We reached Lexington at five o'clock the following morning, and were ordered into our old camp on the Fair Grounds. * *

from the Battery at that time gave gossip sketches of the condition of the Battery and their movements, and included criticisms, which, however just or unjust,

Of course Lexington has been in a dreadful state of excitement for the past week. The Rebels who were threatening this point were about 2,500 strong, under command of Col. Chenault, Col. Ashley, and some other officer; there being apparently separate detachments, all of which have been kept so well informed of the numbers and movements of our troops, by their sympathizing friends here, that they manage to evade us and refuse to fight without the advantages are on their side. So it goes. Though we have several regiments already mounted, we don't seem to accomplish much. The result will be that Chenault and his troops will be driven by our forces, mounted and foot, until he collects all the plunder he wants, when he will discreetly retire from the State. Gen. Gilmore commands the forces of Central Kentucky, and has fearlessly announced that "he never will give up—that he will fight them to the end!" This determination, considering the fact that he has from five to seven thousand men under him, cannot be regarded as rash. Undaunted Gilmore! never falter, brave preserver of the families and fences, homes and hen-roosts, of the now badly-scared Kentuckians, whose sympathies are all with the South, but whose interests are now so completely identified with the Yankee soldiers. Chenault will soon discover that if he persists in remaining in the State, to the detriment of the peace of mind of the people, he will do so at the risk of incurring Gilmore's unqualified displeasure. * * * * Lexington is always prolific of dress parades, grand reviews, inspections, etc. No sooner did we get into camp than we were directed to repair for a review, at nine o'clock Saturday morning. On this occasion we drew two months pay. After standing in the tiresome position of 'Attention!' after the usual number of well-dressed officers galloped by, casting a glance at the rank and file as they swept along;

were expressive of the feelings of the troops and consequently part of the history of the times.

We had no sooner become well acquainted with the bearings of our camp, than we were ordered to remove to a position opposite the residence of a wealthy gentleman named Telford, for whom the camp was named. Battery D, Capt. Kunkle commanding, encamped near us, and old acquaintances were revived. Here we received four months' pay; and it came at a most opportune time, for the Battery was in a sadly impecunious way. We had been moved about quite enough to make soldiers of us, in one sense of the word, and I fear the follies which attach to the profession did not slight us. The first thing attended to, on arriving in a new camp, was to establish a "base of supplies," said supplies being, variously, whisky, eggs, milk and butter—the first-mentioned article being the chiefest among ten thousand other things.

Camp duties were not light, and drilling became a trifle wearisome. Target practice was ordered, and great pride was manifested by the several detachments in the execution of their guns.

and after a deal too much of drumming and fifeing, we returned to camp, fully satisfied and impressed with the magnitude and importance of the pay department. * * * Capt. SHIELDS has been absent the last ten days, leaving Lieut. WILSON in command. Lieut. W. is an officer who is always cool and energetic, and has the ability and courage to sustain himself creditably in any situation. * * * X."

Lieut. Benjamin, of the U. S. A., commanded a battery of Regulars in the vicinity. On one occasion the 19th went out, under his direction, for target practice. The target, much to the surprise of some of our officers, was a large tree, just on a line with the camp of the Regulars, and orders were given to fire. We opened with a volley of shell, and had just commenced to fire by piece, when a horseman, riding toward us at a furious pace, arrested our attention. As he neared, he shouted:

“Hold on, Benjamin: you are shelling us out of our camp!”

The firing ceased, and the officer proceeded to state that we had knocked down the commissary tent, broken a wheel off a mule-wagon, and that every man in camp had struck for the woods. Just what other damage we had inflicted since he left he was unable to say. While gratified at the success of our shots, we thought it very proper to train the guns in another direction, and for a time our confidence in the infallibility of the regular army officer* was shaken.

Attached to a family near the camp was a venerable, pious old darkey, called by his master Robert, and by others “Uncle Bob.” His suavity of manner, his

* Less than a year later we had large opportunities for renewing our confidence in this particular officer, whose skill, judgment and bravery made him conspicuous in the terrible charges made on Fort Saunders during the siege of Knoxville.

silvered wool, and his wonderful intelligence, made him a favorite with the command, especially that portion of it that loved strong drink; for Uncle Bob, for fair consideration, was always able to accommodate them with a canteen of whisky. Judging from the dissipation that was prevalent, Uncle Bob was doing a prosperous business, when Death, the unseasonable visitor, happened along, and simultaneously cut off the boys' supplies of whisky and the trader's lease of life.

Lieut. WILSON found his hands full in this camp. The boys were reckless in their pursuit of fun, and stopped at nothing. The attractions of a city filled with soldiers, and all the strange and illegitimate attendants of a military post, could not be resisted. A strong and active provost-guard, patrolling the streets and by-ways of the city night and day to pick up men in town without leave, had no terrors for the boys of the NINETEENTH, who rather courted a skirmish now and then with these preservers of law and order. To be caught in town in uniform, without a pass, was equivalent to spending the night in prison, in company with a hard and miscellaneous lot—not a pleasant thing to contemplate, and consequently an adventure to be avoided.

Adjoining our camp were the quarters of the "East Tennessee Refugees," (known among the darkeys as the "refugesuses,") the Union men of East Tennessee, who had fled from Rebel proscription, and, after being

hunted through the mountains and thickets on the southern borders of the State, had reached Kentucky in a sad plight, ready and willing to enroll themselves in the army of the National Government and fight for its preservation. They were piloted through the mountains by trusty guides, and brought to the camp of rendezvous at Lexington, where they were organized into new regiments, or forwarded as recruits to regiments in which they had friends. Among the organizations composed of these hardy loyalists was a battery of light artillery, commanded by Capt. R. Clay Crawford, whose previous and subsequent adventures were of the most varied and romantic character.

Capt. Crawford will be recalled by the men of the NINETEENTH with a feeling of interest. They were intimate in his camp, and several of the men afterward accepted commissions in his batteries. In September, 1877, a gentleman of Mt. Washington, Ky., wrote to the Louisville *Courier-Journal* that he personally knew that Osman Pasha, the commander of the Turkish troops at Plevna, was a Tennessean named R. Clay Crawford; that a few years previous he had entered the service of the Khedive of Egypt, and was soon after transferred to the Army of the Sultan. He embraced, in his letter, a sketch of the career of Crawford, which was afterward amended by other correspondents, and in brief was as follows:

About 1850, Andrew Johnson, then in Congress,

appointed R. Clay Crawford, of Hawkins Co., Tenn., a cadet at West Point. He was of a restless, excitable nature, and was consequently seldom at peace with the authorities. Expulsion followed; Crawford went to New York, and in reckless dissipation soon squandered his money. Taking with him a beautiful girl as a companion, he started for Tennessee through Virginia. At Wytheville, while lodged one night at an inn, he robbed an incautious but wealthy Alabama stock-dealer, and was detected, with his paramour, counting the proceeds of the robbery. Trial and conviction followed, and the romantic young ex-cadet, although scarcely more than a boy, found himself in prison. How he escaped is not known, but he found his way to Europe, where he saw life in the capitals of the continent under the most flattering circumstances. His literary ability was demonstrated in a little work, descriptive of these travels, entitled "Wild Oats Sown Abroad" (or some title similar), a copy of which was at one time in the possession of the writer. It was readable, but scarcely suitable for a lady's parlor table.

When the war broke out he accompanied a Tennessee regiment as a volunteer, and in some engagement was wounded in the leg. Andrew Johnson, then Military Governor of Tennessee, commissioned him as Captain of Artillery, and he raised a battery, which was encamped near us at Lexington. Crawford was further honored by a commission as Colonel of the 1st Regiment

Tennessee Light Artillery, in the batteries of which a number of the members of the NINETEENTH and other Ohio batteries served as officers. In the fall and winter of 1864, Col. Crawford was at Nashville, and his batteries manned the works about the Capitol. He is reported to have recruited several hundred negroes in Tennessee, and sold them to a Massachusetts substitute broker, who had them credited to the quota of that State, and for which he paid Crawford a sum of money approximating one hundred thousand dollars. Soon after this sharp transaction he went to New York, on leave of absence, discreetly resigned, and went to Mexico, where he entered the Mexican army, and was in command of troops when the unfortunate Maximilian paid the penalty of his ambition with his life. At the close of the war he was a Major General in the Mexican army, and a year later the papers were full of his dashing raid on Bagdad—a freebooting expedition at the best. He sacked the town, and carried off, as his personal share, about one hundred thousand dollars. An officer of an Ohio regiment, who went to Mexico under commission as a Major of Cavalry in 1865, told the writer five years later that he was with Crawford at Bagdad, and that he certainly made a “big haul” on that occasion, and added: “My share was less than a fifth of that amount!” As he died a poor man a year later, from the indiscreet use of the incautiously-compounded beverages of a western mining

town, it is to be inferred that "his share" had not prospered him.

Crawford quarreled with Juarez, the Mexican President, and returned to this country. He took a tilt at Wall Street, and "struck it rich." Repeated operations in that great gold mart made him a millionaire. He fell in love, married a lady living on the Hudson, bought a handsome estate near Philadelphia, and began a career of almost oriental luxury. A few years later he disappeared. The writer heard of him afterward as an officer in the Cuban army, where he fell in defense of a fortified hacienda, repelling an attack of the Spanish regulars.

The statement that he was Osman Pasha was formally denied by the Turkish Minister in Washington, and the sensation died out. So much publicity had been given to his name and career that (my old comrades will agree with me) if R. Clay Crawford had been alive, he certainly would have responded. He was an adventurer of the most romantic type, and his career was a wild and checkered one, indeed.

The Tennesseans were clothed in home-made native jeans, sadly worn, and manifestly out of style. Their hats were broad-brimmed or slouchy felt, "native to the manner born," and their cowhide shoes were invariably guiltless of polish and blacking. The boys soon struck up a warm acquaintance with the refugees, and succeeded in borrowing their clothing when they wished to

spend an evening in town without danger. The history of one night will suffice for a fair picture of that early spring at Camp Telford.

One warm April night the writer, in company with half a dozen others, donned their borrowed jeans, and, cutting across fields and over fences, entered town as Tennessee refugees, passing the patrols and guards with the most indifferent air. The streets were alive with soldiers and citizens, and the places of amusement unusually inviting.

The theater was the object of our escapade from camp that night; and, fortified with the necessary spirits, and looking as unlike citizens as possible, we sauntered into the house and found seats. On looking about, we saw the faces of about two-thirds of the Battery, their forms clothed in every imaginable kind and cut of old clothes. To the casual observer it would seem as if the Tennessee refugees had received handsome remittances from home, and were having a good time.

In the same seat with the writer were three or four of the same squad, all to a certain extent in a happy frame of mind, prepared for any kind of emergency. One of them was a most improbable and unnatural "refugee" that night. The marvelous jeans he wore would not have deceived a blind man. When I recall his round, jovial face, with its placid expression, serenely and solemnly watching the play, I

see the most ludicrous picture ever presented. The play was Maggie Mitchell's famous piece, "Fanchon," and the star was a very weak imitator of the charming "Little Cricket." To the boys, however, the performance was heavenly. They became warm partisans of Fanchon, and cordially despised old Father Barbeaud. One of them watched the progress of the play with an interest and gravity that betokened fun until it reached the scene where Fanchon interviews Father Barbeaud, after her grandmother's funeral, and where neither her black dress, her pretty face and pleading eyes, nor her pleasant ways, soften the heart of the old wretch, who persistently refuses to receive the "Little Cricket" as his daughter, and thereby drives to distraction his son—an idiotic chap with thin legs and long stockings, wearing a totally impossible hat, garnished with artificial flowers. At this juncture the susceptibilities of the contemplative chap in butternut jeans were aroused, and his face flushed. His eyes were riveted upon the stage, and he was utterly oblivious to his surroundings. To him the scene was real. He saw no cheap actress; but, instead, a fair woman in distress. He saw no indifferent actor, playing an impossible and very poor "old man;" but, instead, a hard-hearted, tyrannical, wooden-headed old father, who was impervious alike to "Little Cricket's" tears and pleadings and his son's sighs and sulks. His sympathies and indignation rapidly rose together, and he became a

study to his amused comrades. At last he lost control of himself; tears of anger and pity rolled down his cheeks; the play reached that culminating point where old Father Barbeaud acts particularly and unnecessarily mean and hard-hearted, when the sympathetic chap half rose from his seat, and shaking his clenched fist (as well as he could with a comrade trying to pull his arm down) at the old chap on the stage, shouted out, interspersed with snuffles, "You d—d old rascal—I'll punch your head! You—you—infernal old scoundrel—to act so cussed mean toward Little Cricket!"

The house resounded with shouts of laughter, and the champion of "Fanchon" was pulled down to his seat with the expostulatory remark: "Sit down, you old sardine, and don't make an ass of yourself; it's only a play!" He reluctantly complied, and with difficulty subdued his indignation sufficiently to remain quiet. The recollection of the incident was too overpowering, however, and the party left the house, taking the cause of their merriment with them, who, once in the open air, realized what he had done, and joined the crowd in shouts of prolonged laughter.

In those days dramatic companies at military posts were too well pleased with full houses to care much for expressions of satisfaction or disgust from the audience, but the company at Lexington must have felt highly flattered with the success of their efforts, when it elicited such a peculiar endorsement from a spectator.

This little incident was elaborately and frequently recounted in the presence of the chief actor during the two succeeding years, who invariably denied it, and threatened all sorts of violence on the head of the man who originated it; but there were too many witnesses, and he long since was compelled to admit its truthfulness.

Impetuous and big-hearted old comrade! surely the little foibles of army life were his greatest follies, none of which a true friend recalls with harmful intent.

It was a late hour that night before the boys, having eluded the guards and been chased by the patrol, reached camp, and the morning reveille sounded all too soon a few hours later, compelling the revelers to turn out into line in sad disorder, with their wits astray and their clothes awry, to answer to roll-call. The majority of them, however, intuitively discarded their butternut suits and donned their uniforms before making their appearance.

Among those who came into camp late, sorely laden, was JACK, of bibulous and pugnacious memory. Only half-awakened by the bugle call, he scrambled out and tumbled into the ranks, wearing the most extraordinary suit of threadbare butternuts mortal man ever saw. The coat was carefully buttoned at the neck, and the tails dropped to within six inches of the ground, and two very bright little brass buttons gleamed from behind, about sixteen inches below the collar, to mark the

boundaries of a miraculously short waist, and disproportionately long skirt. The trousers were painfully tight, and unnecessarily long, and embodied all the variegated signs of the seasons, in grease spots and fruit stains, showing the pleasing progress made in hog-killing, apple-paring, and corn-shucking; one leg of this garment was rolled to the top of the boot, and the other settled in layers upon the ground. A villainous dingy sombrero, with slouching rim, covered the unconscious JACK's head, and half hid his blinking eyes.

As JACK tumbled into the ranks, a half-suppressed titter ran along the line. The appearance of Lieut. WILSON, grim and critical, silenced the demonstration, but could not dissipate the agonized expression on the men's faces. Following the direction of the men's glances the Lieutenant's sharp eyes rested on the partially unconscious JACK, and for a moment twinkled with enjoyment of the scene, and then changed to an expression that meant mischief.

When the ranks were broken, the Lieutenant ordered the half-oblivious JACK into his quarters to get rid of his masquerading suit, and then directed that all similar suits should be brought to his quarters immediately, where, it was intimated, they would be destroyed. A detective, ten minutes later, could not have found a single borrowed garment in the camp.

The operations of the night previous had obtained too

wide a notoriety, and the result was that the extra guard and police duty squad quite did away with the necessity of a regular detail, and had a sure thing for ten or twenty consecutive days. JACK and his chum were specially detailed to police the camp, and enjoined to keep at work and sweep everything into a pond or sink-hole hard by. They complied with the order so literally that they attempted to sweep the Captain's favorite horse into the pond, and were detected by the officer of the day, just in time to save the distressed animal from a filthy bath.

The humorous chaps were then tied to a tree where they diverted themselves with an animated and characteristic conversation, not particularly complimentary to anybody, and altogether shocking to ears polite. The whole affair was so ludicrous that the officer in a short time released the boys and sent them to their quarters, with a significant warning not to repeat the performance if they valued their future comfort.

"What are you writing?" some one asked one of the boys, who seemed greatly entertained with his letter, and had just come off a watch of four hours, being one-sixth of a sentence of extra guard duty for violation of orders.

"Why, you see," was the reply, "I promised to give the folks at home a truthful account of camp life, and I've told 'em, with a flourish, that I'm doing 'extra duty' for twenty-four hours. They'll think I've been

promoted for good conduct, and brag on it. Bully idea, ain't it?" and the wretch enjoyed the deception he was practicing on his confiding relatives.

If that impression had been a general one at home, and our friends had seen those frequent and formidable lists of "extra duty" men, they would have felt that promotions were wonderfully rapid in the NINETEENTH BATTERY.

In this camp we came near experiencing a tragedy. Our shells and case shot used in target practice had in many cases proven defective and even dangerous, and an examination was ordered. HENRY REDHEAD, chief artificer (and a most skillful one he was) placed a shell in his vise, and was engaged in unscrewing the fuse, when the projectile exploded, burning his face and upper limbs in a frightful manner, and inflicting upon him a number of comparatively unimportant wounds. With his face blackened with powder, and the blood pouring from his wounds, he presented a pitiable sight, and the greatest consternation prevailed. Fortunately neither VAN LÜVEN, his assistant, nor any of those standing about, were injured, and under the prompt and skillful attention of a surgeon,* REDHEAD soon made a presentable appearance, and in a few weeks recovered. He will never be nearer death than he was that moment until the time comes for him to die.

* Dr. Todd of Lexington, a most kind-hearted gentleman, a true Union man, and a great favorite with the entire command.

The faculty for improving everything the Government provided, was carried to an extent never dreamed of by the regular soldier. The men were quartered in large bell-tents, which accommodated a dozen or more men. They were cumbersome, as originally constructed, but were made much more so by an ambitious "twoster" who procured sufficient canvas to attach to the bottom of the tent and raise it three feet from the ground. Within forty-eight hours every tent in the camp was similarly enlarged, although no one could give a satisfactory account where the extra canvas came from.

This mania for imaginary comforts sometimes defeated the object intended. In the Tennessee camp a huge pile of hospital cots (light wooden frames with canvas stretched over them) were stored, under the guard of the not very soldierly refugees. One of the battery men, desiring to outdo his comrades, crept up to the pile soon after dark one night, and triumphantly carried off a cot, which he bore to the tent in triumph. Of course every other man wanted one, and before ten o'clock, the tent was crowded with hospital cots to the exclusion of every other article of comfort, leaving no room for the occupants save in a reclining position. Next day every other tent in the camp was regarded with contempt by their respective occupants, and before midnight the pile of cots under guard had dwindled down to half-a-dozen very suspicious and dirty stretch-

ers, which no one had the courage to contemplate. The officers wanted to know "where all that truck came from," and were informed that they had been purchased. A rumor prevailed soon after that the cots had accommodated small-pox patients, and a large number were promptly discarded. Some of the more courageous chaps, however, stuck to their cots until we broke camp, when they were not sorry to leave them behind.

The desire to accumulate utterly worthless goods and chattels was a common one, and soon filled all the available space in tents and wagons. An exposure of this weakness on one occasion was caused by an amusing incident. Corporal WM. HOGAN, who combined more quiet humor, gravity of countenance, and solemnity of expression than any other man in the command, concluded to celebrate his birth-day in this camp, and proceeded to do so in a most deliberate and serious fashion. He procured the necessary quantity of spirits, and sat down in the tent of the "Twosters" to celebrate. The gravity of the corporal, in the method of his celebration, afforded the most unbounded enjoyment to his comrades. Finally he reached a point where his tongue thickened, and upon being bantered on his inability to pronounce the words "brandy and water," only succeeded in enunciating "branny-an'-war-er;" which so thoroughly disgusted the corporal that he solemnly arose, and deliberately proceeded to demolish the frail and inconsequential furniture of the tent, and clean

out things generally, including a box of incomprehensible and mysterious truck, owned by two chums called the "babes in the woods."* This box had long been an eye-sore to the occupants of the tent; but the boys felt that the irate corporal might do further harm, and they surrounded him and appeased his anger.

Then it was resolved that a public sale of the contents of the wrecked box should be made, the proceeds to go to the "Battery Fund," a mysterious "sinking fund" which had become involved, and remained for a long time in the deepest financial fog. The owners magnanimously agreed to endorse the arbitrary proceedings, and the bidding that resulted was unusually spirited. An inventory was taken, and every article specified. It embraced a wonderful variety of truck, and to it was attributed the cause of every case of illness that had been seen in camp.

With a pardonable pride, the Battery boys felt that the whole world was watching the course of their little command, and any intimation that a newspaper correspondent would be present at their field drill was sure to put them on their metal. On one occasion the rep-

*This title was given to HARRY ELLSLER and JERRY HOWER, both young and handsome boys, and riders on the same gun-team. The former is now manager of the Pittsburgh Theater, and the latter, after suffering for many years from the effects of a wound received at Kenesaw Mountain, in the Georgia campaign, finally took up his residence in Florida, where we learn he is engaged in growing oranges.

representatives of the Cincinnati *Commercial* and New York *Herald* dined with the officers, and expressed a desire to witness the Battery field-movements. The men were made aware of the presence of their distinguished visitors, and appeared in perfect gala style. Every pair of boots shone like a mirror; every neck was encompassed with a paper collar; and a hastily improvised composition was applied to mustaches and whiskers, until the boys were as black-bearded as stage pirates. The drill was almost perfect, and the visitors affected to be delighted. Until the respective copies of those papers containing Lexington correspondence reached camp, the boys were in a fever of expectation; and when they appeared, and only half a dozen lines were devoted to mention of the fine appearance of SHIELDS' BATTERY, some of the men, who had taken extra pains to make themselves presentable, were so ungrateful as to speak in anything but flattering terms of the correspondents.

“Did you think they were going to fill their papers up with a notice of your one-horse Battery?” said a chap belonging to another command near by, which, by the way, had not been mentioned at all.

Early in April, Gen. A. E. Burnside assumed command of the Department, and the old Ninth Army Corps began to arrive in Lexington, fresh from many a hard-fought campaign in the East. The conduct of these old troops was in marked contrast to that of the West-

ern troops who had been serving in Central Kentucky. The old board-fencing surrounding the race-course, which had been jealously guarded by Gen. Gilmore out of consideration for the feelings of the citizens (who were praying for the success of the Southern Confederacy), disappeared in half a day before the attacks of the old campaigners, who proceeded to make themselves comfortable; thus setting an example that was promptly followed by the resident troops.

The difficulty experienced in maintaining proper discipline in a camp so near the city at last exhausted the patience of the Captain, and the camp was moved to a wood on the estate of the Rebel General Preston, some three and a half miles from Lexington. To the boys, who had established agreeable connections in town, this removal was aggravating, and it was for a time the firm belief that the officers had made a remunerative contract to clean up Preston's woods.

The supposition that the distance from the city would suffice to keep the boys in camp was an erroneous one, for they kept up their surreptitious trips, apparently relishing the walk of over seven miles from and to camp. Those who remained in camp varied the monotony of their existence by attending the negro prayer-meetings on the estate, and joining in the exercises with a gusto and apparent earnestness which I am compelled to admit did not proceed from a devout spirit. The rehearsals in camp, during the day, of the

night exercises, under the direction of "SHORTY," did not all add to the reputation of the boys for piety.

Orders from headquarters looking to proper discipline became more stringent in this camp, and violations of them were impartially punished without regard to rank. "Extra guard duty" was meted out to the offenders in sentences of from ten to thirty days, in proportion to the aggravation of the offense, until the black list embraced about thirty of the liveliest and best men in the command. The steady fellows, who, by the misconduct of their comrades, were thus largely exempted from guard duty, enjoyed the thing immensely.

The best of humor prevailed among the members of this "extra duty" battalion, known as the "Old Guard." Their continuous duty was superficially supposed to be arduous in the extreme, but the Old Guard figured close on their contract, and didn't lose much sleep. At night the entire relief was spread out in calm repose on the hay-pile, leaving one of their number on duty to arouse them on the approach of the officer of the day. They never lacked spirituous comfort, for their sympathizing comrades generously kept up a bountiful supply of stimulants.

The Old Guard had become such a formidable institution that it seemed eminently appropriate to have a parade and review. As fun was the object, every one in the camp was on the *qui vive*. The offi-

cers, who were quietly advised of the proposed display, said nothing, but concluded to keep an eye on the boys.

Accordingly, one evening, after the usual commands were given, the Old Guard fell into line, dressed in an indescribable manner. An air of solemnity pervaded their entire movements, much to the amusement of the rest of the command, who were spectators of the ludicrous parade. Corporal BILLY HOGAN, the personification of gravity, was the Colonel Commanding, while the position of Adjutant was filled by the inimitable HANK SMITH, who dressed the line with a sternness and military precision that excited the risibilities of the spectators. Having concluded, he turned on his heel, and, presenting sabre, announced, "The parade is formed, sir." The Colonel, whose face was the very picture of dignity in repose, calmly waved his hand to the Adjutant, and folded his arms after the manner of Napoleon, his huge paper chapeau adding to his intensely military mien and figure. The Adjutant then read a series of orders which were intended for a mild burlesque of the regular camp orders, for the infringement of which they were then under ban. When this was concluded, the Colonel then addressed the guard with great severity. He enumerated in detail the heinous crimes with which they had been charged, and was particularly severe in denouncing some improbable charge against Sergeant SMITH—all of which was a happy travesty upon the course pursued by the officers

of the command, but delivered in such an inimitable manner, and so free from anything offensive, that the men on the outside roared with laughter, and the officers, who were quiet listeners, appreciated the thing heartily. This parade had a salutary effect; for the "Old Guard" were soon after disbanded, and the offenders pardoned.

One of the periodical captures of Richmond took place here, and produced the wildest sensation. Some of the boys had gone to town, as usual without leave, and while in the theater it was publicly announced that news had been received that Richmond had been taken by the Union troops. The boys hurried to camp, awoke their sleeping comrades, and announced the glorious news. The whole command turned out half-dressed, and shouted and cheered, and made the dark woods ring with their lusty hurrahs until the very owls began to grow alarmed.

Confident allusions to the speedy close of the war were made and accepted as inevitable facts; and not a few expressed the regretful opinion that we would never see the enemy before our guns. The men retired to rest reluctantly, and canteens were emptied amid great excitement.

Alas! the news was not verified on the following day, but instead came the announcement that the perpetrator of the canard was paying the penalty of his enterprise under arrest. Then expressions of disgust were

heard on every side, and those who had been so enthusiastic as to distribute their store of ardent spirits indiscriminately now wished that they had not been quite so hasty.

CHAPTER VII.

Twenty-Third Army Corps Organized—The Ninth Corps in Kentucky—Operations on the Cumberland—The March for Somerset—The Startling and Sanguinary Nature of the “Battle of Cuba”—The Heroic Exploits of “Lengthy” with his “Revolrah”—The Camp and Amusements at Somerset—Jack’s Experiment with the Whisky—Wulford’s Irregulars, and How they Stole a Hot Stove—Hasty Retrograde Movement—The Beginning of Morgan’s Famous Raid, with a Glance at the objects of the Expedition—The March to Stanford—Sleeping in a Graveyard—The March to Covington.

The organization of the Twenty-Third Army Corps took place about June 1st, 1863, and was composed of all the troops in Kentucky not belonging to the Ninth A. C. The troops were, with few exceptions, volunteers of 1862, and were raised in Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois and Kentucky. They were hardy, true men, well drilled and officered, and thoroughly imbued with patriotic ardor. Major General Hartsuff was assigned to the command of this new corps.* He had made a

*The Twenty-Third A. C. distinguished itself subsequently in the East Tennessee campaign, in the Georgia campaign under Gen. Schofield, and in Middle Tennessee and North Carolina, and was always prompt and efficient in the execution of every perilous duty.

fine reputation in the Virginia campaigns, and had been wounded at the battle of Antietam.

The organization of the troops in Kentucky pointed to active operations. The Ninth A. C. was under orders, and moving southward. A Rebel force of cavalry south of the Cumberland River was menacing the Union mounted forces stationed about Somerset, and frequent collisions were taking place, without any particular results. Gen. Carter, who had made the famous raid at the close of '62 into East Tennessee, was in command of the forces, with headquarters at or near Somerset.

The possibility of having something like real service to perform had a salutary effect upon the command, and when it was ordered that they should prepare to move to the front, the announcement was received with every demonstration of pleasure. The vague and uncertain rumors which reached us of short rations, night alarms and hard marches at the river, had no terrors for men who had turned night into day, made seven-mile trips by night to Lexington, as mere pastime, and had feasted on all the luxuries furnished by accommodating darkeys and camp peddlers. The night preceding the march there was a wholesale distribution and destruction of the accumulated camp truck, which gladdened the hearts of the darkeys and lighted the woods with blazing fires.

On the morning of June 6th, about nine o'clock, we

moved out of camp. The day was warm and the road was dusty. The fatigue of the first march told upon men and horses before night came, and was strikingly apparent in the condition of "SHORTY'S" pet blackbirds and owl, which rode upon the cross-bar of the gun limber and held on only through sheer inability to release their grip. Upon arrival in camp at night the blackbirds had only sufficient vitality left to feebly open their mouths for water, and the owl relapsed into a misanthropical mood, almost human.

About noon, as we were passing through Nicholasville, twelve miles from Lexington, a locomotive exploded, seriously injuring a number of people. This town presented a most forlorn and dilapidated appearance, and seemed to have abandoned itself to indifferent beer and the society of army wagons. Here and there a dejected soldier lounged against a post, making unsuccessful efforts to convince himself he was doing military duty. The same wretchedness was visible even in the mule teams. The animals drooped in the hot sun, with pendent ears, and in an absent sort of way feebly switched their tassellated tails, with not the slightest apparent intention of displacing the persistent blue-flies that buzzed about them and were the only animated thing visible that evinced any life whatever. Occasionally, in a spasm of energy some angular "wheeler," bearing more whip scars and army brands than his visible ribs would number, might be observed to elevate

his huge ears, as if to catch the faint notes of "a better time coming," and apparently disappointed, would drop them in a helpless sort of way, as if the exertion was regretted, when he dejectedly closed his eyes, and lapsed into a semi-conscious condition, to be aroused by the sharp crack of the dusty driver's whip and the profane "Ya-ha-ha, you — — —!"

We gladly left the dirty village behind us, and at night went into camp at Hickman bridge, a crossing of the Kentucky river, where supper and a bath produced a marked effect on both animals and men. The next day we marched twenty-eight miles, and went into camp near Stanford. We were, as usual, marching without escort; and when, on the following morning we filed into the road leading to Somerset, it became known that Morgan's cavalry was probably in our front, no little uneasiness was felt by the entire command, and unpleasant surmises were indulged in of the results of an encounter with cavalry. Before noon a mounted orderly overtook us bearing an order from Col. Speed S. Fry,* post commandant at Camp Nelson, near Nicholasville,

* Gen. Speed S. Fry, formerly colonel of a Kentucky regiment, became a historical character through his having shot and killed with a revolver the Rebel general, Zollicoffer, at the battle of Mill Springs, in 1861. He was a most modest and unassuming gentleman, and did not court the notoriety that attached to him through this act on the field. Since the war he has held several responsible positions under the government, and is now a respected citizen of Danville, Ky.

to proceed no farther until an escort could reach us, as Morgan and Wheeler's cavalry were reported making their way north and covering our front and flanks. We accordingly went into park at a little hamlet called Cuba, in a field commanding several diverging roads approaching the position. It was understood that Gen. Carter would hurry forward troops for our protection, but as several hours would necessarily elapse before they could reach us, our situation was anything but cheering.

The most serious and prompt measures were taken for protection. The guns were unlimbered and trained upon the approaches to the camp; the ammunition was carefully inspected; two sergeants with small detachments were sent out to picket the roads; the gunners scanned their pieces critically, and examined with keen eye all the equipments; they exercised themselves in sighting their guns on imaginary columns of men who might appear on the open roads; they swung the heavy trails about, apparently getting their muscles up to proper form. The duty sergeants supervised the inspection of the guns and equipments, and placed their saddles convenient to their tethered horses, under the impression, apparently, that it was necessary to be mounted in the event of a fight; they belted sabre and revolver on, and went clattering about in a very military sort of way, indeed.

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usual, evidently conscience-troubled at the approach of a danger that might involve a speedy settlement of doubtful accounts. Capt. SHIELDS and his lieutenants were regarded with intense interest as they walked about and chatted together, and such was the confidence felt in them by the men, that they had no doubt a plan had been fixed upon to defeat the enemy.

The men having hastily swallowed their suppers, and some of them having written the usual farewell letters on approach of danger, lounged about in squads, eagerly listening to any chap who, with superior knowledge of the situation, affected to know all about the direction the enemy would take, their exact strength, and just what they would do in every imaginable event. Without stopping to think that every man in the command had equal facilities for knowing all these chaps assumed to know, a general feeling pervaded the camp that the outlook was very bad, and that there was no possible doubt but "something would turn up before morning." The skeptical person who dared to make light of these gory possibilities was indignantly suppressed, and his motives construed not at all to his favor.

The utmost caution was observed in all the arrangements. No bugle sounded the usual calls, but every detachment received its orders verbally, and lights were forbidden after nightfall. The camp-guard was doubled, and specific instructions given them, and a verbal command sent the men to their blankets

under the gun-tarpaulins which were stretched over rails in the fence-corners. At last everything was still, and the imperiled command slept. No sound was heard save the hoot of the distant owl, which, being answered by his fellow, was magnified into Rebel signals by the anxious camp-guards.

The night grew darker and darker; the hours glided away imperceptibly, and the low conversation among the men on the out-posts sank to whispers. The old forest pines loomed up like giant specters, and their barren limbs stretched out like huge hands about to clutch their weaker fellows. The shrubbery around the picket posts, swayed gently to and fro in the still night air by some vagrant breeze, seemed to be sheltering a hidden enemy. A disturbed and belated rabbit, or a timid squirrel, skipped over the dry leaves and crackling twigs that strewed the earth, and startled the nervous pickets, who, with cocked revolvers, were crouching behind a huge pine tree, with strained eyes and ears alert to detect the approach of the expected foe. The bushes, parted by a faint breeze, to their eyes became a man skulking past the post.

The Sergeant cried "Halt! who goes there?" but no one halted, and the startled rabbit or frightened squirrel leaped away in alarm—and the officer fired. The men called "Halt!" and receiving no response, they too blazed away into the bushes.

Then a hasty and excited consultation ensued, and a

messenger was despatched back to camp to sound the alarm of approaching attack. He fled with the speed of the alarmed rodent, and with his heart thumping like mad under his jacket, his fears took shape, and in every waving bush he saw a skulking scout. His imagination kept pace with his speed, and, like Falstaff's men in Lincoln green, reproduced themselves with every glance of the eye. As he bounded forward, he involuntarily fired his revolver, and thus verified the fears of his comrades behind him, who supposed their messenger was attacked.

The Captain, who was wide awake and had heard the pistol shot, hastily walked to the roadside, where he heard the approach of the panting messenger. This excited individual was so intent upon getting out of danger that he failed to recognize the camp, and had to be sternly ordered to halt by the Captain twice before he slackened speed. Then he gasped out—

“The Rebs! We're surprised! The Sergeant sent me back to tell you we were fired on!” And then he sat down exhausted upon the roadside.

To the sharp questions of the Captain the messenger could not, of course, give very lucid or satisfactory replies, and he was dumbfounded when the Captain cruelly ordered him back by the same perilous road he had just traveled, to tell the Sergeant to “stop that d—n pistol-shooting and keep his men awake!”

The camp was aroused and terribly excited.* Men tumbled out from their blankets in disorder, hardly knowing whether they were in camp or Libby prison. The longest man in the Battery—a sporting individual of great personal prowess, known as “Lengthy”—was discovered behind a fifth-wheel, making superhuman exertions to pull on the boots of a little corporal.

There was an end to sleep, and it was the general impression that the Captain had been over-confident, and had needlessly sacrificed the messenger. The men talked in whispers, and knapsacks were secured! Of course, all the men on the picket-posts had been captured, as not a sign came from any of them.

Eleven o'clock came, and with it the distant clank of sabre and tramp of horses. Every man was on the alert, and nerves were at their utmost tension.

“Lengthy” crawled out from under a tarpaulin and started for the rear, “to find and load his revolvah!” The weapon had evidently taken alarm and carried itself off to a discreet distance, whither the owner very naturally and speedily followed.

* One of the Captain's colored staff almost turned white with fear, and Lieut. DUSTIN solemnly affirmed that the darkey's wool stood up like rigid corkscrews, while his eyes popped out on his cheeks in the most painful manner. On the approach of danger he “struck for de timbah,” and was never again seen in camp. As he never returned to draw his “back-pay,” the supposition was that he had kept on running until daylight, when it found him too far away to return.

The little corporal, who had recovered his boots after threatening to punch the excited "Lengthy's" head, rashly perched himself upon the fence, and tried to peer, under his shading hand, into the thick darkness to descry the troops that were steadily nearing us. The non-commissioned officers nervously examined their pistols and hovered about the Captain, who, with his Lieutenants, didn't display any particular trepidation. Such seemed the superior advantage of holding officers' commissions.

The air was heavy with darkness and suspense. We heard the column halted by our pickets—could not hear the response—and then a parley followed.

(Picket-post surrendered, of course, to overwhelming numbers!)

The suspense was absolutely dreadful. The tramp of the horses was resumed. The troops neared the camp. We heard the snort of wearied animals and the voices of tired riders.

We were in for it, sure—captured without a struggle!

The head of the column loomed up dimly in the distance. The road became filled, as far as the eye could penetrate, with mounted men. An officer in the advance rides up, is halted by the Captain, and briefly announces:

"Three companies of the 45th Ohio Mounted Infantry, ordered by Gen. Carter to escort the Battery to Somerset."

We were saved! What an infinite relief! The greatest delight was manifested, and the boys were soon mingling with their preservers around blazing fires. Then each man unbosomed himself to his comrade, and went into elaborate explanation of his intentions in case the approaching troops had proven to be Rebels.

Then "Lengthy" discreetly appeared on the scene. He had found his "revolvah!" He explained his absence by saying that he "had been scouting 'round in the woods by himself for Rebels; and if he had come across 'em," he said, with significant ferocity, "he'd made 'em sick!"*

I am pained to say that not a solitary man in the command believed a word of it.

Cuba! What a host of thrilling memories ever after evoked themselves at the mention of this name! Our first battle! The scene of our first heroic intentions! With its startling night experiences, its elaborate preparations, its gory determinations, its bloodless results, the name of Cuba ever after became the prolific source of marvellous stories. And although the Nineteenth was afterward enabled to inscribe upon its

* "Lengthy" was only a nickname given to one Andrew D. Sackett, an unpleasant sort of blusterer, whose courage was similar to that of Bob Acres. His desire for blood became so fully appeased at the siege of Knoxville, while in the perilous exposure of a hospital, that from a shirk he developed into a deserter, and disappeared in the early part of the Georgia campaign, in the spring of 1864.

tattered banners such names as Cumberland Gap, Siege of Knoxville, Rockyface Ridge, Resaca, Dallas, Atlanta and Nashville, yet the command always looked back and recalled with never-failing delight the terrific combat at Cuba, which cost the command a large amount of anxiety and a small amount of pistol cartridges. As every man on that memorable occasion was a hero—in his own estimation—it would be manifestly improper to make any distinctive mention of personal acts of gallantry.*

On the following morning the command, with its escort, marched for Somerset, reaching that point about three o'clock in the afternoon, where an agreeable camp was designated, and where we exchanged our huge pagodas for small pieces of canvas known as dog-tents. The season and the surroundings being propitious, fresh milk and blackberries were plentiful enough for those who took the risk and trouble to procure them.

The troops at Somerset varied the monotony of the camp by making periodical incursions across the Cumberland River and attacking the Rebel forces, which usually fell back until reinforced from Monticello, when

* The battle of Cuba, like the dangerous campaign endured by the 50th Regiment O. N. G. in the "one hundred days call" at Washington, in 1864, was a fruitful source of conversation, and never failed to elicit personal recollections of a most vivid and startling character, quite throwing into the shade the comparatively unimportant campaigns of the rest of the war.

they in turn treated the Federals to the same unpleasant experience. Occasionally a portion of a battery was mounted and operated with the cavalry, but the fighting in the main was hardly more than a desultory skirmish, with no particularly serious intent on either side; the object of the Federals being to hold the position, and the object of the Rebels being to harrass them and make their position as uncomfortable as possible.

The country about Somerset, from frequent incursions of friend and foe, had been denuded of comforts and to a great extent of necessaries. A large majority of the people were strong Union partisans, and the result was that a Rebel occupation of the town and surrounding country was attended with a conspicuous disregard of property and personal rights. Wolford's Irregular Cavalry, as the regiment was termed, was a most remarkable organization, a portion of which was raised in this county. The men were good fighters and riders, but had a chronic contempt for discipline, which the officers did not attempt to overcome. They were adepts in subsisting on the enemy, and nothing was ever known to be too large or bulky to be carried off by these reckless riders.* They had the faculty of being in every part of the country at once.

*It was stated by an eye witness, that on one occasion a squad of Wolford's scouts stopped at the house of an old gentleman of Rebel sympathies living near the river above Somerset, who, on the approach of the soldiers, dropped into his cellar a jug of apple

The country about Somerset abounded with small distilleries, and despite stringent orders to the contrary, a considerable quantity of the product of these pine stills found its way into the camps. It was a terrific beverage on a warm day, and withal so pungent that its vile odor preceded its advance a hundred yards, and its approach could be detected in the very air. It was only in desperate cases that the boys could tolerate it. No man was fonder of a reasonably-good article of the kind

brandy, some bacon and a sack of potatoes; then moving a sheet-iron box stove so as to cover the cellar door, he calmly awaited their arrival. In the stove was cooking a couple of chickens, paid for and ordered for dinner by a couple of officers of the 7th Ohio Cavalry. "Howdy, old man?" was the familiar greeting as the men proceeded to explore the poor premises. "Got any whisky?" "Nary drap," was the reply. "Got anything else worth taking?" "Nothing to speak of, gentlemen, 'cept the old tin stove thar, some wooden cheers, and an old blind ma'r down at the branch," was the comprehensive reply. While the old man was enumerating his possessions, the visitors made a hasty inspection of the chickens, which were scarcely half cooked, and knocking the pipe out, and raking the fire out, took up the stove and its contents, hoisted it up on the pommel of a saddle, and rode off, leaving the old man staring mutely after them with distended mouth and protruding eyes. Evidently appreciating the original feat of stealing a hot stove, he called out after them:

"Gentlemen, thar's the chimbley left; don't you want it?"

The aggravating cusses only looked back nonchalantly, and replied: "No, we don't want it, old man; you can keep it," and rode away with their roasting chickens.

than JACK, but even he, on one occasion, had an experience with it that he did not care about repeating.

One warm day a few of the boys had gone up the river a few miles prospecting, and, fagged out, were sitting on the road side, discussing the bare possibility of getting a drink of apple-jack and spring water. A rusty old citizen, riding a sorry mule, appeared at the bend of the road coming from the camps. From his saddle hung the usual denuded canteen denoting his errand.

He was halted by the boys, and JACK said, in a knowing sort of tone: "Got any medicine, ould man?"

"Well, yes, gentlemen," said the old party hesitatingly, "I've got the matter of a pint, but don't keer to part with it. The boys down thar to the horse camp didn't tote fa'r with me; they done took a drink around, and then some on 'em said, 'put it down to me,' and others said 'they'd see me agin.' And," the the old chap added, "you know that won't pay me for my trouble."

There was a prompt and unanimous denunciation of the wretches who had introduced their reprehensible city customs into this primitive region, and then it was announced that this particular crowd didn't do business in that way; in fact "they had cash to settle with."

The old gentleman still hesitated until two dimes had been resurrected (the entire resources of the squad), when in response to JACK's appeal for "just wan snif-

ter," he untied the warm canteen, and passed it over. The sun had condensed its rays on the shining tin until the contents of the canteen were more than warm, and the squad was only too willing to let JACK do the experimenting. That thirsty individual, with a throat and stomach copper-lined, winked solemnly with his right eye, and raising the canteen to his mouth, said: "Here's wid us," and let the fiery fluid pass down his throat.

As the old chap looked at the wonderful power of suction possessed by JACK, a look of regret and anxiety spread over his face, but it was a heavenly smile in comparison with JACK'S countenance as he relapsed his grasp of the canteen. The wink became permanent, and the awful agony and horror which spread over his face deterred his comrades from being too hasty. Suddenly snatching his hat from his head, and exclaiming: "Oh, wirra! wirra! howly murther!" he ran off toward the nearest camp with the speed of a deer.

The boys were content to lose their dimes, and followed rapidly after JACK, leaving the old man utterly bewildered, and with the idea that he had poisoned a soldier for twenty cents. JACK ran like a quarter-horse until he reached the camp of the 7th Ohio Cavalry, about five hundred yards distant, when he espied a water-bucket, into which he plunged without ceremony, drinking deep draughts of the cooling fluid; then passing it to his comrades, he sat down exhausted, exclaiming:

“By the powers, what was it the ould thafe gave us? It nearly burned the insides of me out!”

It had a salutary effect upon JACK, for he was chary of apple-jack for many weeks after.

In the cooling shade of a cave near our camp, out of which ran a stream of cool water, we passed the hot days of early July very comfortably, undisturbed by vague rumors of military movements near and distant. In the South and West and East, Independence Day was ushered in with shotted guns, but we were compelled to gratify our patriotic longings with firing a national salute, and became particularly enthusiastic over the rumor of the capture of Vicksburg and the defeat of Lee at Gettysburg, forgetting the fact that we had on former occasions expended uselessly much enthusiasm and spirits over news of similar victories which had uniformly proved to be premature.

On the morning of the 5th of July there was something like a commotion in the camps, and orders were issued to be ready to move at once. It was whispered that Morgan was moving northward with a formidable force, and had crossed Green River* with the view of picking up all the small detachments on the road. Some desultory fighting had resulted below us near Jimtown,

*The attempt to cross was made at Tibbs' Bend, a position held by Col. O. H. Moore with a small force, particulars of which are given elsewhere.

but Morgan's course caused a retrograde movement of all the forces on the Cumberland.

On the night of the 4th of July a heavy shower of rain fell, and the roads were in a wretched condition. When the troops moved out on the 5th the sun was beating down with intense heat, and marching became torture.

The 103d Ohio had marched several miles that morning before they reached Somerset, and although bearing the reputation of being a crack marching regiment, by noon they showed signs of fatigue, and like the other regiments began to abandon knapsacks, blankets, tents, and every article that added to their burden.

The route traveled by our forces that day was strewn with every variety of a soldier's baggage, and half a dozen "old clo' dealers" would have made an independent fortune each, if they could have utilized the garments and equipments which strewed the march of sorely-pressed men. The battery went into camp that night near Cuba, (of thrilling memory) and early next morning, in a pelting rain, pushed on for Stanford, the roads getting heavier and more difficult every step. In their efforts to pull the heavy guns through the sticky clay and viscid mud, the horses sank half way to their knees. By skirting the open fields, and avoiding the traveled road we succeeded in reaching Hall's Gap in the foot hills of the Cumberland range, late in the afternoon. Thenceforward the roads were good, and

we moved more freely, although much jaded. The horses showed almost human appreciation of the smooth turn-pike as soon as their feet struck its unyielding surface, During the first part of this day's march a number of our horses became worn out, and before dark all the extra animals were in harness, and the whole lot were completely exhausted.

The center and left sections got on the wrong road after dark, and after a sharp hunt by the captain were piloted back, dejectedly falling into the line of march without a word. About ten o'clock, thoroughly worn out, the Battery pulled into a field near Stanford. where the poor horses received brief but necessary attention, when the riders threw themselves down upon the ground and fell asleep.

In hunting about in the darkness for a smooth grass-plot on which to spread our blankets, some of us found in the field adjacent a satisfactory spot, although the ground seemed to be in systematic ridges, and throwing our weary bodies down, soon sank into a deep sleep. Soon after daylight we were awakened by a bugle call, and the first sight that greeted our half-opened eyes was a marble slab, on which was inscribed—

“DIED, in the 63d year of his age.”

“Gone to meet his Maker.”

We had made our couches in a grave-yard, surrounded by the “cold *hic jacets* of the dead.” The quick and the dead had reposed together, and the morning saw, unan-

nounced, a partial resurrection of those who had peopled the city of the dead "for one night only."

Over a new-made grave, near which our men reposed, was a plain board, on which was crudely lettered the name of one* who had deserted the Battery a few months previous. He had, for a few hours of the night, been strangely brought into silent fellowship with his comrades, although he now owed allegiance to a power much greater than any earthly government, and which, let us hope, was far more lenient with his sins and broken vows than would have been a court-martial of the Twenty-third Army Corps.

Gen. Hartsuff reviewed the troops at Stanford on the day succeeding our arrival, and on the morning of the 10th we pushed forward to Danville, and went into camp. A couple of hours after our arrival we were surprised at the receipt of orders to march at once to Nicholasville, and there take a train for Cincinnati.

Never were orders so cheerfully obeyed. The men were going back to "God's country," as they felicitously termed it, and whatever might be the cause of our retrograde movement, no one was dissatisfied.

The Battery reached Hickman Bridge at sunset,

*W. R. Boyd was left sick in the hospital at Covington, from which he deserted in November of the previous year. He found employment in the army as a teamster, and, unknown and uncared for, had died at Stanford a few weeks before our arrival.

where a halt was made to feed, after which we pushed forward, making Nicholasville by midnight, where we laid down to await daylight and transportation to Covington.

The first part of the book deals with the early years of the Republic, from the signing of the Constitution to the end of the War of 1812. It covers the period of the Federalist and Democratic-Republican parties, and the presidencies of George Washington, John Adams, and James Madison.

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CHAPTER VIII.

Arrival in Cincinnati and the Alarm of its Citizens—The Boys Become Heroes—The Move to Hamilton—The Musical Militia—The “Long Bow” Drawn by the Boys for the Entertainment of Confiding Citizens—Passing a Squad into a Circus Free on a Bogus Order—The Desire to “Rally Round the Flag, Boys,”—Trip to Marietta, where the Battery is scattered—The “Hocking Valley Rangers,” and How the Boys Got Even with Them—Stuffing the Militia and Overdoing the Thing—Lieut. Wilson and the Militia Major on a Military P’nt—Lieut. Dustin’s Thrilling and Exciting Expedition up the Raging Muskingum—He Sends his Shells into Morgan’s Advance—The Weary “Pickarays” on the Road—Dustin’s Triumphant Return to McConnellsville Covered with Dust and Glory—Patrolling the River and Guarding the Fords—Morgan’s Capture—Return of the Battery to Cincinnati, and the Aggravating Indifference of the People—The Great Raid in Hasty Detail.

At an early hour next morning (July 12th), aided by our port-fires, the Battery was loaded on a train, and after some delay, caused by the length of the train, we moved out, and reached Covington about five p. m. Some hours elapsed before we were enabled to cross the river, and it was near midnight when we had shipped the Battery on cars for transportation to Hamilton—twenty-five miles from Cincinnati.

The people thronged the streets of Cincinnati in a state of terrible excitement. War was threatening the Queen City in all its awful terrors; for John Morgan had crossed the Ohio two hundred miles below, and was in Indiana, marching, unopposed, on the great metropolis of Ohio. His exhausted animals were unceremoniously exchanged for fresh horses along the road, and store-houses were depleted of their stocks with startling rapidity. Dire consternation and wide-spread alarm accompanied his progress and preceded his appearance.

To say that Cincinnati was disturbed to its very center but vaguely expresses the situation. Four thousand mounted Rebels would find in that rich city much "loot," and the citizens naturally dreaded the arrival of such undesirable and unprofitable visitors. The uniformed soldiers were hailed as "their preservers" by the grateful citizens, and the men became proud and elated with the hearty manifestations of delight which met them on every side. They were feasted, feted and flattered, petted, pitied and praised, until the boys grew communicative, relaxed from their usual reticence, and poured into the wondering and attentive ears of scores of listeners the story of their campaigns, hardships and dangers.

The depot was thronged with ladies and gentlemen, and every soldier became a hero, and had his own audience. Even the most modest man in the Battery—the silent Lieut. DUSTIN—was impressed with the enthu-

siasm about him, and when one black-eyed, impulsive young woman, standing before him, exclaimed, clenching her little fists, "I have always gloried in being a woman; but to-day—O, give me a man!" the Lieutenant, anxious to gratify her, is said to have responded, without a smile, "You can have me, miss!"

Everybody wanted to take the boys to supper, and a vague idea predominated that the command had been without food for six months. The spirit of hospitality was overpowering. Even the German coffee-house keepers seemed to have contracted the hospitable epidemic. "Drink some peer mit me, poys; ask for everyting you vant, und it don't cost you nothing; der soljer poys can haf all der beer in dis house a'ready!"* generally greeted the boys as they stepped into a saloon to quench their thirst. Need I say that these invitations were heartily accepted, and beer and pretzels, bologna and cheese disappeared like magic.

At a late hour the train carrying our Battery moved

* Alas! what a change was felt when the boys returned to Cincinnati, after Morgan's capture! All danger having passed, and with it the necessity of either being generous or hospitable, coffee-houses were barred against the boys as if they carried contagion with them. The stay of a few hours in Cincinnati was most exasperating; for the boys, alas! were no longer heroes and defenders, marching against a dreaded enemy; they had sunk again to the dead level of "common soldiers," and were only an infinitesimal part of a vast army, fighting to put down a war that no longer threatened the gates of a prosperous city.

out on the Hamilton & Dayton R. R., *en route* to Hamilton, where we arrived at two o'clock in the morning. We were very fortunate in making the time we did, as we afterwards learned that Morgan's command crossed the railroad half an hour after our train passed a point midway between the two cities.

The unexpected arrival of a battery of artillery in the quiet city of Hamilton at such an hour created an alarm among the citizens, who had been sleepless for two days in the expectation of Morgan's entering their streets. Most of the able-bodied men were doing duty with the hastily organized minute-men, and the town was awake before daylight, and thronging about the big guns, which had been unloaded from the train. Scores of pressing invitations to breakfast were thrust upon every man, and generally accepted, as far as the capacity of the men would permit.

(It was a legend among the boys that one of their number—a gentleman formerly connected with the hardware trade, and a person of great conversational powers—accepted and did ample justice to four distinct invitations to breakfast before 10 o'clock; to the truth of which I am not prepared to make affidavit.)

The stay of the Battery in Hamilton, of two days, was one long ovation, and, in return for kind attentions, the boys regarded it as a duty to entertain their visitors with vivid and highly-colored descriptions of their military life. It was not unusual to hear such intro-

ductions as this to a tale of carnage, if one came suddenly upon a group surrounding a Battery man: "When we were fighting the Rebels in West Virginia in 1861"—utterly oblivious, apparently, to the fact that the command only came into existence in 1862.

One became confused at the ubiquity of the Battery, and where it had not been, and what it had not done, was scarcely worth telling. Standing by a caisson on one occasion, we caught the frequent sound of "Oh, my!" "Wasn't it dreadful?" from female voices, and, on nearing a group of ladies, listened to a chap who swore "Begorra" in affirmation of his stories. He was giving a description of a bloody battle in which the Battery had been engaged, and piled the horrors on very thick. He went into minute details of the battle, and made the blood of the sympathetic ladies fairly curdle with the earnestness of his recital. Wondering for a moment, with undisguised interest, where and when JACK had participated in such a terrific combat, our mental query was answered when a young lady asked: "Wasn't it awful? Where was this battle, sir?"

"At Cuba, ma'am; it was the battle of Cuba, in Southern Kentucky, ma'am!" was the unblushing reply.

It was quite satisfactory to the innocent and unsuspecting ladies—bless them—who couldn't be expected to keep up with dates and events in those stirring times.

Mentally I apostrophized Cuba—the bloodless and

unconscious scene of an imaginary carnage, that furnished much capital to the boys with "long bows," and whose history became unto the NINETEENTH even as "household words."

So highly was that historic hamlet regarded that even the dyspeptic GRIMSHAW expressed the opinion that "Cuba and the whole State of Kentucky ought to be annexed to the United States."

Of course, the boys felt it incumbent upon themselves to extract all the enjoyment they could from the fleeting hours, knowing that there was a time coming when sterner duties would employ them. An unhappy circus company was exhibiting in the town the day we reached there, and a score of the boys (all uniformly impecunious) determined to visit it. Some newly-designated chap who was acting as Post Commandant, deemed it incumbent upon him to issue orders, one of which was to the effect that soldiers should not be admitted to the circus without a pass from their commanding officer.

When the squad was informed of this vague order, they returned to the nearest saloon, and one of them was prevailed upon to furnish the necessary pass. I regret that he was weak enough to gratify them with a document which read as follows:

HEADQUARTERS NINETEENTH OHIO BATTERY.

"Sergeant JOHN C. QUINLAN and sixteen men have permission to visit the circus.

JOS. C. SHIELDS,

Commanding Nineteenth Ohio Battery."

The apparent genuineness of the document, and the assertion that "the old man would make it all right," passed the entire squad without payment. A bill would probably have been presented that evening if the Orderly-Sergeant had not soon after walked in and notified the men to return to camp at once, as the Battery was under orders to move.

The railroad was occupied all hours of the day with long trains of men, who were constantly arriving and departing, amid the wildest confusion and enthusiasm. It seemed as if all the able-bodied men of Indiana and Western Ohio had been supplied with muskets, blankets and tin cups, and were in pursuit of the great Rebel invader. They came in singing, and went out singing,

"Rally round the flag, boys;"

a patriotic air which, when dinned in one's ears for ten consecutive hours, became a trifle monotonous and wearisome. The maudlin citizen, overcome with beer and excitement, sung it as he leaned against the lamp-post; the minute men rolled into town hoarse with it; the pretty girls formed quartettes in the depot and sung it with a chorus of a couple of hundred discordant male voices.

A good-humored fellow, with a solemn face and a decided air of intoxication, leaned against a fence, and at the top of his voice sung the patriotic song, plentifully interspersing its beauties with hiccoughs. One of the Battery men approached him and gravely said that

“Rally—hic—round the—hic—flag,” was not a correct version of the song. The drunken chap stopped, stared at him for a moment wisely and solemnly, and steady-ing himself against the fence, responded in a faint tone of defiance:

“Rally round the (hic)—you be dam, sojer!”

And then continued his song in his own way, impervious to criticism or advice.

After repeated delays, and on the second day of our stay, we finally took the train for Cincinnati on Friday, the 17th of July, where we arrived in the afternoon and went into camp near the Brighton House. Morgan had passed to the north of the city and was marching eastward, no longer disguising his intention to cross the river into Kentucky or Virginia. His pursuers were pushing him so vigorously that he spared neither himself nor men time for sleep, and scarcely enough to feed and refresh his jaded animals. His wearied troopers fell out of the column, and dropped asleep on the roadside, to be picked up by Shackelford’s men almost every hour. Fleet-footed as the flying troopers of Morgan were, the tread of sure disaster was keeping them constant company.

At half-past two o’clock on the following morning the Battery was shipped by rail to Chillicothe, Ohio, where they were promptly furnished with a generous dinner by the ladies of the town, after which they proceeded to Scott’s Landing, a few miles below, where

they were ordered to await the commands of Col. Ben. P. Runkle, of the 45th O. V. I., temporarily in command of the regular troops and the militia. The right section, under command of Lieut. FRANK WILSON, was ordered to guard the approach to the river at Neal's Ford, nearly opposite Parkersburg, Va., and subsequently other fords within twelve miles, at any of which Morgan might attempt to effect a crossing. The center section, in command of the Captain, patrolled the fordable points on the river between Marietta and Steubenville, while the two pieces of the left section were sent by boat up the Muskingum river to McConnellsville, in command of Lieut. DUSTIN.

The whole country swarmed with military organizations equipped with gun, blanket and tin cup, the members of which seemed to be ludicrously ignorant of the realities of war or the duties of a soldier, albeit they very readily adopted some of the most reprehensible peculiarities of the profession. Our men at Scott's Landing lay down in a field adjoining the depot, the night of their arrival, reposing sublime confidence in the honesty of the Pickaway Minute Men and Hocking Valley Rangers, who were encamped all about them. In the morning the confiding boys found themselves stripped of great-coats, blankets and pistols; but they murmured not, for "their time was coming." How fully and completely they got even the next night will be remembered. They deceived those guileless militia-

men by pretending to be utterly unconscious ten minutes after they stretched themselves upon the ground. They waited with almost Christian patience until steady snoring could be heard from the recumbent forms of the "tin-cup troops." Then the boys of the NINETEENTH with stealthy step moved down upon them, and deftly abstracted from their pockets pistols and revolvers, and stripped them of their blankets with a touch so light that one awake would not have felt his loss. They had more than "got even," and in fact were a long ways ahead. They stored their plunder in the battery wagon, and wrapping their blankets about them, lay down to the sleep of the truly good.

In the morning there was a prolonged wail of consternation from the Pickaways: "Some blamed rascal's took my blanket and pistol!" When they recited their grievous losses to the Battery men, they received the indifferent reply, "Oh, that's nothing; some one went 'through us' the other night, but we don't mind it; we'll make it up in the next fight!"

Col. Runkle, knowing the difficulty of feeding such irregular forces as he had under his command, issued an order to the citizens to furnish cooked provisions for the troops. The order brought a generous supply of ham, pie, biscuits, cheese and chickens, and the boys of the Battery took their pick of the stores, and like good soldiers turned the remainder over to the hungry minute-men.

The first section remained at Neal's Ford until the 22d of July, having as infantry support several hundred men under command of an officer who was as blissfully ignorant of military duties as his men. The hours of the day brought successively new rumors; Morgan was making for the ford above us, or below us, determined to cross, or die. These stories gave a gentle stimulant to the duty of the soldier and kept the minute-men from getting homesick, or dwelling upon the destitution which they suffered in having no milk or butter.

All that was necessary to do to elicit the most enthusiastic cheers was to walk down from the guns to the infantry support, and tell them some absurd story of an improbable triumph. The rumor would go from one end of the line to the other as fast as tongue could impart it, and then the enthusiasm fairly seethed. The mendacious Battery-man would then calmly retire, and, with his comrades, listen with the keenest delight to "them infernal suckers yelling themselves hoarse over a grape-vine."

After the boys had successively repeated this capture of Richmond, with 50,000 prisoners, the capture of Morgan and his entire command, and the probable close of the war in sixty days—all of which had been implicitly believed and appropriately cheered—they were somewhat at a loss for something new to give their neighbors until one daring wretch said "he'd give 'em a dose," whereupon he proceeded to prepare a dispatch

to the effect that "Jeff. Davis, with 200,000 men, was in Washington, and that Lincoln and his Cabinet had vacated the National Capitol!"

When the dispatch was read to them, the gullible minute-men were for a moment staggered; but the dose was too big; they refused to swallow it, and intimated to the bearer of the news that "they didn't see how the Battery men get all the news; for we are just as near headquarters as they are, and we never hear any thing." He returned to his comrades, and with evident disgust admitted that his dispatch had proven a failure.

Subsequently, when he passed down the line, the militia-men would shout, sarcastically, "Say—got any news to-day?" when he would reply: "Nothing since the capture of Washington by Jeff. Davis," and soberly continue on his way.

The Major of this regiment was a remarkable officer. He had about eight hundred men under him, and came to Lieut. WILSON one night, and asked him, in a hesitating sort of way, to detail a guard from his Battery, and place them on duty at an apology for a bridge that crossed a little stream a few hundred yards distant, that wouldn't have borne the weight of one of our guns. In giving details of comparatively unimportant events one cannot be too particular; and it is the impression of the writer that Lieut. WILSON swore at that eccentric Major in the most unbecoming man-

The first of these is the fact that the United States is a young country, and that its history is still in the making. It is a country of great energy and vitality, and its people are full of hope and ambition.

The second is the fact that the United States is a country of great diversity. It is a country of many races and many languages, and its people are full of different ideas and opinions.

The third is the fact that the United States is a country of great freedom. It is a country where the people have the right to speak their minds and to do as they please, and where the government is limited in its power.

The fourth is the fact that the United States is a country of great progress. It is a country where the people are always looking for new ways to improve their lives, and where the government is always trying to do better.

The fifth is the fact that the United States is a country of great strength. It is a country with a large population, a vast territory, and a powerful navy and army.

The sixth is the fact that the United States is a country of great influence. It is a country that has led the world in many ways, and that is still leading the world in many ways.

The seventh is the fact that the United States is a country of great hope. It is a country where the people believe in a better future, and where the government is always trying to make that future a reality.

The eighth is the fact that the United States is a country of great love. It is a country where the people love their country and each other, and where the government is always trying to protect that love.

The ninth is the fact that the United States is a country of great justice. It is a country where the people believe in fairness and equality, and where the government is always trying to make that belief a reality.

The tenth is the fact that the United States is a country of great peace. It is a country where the people want to live in peace, and where the government is always trying to keep the peace.

The eleventh is the fact that the United States is a country of great freedom. It is a country where the people have the right to speak their minds and to do as they please, and where the government is limited in its power.

The twelfth is the fact that the United States is a country of great progress. It is a country where the people are always looking for new ways to improve their lives, and where the government is always trying to do better.

ner, after which he demonstrated what a colossal jack-ass he was to want a detail of cannoneers for guard duty when he had eight hundred unemployed infantry men under his command. The Major, being a reasonable sort of man, was convinced he had made an error, yielded the "military p'int," and apologized.

As this portion of the Battery was several miles removed from their cooked supplies, they had leave to forage on the citizens. A squad of the boys went out one day on an expedition, and returned with a load of provisions of every kind sufficient to supply the entire section, one of them giving, as remuneration therefor, his voucher—a document, we are compelled to confess, of no very great intrinsic worth beyond the impressive character of the autograph appended.

It must not be inferred, from the mention made of the habits and peculiarities of the men, that there was any lack of watchfulness on their part. They knew the importance of the duty assigned them, and were prepared to receive Morgan's men in the warmest manner imaginable.

When the first section moved back to Scott's Landing, which was the rendezvous of all the troops not otherwise engaged, they found that there was no doubt that Morgan was making the most superhuman efforts to find an unobstructed crossing into Virginia. The frequent skirmishes of his force with all kinds of hastily-gathered troops convinced him that the toils

were closing about him, that fighting was useless, and that by fast traveling alone he might possibly escape.

On the 20th, Lieut. DUSTIN took his two pieces aboard the little steamer "Mayflower," accompanied by 400 "squirrel-hunters," under command of a Col. Hill, with orders to proceed up the Muskingum River.

The following morning, when within two miles of McConnellsville, forty miles above Marietta, a mounted courier, with alarm depicted upon his flushed features, and his horse covered with foam, rode up to the bank, and, hailing the steamer, informed Col. Hill that Morgan had just crossed the river two miles above, with the intention of destroying McConnellsville. On receipt of this inspiring news the wildest excitement prevailed among the "squirrel-hunters," and the boat was quickly rounded to the bank, where horses, men and guns were tumbled ashore in the quickest manner possible. The riders sprang into their saddles, and the cannoneers upon the ammunition-chests, and at the Lieutenant's order, "double quick," away they galloped toward the imperiled town.

As they approached McConnellsville, great confusion and consternation were prevailing. The citizens were running aimlessly about in great distress, some carrying valuables, and others nothing but wearing apparel—all apparently at a loss to know what course to take to save themselves and their possessions from the dreaded foe. The column dashed into town on a keen run, the riders

lashing their horses, and the dust rising in clouds from their feet. The rattle of the guns over the stones, the jingling of the sabres, the treble teams, with their brass-mounted harness, drawing the big guns, were all novel sights to the people, and added to their consternation, and doubts were manifested whether the men were friends or foes. As they galloped through the streets, the boys caught glimpses of pathetic and ludicrous scenes. One old lady, standing on the pavement, seemed to be in a perfect frenzy of alarm, while her daughter was making efforts to calm her. As the lead gun dashed into sight, the old lady screamed: "They'll kill us all; they're going to kill us!" The daughter hastily recognized the blue uniforms, and, with joy in her voice, shouted to her agitated parent: "It's our men, mother; they're our soldiers!"

The old lady gave an assuring glance at the column, and throwing up her hands in a spasm of gratitude, exclaimed, with an intensity of fervor, "Glory to God! our artillery's coming!"

This pious ejaculation met the boys as they swept by and a loud cheer in response went roaring down the line.

Reaching the center of the town they halted, Col. Hill informing them that the enemy was not yet visible, but was supposed to be crossing the river about six miles above. The troops were hastily formed, and the column moved up the river bank to meet Morgan. One gun was sent up the river road in charge of Sergeant

HUDSON, and the other was ordered on the ridge road, Lieut. DUSTIN and Sergt. LUCK in charge. The excited couriers galloped aimlessly to and fro, unburdening themselves of the most startling rumors. Each had a thrilling tale of personal danger to unfold, and prodigious feats of daring were absolutely common. The troops marched on rather a heavy road, and the "squirrel-hunters," from the unusual fatigue, began to drop out of the line, and lag behind, until the guns were actually in the advance. They stopped at the houses by the way-side, and while they were being generously refreshed with bread and butter, poured into the ears of their entertainers blood-curdling stories of hardships, dangers and heroic deeds.

When Lieut. DUSTIN had marched about seven miles up the river, scarcely a corporal's guard of the squirrel-hunters were up with his gun. At this juncture he discovered the advance guard of Morgan's column about 1200 yards distant, advancing on the road toward him. He promptly ordered the piece unlimbered, and fired. The first shot made a terrific noise, that was echoed back from wood and hill, and went tearing through a barn* standing on the road-side a few yards

* The owner of the barn was very proud of the hole made by the "cannon ball, that just tore flinders outen the doors, and he'd be derved if he ever boarded them holes up 's long's he owned the property." The honest granger has since probably become a man of note from his near proximity to, and personal knowledge of, a great historical event.

from the passing troops. It was so utterly unexpected that it threw the Rebel advance into confusion, and forced them to reverse the order of march. Their condition at this time was plain to the view from Lieut. DUSTIN's piece.

Lieut. DUSTIN sent an order for Sergt. HUDSON to immediately rejoin him, and as the courier was evidently suffering from great alarm, the Sergeant believed there was "some fun" ahead, and cut across the hills in the direction of the firing, accompanied by an irregular squad of squirrel-hunters. The horses being unable to drag the heavy gun up the steep hill the prolong was attached, and the squirrel-hunters cheerfully manned the rope. When they had pulled half-way up the hill, another shot from Lieut DUSTIN's gun made such a terrific roar that they released their hold upon the prolong, and for a moment the fate of the gun was in doubt. By a judicious use of profanity Sergt. HUDSON secured their continued aid, and the two guns were soon acting in concert, and in pursuit of the fleeing enemy, shelling the detachments as they broke through the woods in great confusion. Forty-five rounds of shot and shell were fired, and no response being received from the enemy, in a short time a reconnoissance was made by a company of the 1st Pick-away,* who soon returned with the not unpleasant

* The officer commanding this remarkable company attempted to report the casualties among the enemy's troops; but as the

information that the enemy had taken another course from the one intended and was out of reach of pursuit by infantry.

After there was no longer any doubt of the enemy's retreat in another direction, the artillery counter-marched, and when near McConnellsville, a number of citizens met the boys as bearers of all kinds of prepared food sent out by the grateful people of the town to refresh their "gallant defenders." When they had eaten heartily they rode into town and were met with a perfect ovation. The people were wild with delight and could not do or say enough to express their gratitude for the services rendered them.* There wasn't a man in the command that couldn't have had half a dozen

statements of himself and men varied all the way from three to one hundred killed and wounded, a correct estimate could not be made, although Lieut. DUSTIN was assured by this gentleman that "most of the wounded were fatally killed." Morgan's ignorance of the size of the force on his front undoubtedly led him to alter a course which, if followed, would have resulted in his escape into Virginia.

* To add to the alarm of these good people a rumor prevailed that Morgan in former years had met with some fancied or real injustice in this town, and had determined to revenge himself by burning the obnoxious place. All sorts of improbable stories prevailed, to none of which could much credence be attached. It is not probable that the town would have suffered much beyond the usual pilfering of the stragglers if Morgan had entered it, for time was too precious just at that time to the great raider to permit him to indulge his men in the luxury of riot.

wives for the picking, if they had been at all Mormon-like in their proclivities.

Such expressions of gratitude and admiration as fell from these people served to make enduring many hardships subsequently.

The citizens of McConnellsville, through their ladies, presented a beautiful little silk battle-flag to the Battery that evening as a mark of their regard, which was received with characteristic brevity by the modest DUSTIN.

The evening was delightfully spent by the boys, each of whom had an audience of fair girls, and great havoc was temporarily made on the susceptible soldiers' hearts.

On the following morning (July 25th), the command moved out on their return to Marietta, two days' march distant. At the close of the first day's march, with flags flying gaily, they reached the town of Beverly, where their approach excited great alarm until it was known that they wore the blue and not the grey, when the warmest hospitality greeted them. On the march during the day the people living near the road could be seen fleeing away from the supposed enemy, and a ludicrous sight was presented at one stage by a school-ma'am in full retreat for the woods, followed by her flock, very much like a hen and her brood escaping from a savage animal. Many a time since has that young woman, doubtless, recalled her escape from "that awful Morgan."

At Beverly the most prominent citizens escorted the command to a beautiful grove, where they were soon joined by ladies, bearing baskets of dainties in quantity sufficient to feed a regiment of hungry men. They had never seen a piece of artillery before, and it had a wonderful fascination to them. To gratify them Lieut. DUSTIN put the men through the exercise of handling the gun, and concluded the entertainment by firing a salute at sundown that shook the very hills.

On the following day they reached Marietta, where they found the Battery collected together once more, and displayed their trophy with aggravating assurance, at the same time dilating upon "their engagement" with the enemy.

As humble and comparatively unimportant as this episode in the great raid was, it was undoubtedly productive of no inconsiderable results. The delay and confusion caused by his unexpected reception above McConnellsville was fatal to Morgan's hopes of escape, as it gave Gen. Shackleford an opportunity to overtake him and push him until he was inevitably lost, and a surrender was all that was left him after his long and inglorious ride.

After Lieut. DUSTIN's departure up the Muskingum, the first section was ordered to Marietta, where one piece was placed on board a little steamer and ordered out to patrol the river. The center section was also placed upon a boat for a similar purpose, accompanied

by Capt. SHIELDS. One gun remained at Harmon, opposite Marietta, with all our camp equipage, horses and caissons. This gun soon after was ordered to Newport, about fifteen miles up the river, under command of Lieut. ESTABROOK, where the river was fordable at that season, and where it was not improbable Morgan might attempt to cross. About five hundred squirrel-hunters accompanied this gun. At Newport there was a repetition of the feasting and lionizing, and the boys fought over again their battles and recited their hair-breadth escapes, to the wonderment of the primitive citizens. On Monday they learned of the capture of Morgan, and going aboard a little steamer were landed in a few hours at Marietta, the second section being on another boat a short distance in advance.

On the day following the Battery was shipped back to Cincinnati, arriving there at two o'clock on the morning of the 29th. Here the men received two months' pay, and having the desire, the means were added which enabled them to "raise the devil all the rest of the day," using the language of a friend's diary describing that interesting incident. A reckless spirit took possession of the boys, who saw before them a return to campaigning in Kentucky—something which, after their recent experience in Ohio, was a most unpleasant subject for contemplation.

And then the change in their reception in Cincinnati was so disgustingly marked that it angered them. No

portly, well-dressed citizens—Chamber of Commerce men—invited them to lunch. The smiles of fair women were not seen. No crowd of people hovered about them, anxious to serve them. No one said, “God bless you! we’re glad you’ve come!” On the contrary, the boys felt that there was a decided anxiety to get rid of them. Morgan riding down upon Cincinnati with 2,500 dashing troopers, and the Confederate leader footing it into the Penitentiary between guards, were altogether two different things.

Even the Dutch saloon-keepers showed a strong disinclination to cultivate the boys, remembering, perhaps, too well the scope of their power to eat and drink, and their free-and-easy ways.

“Yes, dad-burn-ye, you were glad enough to have us here a few weeks ago, when we came to fight for you!” shouted an indignant chap, as he ineffectually tried to open the barred door of an “all-night” coffee-house near the depot about daylight.

“Now, mine vriend,” mildly expostulated the bartender, “don’t be oxcited; I don’t can help it; it ish against orders. So please go away!”

Looking back to those stirring times, no one can blame the cautious citizens for their course; for certainly a large body of soldiers, flushed with victory, were not the most peaceful or desirable sort of visitors to have about.

The different detachments of cavalry that had par-

ticipated in the pursuit of Morgan were in the city, and some of the men were in a fair way to get into trouble. Wolford's Irregulars were getting noisy, and the presence of whisky was becoming painfully prominent.

The officers were only too glad when they were enabled to give the order to cross the river and load the Battery on flat cars on the Kentucky Central Railroad.

The rush and the excitement of the past two weeks was over at last, and the fun, follies and flirtations of those fleeting days were at an end, and henceforth were to be numbered among the things that were.

It must not be supposed, from the light view taken of the incidents, that the movements of the Battery in that brief, but exciting, campaign were unaccompanied with hardship. It was a campaign of hard work, sleepless nights and toil, which had its effect upon many of the men months after. The Battery was but a small part of the forces directly and indirectly brought to bear upon the daring raider by the Commanding General. It did its part, however small, and performed its duty intelligently and cheerfully, and was entitled to its share of the honor and glory that accrued from the capture of the bold trooper.

The great Rebel raid was ended, and ignobly so. The long, sleepless seat in the saddle had been relieved by an order to "dismount!" and the expedition that had so proudly swept into Indiana with the promise of

such great results, had terminated at the doors of the Ohio Penitentiary. The reckless fellows who thought that where Morgan pointed was the road to glory were worn down, exhausted and discouraged, and capture had lost all terrors for them. The confinement of Morgan and his principal officers in the Ohio Penitentiary embittered their sympathizers in Kentucky and elsewhere, and was the occasion of the wildest threats of retaliation on the part of the Southern press and politicians.

True to their instincts, the cowardly Copperheads of Indiana and Ohio deceived their friends, the Rebels. Said a prominent officer of Morgan's command, a few years ago, to the writer: "We had information that, upon our arrival in Southern Indiana, the 'Knights of the Golden Circle,' and other organizations opposed to the war of coercion, would come to our assistance, and attract to them, in addition, a large element that was sick of the war, and wanted peace at any cost. We hoped to produce a revolution in feeling among the people of Ohio and Indiana, and excite a demand upon the National powers that would force them to entertain propositions for peace."

Morgan's raid, from its inception to its close, was not barren of results to the Rebel cause, but no great military triumph crowned his march. He was beaten by an inferior force, and several times delayed for hours by a mere handful of men in Kentucky, Indiana and Ohio.

Morgan, who was an ambitious man, hoped at least to do the Government much harm, and make the loyal people feel the horrors of war. It is not at all likely that he anticipated such a terrific pursuit as was organized on all sides of him ere he had fairly crossed the Ohio River. But he received no accessions to his ranks. The Copperhead element in Indiana and Ohio had caused the Government much trouble, and it was not at all inconsistent that they should feel delighted at the approach of the enemies of the Government they were stabbing in the dark.

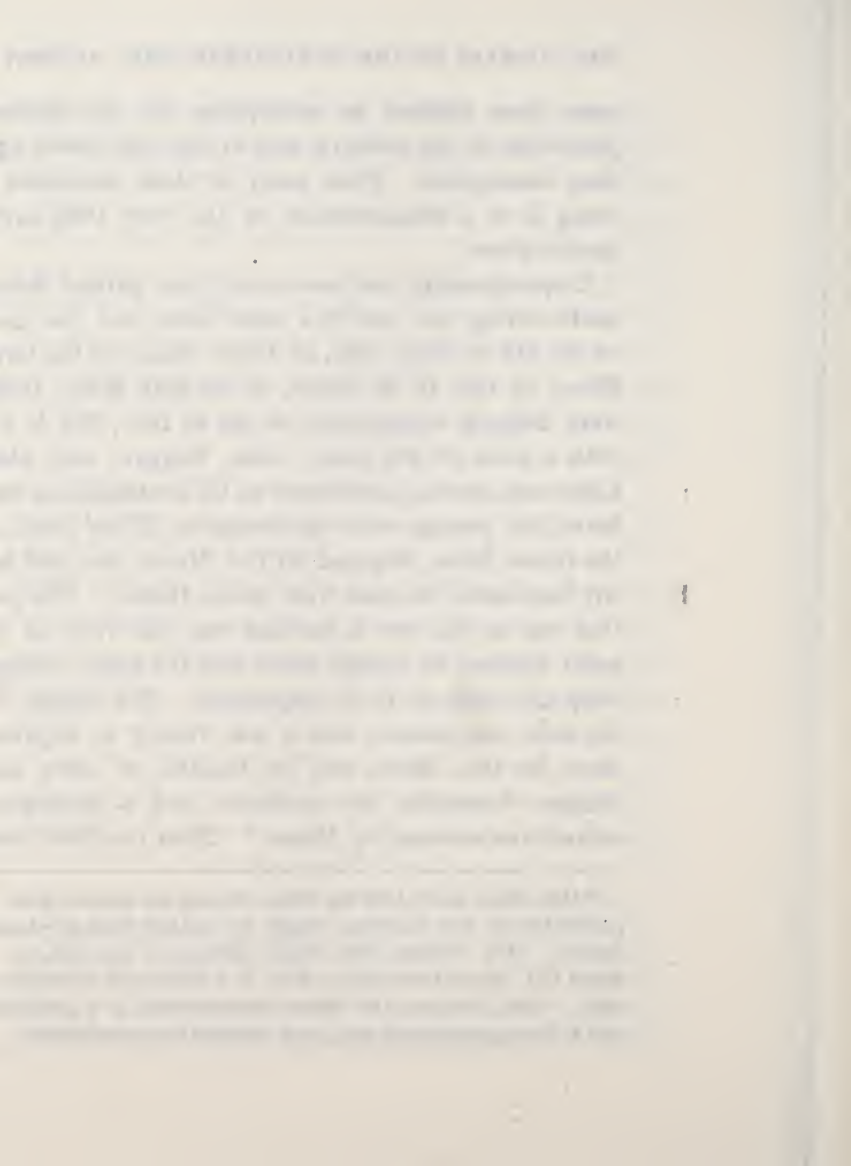
It is a gratifying fact that these cowardly traitors—false to their section, to their State, and to their Government—met with but indifferent encouragement from the Rebel soldiers, who were too manly to have any respect for empty sympathy from a Northern Copperhead. True to their contemptible nature, the Copperheads had neither the courage to fight against their country nor to give its enemies practical assistance. They contented themselves with obstructing the Government in its efforts to suppress the rebellion, and giving sympathy to its enemies under the thin guise of opposing only the methods of the Administration.

“Time works wonders;” but it has never, in its long history, produced such an anomalous situation in politics as we have seen in the past few years: when the men who stabbed the Government even while it sheltered them during a long and bloody war, a dozen

years later affected to monopolize all the available patriotism of the country, and to ride into power upon that assumption. That many of them succeeded in doing so is a demonstration of the very trite saying quoted above.

Unquestionably, the most sturdy and gallant defense made during the war by a small force, was that made on the 4th of July, 1863, at Tibbs' Bend, on the Green River, by Col. O. H. Moore, of the 25th Mich., (afterward Brigade Commander in the 2d Div., 23d A. C.,) with a force of 400 men. Gen. Morgan, with about 2,500 men, moving northward on his contemplated raid, found his passage over the bridge at Tibbs' Bend, on the Green River, disputed by Col. Moore, who had hastily barricaded the road with fallen timber. The position was at the best a perilous one, the river at this point making an abrupt bend, and the banks being so steep and rocky as to be impassable. The bridge, like the road, was narrow, and it was victory or imprisonment for Col. Moore and his handful of brave men. Morgan demanded his surrender, and a peremptory refusal was returned by Moore.* Then the Rebel force

* Gen. Basil Duke told the writer during the present year the particulars of this incident, which he recalled with great satisfaction. Gen. Morgan sent Major Elliott, of his staff, to demand Col. Moore's surrender; who, in a short time returned and said: "Gen. Morgan, the officer commanding is a gentleman and a thorough military man, and presents his compliments. He



dashed against Moore's 400 invincible rifles, and were repulsed with heavy loss. Charge after charge was made upon the position with like disaster. Morgan, after fighting all day with a determination to make this crossing over the bodies of Moore and his men, met with such a heavy loss that he was forced to retreat, leaving thirty officers and men, Col. Chenault among others, and, after several hours difficult marching, succeeded in fording the river far below the Bend, thus permitting the news of his approach to be forwarded to the authorities at the military centers.

In the summer of 1875 the writer rode over this position in company with a number of gentlemen, among whom was Col. Jas. B. McCreary (now Governor of Kentucky), who was with Morgan on that celebrated campaign, in command of a regiment, and was informed by him that, on the day succeeding this stubborn defense, Morgan, with grim appreciation, wrote to Col. Moore (sending the letter by a non-combatant) "that, for his gallant defense of Tibbs' Bend, he promoted him to be a Major-General of the Yankee army." It was rather unfortunate that the National Government didn't estimate Col. Moore's services with the same

met me calm and smiling, and said, in answer to your demand for his surrender, that the 'Fourth of July was a d—d bad day for a surrender and he couldn't think of it.' If we cross that bridge we'll have hard fighting for it." Moore won the admiration of his enemies on that occasion.

appreciation displayed by the Rebel General, Morgan. Col. Moore was a brave and skillful commander—a thorough soldier, who deserved well of his country. He is now a major in the regular army, and has spent the most part of the last twelve years on the frontiers, fighting the Indians. He was colonel of a splendid Michigan regiment in the war, but most of the time he was acting Brigadier-General.

Morgan's next misadventure was a day or two later. He reached Lebanon, where Col. Chas. Hanson, commanding the 20th Ky. V. I., bearing less than 400 muskets, was entrenched, and demanded his surrender, which was refused, when he attacked with four pieces of artillery, and a battle of seven hours ensued, in which Col. Hanson lost three men killed and sixteen wounded, and Morgan fifty-six killed and forty-eight wounded, including Col. Tom Morgan, the General's brother. Col. Hanson was compelled to surrender, and the treatment they received at the hands of Morgan's chivalry (?) was barbarous in the extreme. They robbed their prisoners, and forced them to make the march to Springfield (ten miles) on the double quick, at the muzzle of the revolver. They clubbed to death one man and killed another in their brutal rage. These men were personal acquaintances, in large part, of Morgan and his Kentucky soldiers, and a year later we heard curses loud and deep showered upon Morgan and his men by the men of the Twentieth for their bru-

tality. They promised themselves ample revenge at the close of the war, and the writer personally recalls a consummation of one of those threats, which it would be out of place to recite here.

In referring to the files of the Louisville and Cincinnati papers of those days, a full outline of Morgan's great failure can be seen in the letters of citizens and soldiers from every section through which he passed. He was well noticed.

This was mainly the military feature:

Col. Jacob, with his cavalry, repulsed Morgan at Burksville, on the Cumberland River.

At Columbia, Capt. Carter, with one hundred men of his regiment (Wolford's 1st Ky. Cav.) and battalions of the 2d and 45th O. V. I., fought him for three hours, and fell mortally wounded, when the command retired. Even after the gallant Carter fell, Capt. Brent Fishback, of the same regiment, fought him an hour, when, finding his little force surrounded, with marked skill and bravery he withdrew his command, and succeeded in rejoining his regiment at Jamestown without sacrificing a man on his retreat. Morgan's course being defined that night, Col. Wolford notified Gen. Carter, and a pursuit was made with 1200 men from the 1st Ky. Cav., and 2d, 7th and 45th Ohio Cavalry and Mounted Infantry. This force was soon after increased by the addition of the 2d E. Tenn., and two sections of Linn's Howitzer Battery. Near Springfield

a conjunction of forces added parts of the 9th, 12th, 8th and 3d Ky. Regiments, and one section of an Ohio Battery, all under command of Gen. Hobson, the entire command aggregating nearly 8,000 men, mounted on animals already exhausted with rapid marches; Morgan was twenty-four hours in advance, picking up fresh horses at every step. Morgan captured steamboats at Brandenburg, Ky., on the Ohio River, crossed his troops into Indiana, and burned his transports. His passage at this point was stubbornly contested by a company of the Indiana Legion, and a few hundred militia hastily gathered together. The Union men were stationed among the wooded cliffs along the Indiana shore, and caused nearly a day's delay to Morgan, who was not aware of the insignificance of the forces obstructing his advance. Two of the citizen soldiery were killed.

At Corydon, Ind., the militia resisted his advance, killed and wounded a few of his men, and delayed him three hours. His men plundered and robbed indiscriminately.

“Glory to God! Morgan's come!” exclaimed some fervent Copperheads in Southern Indiana, as the Rebels halted to water their horses. “We're in sympathy with you, boys,” they continued. “If you sympathize with us, you d—d cowardly hounds, why don't you fall in and fight with us?” was the proper reply of a Rebel soldier. “But no,” he continued, “you're d—d careful to stay at home and get all the advantages you can of

the Yankees, and then abuse them whenever you dare. Bring that mare here and let me put my saddle on her;” and he left his exhausted animal as a memento for the enthusiastic Copperhead.

Morgan rode on through Dupont, Versailles, Moore’s Hill, Ind. Early on Monday, the 13th of July, he passed through Glendale, Hamilton County, Ohio, just after the NINETEENTH OHIO BATTERY had passed on the railroad, and continued on, passing Camp Dennison on the west and on through Miamiville, tearing up the railroad track two miles above, burning a train, etc. Twelve hundred mules and a large number of wagons were corralled at Camp Shady, three miles from Camp Dennison, which Morgan expected to capture, but most of the property was hastily moved to Cincinnati before his arrival, and he only found a few wagons, which he promptly destroyed. At a railroad bridge a company of convalescents and militia fought him for three hours, killing and wounding a dozen of the men and capturing as many more. Morgan’s next repulse was when the guns of the NINETEENTH OHIO BATTERY interrupted his march above McConnellsville on the Muskingum river. Gen. Hobson’s force was in hot pursuit all the time, but their jaded horses could not be replaced by fresh animals where Morgan’s column had marched. Day after day the pursuit continued, until the country was all alive on every side. Then Hobson and Shackelford and Gen. Judah, from the Kentucky side, over-

took him at Buffington's Plain on the upper Ohio, when the wearied Rebels fought with a little of their boasted valor, and hundreds of them were captured. This was virtually the end, although the final and complete surrender was made some few miles distant, near Wellsville. They were loaded with plunder of all descriptions when they surrendered, which their captors promptly relieved them of. Gen. Hobson, Gen. Shackelford, Colonels Wolford, Jacobs, Garrard, Crittenden, and Gen. Judah, who operated from the river were prominent figures in the raid. No attempt is here made to mention in detail the different organizations which participated in this campaign. There were so many of these moving from so many independent points that it would be impossible to particularize.

This was, in brief, the outline of Morgan's ride through Kentucky, Indiana and Ohio. Whatever merit there was in the raid, the writer believes it honestly belongs to Morgan. Whatever the magnitude of the failure was, it rested upon his shoulders. The loss of Morgan and his command to the Confederacy was not a serious calamity. He inflicted no particular injury upon the Federal cause directly, for he captured no depot of supplies, severed no line of communication, nor inflicted any loss upon Government property; but he undoubtedly delayed the invasion of East Tennessee by Burnside fully three months. Rosecrans was detained at Murfreesboro, and Johnston had time to send back to

Bragg the men he had borrowed from him. Burns and Rosecrans, instead of co-operating together, had as much as they could do to take care of their respective commands, for Lee reinforced Bragg, and made Chattanooga the most undesirable base for operations ever selected by a Federal Commander.

With a large Copperhead element about Columbus, Ohio, that would have betrayed the Savior if he had been engaged in the war for the Union, and would have caressed the devil if he had been its enemy, it was not at all strange that Morgan and his principal officers effected their escape from prison. As was afterward known, Rebel gold and Ohio Copperheads accomplished the release of probably the most indifferent of Rebel commanders, who henceforward wrought but insignificant harm to the Union cause, and who was killed on the morning of the 4th of September, 1864, in Greenville, East Tennessee, in a manner to which but little glory can be attached. He did not die at the head of a wild, charging column, with face to the enemy—more's the pity for John Morgan. It was a cruel reward for Morgan's life devotion to the female sex, that a woman should have betrayed him to sudden death. He was shot in the gray dawn of morning, trying to make his escape through a garden, having been unexpectedly surrounded by Union troops, and his hiding place was pointed out by a loyal woman. There was nothing dramatic in Morgan's exit from the world in which he

had made no little stir, and to the romantic Southern heart it was not an agreeable thing to contemplate that their hero, their Bayard of chivalry, ignobly terminated his career in a Tennessee cabbage garden.

CHAPTER IX.

The Move to the Front Again—Return to Camp Ella Bishop—Presentation to Lieut. Wilson—The Fruitless Expedition of the Rebel Colonels, Pegram, Scott and Ashby—Stolen Pleasures on the Eve of Great Events—Burnside's Campaign over the Mountains—Concentration of Forces at Crab Orchard—The "Defenders of their Country" on the Road—Brief Reference to the Objects of Burnside's Expedition—His Personality and Popularity—Beginning of a Long and Difficult March—Crossing the Cumberland River, with a Bit of Sentiment Thrown in Unavoidably—Daily Record of the March to Knoxville, and the Parade and Reception on Arrival—Lieut. Wilson's Section in the Movement on, and Capture of, Cumberland Gap—Getting Settled in New Quarters.

We left Covington the night of the 29th of July on a train of flat-cars, and were exposed to the torrents of rain which fell during the night ride. The rumors of the approach of Col. Pegram's cavalry command on Paris from the eastern part of the State was the occasion for halting the train at Boyd's Station about daylight. Telegraphic communication was opened with the authorities at Paris, and it was announced that the only Rebel troops there were prisoners of war. When

the train reached Paris, a score of Rebel prisoners were on the platform surrounded by hundreds of citizens. They were fine-looking fellows, and carried themselves bravely. Defeat and capture did not sit well upon them, and they were loth to admit that Pegram had made a mistake. The train reached Lexington about noon, and the battery went into camp on its old ground, where they proceeded to re-open communications with their irregular bases of supplies.

After our arrival in camp the boys of the first section, actuated by a desire to express to Lieut. WILSON their appreciation of his soldierly qualities, determined upon presenting him with a handsome revolver. Lieut. WILSON had shown himself to be a most capable leader in every emergency, had so completely won the confidence and regard of his men by his gallant bearing, and his intercourse with them while detached from the command had been of such a gratifying nature, that the proposed testimonial was unanimously endorsed. Accordingly, on the 3d day of August, Sergt. PARD B. SMITH, on the part of the men of the first section, with a few introductory remarks handed Lieut. WILSON a handsomely mounted revolver, accompanied by the following note:

CAMP ELLA BISHOP, }
LEXINGTON, Ky., Aug. 3d, 1863. }

LIEUT. FRANK WILSON:—

We, the undersigned members of the first section of the NINETEENTH OHIO BATTERY, wishing to show our just appre-

ciation of you as lieutenant commanding the right section, herewith present you with this revolver, hoping you will accept with it the kindest regards of each and every man.

P. B. SMITH,	A. G. CASSILL,
V. R. WILLIAMS,	F. HODELL,
W. NORTON,	G. M. PATTERSON,
E. H. SIMKINS,	J. WATKINS,
W. HARPER,	J. HENDRICKS,
J. C. QUINLAN,	H. H. HUBBARD,
FRANK GILBERT,	A. BATES,
B. L. SAMPSON,	J. C. HUSTON,
R. H. HOUSE,	J. D. GALWAY,
E. C. DIXON,	H. B. SMITH,
J. M. HOWER, JR.,	E. J. COBB,
J. T. CARTER,	W. R. BURGER,
M. R. CARTER,	G. A. HAVER,
A. J. KETCHAM,	W. HOGAN,
T. GARRITY,	H. ELLSLER.

Lieut. WILSON's response was brief and to the point. He thanked the boys for their beautiful gift, and for the manner in which they had discharged their duties as soldiers, and for their prompt and gentlemanly acquiescence in his plans and wishes at all times on the campaign just closed.

During the few days we remained in this camp the prisoners captured from the commands of Colonels Pegram, Scott and Ashby, were being brought into the city almost hourly, Col. Ashby and some three hundred of his men having been brought in on the 2d.

The raiding business had been uniformly unsuccessful in the summer of 1863 on the part of the Rebels. All

their brilliant plans had failed most ignobly, and before midsummer was fairly on, Morgan was enjoying the cool retreat of the Ohio State Prison, his men were in the prison camp of Indiana, and the commands of Pegram, Scott and Ashby were broken and scattered, and totally unfitted for more serious work than that of plunder.

Lexington offered at this particular time unusual attractions to the pleasure-seeking soldiers, who, knowing their stay was to be brief, made the most of every opportunity, and spent their nights chiefly in town, returning to camp frequently in the morning just as the orderly would be calling the roll, and answering from a distance in the woods, like an echo, could be seen "pulling out" for the line like quarter horses, much to the edification of those who had remained in camp.

The officers, in consideration of what was coming, overlooked these little lapses of the men, and almost unchecked license to do as they pleased was enjoyed.

The organization of troops for an important expedition was going forward rapidly, and in a few days the movement toward the rendezvous at Crab Orchard began.

On Sunday, August 9th, the Battery marched to Camp Nelson, and there awaited orders. We learned that we were to constitute a part of the reserve artillery on the march that came to be understood was to extend

over the mountains, and result in the permanent occupation of East Tennessee and the capture of Cumberland Gap, a position almost impregnable to successful assault from either side of the mountains.

The Ninth Army Corps, than which there was no more reliable military organization in the Union army, had the advance in this proposed movement, and although the effective force of the corps was comparatively small with what it once had been, the men presented the same gallant and undaunted front, and were as ready as ever to win fresh laurels. Having been transferred from the battle-fields of Virginia to Mississippi in the hottest season of the year, they had participated in the terrific conflicts about Vicksburg with their old-time dash, and returned to Kentucky but the shadow of their former selves. The hot sun, disease and battle had done their work on every company organization of the corps. The fatal fever, wounds and debility, had dropped the men into hospital and grave all the way from the Yazoo to the Ohio River.

Many a regimental organization of this corps filed through Camp Nelson, in numbers scarcely more than a corporal's guard, but they carried the battered colors as bravely as if a thousand muskets were behind them. In answer to the frequent query: "What command is that?" they replied with a compound of humor, pride and bravado, that might well have been associated with a corps numbering twenty thousand men, as it once did:

“The Ninth Army Corps! the preservers of their country.”

There was such a mixture of boastful pride and patriotism in the reply that it rarely provoked an unpleasant retort.

On the 15th of August the NINETEENTH OHIO and other Batteries moved to Danville, where outfits were inspected and every preparation made for a long and toilsome march. On the 19th we moved to Crab Orchard, where were being centered the forces of Burnside's expedition to East Tennessee.

The highly medicinal qualities of the springs at this point had made it for many years previous a favorite resort for invalids during the summer, and the season of 1863 can certainly be regarded as one enjoying the largest patronage of the public, some fifteen or twenty thousand lusty gentlemen being present at one time from different Northern States. Possibly their presence didn't add materially to the pecuniary advantages of the Crab Orchard people, but still they were there to test the efficacy of the water, and bear testimony to its worth. Gen. Burnside's headquarters were there.

The movement to East Tennessee was justly considered of great importance to the National cause, and especially so to the people of that section, who, in the main part, had stubbornly refused to recognize, or to give aid or sympathy to, the Southern Confederacy. The mountains and valleys of East Tennessee were the home

of a hardy, primitive and loyal people. It will never be written, probably, what they suffered for freedom of opinion, when hopelessly cut off from the faintest prospect of aid from the General Government. They were driven from their homes by the Rebel authorities, as were the Covenanters by the bloody Claverhouse, and they hid themselves in the hills and woods until they could make their escape. Thousands of them, forced to flee, left their families and found their way into the regimental organizations prepared to receive them in Kentucky and elsewhere. It was only simple justice that the Government should reach out its long arm and lift up and protect these loyal people.

Although Gen. Burnside had been for several months in command of the Department of the Ohio, but few of the Twenty-third Army Corps had ever seen the gallant but unsuccessful commander of the Army of the Potomac, and the victorious leader of the finest corps in the grand army of the Union. An unconquerable desire to see Gen. Burnside was manifested by the men, and they gratified the desire until it became somewhat annoying to him. His appearance when mounted was very impressive. He sat a horse like a centaur. His uniform was extremely plain, and similar to an enlisted man's, only more careless. A huge Byron linen collar was rolled over the low collar of a cavalry jacket and the reinforced trousers disappeared in large riding boots that covered the knee. He wore an ordi-

nary regulation hat carelessly punched in at the top after a style peculiarly his own. His long side-whiskers, and the frank, open, firm and kindly expression of the face completed the picture of a soldier and a man who was deservedly popular with both the officers and rank and file of the army.

So strong was this admiration for their chief that within ten days after reaching Crab Orchard, a large proportion of the men had blocked out Burnside whiskers, and affected shirts with a superfluity of collar. The Army of the Ohio became "Burnside's Army," ready to do his bidding, no matter where it led them.

In the arrangement of the forces of this expedition the NINETEENTH OHIO, Fifth Rhode Island, and Second Illinois batteries of light artillery, each composed of six twelve-pound Napoleon guns, constituted the reserve brigade of artillery, and were attached to the Second Brigade, Second Division, Twenty-third Army Corps; the brigade being composed of the 44th, 100th, and 104th O. V. I., and commanded by Col. G. A. Gilbert. It was a most congenial assignment, and the men were not much dismayed, under the circumstances, when orders were issued forbidding them to ride upon the limbers or caissons during the march. On the evening of Thursday, August 20th, orders were received to break camp at four o'clock the following morning, and to march with three days rations in haversacks.

On the morning of the 21st, Burnside's army was in

motion about four o'clock, and Crab Orchard in a few hours literally became a "deserted village." Gen. Carter's division of mounted troops marched out on the Loudon road, accompanied by a large train of pack mules, while the Second Division of infantry and its attached artillery, together with a supply train of six hundred wagons, took the Government road. About daylight we completed the ascent of the Blue Ridge, and got a superb view of the sun-rise as a reward for early rising. The march during the day was over a broken country, hilly and rocky, and we descended about dusk into Buck Creek Valley to go into camp, having made only sixteen miles. The men were wearied with the toilsome march, but in good spirits.

At three o'clock, on the morning of the 22d, the bugles sounded the reveille, and an hour later the column was moving toward Somerset, where we arrived at noon, and halted for an hour to feed and rest. Taking the Smith's Ford route to the Cumberland River, after eight miles of severe marching, we bivouacked on the river-bank. Only one brigade crossed the river that night, and ascended the hill which rose distressingly steep, fully two hundred feet high. The engineer corps, under the protection of this brigade, constructed a military road around this hill, up which the artillery and supply train was enabled to crawl.

At eight o'clock the following morning the artillery brigade forded the river, the NINETEENTH OHIO in the

advance, and after doubling up on each piece, making twelve horses to each carriage, reached the top of the hill, the whole day being consumed in the ascent. The entire day and the one following were occupied in getting the supply train across the river and up the hill. The artillery moved out about one mile from the river and went into park.

This terrific ascent, after crossing the Cumberland River, was but the beginning of a hard experience in crossing the Cumberland Mountains, and the foot-hills gave a fair warning of the difficulties before us. As the surroundings at this point and the view that was spread out before the eye were strikingly similar to the scenes and landscapes which characterized the greater part of the march to Knoxville, it is unfortunate that impressions of them cannot be reproduced now. The huge mountains were generally wooded up to their rugged crests, and the thousand variations of the forest foliage seemed to blend into the one excellence of an ideal verdure, that, tinted with a closing summer's sun, gave us glimpses of Nature's grandeur which the dwellers of the plains never dream of. When the sun appeared upon the mountain tops, and its rays began to gild foliage and plant, peak and precipice, and to gleam down into valley and plain, then we saw the virgin beauties of Nature. At the mountain's base, the plain was hidden under a veil of wreathing mist, and the emerald peaks of the foot-hills rose like islands in the

sea. With the peering sun the mist vanished, the grass lost its sparkle, and the crystal streams flowed on to the rivers, over white sand and pebble, fantastic rocks and beds of limestone.

The mountain march saw but faint traces of human development, and settlements seemed sparse indeed. Miles were traversed without seeing a human habitation, and clusters of houses were extremely few until we reached the slopes and fertile valleys south of the Cumberland range.

The order of march contemplated moving the two brigades of infantry one day apart. Accordingly, the 1st brigade advanced on Sunday, Aug. 23d, to Sloan's Valley, and camped in a beautiful basin in the foothills; the 2d brigade occupied the same camp the night following.

The march during the 25th and 26th was not dissimilar—the same dusty and rocky road alternating, while the upward grade grew steadily steeper. The road led through pine forests, in which we saw occasionally a clearing, with its usual mean habitation, its tow-headed children and yelping curs.

At daylight, August 27th, the march was resumed up successive steps in the mountain range, and the scenery became more varied and cheering. We caught glimpses of vast panoramas of Nature's beauties through long vistas in the cleft hills, which would have made an undying reputation for the artist who could transfer

them to canvas. The march this day, of twenty-three miles, was fully equal to forty miles on a level stretch, and did not terminate until dusk, when the command went into Camp Chitwood, in a capacious valley, near the Tennessee State line, where it was understood all the troops should rendezvous before the forward movement should be resumed. Our brigade was the last to arrive, the cavalry having reached here thirty-six hours in advance of us. White's forces, from Bowling Green, and a force from Lebanon, joined the command here. This was a most charming location. The basin was almost level and embraced several hundred acres, through which flowed a beautiful stream of water. Here the army halted to recruit, after their arduous marches, and from here went back the last mail to the North over the rocky road the army had come. In the afternoon of the day following a terrific rain storm came up, which lasted till dusk and fairly deluged our camp. At night the command received orders putting them on half rations, with four days' in haversacks, and announcing an early movement in the morning.

At three o'clock, Saturday morning, Aug. 29th, Gen. Burnside and staff rode out in advance of the mounted troops, taking a circuitous route to the east, and two hours later the infantry and artillery moved forward on the Montgomery road, the artillery reserve being thrown between the two infantry brigades of the 2d Division. The march was up steep hills, and the difficulties en-

countered in pulling the guns up the rugged road were fully as great, if not greater, than at any previous time. At noon we had clambered to the top of the center range, the highest point in the mountains on this route, and here we gladly halted to refresh the animals and men.

The view from this elevation was a comprehensive one. On either side, for many miles, we saw the successive valleys, toned with distance, and even the bald knobs and pine-topped spurs, in the clear atmosphere, had a beauty distinctly their own. Men and horses were exhausted with this ascent. All our extra animals fit for use were on the pieces, and every man was dismounted, with the exception of the officers. Without the assistance of the infantry, even our double teams could not have dragged the heavy gun-carriages up the rocky steps.

After an hour's halt the column was again in motion, but the road was now on the decline and marching much easier. About nine o'clock at night the command bivouacked in a little valley between the abrupt ridges, on the banks of a stream called New River, nineteen miles from Chitwood, and it was fully midnight before the men had eaten their suppers and taken to their blankets.

The next day was Sunday, which fact was not observed, as the reveille sounded before daylight. The march was still on a descending, rocky, abrupt road,

and very fatiguing, and as the command halted, about dusk, they were thoroughly exhausted. We camped in a valley ten miles north of Montgomery, and in a toilsome march of sixteen hours had traveled but twelve miles.

At daylight on Monday we were again on the move, and by two o'clock had reached the base of the mountain, where was situated the little town of Montgomery, once a thriving place with threescore dwellings, not half a dozen of which were now occupied. The people of this town had paid a sad penalty for their loyalty to the old flag. The Rebels had persecuted them and driven them from their homes, and forced them to find shelter, like the animals, in the mountains. Many of these people had reached Kentucky, entered the army, and were returning with their commands in this expedition, to find their families gone and their homes in ruin. Only a few miles south of this town was Marlburg, an exclusively German settlement, and the people, strangely enough, were offensively rebellious in their sympathies and actions. This German settlement had been established for many years, and the cultivation of grapes and peaches had been their chief occupation. Their looks and expressions were provoking to some of the men, who bitterly contrasted their prosperous condition with the wretchedness of the loyal town of Montgomery, but a few miles distant.

The Ninth Army Corps here rejoined the army,

having marched by another route from Lebanon. The whole force, excepting the mounted troops, went into camp three miles south of Marlburg. As the cavalry advanced toward Loudon and Kingston, rumors of the resistance likely to be made by the enemy in our front spread through the camp.

On Sunday morning, Sept. 1st, we moved out on the Kingston road, with eight days' beef rations in haversacks and knapsacks. At five P. M. we went into camp on the banks of Big Emery River, seven miles from Kingston, having marched sixteen miles. Our cavalry entered Kingston before noon, but the enemy had hastily retreated in the direction of Loudon, whither our forces followed. Rumors came thick and fast while here, but amid the mass of absurdities and contradictions could be detected the fact that warm work was ahead of us, and the possession of East Tennessee was not to be had without a struggle.

The riders were in their saddles for several hours on Wednesday before the orders were given to move. About two o'clock the command moved out and crossed the river, but the road was so much obstructed with the supply trains stalling in the mud that only about seven miles were made at ten o'clock at night, when we halted on Poplar Creek. The reveille had been sounded at 3:30 A. M., and the original order had directed a march to Sparta—the change being necessitated by the slow movement in front.

Thursday, Sept. 3d, moved out at five A. M., and after five hours' tedious march, crossed the Clinch River at Waller's Ford, and after making sixteen miles, went into camp on Wilkinson's Creek, about twenty miles from Knoxville. We learned here of the occupation of Loudon by our troops, and Gen. Burnside's unobstructed entry into Knoxville.

Friday, Sept. 4th, after fourteen days of fatigue, hardship and broken rest, saw the end of our long march, and the entrance into Knoxville. In the morning the 1st brigade returned to Kingston, and with it the 2d Ill. Battery, while our Battery and Battery "D," 1st Ohio, were attached to the 2d brigade, and marched at five o'clock, and by noon had made thirteen miles and reached a station on the railroad six miles from Knoxville, where the command halted for dinner. An engine, which had been captured in the morning at Loudon, came puffing and whistling up the track, worked by two men selected from one of the commands, and elicited from the men loud and prolonged cheers as long as it remained in sight. At last we held the Rebel line of communication between the East and the West in our own hands. At six o'clock in the evening the command went into camp one-half mile west of Knoxville, reserving the formal entry until the day following. As we caught sight of the spires and chimneys of the city from an eminence, cheer after cheer was sent up from every command in the column, which

was responded to with great heartiness by the loyal people living near, who turned out to greet the approach of the Union army, and their release from Rebel domination.

The forenoon of Saturday, September 5th, was spent in making horses, guns and men presentable for the parade and review in the afternoon. The brigade was gotten into presentable shape, and about one o'clock P. M. moved out on the Loudon Pike, the 100th O. V. I. in advance, the NINETEENTH OHIO BATTERY following, then the 104th O. V. I., followed by Battery D, 1st O. V. A., the 44th O. V. I. bringing up the rear. The batteries moved by section, and passing in review before Gen. Burnside, made an impressive display. During the march through the streets the entire population, white and black, turned out to see the military display. There was no difficulty found in fixing the political status of the men or women. The loyal people showed every manifestation of delight at the presence of the Union troops, while the Rebels maintained a discreet and dignified silence, tempered with strong curiosity. After the parade the brigade moved out about a mile and went into camp near the Fair Grounds, on a ridge skirting the river and about four hundred yards from the Holston, where on the following day two of the men who had been left behind in Cleveland rejoined the Battery, bringing with them a limited mail, but the

first the boys had received since they left Crab Orchard two weeks before.

Here we must take up the history of one section of the Battery for the present, leaving the rest of the command in Knoxville.

Military operations for the future were regarded as a sealed book to the soldiers, but every intelligent man knew that the Rebels would scarcely content themselves with a comparatively peaceful evacuation of such a valuable territory, with its accompanying advantages; and they knew, too, that Gen. Burnside would hardly sit idly down while there was work to do in every direction. At this time the Rebels held that natural Gibraltar, Cumberland Gap, a place almost impregnable to attack from either side of the mountain.

Sunday was passed after the review in a busy manner. The men devoted themselves to "getting the bearings of the place," as one of them remarked, and all of them saw Knoxville, and were content. Late that night Capt. SHIELDS received orders to attach the first section of the NINETEENTH to two sections of Battery D, and be in readiness to move at four o'clock Monday morning. The 100th O. V. I. was sent up the railroad in the early part of the day and the rest of the brigade were under orders similar to those received by Capt. SHIELDS. That great secrecy was necessary and the movement important, the men easily could judge, as the orders were imperative to move through the town

with the utmost silence, and to speak to no one. Promptly at the hour named Lieut. WILSON moved out with his section and falling into line with Battery D, marched through town just as day was breaking. Only the dull rumbling of the carriage wheels and the broken step of the troops, broke the morning stillness. The few citizens who were on the streets must have been mystified with the extraordinary taciturnity of the men, as not the slightest reply was given to the repeated question, "Where you going?" The column marched out the Cumberland Gap road, and at noon halted at Gravestown, fourteen miles north of Knoxville, and then the object of the expedition became definitely known. Gen. Burnside, with a small staff, here joined the column in company with two regiments of cavalry. The general had discarded his handsome uniform worn at the review in Knoxville, and had again donned his well-known fatigue uniform, and shared with the men their meager fare and hard marching. At dusk a halt for the night was ordered about two miles south of Maynardsville, having made twenty-one miles since morning.

At daylight the following morning the command moved out and in a few hours the difficulty of the march visibly increased as we began to overcome the foothills and ridges approaching the mountain range, and such was the arduous nature of the toilsome march that both men and animals felt it severely. At noon we crossed Clinch River, halting half an hour only on

the north bank for dinner, when we pushed on, weary and foot-sore, with scarcely a moment's delay, until about six o'clock P. M., when the column halted for supper some six miles from Tazewell. Only half an hour was devoted to this halt, and the long march only terminated at ten o'clock, when we had reached a point within nine miles of Cumberland Gap. The march had embraced twenty-seven miles over gullies and ridges, hills and valleys.

At an early hour Wednesday morning, September 9th, the cavalry moved out in advance at a sharp pace, and soon left the infantry and artillery behind. About ten o'clock the Battery crossed Powell river, a rapid stream having its origin in the mountains. As we ascended a foothill some four hundred feet high, on the north side of the river, it became known that from its summit we should see the end of our fatiguing march, for Cumberland Gap was only four miles distant, in a range that rose fully one thousand feet above the level of the plateau on either side. The forces moved forward to within two miles of the Gap and took up position. We learned here that Gen. DeCoursey, with a brigade of troops, was menacing the Gap on the north side, and the situation of the enemy was therefore a critical one.

Before noon Gen. Burnside had demanded a surrender of the Gap, which Gen. Frazier refused. At two P. M. the demand was renewed, and the Rebel general again declined. The troops were then ordered to be in

readiness to march at dusk, when, unobserved, they could be placed in position to carry the Gap by assault. Even under the most favorable circumstances our losses would necessarily have been very heavy. Gen. Frazier, however, became convinced of the inutility of trying to hold a position which had been completely isolated from all outside communications, and about four o'clock in the afternoon he decided to surrender. An hour later Burnside's force marched into the Gap, and the great stronghold, the key to Kentucky, East Tennessee, North Carolina, and Virginia from the west, was in possession of the National forces, almost without a struggle. The approach had only been accompanied by slight skirmishing, and no lives had been sacrificed to obtain this important triumph.

The surrender included over 2,000 men, a large quantity of bacon and other commissary stores, ammunition, and large and small guns. Having endured the march from Knoxville on half rations of bread and coffee alone, the issue of the captured bacon to the troops was a most welcome addition to their meager stores, albeit the bacon was a trifle rancid.

The march to the Gap had told heavily upon both men and animals, the uniforms of the former having been reduced to rags. Our horses having been dropped out every mile of the march from exhaustion, their places had been filled with captured mules until the command presented a motley appearance.

The Rebel prisoners were sent North in due time, and Gen. De Courcey's troops remained in possession of the Gap, while the expedition, with Gen. Burnside and the cavalry in advance, took up its return march to Knoxville at 8 o'clock on Friday morning, the 11th of September, and went into camp four miles south of Tazewell the same night.

On Saturday the command marched twenty miles, crossed the Clinch River, and at dusk went into camp near Maynardsville, the day having been exceedingly hot and the roads dusty. The people along the route had heard of the surrender of the Gap, and Gen. Burnside was regarded with awe by the simple mountaineers. The difficulties of the march prevented our carrying but limited rations, and the men were virtually compelled to subsist on the materials they could hastily gather on the route. Green corn, peaches and apples were had in abundance.

The march on Sunday was somewhat easier, having reached the level country, and at dusk we were within four miles of Knoxville, where we halted.

On Monday we marched toward Knoxville, and halted about 9 o'clock, just outside the city, to make some pretense of preparing for a triumphal parade through the streets. The uncouth appearance of men and animals, however, made the attempt a failure, and the command marched gaily into Knoxville, the 44th O. V. I. band playing inspiring National airs.

There were demonstrations of delight made by both the loyal citizens and troops about the city on the arrival of the expedition, it having been rumored almost every day since our departure that the most overwhelming defeat had overtaken Gen. Burnside's forces.

The capture of the Gap was but the natural sequence of the abandonment of Knoxville and the surrounding country by the Rebels, but its defense by Gen. Frazier might have been maintained several days at a heavy loss of life to the Federal forces. It gave the National forces a road from Kentucky to a large hostile territory, through which they could operate at will, and was very justly considered a most important triumph.

CHAPTER X.

The Approach of the Siege of Knoxville—Preparing for Longstreet—Fortifying the City—Reduction of Rations, and the Disposition to Unlawful Foraging—Inspection and the Penalty for having Unpolished Boots—The Inevitable Military “Damp-hool”—The Construction of Fort Saunders, and its Occupants—Death of a Gallant Officer and his Midnight Obsèques During a Bombardment—“A Damnably Causeless Slaughter”—The Desperate Assaults upon Fort Saunders by the Georgia Legion, and their Bloody Repulse—A Cigar Devoted to an Awful Use—Mingling Under a Flag of Truce to Bury the Dead—Sharp Dialogue Between Prisoners and Captors—Sherman’s Approach Known—The Siege Abandoned and Longstreet Pursued—Studious Habits of the Battery on College Hill—Trying to Buy a Telescope Lens, and Experimenting with a Microscope on Familiar Insects—The Hundredth Ohio and its Valor—Close of the Year 1863.

Lieut. WILSON’S section went into its old camp with the rest of the Battery, after its return from the camp, and made a rather laughable contrast with the men and animals that had remained in camp. Our camp was an undesirable one in every particular. It was located upon a barren ridge, with no water nearer than five hundred yards. It was destitute of trees or shrubbery, and the hot sun poured down relentlessly

upon the exposed command. Subsequently we removed to a new camp, west of the city, the infantry taking position on the river bank, and the artillery just in the rear, in a pine grove, which in a few hours the men had transformed into a most delightful camp.

On the afternoon of Tuesday, the 15th of September, the brigade was marched to town to witness the unpleasant ceremony of "drumming a man out of the service." He had been detected in a number of crimes—robbery, theft, and attempted violence upon a citizen—and was accordingly disgraced before the army and driven out of the service. Fortunately, such scenes were rare in the Union army, and there were but few enlisted men in the entire army who would leave the service voluntarily in such a manner.

During the week following our return the Battery was supplied with fresh horses, and everything looked to a coming struggle. The city was surrounded with fortified positions, and preparations were being rapidly and skillfully made for a conflict that proved to be a most stubborn and bloody one. All the available men of batteries and regiments were put at work on the fortifications, our men being detailed upon Fort Saunders—a position in which the Battery was destined to participate in some of the most terrific and startling scenes of carnage.

On Tuesday, the 29th of September, a brigade of cavalry, accompanied by Battery D. 1st O. V. A.,

crossed the river on pontoons and advanced south, on outpost duty. The work on fortifications was being pushed forward with great speed, and its importance was not over-estimated, in view of multiplied rumors of battle and disaster in the West. The terrible battle of Chickamauga had been fought, and reports of its results were not flattering to our troops, who saw in the cheerful faces of Rebel citizens terrible proof that the National cause had met with a check in Middle Tennessee. Fortunately, the soldier at that period of the war looked upon every rumor not authenticated officially with considerable doubt, whether it bore victory or defeat. He was not so deeply impressed either way with such news as he had been in the early part of the war. Still the air was heavy with grave doubts and coming dangers. Longstreet, having gathered about him a determined and brave army, was, sooner or later, to measure swords with Burnside, whose metal he had tested on many a Virginia battle-field.

On the 30th of September, the indifferently-clothed Battery was hastily mustered, and an inspection was made to ascertain how many were shod sufficiently well to endure a twelve days' march, and to furnish those who were not with the requisite foot-gear. A wagon-train, carrying clothing, etc., had reached the city a few days previous, from Nicholasville, Ky. The Ninth Army Corps, which had been stretched along the railroad, returned to Knoxville the night previous, and the

several absent commands were being gradually withdrawn to the central position. The cavalry was still absent, but little was reported of their operations.

On the 1st of October, Sergeant CHAS. LUCK and Corporal VIC. WILLIAMS received furloughs to recruit Batteries in the vicinity, to be attached to the 1st Reg. Tenn. V. A., commanded by Col. R. Clay Crawford, of whom mention has been made in this work,* and on the day following went to Greenville—the home of Andrew Johnson—to enlist the Union men who had returned to their homes after the approach of Burnside's army.

On the 4th of October, the troops of the Brigade attended the funeral of Capt. Hauffman, of the 100th O. V. I.—an estimable officer, who had died in hospital from disease and exposure attendant upon the march over the mountains. The obsequies were held in the Episcopal church in the city, and the remains were interred in the Knoxville cemetery. The troops marched with a “lock-step,” the NINETEENTH OHIO being in the center, the 104th O. V. I. on the right, and the 44th O. V. I. on the left. In foot-drill the Battery was perfect, and their appearance in procession was always characterized by the utmost military precision in every movement.

The Battery in a few days were called upon to attend the funeral of one of their comrades—FRED. HODEL—who died in College Hill Hospital.

* See pages 138-141.

The boys enjoyed themselves these days just as thoroughly as they could, and nothing was allowed to pass them that was at all fit to eat. I am sorry to say that a few of them continued to pass their Confederate fac similes and book-bindery greenbacks upon confiding Rebels in the vicinity of Knoxville who had anything to sell, arguing that "the Philadelphia fac simile would be just as good as the Richmond genuine in a few years." Their premises were correct; for both became alike worthless within two years.

The officers really tried to prevent foraging and the irregular confiscation of property about Knoxville, and to a great extent their efforts were successful.

Considerable interest was manifested among the troops as to the approaching election in Ohio for Governor, the Copperhead party having put forward Vallandigham against the patriotic Brough. As it was deemed only right to give the troops in the field, who were fighting Rebels at the front with guns, an opportunity to defeat the Rebels in the rear with their ballots, an election was held on the 13th of October, in which ninety-eight votes were cast for Brough, and one for Vallandigham—the latter being cast by a semi-intoxicated chap, who said he voted just to show "the d—d Copperhead, Vallandigham, that we could afford to give him one vote to help him to break his neck!"

The troops were becoming interested in politics, and when it was announced that Parson Brownlow and

Horace Maynard would speak on the night of the 17th, everybody went to town to hear these distinguished patriots. Brownlow, after having been imprisoned and persecuted by the Rebel authorities, and finally driven from his home, had returned to resume the publication of his paper, which has continued to be a firm supporter of the Union without intermission ever since.

The experience of Capt. SHIELDS in utilizing material of every kind for the comfort of the men was brought into use here. He took out some of the best mechanics to a saw-mill ten miles from the city, and cut lumber sufficient to build huts and stables for the men and horses, on which were expended much pains and labor for more than two weeks. Subsequently the fruits of this labor vanished in a few hours, and from habitable houses became part of the fortified lines erected to stop the audacious Longstreet, who was driving back our forces from Loudon and Campbell's Station. These huts were constructed for the accommodation of four men, and were supplied with fire-place and chimney, bunks, etc., which made them very comfortable. The usual dimensions of these cabins were seven feet wide, twelve feet long, and six feet high; the top surmounted with the small shelter tents which the men had retained. The houses were built of pine logs, and were chinked and plastered. Almost the entire brigade had prepared winter quarters of more or less substantial character, and a great deal of pride and

ingenuity were displayed in their location and construction.

Rumors of the enemy's force and approach became of almost hourly occurrence, and the already limited rations of the men were still further reduced, and the issue of quarter-rations of sugar and coffee and hard bread, with about the same proportion of meat, embodied hardly sufficient to satisfy the appetites of healthy men, who were forced to forage with greater skill and pertinacity than ever. Matters began to assume a bad aspect when the wounded of the 45th Ohio and of Wolford's Cavalry arrived from Loudon, reporting our forces as having been roughly handled.

The inevitable, imbecile and untimely curse of red tape occasionally visited us, but the boys submitted to its exactions with great philosophy. On Nov. 8th, on the very eve of the gravest events, there was an inspection of the men and camp, and about one-third of the number were ordered on extra duty for the crime of not having their boots blacked in the most approved style, when there was not probably a brush or box of blacking in the entire command. These inspections were too often supervised by officers of the general staff, who imagined themselves superior to officers of the line, and composed altogether of a much better article of clay than the soldiers. They affected a severely military air, and had the faculty of ignoring circumstances with stolid indifference. Little petty details

were, in their minds, of vast importance. They were, in many cases, a fair sample of that old artillery officer that Sherman tells about, who thought "the army would be a pleasant sort of place for a gentleman, if it wasn't for the d—d soldier." This representative of the *dilletante* warrior was not an original production of our times. He thrived in earlier days, and a fair specimen, in the times of Henry IV, was that exquisite young lord who said to Harry Percy (Hotspur), "but for these vile guns, he would himself have been a soldier."

Many a willing, courageous soldier has had his patience severely taxed, his manhood offended, and his patriotism sorely tried by the untimely exactions of some military "damphools," who were permitted, through the wisdom of an inscrutable Providence, and the indifference of general officers, to exercise authority over men.

The lines were gradually being contracted around Knoxville, and the determined enemy was slowly but surely pushing back our forces that were impeding his progress, and nearing the city. A spirit of complete readiness was manifested among the troops, and confidence in Gen. Burnside was supreme. He was almost ubiquitous. His headquarters were intensely active, and he was everywhere, now at the front, and then back in the city directing the construction of the defences.

Our forces at Rockford, composed of cavalry and ar-

tillery, were attacked on the morning of the 13th of November and driven back after sharp fighting; they fell back slowly, contested each step, and arrived at the heights opposite the city soon after reinforcements had been sent across the river to hold these positions. There were distressing rumors of Burnside's repulse at Loudon, and his retreat upon Knoxville, followed by Longstreet with a sufficiently large force to invest the city. The troops were all under arms, and in admirable spirits, and the Battery was rather desirous of testing the efficacy of their aim on the enemy. Battery D remained in the advance with other artillery. A concentration of forces was being made and no general attack was anticipated before the forces were well in hand.

The following morning comparative quiet existed along the lines, until about three o'clock in the afternoon, when the enemy charged the position defended by Battery D, and were repulsed, repeating the attempt twice before they retired to their lines, the artillery firing some seven hundred and fifty rounds during the afternoon.

When the first shot was fired from the heights, the bugles of our command sounded "boots and saddles," and within ten minutes the Battery was in column, ready to move, the men firm but excited, and keen to participate in the exciting drama being enacted before them. The second and third sections, in command of Capt. SHIELDS, were thrown into Fort Saunders, across

the road, while the first section, with Lieut. WILSON in command, galloped through town to the works on Temperance Hill, on the east side, and were the first guns in position on that side of the river. There were two howitzers placed in position beside him, soon after his pieces were unlimbered. The excitement and rapid shifting of the infantry and artillery, and the booming of big guns and rattle of small arms about the heights, filled the Rebel element with joy. They thought that Longstreet would walk into the city and drive Burnside's men before him with but little trouble. The Rebel women were particularly offensive in their demonstrations, and many an uncomplimentary epithet was mentally bestowed upon them. At night the riders returned to camp with their horses, leaving the cannoneers in charge of their mounted guns.

On the following day, Sunday, there was only an occasional interchange of compliments until three o'clock P. M., when the enemy advanced, feeling our skirmish lines boldly, but not venturing on a general attack. Our guns shelled their lines promptly and with such effect that the contemplated assault was suspended. The riders returned to the works on Temperance Hill with their horses, bringing away everything of value from the camp. The riders stood and dozed, with reins in hand, by their horses standing to the guns, until near midnight, when some relaxation was permitted.

The remaining portion of our brigade came into town

in the afternoon of Monday, on the trains from Morristown, considerably lessened in numbers; a portion of the 100th O. V. I. having been captured in a recent engagement near Jonesboro.* At dark Burnside's force

*One of the bravest and most reliable regiments in the army was the 100th O. V. I. Its record is a most honorable one. The Battery had many acquaintances in this regiment, and greatly admired it. A battalion of this regiment, while holding an advanced position at Limestone Station, near Jonesboro, East Tennessee, some time in October, was attacked by a large force of the enemy, and after a fight which lasted some hours, only surrendered when their ammunition was exhausted, leaving on the field, as proof of their gallant defense, Rebel dead and wounded in number approximating the entire force of the battalion. Nearly one-third of the effective force of this gallant regiment were thus killed or captured. They went the way of many Union prisoners. They saw Libby and Belle Isle in all their horrors, and some, after enduring sickness, exhaustion, exposure, and semi-starvation, turned their wan faces toward the northern horizon that skirted the far-off "God's country," which they were never more to see, and laid them down and died. Others suffered the infamous and revolting torture of Southern prison-life until life and reason hung upon frail threads and were finally exchanged, a few months later re-joining their regiment to fight to the bitter end, whether it come in the form of sudden death, or the end of the war. Some of these same men were afterward wounded and captured in the terrible battle of Franklin, Tennessee, a year later, and were again restored to their friends by the rapid pursuit of Thomas after Hood a month or so later. To give the names of officers and men of this regiment who distinguished themselves would occupy large space and be entirely unnecessary, as the survivors of that command doubtless hold their dead and living comrades in dear remembrance.

was falling back, and was reported only an hour's march from the city. By ten o'clock they entered the city in some confusion, and were employed during the entire night in establishing and strengthening lines of defense. By daylight the situation presented a material change from the day previous. The Ninth Army Corps manned the lines on the western side of the city, the center resting and massing on Fort Saunders; their left extended to the river, the line passing through our old camp. The cabins which had been erected by our boys with so much labor disappeared and their logs formed the principal fortifying material of the adjacent lines, which extended from the river via Fort Saunders east, across the line of hills north of the city to Temperance Hill. All this rose, as if by magic, in the night, and Burnside awaited Longstreet's advance.

At daylight the pieces in Fort Saunders, under Capt. SHIELDS, rejoined the section on Temperance Hill, when the Battery was soon moved to Methodist Hill, a bluff on the bank of the river, commanding the approach to the pontoon bridge, where the guns were placed in position. In the afternoon the left and center sections were ordered to the ridge, about fifteen hundred yards eastward of the city, and commanded the approaching road, where works were in rapid course of construction.

Early in the morning of Tuesday, the 17th, the Rebel lines were formed west of our lines, and skir-

mishing commenced at daylight. Our line skirted a ridge west of town, some twenty-five hundred yards distant from the city, including the Armstrong residence, afterwards occupied by Gen. Longstreet as headquarters. The day was spent, by each army, in reconnoitering each other's positions. During the night a dense fog settled down upon the city like a pall, and enabled the enemy to dispose their forces for an attack upon our outer lines, and effect a lodgment nearer the city. The fog suddenly lifted about ten o'clock the following morning, and was the signal for a rattling musketry fire from the enemy, under cover of which they advanced and drove back our lines with no little trouble. Col. Saunders, commanding a brigade of cavalry, here reinforced our wavering line, and, under a terrific fire, compelled them to retrace their steps, their lodgment being about one thousand yards west of Fort Saunders. The assistance given by the cavalry enabled us to recover a portion, but not all, of our lost ground, and the lines were re-established and strengthened. In this charge, commanded by Col. Saunders, he was struck in the breast with a bullet, and staggered back, but recovering himself, he walked into the lines and said, "Boys, the Rebels have killed me at last!" and lay down upon a blanket. He was dead in a few hours. He was a brave and efficient officer, and his death was deeply regretted in the army. The salient near which he received his death-wound was named in his honor, and

a few days later received and repulsed the most bloody and repeated assaults ever made by an army.

Col. Saunders was buried with military honors at midnight. The moon shone down intensely bright, and lighted up every object. The funeral cortege marched through the streets bearing torches, the soldiers with arms reversed marching slowly to the music of "The Dead March in Saul," the wailing strains of which mingled with the incessant rattle of musketry on the near skirmish lines and the crash and roar of the heavy guns about the city. The salute that night fired over Col. Saunders' grave was from hundreds of Rebel shotted guns, and from loaded muskets volley after volley pealed out on the midnight air. Gen. Burnside, with his staff attended the funeral, and manifested marked emotion. In the cemetery we left the gallant soldier to his last sleep.

"We carved not a line,
We raised not a stone,
But left him alone in his glory."

Fort Saunders was the objective point of the enemy's efforts, the position being regarded as the key to the city's defenses. Around this position the trees had been felled, and telegraph wires were run from one stump to another, about one foot from the ground. The engineer corps had changed the course of a creek, and caused the water to flow at the base of the parapet between Temperance Hill and Bell's house. Among

the arms left in the city by the Rebels were some five thousand pikes, consisting of poles ten feet long, with iron ferules on the ends, into which were inserted straight two-edged knives about ten inches long—a primitive, but formidable weapon. These poles were stuck into the center slope of the parapet at an angle of forty-five degrees, and secured together with telegraph wire, making a most formidable abattis. To charge up to this glittering cordon of knives required no ordinary courage, but a few days later it was done repeatedly.

The lines, hour by hour, were being contracted about us. The enemy's cavalry appeared in view on the north side of the city, and from the boldness manifested by the beseiging forces it was argued that their numbers were greatly in excess of ours. By the 20th of November the investment of the city was practically complete, although communication was still kept open with the country on the south side of the Holston River, and the Union people in the valley of the French Broad were occasionally sending down beef, bacon and corn-meal, to replenish Burnside's rapidly depleting stores. As it was known that the Union army was not provisioned for a siege, and could not sustain themselves beyond the 5th of December, at the farthest, the hopes of the Rebel citizens rose. Our skirmish lines were entrenched in pits and contracted until they were only about four hundred yards in advance of the main

line. The Rebel line, about the 20th of November, run about a mile west and north of our lines, where they could be seen plainly, strengthening their works, as if they had come to stay. A desultory firing was kept up between the skirmish lines, each man acting on the impulse of blazing away every time a head appeared in sight. The affair was increasing in interest. An artillery duel was the event of every hour. Continued watchfulness and very short rations for man and beast were the leading features of the day, second to the fighting.

In the afternoon of Thursday, the 19th of November, a Rebel battery made an advance to within fifteen yards of our lines, under cover of the woods north of the town, and fired briskly on the city, much to the elation of their watching comrades. Almost simultaneously the batteries extending from Fort Saunders to Temperance Hill, some twenty pieces in all, opened fire on the enemy's battery, which retreated with the most undignified haste, losing men and horses in its speedy return to shelter. One of their shells burst over Burnside's headquarters, and a number of others exploded over our pieces on Methodist Hill, without doing any particular damage.

The work of strengthening weak points went forward without rest, and firing between the close skirmish lines scarcely ceased. Occasionally a feint was made which would wake up the main line, but comparative quiet

was soon resumed. At nine o'clock P. M. of Saturday, the 21st of November, a terrific fire was opened by all the enemy's batteries which was responded to by the guns inside, and for an hour the sight was a most thrilling and impressive one. The air was filled with the fiery, curving courses of hundreds of meteor-like shells and balls from guns of every calibre. It was a grand illumination, a sort of Fourth of July thunder and lightning combination, with big hail thrown in. It was an uncomfortable night for the non-combatants, and one of fierce excitement to the participants. Under cover of our batteries our skirmishers advanced and fired a number of buildings north of the city which had been sheltering some Rebel sharpshooters for several days, whose aim had proven fatal in a number of cases.

Whisky and tobacco rations were issued to the men, but half issue of bread and meat and no coffee at all, embraced the bill of fare under which hard and exhausting work was being done. The situation was growing desperate, and although a few supplies came into the city by the river, there were distressingly meagre faces among detachments who were not able to either buy or forage about the city for provisions.

On the 22d heavy firing was heard in the direction of Loudon, and Wofford's Cavalry* went up the river and

* This regiment, although referred to in this work in a pleasant way as Wofford's Irregular Cavalry, were splendid fighters, and performed distinguished service during this and other campaigns.

drove off a Rebel force engaged in constructing a raft to float down and destroy our pontoons. About five o'clock p. m. the enemy opened upon our batteries with his guns, and for half an hour the din and roar was horrible. As we were instructed not to reply the bombardment soon ceased, but the skirmishers became more active and annoying. No place seemed to be safe from the whistling bullet or the crashing shell.

Our isolation did not prevent the usual circulation of rumors regarding outside events. We were informed that "Grant was cutting Bragg to pieces," and then that "Bragg had already cut Grant to pieces;" that "Meade was in Richmond," first as captor, then as captured; that Sherman had marched from Chattanooga to the relief of Burnside with two corps, and already was in the rear of Longstreet.

(This was premature, but the surmise was strangely correct. It is a matter of history that Gen. Grant had received letters from Gen. Burnside up to the 23d, and as Bragg had been crippled, ordered Gen. Gordon Granger to move up the south side of the Tennessee with the Fourth Army Corps, numbering nearly twenty thousand troops, and hurry forward to the relief of the invested city, one hundred and thirty miles distant. Gen. Foster was at Cumberland Gap, with nearly five thousand troops prepared to march on Knoxville, which fact the troops in the city were not aware of. Subsequently, Gen. Grant, becoming dissatisfied with Gran-

ger's slowness, ordered Sherman to go in person and command the troops moving to the relief of Knoxville.)

At this time the Battery, with the other troops, were engaged constantly, and were without shelter of any description, and to add to the wretchedness of the situation, the weather was unusually severe. At eight o'clock the night of the 23d, the right section, under command of Lieut. WILSON, was ordered on a gallop to Fort Saunders, information having been received that the enemy contemplated making a determined charge upon that salient some time during the night. One piece was placed in the west bastion and the other a short distance eastward in Battery Wagner. About nine o'clock the enemy's lines advanced north of the town and drove our skirmish line to the railroad embankment and took possession of the buildings in front, which embraced the round-house and machine shops of the railroad, the old arsenal, several factories and a number of large dwellings. The enemy's occupation of them was very brief, for our forces drove them out and then burned them to the ground. The conflagration lighted up the surrounding country, and gave sufficient light to enable the batteries to work upon the enemy with good effect. The arsenal contained a large amount of condemned ammunition, arms, etc., and the bursting of cartridges and shells added to the confusion which swelled into a roar like that of a battle. The citizens supposed a general engagement had commenced,

and few people in Knoxville that night retired to sleep. While this work was going on our brigade was brought to the rear of Fort Saunders as a reserve, to await the expected assault, and our caissons were run under the brow of the hill in the rear of the fort, where at least partial protection was had from the enemy's bursting shells.

During the night the Rebels advanced about two hundred yards and threw up rifle pits in front of a line of pits held by the 2d Mich. V. I. Gen. Ferrara's Division of the Ninth Army Corps, of which this regiment was a part, and which occupied Fort Saunders, was composed in large part of Michigan troops. In the fort were the two pieces of the NINETEENTH OHIO BATTERY, a battery of regulars, Lieut. Benjamin commanding, and the First Rhode Island Battery, the two last mentioned having four guns each. The close proximity of the Rebel lines gave their sharpshooters a clean sweep through the embrasures when the men were working the guns, and the persistent, wicked whistle of the bullets as they scorched the cannoneers, made the exercise extremely hazardous. At daylight Gen. Ferrara ordered the 2d Michigan to charge and drive the Rebels from their new line of pits. The order was obeyed. The regiment rose up with one hundred and sixty-one men all told, and with their well-known gallantry dashed forward and drove the enemy out of the pits, but being too weak to hold the advantage

gained were forced to fall back, reaching their original position with only sixty-four men!

The tragedy only occupied the brief space of fifteen minutes, but a whole life-time was compressed into that one-quarter of an hour. The order for this single command to charge was stupidly cruel. As the handful of fagged and bleeding men staggered back, curses were showered upon the author of the needless slaughter. An officer near by is said to have characterized the order of Gen. Ferrara to charge as "a damnably causeless slaughter, and disgraceful to the author in the extreme," holding himself personally responsible for the remark. Alas! it was too easy to throw brave men into desperate breaches, and thereby cover the commander with glory at the price of the blood of good men. The war was sprinkled with many such bloody mistakes!

In the night, after sharp fighting, the enemy got possession of Laurel Hill, a bluff on the south side of the river, about one mile below town, and nearly the same distance from Fort Saunders, where they planted a battery which enabled them to drop shot and shell into any portion of our works, being fully two hundred feet above the highest fortified position. Our forces on the other side of the river made a gallant, but unsuccessful, attempt to drive the battery off, and met with a heavy loss. The fighting at this point was renewed early Thursday morning, the 26th, and our brigade was

sent across the river to reinforce the troops there. The Rebel sharp-shooters seemed to creep nearer and nearer to our works and the city, and it was difficult indeed to avoid exposure. Several officers and men were killed and wounded in Fort Saunders that day, and we lost several horses. Lieut. Col. Comstock, commanding the 17th Michigan, was mortally wounded as he stood in front of his tent, and died the same night; and a captain of the 20th Michigan met a similar fate when both imagined themselves to be amply protected.

The rations issued to the men grew smaller by degrees, until a scant half-pound of corn-meal and the same amount of meat was compelled to suffice each man one day.

During the 27th and 28th constant fighting was in progress to dislodge the enemy from Laurel Hill, but without effect. Their position was not by any means an enviable one, as our batteries enfiladed them from the heights opposite Knoxville, and kept them from doing much harm with their guns.

A field-hospital was established just in rear of Fort Saunders, in which the sickening work of amputation and dressing of wounds went on night and day, taxing the corps of surgeons to their utmost.

A desperate assault from the Rebels was momentarily expected by the troops, and the awful suspense felt by every man may be imagined, but can scarcely be described; separated only the small distance of a few yards

were two bodies of men who were shortly to be engaged in the disagreeable occupation of cutting each other's throats. Sunday morning came with a suspicious stillness that boded no good. The day was not given up to pious observances, but every man in a manner shrived himself, without priestly aid, for that long journey from which there is no return.

At eleven o'clock at night, amid perfect quiet, a heavy skirmish line of the enemy suddenly advanced, and fiercely charging our vidette lines in front of Fort Saunders, drove them back to the main line under a terrific musketry fire. The boys in the fort sprang to their positions, rudely awakened from an uneasy sleep by their guns, and the batteries opened with an awful roar. The flame of their fire seemed like vast areas of sheeted lightning, from out of which was hurled the deadly shell and canister; but far above the roar of guns and the crashing of musketry was heard that terrible Rebel yell—a fierce, indescribable yell, that differed in all human respects from the battle-cheer of the Union forces. Amid the impenetrable darkness this terrific assault was continued for two long hours, and then ceased as suddenly as it began, the enemy sullenly retiring to their new lines. They had succeeded, by the impetuosity of their assault, in driving our skirmish lines back into the main lines all the way from the river to the vicinity of Temperance Hill, the Rebels holding possession of the abandoned pits, which were

only a few yards distant from our works. The silence that succeeded at two o'clock in the morning we knew intuitively would be broken at daylight, and Monday, the 29th of November, was to see the Rebels in Knoxville, rushing over the dead bodies of the defenders of Fort Saunders, or see their torn and shattered columns retreating in dismay. We felt that the result of the siege of Knoxville depended upon this slow-coming day. Little did the loyal people of the North, who retired that Sunday night to peaceful rest in their homes, know the awful and sleepless anxiety which their sons were enduring as they sat by their weapons, looking for the coming of a day that might be their last on earth. Thus holding their lives in their hands for their country, these brave fellows waited.

The luminous rays of the sun were just faintly tinting the East, and the darkness of night was melting into the gray of morning, when the earth shook with the roar of half a hundred Rebel guns, from the river around to the north of the city—all concentrating their deadly fire upon Fort Saunders and the caissons sheltered in the rear of the fort. The Rebel infantry were massing just below the brow of the slope in front of the fort. There was a sublimity about the bombardment that cannot be described. The air was filled with hurtling shells, bursting and sending their jagged fragments in every direction. The trail of their fire was distributed over the heavens in eccentric waves.

Volumes of smoke rose above the belching batteries, and slowly wreathed their shapeless, monstrous bodies heavenward. Shell and shot fell about the lines in terrible confusion, but doing only slight harm. Our guns received piece after piece upon their exposed surfaces without damage. Firmly the men waited; they knew what the artillery fire meant, and wasted not a shot in reply. They knew that five thousand determined men were forming in their front for a desperate assault upon their entrenched position.

For fifteen minutes did this awful storm beat upon us, and then ceased. As the last volleys shook the morning air, the wild yell of the enemy took up the savage music, and on they came at a run, three lines deep, with every man's eye set upon the bristling salient, which he must reach or die. In the gray of the dawn their lines were strongly marked against a dim background, and as our guns, shotted with canister, belched out their fire, great gaps appeared in the plunging ranks. The treacherous ground-wire tripped them up and confused their advance. Furiously they came on, firing and yelling, and at every discharge of our guns, the ground was strewn with mangled forms. The officers hurled their bleeding columns upon the works with unparalleled ferocity, only to fall back crushed and stunned. They swarmed up to the parapets, and madly drove their standards into the earth, and rolled back dead and dying. They faced the wide

embrasures, impatient of death, and were blown into fragments by the roaring guns. The hand that planted a guidon upon a parapet was accompanied by a face mantled with a fierce look of triumph, but a dozen bullets swept away the frail staff, and spread upon the dead face a flash of agony. To go back was at the risk of life, to go forward was almost certain death. They filled the ditches in front of the works, and thus sheltered, tried to form again for another desperate charge, but shells thrown over the works burst among them* and added to the horror of their situation.

They had made their last desperate assault, and had been repulsed with terrible loss. The Rebel troops, crushed and disorganized, fled, leaving their course strewn with the dead and dying, and several hundred in the ditches that skirted the base of the salient. Troops of the Ninth Army Corps nearest that portion of the line leaped over the works and brought them in prisoners. As the rear of their retreating column went

*Lieut. Benjamin, commanding a battery of regulars in the fort, was reported to have cut the fuses of shells for almost immediate explosion, and touching his lighted cigar to the deadly projectiles, tossed them over the parapets where they exploded among the wretches huddled there, unable to retreat or advance. He was a remarkably cool and intrepid officer. His magnanimity was equally great. In the charge of the previous night, when part of the Rebels had reached the ditches in front wounded, Benjamin is said to have slung about him a dozen canteens of whisky and water, and dropping through the embrasures to the ditch underneath, gave the sufferers drink.

down over the brow of the slope the firing ceased, and only the moans and shrieks of the wounded broke the morning air, and gave evidence of an awful struggle, that long and terrible as it seemed, had only consumed forty brief minutes.

Just as the assault described above began, an order was given to remove our loaded caissons, then in range and under the fire of the Laurel Hill battery, a few hundred yards to the right and below the brow of the hill. The enemy, mistaking this rapid movement for confusion and retreat, redoubled their fire upon the position, but almost immediately the order was countermanded, and one of the caissons returned to supply the guns with ammunition.

The excellent protection afforded by the entrenched position attacked, saved the besieged forces, whose loss was only thirty killed and wounded; our loss in artillery horses was, however, quite large. The enemy's loss was variously estimated from twelve to twenty-five hundred. Longstreet's charging columns were composed of Georgia and Mississippi troops, known as the Georgia Legion, and were regarded as the picked command of the army. The fire of our Battery guns was highly complimented by the chief of artillery, who characterized the manner in which they were handled as "magnificent."

A flag of truce was sent in soon after the charge, and hostilities were suspended to permit the Rebels to bury

their dead and remove their wounded. The soldiers of both armies mingled together in the most pleasant manner, shook hands, and chatted frankly and freely about the recent carnage. They bore no enmity toward each other apparently, when they laid aside their weapons. The true soldier carries his hatred of his opponent only in his gun barrel.

What an awful travesty! An hour previous, they were rushing madly upon the crashing guns, and flaming fire of a thousand hostile muskets! Now they mingled with each other, exchanging compliments upon the respective parts borne by each in the deadly fray.

They said that Longstreet, believing that the position was held by the Twenty-third Army Corps, which he supposed was composed of raw troops, promised his men that they should eat their dinners in Knoxville that day. "So we shall," said a prisoner grimly, "but under some little different circumstances."

"What corps do you belong to?" asked a prisoner as he was being marched into town."

"The old Ninth," was the reply, "What's yours?"

"Longstreet's old corps," replied the Rebel.

"Ah!" was the significant reply, "Johnny, we've met before, but you see its always with the same result!"

"Well, you're a d—d sight better pleased to see me just at this time than I am to see you, Yank, I tell you," was the retort, as they walked along in a friendly manner.

The work of burying the dead having ended, at seven P. M. a gun fired from the fort announced the conclusion of the truce, and hostile relations were resumed, but no assault was made again that night.

“They got up too early this morning, and want to go to bed at dark,” said a chap on the line, congratulating his comrade on the prospect of a long sleep before them.

The impression very properly prevailed among the troops that Longstreet had heard of Bragg's sore defeat by Thomas' corps at Chattanooga, and of the troops that were on the way to join Burnside, and staked his last hope on the desperate assault of the 29th, with the hope of breaking our lines and getting possession of Knoxville, when, with Burnside's army as prisoners, he could hope to sally out and whip the approaching troops in detail. But he lost on the turn of an unlucky card, and began to prepare for a retreat.

On the 1st of December the official news of the Federal victory at Chattanooga was promulgated to the troops in Knoxville, with the additional fact that Sherman was on his way with 20,000 men to reinforce Burnside. New life was infused into the men, and although they were shrunken with insufficient food, and ragged beyond description, hope lifted them up, and for awhile they thought themselves both well-fed and comfortable.

Lieut. DUSTIN used to tell a story on himself that

demonstrates the spirit of the soldier at that time. In his own peculiar way, he remarked to a soldier one day, that much as he doted on coffee and corn meal once a day, the diet was a trifle monotonous, and he longed for something more substantial.

“I can tell you where you can get plenty of mutton chops, Lieutenant, but they may be a little tough,” said a waggish soldier.

“Tell me,” said DUSTIN, “and you’ll have my undying gratitude.”

“Why, get ’em out of the *ram*-parts on the fortifications, to be sure,” was the miserable reply.

“What’s all that yelling about, Yanks?” shouted a Rebel vidette, the evening of December 1st, to a Federal soldier in a rifle-pit opposite. To which the taunting reply came back:

“What has become of old Bragg-a-docia, at Chattanooga? When are you going to start for home, Johnny?”

“When we gobble old Sherman and his men, below here,” was the quick retort.

During the lull in the fierce strife the boys of the different detachments tried to visit each other and compare notes. The effort was accompanied with no little danger, as BARBER and HONODDLE, of the third section, found out on the 1st of December, as they trotted along a little ridge in the rear of Fort Saunders. A

bullet killed BARBER's horse under him, and the boys concluded to hunt a hole and be less conspicuous.

On the 2d of December quite a large body of Rebel infantry were seen massing in front of Fort Saunders, but a few shots from the big guns dispersed them.

It was understood then to be a feint made to cover the withdrawal of their men. Their sharp-shooters were unpleasantly active in picking off our men all the time. During the afternoon the surmises proved to be correct, as large detachments of troops were observed moving around to the right, up the railroad, under cover, north of the city. Their departure was hastened by the approach of Gen. Long's brigade of Federal cavalry, which made its appearance on the heights opposite the city on the night of the 3d of December, and gave information of Gen. Granger's corps being only a short distance in the rear.

The Rebel pickets kept up a constant fire all of Friday, the 4th, for the purpose of preventing immediate pursuit of their retreating forces. Granger's Fourth Corps, at night, was only fifteen miles from the city, near Marysville, Gen. Sherman in command.

On the morning of the 5th our pickets made the discovery that there was no one in front to respond by voice or bullet to their challenge. The siege was abandoned, and Longstreet was moving up the valley to the Virginia border, at his best speed. Our cavalry started in pursuit, and on the following day, the Fourth Corps

came up, and with the Ninth Corps and part of the Twenty-third Corps marched after the retreating enemy. Gen. Sherman, with a part of his staff, rode across the pontoons on the morning of the 6th, and went to Gen. Burnside's headquarters, attracting no little attention from both citizens and soldiers.

There was an indescribable sense of relief felt by every man who remained in Knoxville. It was pleasant to know that walking about the city could be accomplished without peril to life, and that sleep could be enjoyed in something like regular quantities; but better than all, was the certainty that our commissary stores would be increased, and both men and animals have an opportunity of making up for lost time.

"I never felt so mean in all my life," said one of the gun riders afterward, "as I did one night; when near the close of the siege, I stole two ears of corn out of the three my poor horses had before them; but I was so infernally hungry that I couldn't help it, and hope to be forgiven."

The poor mules chewed up board fences by the yard, and masticated cedar posts with apparent ease. A diet of shavings or shoe-pegs would have been a positive treat. The men were ragged, and thin. They were anything but an attractive lot, that December, 1863; but they were cheerful and quite proud that they had helped to save Knoxville. They shared in the glory of the gallant defense. While I have not pretended to

give the slightest description of the hardship and suffering of that campaign, preferring rather to dwell upon the military features of it, those who participated in it will endorse the assertion that it had no parallel in the war. The broken rest; the wakefulness and perpetual anxiety; the continual skirmishing and fighting; the inclement weather; the limited quantity of the poor food, and the lack of proper clothing, all combined, made the siege of Knoxville the severest campaign of the war. The ragged followers of Washington at Valley Forge had no such terrible experience.

On the 6th of December twelve teams with their riders were temporarily attached to Battery D, 1st O. V. A., and moved with the troops in the pursuit of Longstreet. Benjamin's battery of regulars, and Lieut. WILSON'S section of our battery alone remained to protect the fort that a few days previous had withstood the assault of five thousand desperate men.

On the 8th of December the second and third sections of the battery retired from the works east of the city, and went into camp a short distance from the pleasant place we occupied at the beginning of the siege. The riders of the first section accompanied the rest of the battery, leaving the two guns and their cannoneers in Fort Saunders. Here the erection of winter quarters was begun the second time; this time with boards instead of logs. Having had enough of fighting for awhile, the boys were not anxious to go in pursuit of

Longstreet. Instead of seeking glory, the boys, just then, were more intent upon finding provisions and comforts for the inner and outer man.

The troops learned with sincere regret on the 9th of December that Gen. Burnside had asked to be relieved, and Gen. Foster was to succeed him temporarily in command. The gallant commander of the old Ninth Army Corps won the hearty regard and admiration of the NINETEENTH OHIO BATTERY by his unassuming, manly character and his undoubted ability and success as a soldier.

On the 10th the boys were delighted to receive their first mail *via* Chattanooga, with Cleveland letters only a week old. On the following day they received four months' pay, the rolls for which had been signed on the 3d of December, under the fire of the enemy. A State agent was present to carry home the money intended for soldiers' families, and it was understood that the State became responsible for the safe delivery of the funds. What a watchful, kind care the loyal Governor of Ohio maintained over the sons of the State, as they confronted the enemy in every army, from the Potomac to the Mississippi!

The work on the winter quarters went forward with briskness, and they soon assumed a comfortable appearance. The weather remained cold, and snow fell at intervals, increasing our discomfort. The delayed mails arrived by the 19th of December, and the Battery boys had

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ings, on a hill five hundred yards east of their camp, which was ordered to be fortified. The center building was occupied by our Battery and the right and left wings by the Fiftèenth Indiana battery and a number of infantry convalescents. Capt. SHIELDS was placed in command of the position, and the work of constructing the required fortifications was entered upon promptly, each relief of men working two hours in the forenoon and the same in the afternoon. For the present, two of our pieces remained in Fort Saunders and two in the works at the Asylum.

In the upper rooms of the building were stored the remains of the college library and apparatus, and a fine opportunity was presented for an elaborate course of study. For some time the boys found great enjoyment in taking observations with the telescope, but some unconscionable wretch carried off the lens, and put a sudden stop to the astronomical researches. The instrument was a very valuable one and of great power. One of the eager students announced that he, himself, would bear the expense of replacing the stolen lens, and with an air comporting with the importance of his mission, went to town and consulted an optician and jeweler on the subject. To his surprise he was informed that the lens could be replaced with seven or eight hundred dollars, by sending to New York or Paris. "I thought it could be done for a dollar," was the sad and brief reply of the student as he retired.

The boys then confined themselves to the wonders of the insect world as developed by the microscope, and as they never lacked prepared subjects for examination, they became thoroughly acquainted with the peculiarities and capacities of an insect with which they had been uncomfortably intimate during the preceding twelve months.

The work on the fortifications was prosecuted under the general direction of Gen. Filson, chief engineer, and both officers and men had duties to perform which left them none too much time for mischief or pleasure. The healthy exercise on the pick, shovel and wheelbarrow, backed by an increase of rations, brought the men into splendid condition. On Christmas day no work was done, and each mess managed to get up a very respectable dinner, consisting of vegetables, roast chicken and turkey. Notwithstanding the order against foraging the men mysteriously disappeared from the college and reappeared several hours later bountifully provided.

“How do you chaps manage it, anyhow?” said an order-observing chap, who perforce was contenting himself on bacon and corn meal.

“Well, if you skirmish around with diligence and a dollar or two, you’ll find no difficulty,” was the significant reply.

“I reckon you use more diligence than dollars, any-

how," was the response, that was so near correct that no contradiction was attempted.

Toward the close of the year 1863, all the batteries in the city were organized into a reserve brigade to man the defenses of the city, and turned over all the horses, with their equipments, to the post quartermaster. The riders of our Battery were still on duty with Battery D, at Strawberry Plains, attached to our old brigade. With the pursuit of Longstreet by the troops under Gen. Granger we have nothing to do, and hence close the year with this chapter, leaving the Battery on College Hill.

CHAPTER XI.

Enlisting the Negroes—The Battery Men Accept Commissions in Colored Regiments—The Misconception of the Negro's Soldierly Abilities—The Battery at Mossy Creek—Reverizing Before a Camp Fire—Bugle Calls, and a Gratuitous Reflection upon Gabriel by a Disgusted Rider—Return to Knoxville—The Sufferings of the Loyal East Tennesseans—Preparing for the Georgia Campaign—The Forced March to Charleston—The New Indiana Levies Join the Corps—Robbing the Cradle and the Grave—Red Clay, Ga., and a History of its Rise and Fall by the Solitary Inhabitant—Awful Effects of Temperance on a Thriving Community—Advance on Rocky Face Mountain Under Fire—The Battery Fires the First Big Gun in the Campaign, and Silences a Rebel Battery—Fighting at Buzzard Roost—The Advance on Dalton—The Bloody Battle of Resaca—The Picture of the Charge and Repulse—The Artillery Fusillade—Description of the Battle Scene—The Field by Moonlight—The Gallant Color Bearer of the Hundred and Third Ohio, and his Heroic Death—A Drunken Martinet who Sacrificed his Men Needlessly—His Successor—The Second Day's Fight—Night Assault of the Enemy Repulsed, and their Retreat.

The two months which the Battery spent on College Hill—or Fort Byington, as it was called after it had been dignified with parapet and bastion, embrasure and salient—were probably the most uneventful of their

entire army career. They were pleasantly housed, sufficiently fed, and not overworked. Their animal wants being thus provided for, and railroad communications being opened with the North, they received their letters regularly, could keep themselves informed of the stirring events in the world, and were in a rare condition, born of health and contentment. Their evenings were spent in intelligent pleasures, unless they were absent in town, and even cards did not obtain a monopoly.

The great political issue had come—What shall the negro do in return for his freedom? The Government boldly seized both horns of a sore dilemma, and said: “The negro can be a soldier.”

And he became a soldier.

In the border States, in the disputed and reclaimed Southern territory, there were thousands of black hands waiting to grasp the United States musket. It cannot be said that among the Western troops the idea found favor. The proposition was so new to the white American, and he was, with all his patriotism, so imbued with unfounded prejudice that the enlistment of black men in the military service was, in his estimation, an unwarranted innovation not sanctioned by existing events.

White men were entirely willing to fight for the negro's freedom, but they were slow to be reconciled to his fighting for himself. The dreadful bug-bear of

“negro equality” had not been dissipated. If the negro was invested with the uniform of the United States soldier, did he not step up to the high plane of the white patriot soldier, battling for his country and the great principle of freedom?

It was unpleasant to contemplate; it was lowering the dignity of the volunteers!

They were not fitted by nature for warlike pursuits!

They could not endure the fatigues of marching on account of a race-malformation of the foot!

Having for long generations been made abject in their nature, through the influences of slavery, they lacked the moral courage to face their old masters in a bloody conflict!

Thus the dissatisfied ones.

These errors, in the light of past experience, need no refutation now. The negro marched; he hungered; he skirmished, on the line and off the line; he endured without grumbling; he suffered pain without complaint; and he fought steadily and desperately, when well officered. So great were his powers of imitation that he became a skilled soldier, not vastly inferior to his white brethren, whom he emulated.

Gratitude for the boon of freedom conferred upon him by the General Government incited him to obey with alacrity all orders which even involved great personal peril to himself. The barbarism of his nature prompted him to admire the gaudy colors and conceits

of military uniform and customs, and his innate faculty for imitation made him an apt scholar in learning the mechanical features of a soldier's life. Add to all this the negro's inherent love of display and the pride of the brief authority invested in the humblest soldier when on duty, and you have all the arguments for and against the negro becoming a soldier, and assisting the white race in sustaining a Government that had elevated him from a chattel to the dignity of a free man.

In Knoxville the negroes were invited to enlist in the heavy artillery service—a branch of the service in which they could be more readily made available for the immediate use of the Government.

No difficulty was experienced in procuring from the white commands men who could officer these new regiments. Privates and non-commissioned officers were examined and commissioned as line officers; subaltern officers were transferred and made field officers. A number of the members of the NINETEENTH OHIO BATTERY sought this service and were accepted. Sergeants CAMPBELL and CASSILL, Corporal JOHNSON, and Privates BROWN and SIMONS were appointed Captains and First Lieutenants. Two of them afterward reached the positions of Lieutenant Colonel and Major respectively, and all of them, we are satisfied, did honor to their old command, in whatever position they found themselves.

As the weeks passed, and accounts of the siege came

back in newspapers and periodicals from correspondents who had endured and suffered great privations and dangers, the men began to have some curiosity as to what part the Twenty-third Army Corps bore in the campaign. They were doomed to disappointment, for the Ninth Army Corps seemed to have maintained, alone and unaided, that long struggle. This demonstrated one important fact: if you want to contribute to history, you must not overlook the important medium of communication—the newspaper correspondent. His presence at headquarters, with comfortable surroundings, was wonderfully potent in keeping the public alive to the importance of the part borne by the army corps or division at whose headquarters he may have been entertained.

As the season advanced and March came in, the possibility of an active spring campaign became more apparent. Our troops had not succeeded in overtaking and capturing Longstreet, who was reported as preparing for an offensive campaign to regain the territory he had lost in the winter. His cavalry were not inactive, and kept our outlying forces at Morristown, Mossy Creek, Strawberry Plains, and other points on the East Tenn. & Va. R. R., in a condition of watchfulness.

Rumors of another investment of Knoxville came at intervals, to give a sort of zest to the uneventful life

which accompanied the work of erecting new and strengthening old lines of defense about the city.

Ever on the alert for amusements, the Battery boys utilized their talents during this period of inactivity. A public minstrel entertainment was given in the city, which was witnessed by a crowded house of soldiers and civilians. What a pity it is that the programme of that artistic entertainment has not been preserved! There were several "banjo solos by the inimitable artist, BILLY CHILDS," and a ballad by that "sweet singer, HARRY ELLSLER," gorgeously appareled with paper collar and flaming tie, and who has since gravitated into the more sober and exacting routine of a theatrical manager in Pittsburgh, Pa. There were quartets and duets, and encores innumerable on the programme, in which the Battery boys were sprinkled as copiously as the literary efforts of Wilkins Micawber, Esq., were observable in the *Port Middlebay Times*.

The fact need not be repeated here that the proceeds of this unparalleled entertainment conduced materially to the physical comforts of the performers.

On the 15th of March a long inactivity was broken, and we marched to Morristown, on the railroad, forty-five miles from Knoxville. It was a small straggling village, not unfriendly to the Union troops, but under the alternate occupation of Rebel and Union troops, it had become smaller, and at last conveyed the idea that it had just dropped down to make a tempo

rary stay on the hill-side, and hoped it wouldn't intrude. The people who, it would almost seem, accidentally occupied the houses in Morristown, had nothing to fear from troops of either army, as they possessed nothing worth stealing. A certain proportion of satisfaction naturally accompanied this definite state of affairs.

On the day following our arrival at Morristown all the troops at that point were ordered back to Mossy Creek, sixteen miles nearer Knoxville, it being apparent that necessity existed for contracting the lines and preventing a flank movement on Knoxville. The Ninth Army Corps received orders to march over the mountains to Kentucky, where they were to be transferred by rail to the Army of Virginia, thus materially lessening the effective force of East Tennessee.

As our command moved out of the place it passed over the ground occupied a few days before by the field hospitals of our division, and saw strewn upon the ground the broken wrappers of sanitary stores from the Soldiers' Aid Society of Northern Ohio, the Cleveland Branch of the United States Sanitary Commission. We felt a natural glow of pride and admiration for those noble women of Cleveland, who, while the Ohio soldier was at the front, followed him with practical tokens of their interest in his welfare, and supplied the hospitals with luxuries and comforts which would have overtaxed the Government if they had attempted to provide them. Few men from Ohio ever fell upon a

nospital cot from sickness or wounds, without having cause to bless those brave, untiring women at home who watched over them. Scattered on the ground were some circular reports of the operations of this branch of the Commission, with the names of the officers attached, to whose grand executive ability the success of the work in Cleveland was largely due. Verily their brave-hearted, womanly deeds shall live after them, and die not out of the recollection of the men whom they served so loyally.

Toward night the command reached Mossy Creek, foot-sore and hungry, and after enjoying a generous supper, lay down upon the ground and slept undisturbed by the nipping air, the twinkling stars or the big staring moon.

Mossy Creek afforded a better idea of camp life in the field than any other point we had occupied, and a brief description of those days will not be deemed wearisome. We had scarcely become at ease in this camp before the usual contradictory grape-vine intelligence was put into circulation.

There was no probability of early active movements, as Longstreet was in Virginia, acting in conjunction with Lee.

Longstreet was at Bull's Gap, thirty miles distant, strongly entrenched, with 20,000 men, as a point of observation.

Then he was impressing all the horses and mules in

East Tennessee and Northern North Carolina, with the view of mounting his entire force, and invading Kentucky.

The simple fact was that Longstreet had withdrawn his forces from East Tennessee, leaving behind him only a reconnoitering force of cavalry. As we are not particularly interested now in his movements of that date, we leave him in all the widely separated places where rumor placed him, especially as he has recently contributed over his own name, in Eastern journals, to his own war history, and thereby brought down upon him the hostile criticisms of his whilom comrades.*

Here the Battery took possession of Capt. Edwards' regular battery, composed of six ten-pound Parrots, and were well pleased with the new armament.

At Mossy Creek the appearance of genial spring, with its balmy airs, its budding trees and springing grass, brought to us the lights of a soldier's life in cheerful

*Gen. Longstreet, in the early part of the present year, contributed to the Philadelphia *Times* several interesting papers descriptive of the part borne by him at Gettysburg, and imputing to Gen. Lee the failure of that battle. The responses elicited from Gen. Lee's son and other officers have not been complimentary to Longstreet, who, however, seems to be quite as able to fight his battles on paper in 1873, as he was able to fight them in the field fifteen years ago. The reader will agree with me that while such controversies are interesting in an historical way, "it is not our fight," and we are at liberty to enjoy it as simple lookers-on.

contrast to the shadows that had fallen upon us so grievously a few months previous. When the sun shone through the bracing air, the boys lounged on their blankets before the blazing fires, and through the curling wreaths of smoke from their pipes, lazily watched the soft-moving haze that hovered around the tent-dotted hillside beyond, in all the calm enjoyment of men content with themselves and their surroundings. The meditative chap would regretfully tap his briar-wood pipe on the stone beside him, to shake out the ashes that had turned cold with his lazy revery, as he responded to the bugle's call, and an hour later would find him rolled in his blankets, lulled to sleep by the melody of some distant chaps who sung of "Home, Sweet Home," to the bad accompaniment of a banjo, and whose music conjured up dreams of that far off home which many had seen for the last time.

The bugle calls which STOVER and BYERLY dispensed so generously carried with them at times a certain degree of aggravation for many of the boys. They were heard too soon at night, and much too soon in the morning for lazy comfort. Their music was listened to with grave indifference by horses and mules until the notes of the feed-call were heard, when they manifested more than human interest. They pricked up their ears, snorted and stamped, and impatiently turned their heads in the direction of their approaching riders, carrying their food, with every manifesta-

tion of delight. However sarcastically the boys were wont to comment upon the buglers' calls, they all recognized their worth. Buglers in some shape were attached to nearly every headquarters. The corps commander's bugler was a correspondent, who did the necessary blowing for his entertainer in the columns of metropolitan journals, and made or unmade reputations too often—more's the pity.

“You'll growl worse than that when Gabriel blows his horn,” said BYERLY one day to a chap who was expressing himself vigorously on bugle calls, after being interrupted in a game of poker.

“Who cares for Gabriel? He's only a derved old bugler, any way!” was the ungracious response, as the speaker moved off to the picket-rope, chuckling with the knowledge of having hit ED. hard.

Gen. Stoneman was in command at Mossy Creek at the close of March, and was well liked by the men. He visited the out-posts night and day, and exercised a vigilance that incited confidence among the troops.

Our life in this camp was a monotonous but pleasant one, and interspersed only with occasional foraging trips up the valley, where the men saw evidences of a truly primitive people. In these hills and valleys lived a simple, hardy, honest people. The rich land, the flowing streams, the bracing mountain air, all conduced to make East Tennessee the modern Acadia. To many of these people a trip to Knoxville was the event of a

generation, and the vast unknown world lying north of the Cumberland Mountains, through whose gaps few of them had ever occasion to pass, was as a sealed book to them. Speaking of the cause of the unusually severe winter which had been experienced in that section, one old lady innocently remarked, "I reckon you Yankees must have left the gaps open when you came from the North last fall, and that's the way the cold got in."

East Tennessee bitterly paid for her loyalty to the old flag, in the desolation and wretchedness which marked the entire section trodden by the enemy. The people were stripped of even the means to make their living from the soil. Where once were happy, contented households, now ruin brooded. The ashes on the hearth-stone were dead, and the tree at the door was blasted. No footfall was heard on the threshold, and no sound of life came from the once happy home save the melancholy cry of the owl in the tree-top. Here and there were comfortless homes, where only sad and wearied women lived an aimless existence, their natural protectors either refugees in the mountains or fighting in the Tennessee regiments for the Government. Even the little children had a prematurely old look, and gazed after you with fear. They were so poor and unhappy, and so destitute of all the pretty conceits of childhood, that one's heart bled for them. There were old, enfeebled men, white-haired, and bowed down with bereavement and wrongs, and as they

warmed their thin hands over a smouldering fire, muttered blessings on the defenders of the flag alternately with curses and maledictions on traitorous and false-hearted neighbors. By every roadside there were little mounds of earth, over which was but the mean protection of crossed rails, to mark the resting-place of the dead. Mute evidences of outrage, murder and arson were scattered through loyal East Tennessee in sad profusion.

Early in April there were indications of a movement southward, and some general talk about a great campaign projected by Gen. Sherman through Georgia. On the 20th of April we were ordered to Knoxville with the rest of the troops, where a re-organization of the Twenty-third Army Corps took place, with Maj. Gen. Schofield in command.* The corps, numbering

* **FIRST DIVISION.**—Brig. Gen. A. P. Hovey, commanding.

First Brigade.—Col. R. T. Carter, commanding: 120th Ind.; 124th Ind.; 128th Ind.

Second Brigade.—Col. J. C. McQuester, commanding: 123d Ind.; 129th Ind.; 130th Ind.

Artillery.—23d Ind. Battery, Capt. Jas. H. Myer; 24th Ind. Battery, Lieut. H. W. Shafer, commanding.

SECOND DIVISION.—Brig. Gen. H. M. Judah, commanding.

First Brigade,—Brig. Gen. M. S. Hascall, commanding: 25th Mich.; 80th Ind.; 13th Ky.; 3d E. Tenn.; 6th E. Tenn., (a)

(a) Col. Jos. A. Cooper, of the 6th Tennessee, afterward commanded this Brigade, and still later in the war, the 2d Division.

15,000 effective troops, was composed of twenty-seven regiments, formed into three divisions, of two brigades each, with two batteries of artillery assigned to each division—the NINETEENTH OHIO BATTERY being attached to the 2d Division, Brig. Gen. H. M. Judah commanding.

On the 27th of April, 1864, we marched out of Knoxville for Charleston, the most of the corps being transported by rail. The concentration of troops for Sherman's grand Georgia campaign had commenced, and the army knew that the Rebel General, Jos. Johnston, with a large, well-conditioned army, was entrenched at Dalton, thirty miles from Chattanooga, prepared to contest every foot of the soil.

Second Brigade.—Col. M. W. Chapin, commanding: 23d Mich.; 111th Ohio; 107th Ill.; 118th Ohio; 45th Ohio. (b)

Artillery.—Battery "F," 1st Mich., Capt. Paddock; NINETEENTH OHIO BATTERY, Capt. J. C. SHIELDS.

THIRD DIVISION.—Brig. Gen. J. D. Cox, commanding.

First Brigade.—Brig. Gen. M. D. Manson, commanding: 100th Ohio; 104th Ohio; 8th Tenn.; 63d Ind.; 16th Ky.

Second Brigade.—Col. Jack Casement, commanding; 24th Ky.; 103d Ohio; 5th E Tenn.; 112th Ill.; 65th Ind.; 65th Ill.

Artillery.—15th Ind. Battery, Lieut. A. D. Harvey, commanding; Battery "D," 1st Ohio, Capt. Cockrill.

(b) Col. Silas H. Strickland, of the 118th Ohio, subsequently commanded this Brigade; and on the 31st of March of the present year, when the writer was penning these lines, the telegraph announced his death in Colorado.

We crossed the Holston River at Loudon on a ferry boat, the bridge having been destroyed in the last campaign, and moved through a country that grew brighter and more prosperous every mile. This part of Tennessee had many natural attractions, and had suffered but little from the war. Between Athens and Charleston we marched through the Sweetwater Valley—a tract of rolling country, watered with living streams flowing in every direction, making it, all together, as near perfection as this green earth can be. About the only deformation this lovely section had experienced was when Sherman's army, marching to the relief of Knoxville, subsisted upon the country through which it passed. We reached Charleston—a wretched little Rebel hamlet on the Hiawassee River, about twenty miles from Knoxville—on the afternoon of the 30th of April. As our advance guard entered the place, the Fourth Army Corps were just moving out for Cleveland. Our first night in this place was accompanied by a terrific rain storm, with thunder and lightning sprinkled in *ad libitum*.

The corps was increased here by the addition of a division of new Indiana troops, who were a strong contrast to the experienced troops about them. Many of them were young lads who should have been engaged upon the play-ground at home, capturing their play-mates and putting them in imaginary prisons, or solving the incomprehensible mysteries of long division and

vulgar fractions, instead of sweating under ponderous knapsacks, equipped for the sober work of fighting real battles and dying for their country. In the same commands with these ardent boys were men of advanced years, and one could almost fancy that a regiment was a big school of cadets, out on an excursion playing soldier. The Ohio troops shared with the Indiana men their admiration for the great War Governor, Oliver P. Morton, but it really did look as if there was some truth in the charge made (with some poetical license) that "Gov. Morton had robbed the school-house and the grave" to fill his last quota. There was wonderful pluck and enthusiasm in these regiments, and they were never charged with being backward in a fight or at all slow in a charge.

On the 3d of May, at an early hour, we marched toward Cleveland, twelve miles distant, passing to the left, getting only a glimpse of one of the prettiest little towns in the State, and went into camp five miles further on, at the Blue Springs, on the Cleveland and Dalton Railroad. Here in this nook in the hills among a profusion of springs, the whole corps pitched tents, occupying the ground vacated in the morning by the Fourteenth Army Corps. The camp at night, with its blazing camp-fires, its bugles and drums, was alive with martial sights and sounds, and as the men read their letters from home they sat down to pen replies under the most inspiring auspices. Early next morning the

troops filed by in splendid form, keeping time to martial bands with jaunty tread, and as their flashing bayonets wavered past one was forcibly reminded that the "pomp and panoply of war" was something more than a sentiment.

Our march that morning was through a lovely avenue of trees, newly garbed in fresh green leaves, which took on new beauties as they coquetted with every vagrant sunbeam that found its way to their retreat. By mid-day we reached Red Clay, on or near the State line, and went into camp near a big spring of wonderfully cold and clear water, which flowed out from a rocky ledge in such vast quantities that Sherman's entire army could have drank their fill without decreasing the depth of the great pool.

Red Clay was about seventeen miles from Dalton by rail, and situated in a valley surrounded by ranges of heavily-wooded hills. The soil generally gave the place its name. Red Clay was a sort of local habitation; it had a name, but it was hard to understand why it was ever named at all, being so very limited and insignificant. The inhabitants of Red Clay, after a close search, were discovered to be one garrulous old lady and an indefinite number of tow-headed children, all bearing a strong resemblance in the quantity and impartial distribution of dirt over their exposed persons, and in the abbreviated character of the single cotton garment, which was mysteriously attached to each of them with the aid of pins and buttons.

The natural curiosity to know something of this place was promptly gratified by the old lady, who showed a strong desire to be heard upon the subject. In response to the insinuation that there must have been more of the place some time to warrant its having a name, the old lady smoothed her apron, and lighting her pipe, proceeded to dilate upon the vital subject.

“Stranger, Red Clay ain’t what hit once were. You mayn’t believe it,” said she, as if she saw doubt already in her auditors’ faces, “but hits true as preachin’. Red Clay was onct the prosperoust town in this yer county. Thar was a blacksmith shop, two gineral stores, and three likely taverns. They sold liquor at the stores, too, and hit made things powerful brisk. The people all round these yer parts rid in on Saturdays, and thar was a powerful lot of people to buy goods and things, and they all bought whisky for their nigger people too. It was a thrivin’ place, and right sociable, too. But arter awhile some temp’rance people cum round a lecturin’ and tellin’ as how hit was fiery damnation, and was a leadin’ of them to perdition. Referring to whisky, mister,” said the old lady, in explanation of the wondering looks of the listeners. “Wall, right smart of the people yerabouts kinder tuk to hit, and stopped a buyin liquors, and didn’t cum to town as often, and hit just done broke this town up afore the war cum on. It’s never been any ’count since. Hit’s just as I tell yer, gentlemen, if hit warn’t for these temp’rance people, Red Clay would a throve right along !”

Alas! if those "temperance people" could see the awful effects of their teachings, as displayed in the ruin and dilapidation of Red Clay, they would burn to renounce their fanatical doctrine, and seek to bring about once again those "good old days of yore," when "three taverns and two gineral stores sold whisky" and made things lively and sociable of Saturdays, and correspondingly prosperous all the days of the week.

"Yes, Mr. Johnston is down thar at Dalton with a power of sojer men, I hear, and I spose you uns gwine down thar to fight, ain't ye?" was the method the old lady took to give and receive information in one proposition. Being assured that there was some little intention manifested of making a friendly call on "Mr. Johnston," and that there might possibly be "a bit of a jamboree" in a day or two, the old lady responded, in a tone of regretful resignation:

"Wall, I do hope. gentilmen, you'll be keerful and not git hurt."

The affecting story of the solitary inhabitant so worked upon several of her hearers, that they promptly walked to the commissary's quarters and invested in some of that article the absence of which had produced such disastrous effects on Red Clay.

Sherman's Atlanta campaign was fairly opened, with an army of one hundred thousand men and two hundred and fifty pieces of artillery, embraced in three divisions: the Army of the Cumberland, Maj. Gen. Thomas;

the Army of the Tennessee, Maj. Gen. McPherson; the Army of the Ohio, Maj. Gen. Schofield. For the ensuing one hundred days, then, the little command of the NINETEENTH OHIO BATTERY was to be only an insignificant factor in the great problem which Sherman had started out to solve. As limited as were our operations and scope of observation, with a horizon bounded almost literally by the Second Division of the Twenty-third Army Corps, we had our own history, with its dangers, its excitements and its pleasures, and it is more to us now individually and collectively than the operations of more important commands.

On the morning of the 6th of May the lines advanced slowly, with the cavalry feeling the enemy's pickets. Away to the right were evidences of movement, but no enemy was developed in force. On the 7th, toward noon, the Battery took position on a bit of rising ground and the skirmishers were deployed and pushed forward. On the right was some desultory firing in front of Tunnel Hill, which showed that Gen Thomas was driving the enemy's pickets slowly. The 8th was passed in making slow advance, with but slight opposition. At night we were in sight of the enemy's first line of defenses, a mountain gorge which nature had made impregnable to assault. Buzzard Roost, in the gorge, and Rocky Face, a fitly-named wall, loomed up before us, behind which was the enemy. In the afternoon we could see our signal stations in the notches on the

mountain tops, the flags of the corps waving in the very clouds, reading the enemy as in a book, and silently conveying to distant points information of their position.

On the 9th we moved with the lines of battle several miles, through a range of valleys, and early in the afternoon we caught a glimpse of earthworks at the end of the valley and could distinguish the grey-coats of the enemy. Our approach was firm and steady, the troops being held well in hand, and when the enemy opened a battery on the advancing line, it was received with a wild cheer, as on they moved. The first shell of the campaign came shrieking over our heads with a devilish significance. It was only a slight foretaste of what was to come. The lines moved forward steadily under a fire which grew hotter at every step. There was some excitement manifested, low, quick orders came from the officers, and a man was dropping here and there from the lines, but there was no confusion. Our horses, being strange to the sensation, gave their riders a little trouble as the shot and shell plowed the earth and burst in front and rear, but in the main they behaved well. The Battery moved at a quick pace into the neck of woods on our front, and run into position among the trees on an elevation, cut out the shrubbery while the horses were wheeling to the rear, and in a few moments, with a grand roar, we sent our compliments into two different points, thirteen hundred yards dis-

tant, behind which their guns were stationed, Capt. Paddock's Michigan Battery being on our right. The enemy turned their fire upon us, and their range was unpleasantly good, but their aim, fortunately, too high. Their projectiles came crashing all about us, cutting the limbs and scoring the trunks of the trees, but men and horses escaped. The boys worked their guns with a fierce will, oblivious to their danger, and poured into the enemy such a well-directed fire that before the sun had gone down behind the tree-tops, they had dismantled and silenced the batteries in their immediate front, and our line of battle was behind a hastily-constructed barricade. The skirmish fire which had been kept up on both sides with some pertinacity died away as the shadows fell across the valley, and betokened the coming night. A band in Gen. Cox's division on the left, struck up in a spirited manner "The Star Spangled Banner," and in the still evening air the combatants of both sides listened. As the melodious strains of the familiar air died away, our troops responded with lusty cheers. The Rebels, who had apparently waited the conclusion of the musical programme, rose up and sent a rattling fire into our lines, which was responded to with the utmost promptness. As night came on there was almost complete cessation of firing.

The Battery boys ran down to their wagons and prepared their suppers, congratulating themselves on their escape from the enemy's fire.

Our cannoneers lay down by their pieces that night with the knowledge that they had fired the first artillery shot in the Atlanta campaign!

During the night we heard the Rebels felling the trees, and even their voices at times were quite distinct. The rumbling of wheels and other sounds indicated active preparations for the following day, which was rather discouraging than otherwise. Before daylight the sergeants awoke their men, and breakfast was soon swallowed. The Rebels had placed sharp-shooters in the trees fronting our position during the night, and we found that any attempt to reach our pieces was followed by a storm of bullets from their rifles, and shells from their batteries, sufficient to wipe out the entire detachment. When orders came to commence firing things looked very grave; but, as the countermanding order followed soon after, we did not care to tell each other how very unpleasant everything looked that morning. To cover our retirement, the 15th Ind. Battery took position at a less exposed point on our left and opened fire on the enemy, making some very handsome shots, which they dropped into the embrasures of the Rebel works, and put a stop to the guns behind them. The sharp-shooters turned upon the Indiana Battery, but they escaped with the loss of only two men. Our Division fell back slowly, our Battery halting at every elevation and unlimbering the pieces. The day was spent in desultory skirmishing, and at

night we bivouacked near Gen. Wood's Division of the Fourth Army Corps. The change of front had been executed by our Division under a heavy fire, with but little loss.

In the night a terrific thunder and rain storm deluged us for an hour, but it was soon forgotten when the sun rose on the following morning, and a heavy firing was heard on our left and in front. Tunnel Hill was ours, we learned before the day was over, and a flank movement commenced. We marched in the afternoon from the left to the right, and at night bivouacked near the mouth of Snake Creek Gap. The road traversed was a mere wagon-track, full of ruts and holes, and difficult to pull over.

On the morning of the 13th we pulled into Snake Creek Gap, through which McPherson had passed with his troops the day previous. It was but a single wagon-track through a long, deep defile, and had apparently been left undefended. The Fourth Army Corps still confronted Buzzard Roost and Rocky Face.

As we emerged from the farther *debouche* of Snake Creek Gap, we heard continuous firing far beyond us. The cavalry had developed the enemy in their position behind Resaca, and McPherson, after feeling them sharply for a few hours, had fallen back near the mouth of the Gap and entrenched. With the approach of the Twenty-third Army Corps the advance was resumed, and the Battery marched with the first of the three

lines of battle, which moved through wood and morass, over logs and streams, halting for no obstacles. The skirmishing in the front was incessant, and the advance slow. The woods were alive with stragglers and some wounded, and the field-hospitals were filling up. When night came on, there seemed to be an irregular massing of troops all around us. Before us was Resaca, entrenched on every side, and Johnston was behind it. We parked our pieces near Gen. Judah's headquarters, and each man took care of himself as best he could. The troops, wearied with the difficulties of the march, threw themselves upon the ground indiscriminately, and under the steady light of a glorious moon they slept. In the night some dreamer, threatened with awful peril, cried out in a loud voice of alarm, jumped to his feet, and discharged his gun. For a few minutes there was an indescribable scene of confusion. Men were hurrying on their belts and cartridge-boxes, and officers were hastily collecting their men. But it was soon known that the alarm was causeless, and they dropped again to slumber on the ground, "cussing the fool that got scared in a dream."

Every man of us knew that the persistent fighting of that day was but the prelude to a bloody contest that was to follow on the morrow. Scores of men lay about us sleeping heavily, dreaming, mayhap, of home and little ones, of fame and gallantly-earned glory, of the fierce charge upon the enemy and the cry of victory;

but never dreaming, alas! that they had seen the sun set for the last time.

As the sun came up in a golden blaze behind the tree-tops, the troops were astir and moving to their positions on the lines, along which was heard a steadily increasing fire. Already the stream of wounded was setting to the rear, and stragglers were making their appearance—sure sign that there was hot work in front.

The 2d and 3d Divisions of our Corps were on the left and were engaging the enemy. Gen. Newton's Division of Howard's Corps, that had followed the enemy from Dalton, was engaging him still farther to the left. The Battery moved along with the shifting lines, growing impatient as the hours passed and the battle swelled. Halting on the roadside skirting a valley, we saw a vivid picture. Staff officers were dashing right and left, moved by the genius of those who commanded, and some fell from their saddles wounded or dead. There was something horrible in being compelled to look upon this thrilling scene without being able to participate in it. Half a mile in front of us was raging a battle. We saw our gallant fellows charge the enemy's rifle-pits, only to fall back under a withering fire, marking their pathway with dead and dying. Under but little shelter they form again, and with loud cheers, dash up to the sheeted flame that spirts wickedly from the Rebel line. The hot sun pours down upon them and flashes and gleams on their bayonets. Envel-

oped in smoke, and amid the roar of artillery and the crash of musketry, the lines waver and stagger, but push on again and again to the entrenched enemy, and fighting stubbornly, fall back, their thinning ranks showing the terrible cost of each brief journey. The roar of guns swells into one long, continuous, unbroken crash; volumes of dense smoke slowly ascend to the sky, and at times shadow the landscape like passing clouds, and hover like a pall over the battle scene.

Ah, there was a terrible picture in that struggle, which thrilled us as we gazed upon it. As the Rebel shot and shell hurtled into the charging columns we saw them melt and waver with a feeling akin to horror. Again they form, and breasting the devilish storm, the serried lines move up and deliver their fire in the enemy's face. A moment later, and their loud cheers tell us they have won and hold the first line of Rebel rifle pits, and the enemy has fallen back to their stronger defenses. Five, ten, fifteen minutes we watch them with breathless interest, but we see no more the wavering bayonets falling back upon the fringe of willows. Won, heroically, but at what a cost!

Their position was at best a murderously weak one. Skirting the sandy plain that joined the glacis, flowed a sluggish stream, with sparse willows lining its limits. The heavy ground over which they charged fatigued the brave men and robbed them of their strength. When they fell back, there was no shelter for their

broken lines, and they faced and formed again under a withering fire. The wounded fell into the creek, and some remained till morning; others died there, up to their necks in water. The slimy bank was their only shelter.

As our troops clamber into the rifle-pits, General Hooker dashes alongside of us at the head of a brilliant staff, leading his gallant corps. We add our cheers to those which ring through the woods at his timely approach. "Fighting Joe" halts his fretting steed a moment, and surveys the scene with a flashing eye, and a cheek ruddy with the excitement of battle. He asks a few questions, gives his orders rapidly, and gallops off to the left, his corps, stripped for "smart fighting," following in a long sweeping step.

We know not whether our troops hold the costly-carried line of pits, for we hear the orders to "Move up, men!" and off we gallop up a hillside, and clambering around the wooded slope, we reach the crest of the hill and go crashing through the shrubbery, with our supporting columns following sharply after, and find ourselves on a plateau masked with shrubbery, and overlooking an entrenched point of the enemy's left flank, twelve hundred yards distant, a long, low valley intervening. The 6th Michigan battery forms on our right, and limbers and caissons swing about to the rear, where the slope affords them some shelter.

There was a grand panorama unfolding before us.

The enemy's guns, from our superior elevation could be seen distinctly, and over their works we saw the flashing bayonets of our attacking columns and the spirting fire from their guns. But we saw, too, the awful fire of the Rebel batteries and the wavering, thinning ranks that showed bold front after plunging shot and shell swept through them.

The blood of fierce battle is up, and amid the roar and confusion our heavy pieces are run up to the brow of the slope in our front, the shrubbery that masks our pieces and obstructs our aim is swept away, and at Capt. SHIELD's clear, ringing tones: "Fire at will!" we pour into the Rebel works, simultaneously, a volley from a dozen guns, and the cannoneers, with a will spring to their pieces as they recoil, and running them forward, load and fire again and again. Ah! there was glorious satisfaction in that work, boys! No longer stood we idly by, watching Death sweeping his remorseless scythe through the field of human grain!

Not long did we wait for a response. The enemy quickly reversed their batteries in the salient on our front, and into our line poured a fire of shot and shell, which came seething, shrieking and crashing through the trees, over us, around us, and between our pieces, but for the time marvelously sparing us, and finding victims in our supporting columns, and the horses attached to our caissons. The sharp-shooters contributed their music, in a pelting fire of Minie-balls, which

swept over the stooping forms of the men at the guns, leaving them unharmed. We knew that, if the Rebel aim was good, it would not take an hour to destroy our entire Battery—men and guns; but we knew, too, that the same opportunities for doing harm were with us, and the gunners sighted their pieces well, obeying the quick, sharp orders from the officers, who scanned the shots as they struck and directed the change of aim.

How long these furious volleys followed each other in quick succession none of us knew. We were living under excitement which robbed time of its importance. We only knew that the air was thick with deadly peril; that the woods seemed alive with bursting, tearing shells and whistling bullets; and that men lay all about us dead and dying. Through the smoke we caught glimpses of our comrades, begrimed with dirt and powder, working their ruddy guns like animated machines. We hear shouts and cheers, and alas! too many moans! Far away the dull roar of artillery mingles with the nearer din, and all about us we hear the grand symphony of a battle-piece, with fifty thousand performers!

Then we begin to realize that the enemy's fire is slackening, and that some of their guns are silenced. They turn from the fight, and train some of their remaining guns upon our lines in their front. Their sharp-shooters, with the accompaniment of a few rifled pieces, keep us employed. They dismount one of our

guns, and the riders dash up with their teams, and with a will rattle off the field to the rear, not all of the cannoneers following.

At last we hail with cheers our visible work. We have dismantled several of their pieces, killed their horses, and driven the cannoneers from their places. We see them hauling their guns out of the salient with prolongs, and assist their exit with spherical case shot and shell. The point held by their batteries is no longer tenable, and they place their pieces in the road to the rear of their line, and feebly respond to our fire for a few moments, and then withdraw. Our guns are then trained upon their infantry lines, which are partially enfiladed by our fire.

Gen. Judah and staff ride up to our rear, and dismounting, discreetly pick their way up to our position, and, sheltered by friendly maples, watch with anxious faces the effects of our shots and the action of the enemy's guns. The battle-scene before them is a grand one; but the spectator pays a costly price for his curiosity if he forgets caution, and the General rides away, giving no encouraging sign in that face that has become hateful to the men this day.

The afternoon wore slowly away. The sun, that seemed as if halting as it did at Ajalon in olden times, sunk majestically toward the horizon, and its rays grew less intense as they beat down upon the combatants. The day faded into the dim, uncertain twilight. The

smoke grew heavier above the tree-tops. The crash of musketry and the thundering of artillery continued with all their awful significance. The shadows of the huge trees on the plateau fell athwart the valley in our front, chilling the wounded and dying. The deep settling down of nature at the approach of night, and the evening breezes that stirred the bullet-scarred boughs overhead, brought joy to the wearied and wounded. The red bars and streaks of departing sunlight that were painted on the western sky faded out, and leaden clouds of smoke rose slowly up. The golden tinting of the setting sun gave place to sombre sameness in the woods, and into the moonlight faded this long day of confusion and death. The glorious moon rose in silvery splendor, and majestically shone upon the battle that rattled and crashed and roared in the darkening woods.

A battle by moonlight! A drama reaching up to the sublime! Ruthless man outraging the face of peaceful nature!

Then the dropping fire slackened into the skirmisher's diversion, the wearied combatants rested after the prolonged struggle, and the sad work of caring for the wounded and dead began.

The stream of wounded swelled into a widened current and flowed back with awful gravity to the rear. The field hospitals were overflowing, and all about them on the ground lay men mutilated in every conceivable

manner. On stretchers, in ambulances, and walking unaided, they came, and waited the surgeon's knife. Under the amputating tables were heaps of limbs, the white flesh daubed with unsightly patches of red! Models for a sculptor, hastily piled in heaps for rude burial!

The woods through which we slowly marched were filled with stragglers, and supply and ammunition wagons struggled through the underbrush. The battlefield was being denuded of its horrors, and details of men were here and there making promiscuous burial of those who had fallen in their country's defense. Gone now was all ambition and strength from those stilled hearts and rigid limbs, rapidly filling unmarked graves! The faces of seven hundred dead men stared up to a placid sky!

One by one we saw our friends of the morning lying dead or wounded. Near each other, with scores of mangled forms about them, were the rigid bodies of Capt. Hutchins and Capt. Philpot, of the 103d O. V. I. The face of Capt. Philpot, covered with its long, brown beard, looked strange and ghastly to the writer, who had long been familiar with his smiling features and genial, courteous nature.

Heroic deeds plentifully marked that long, sad day in Georgia! The gallant color-sergeant of the 103d O. V. I., grasping the colors as he marched in the front of the charging line, its waving folds guiding the

thinning ranks behind him, fell within a short hundred yards of the enemy's works, his heart pierced with a bullet. A brave, true soldier was Martin Strebler; a Paladin in prosy modern days.

In the immortal roll of heroes who won their proud title by manly prowess and devotion to duty that day, no name should stand higher than that of this humble but gallant color-sergeant of the 103d Ohio Volunteers, whose strong hands bore aloft through the smoke and din of battle his regimental standard, and who fell, staining the Southern sod with his rich life-blood.

How many unnamed heroes, bearing their right to the title by virtue of gallant action, fell that day with bloodstained grasp on blackened muskets, is known only to One whose eye pierced through the battle smoke from above. Death was dealt with a lavish and impartial hand. Many a brave young officer that day, whose heart beat high with ambition and courage, pointed forward his gallant troop in the charge with waving sword, and fell back into a comrade's arms, the sword falling to the trodden ground, when the hand that held it and the heart that nerved it to brave action, grew rigid and still in death ere the charge had ended!

No need to wait until morning to know that some one had blundered that day at Resaca. The whole corps knew it, and cursed the blunderer. Gen. Judah, commanding the 2d Division, was promptly relieved of his command, and was succeeded by Brig. Gen. Milo S.

Hascall,* a discreet, brave officer, who had honestly won his star on Western and Southern battle-fields. He was no drunken martinet, rashly throwing away the lives of brave men for the mean chance of clearing a tarnished reputation or winning an additional star. It was the curse of our war that so much good blood was spilled in rash experiments by incapable officers.

That night the Battery was supplied with horses, and the dismounted piece was repaired before day. The men slept by their pieces, knowing the fight was to be concluded on the following day, for the possession of Resaca. In the morning we moved to the left, where sharp fighting was going on. As we moved up the road to get into position our progress was obstructed by the

* Gen. Milo S. Hascall was a thorough soldier. He graduated at West Point in 1854, in the class with such men as Sheridan, Stanley, McDowell, Hartsuff, McCook and Slocum, all able generals. He was the first Colonel of the 17th Indiana, and was made Brigadier in 1862. At Stone River he commanded a division, and held a most important position with signal bravery and skill. His fighting record was a genuine one. When he assumed command of a brigade in the Twenty-third Corps in August, under Burnside, he had just been relieved of command of the District of Indiana, where there was more hard work than glory. His cool and unmoved manner during Burnside's East Tennessee campaign had impressed the men with a confidence in him that was never impaired. After he assumed command of the 2d Division, there was plenty of fighting, but no blundering. When he resigned, after the Atlanta campaign, the army suffered a loss. It could better have spared many an officer who wore two stars.

ambulance train coming from the front laden with the wounded. But little sign came from these wagons of either pain or suffering; yet men lay there mutilated in every conceivable manner, knowing that hours would elapse ere the busy surgeons could bind up their gaping wounds. It was not calculated to put heart into men moving up to the front.

Squads of prisoners were being taken to the rear, the dirty, faded grey making a striking contrast with the soiled blue of their captors.

Near our position was a battery that had given the Rebels much trouble during the morning, and a concentrated fire in response of a dozen guns failed to dislodge them. The day was replete with sharp fighting, and movements of lines. When night closed in it was known that the enemy had been punished severely, and that retreat or surrender was inevitable. It was a happier close of day than that of yesterday, and the troops were in the best of spirits.

Sleeping that night about our pieces, under the twinkling stars and staring moon, there was a startling crash of musketry on the skirmish lines, and men jumped to their feet half awake, in response to the orders: "Turn out! hook up!" A moment sufficed to put us in readiness. The assault was unexpected, and noisy as it was, met with prompt resistance and ready cheers. They drove back the Rebel line with volleys of musketry, which covered the ground with dying and dead men—and that was all that marked the event.

The enemy, thinking to surprise their foe, ventured upon the dread experiment of a night assault, and paid the penalty. It was their last appearance on that field, for already they were in retreat when they affected to blind their opponents with a night charge.

CHAPTER XII.

The Pursuit Under Difficulties—The Brush at Cassville—How the Boys Went Through the Unhappy Town—Poisoned Pickles Preserved—Rest in Camp—On to the Etowah River—"Cedar Grove," a Planter's Home, with an imaginary Sketch of the Proprietor's Dreams of Ambition—Evidences of the Later African Slave Trade—A Conspicuously Fine Night, with a Gratuitous Puff for the Moon and the Season—Crossing the Etowah on Pontoons—Pumpkin Vine Creek Anything but Harmless—The Bloody Battles of a Week About New Hope Church and Dallas—Arcful Situation of the Battery, Helpless Under Fire in a Trap—The Wounded in the Basin—Getting Out at Last—The Dreadful Night Alarm—Continuous Night and Day Fighting—Sunday on the Line—A Twilight Reverery and an Incident Connected Therewith—The Rebels Retreat—Gen. Sherman Drops Down on the Battery in a Friendly Way—"Uncle Billy" Among the Troops—"Not Drunk, but d-d Tired" Pushing the Enemy with Hard Fighting, Marching and Digging.

The retreat from Resaca, stronghold as it was, to those who looked upon events with a critical eye, was evidence that Gen. Johnston could not be overcome short of Atlanta, and hard fighting and hard marching henceforward became a daily occupation. Early on the morning of the 16th the pursuit was commenced, and by eleven o'clock the entire army was following after

Gen. Johnston, on every available road; the Twenty-third Army Corps moving to the left by an old road that crossed the Oostenaula above Echota. A rough country succeeded. The road was extremely heavy and taxed both officers and men. Narrow wagon tracks widened into roads of morass, and ruts and gullies, and hillocks and fallen timber, constituted the road on which we marched all day without halting. As night came on the condition of the country we were in convinced us that a bivouac was still far distant. The men who had plodded along through mud and mire, and swallowed hasty bits from their meager haversacks during the afternoon, were hungry and weary. The joke and wit and repartee of fresh, spirited men were heard no more, and grim silence fell upon the column as it moved slowly forward. There was no humor in the tired faces, and the man who could have ventured a pleasantry risked his life. Total darkness fell upon us, and only the dim outlines of men and horses stalked, phantom-like, on the lonely, rutted road, skirted with the dark, huge trunks of the trees that stretched up into a darkened sky. At midnight we bivouacked, and silently threw ourselves down by the road-side, too weary to be disturbed by the column of cavalry that filed by our Battery for hours.

The next morning we marched in a heavy rain, on roads cut deep by the passing troops, and early in the afternoon went into camp, where the mail came up and gladdened tired men. We could hear the occasional

firing of a rear-guard pressed by our advancing columns, in the direction of Adairsville, and knew that a stand would be made at Cassville. The habitations all along the line of march seemed to have been abandoned.

On the 19th we resumed the pursuit, and in the afternoon could hear the rapid firing of small forces as we reached a point six miles from Kingston, where was situated a seminary not entirely abandoned, although the students had felt inclined to take a holiday in view of the very exciting events in their neighborhood. The skirmishing was brisk all along the line, and as the enemy fell back upon Cassville, he was steadily pursued. Toward night, after shifting about with the moving lines, our division batteries were run up to a wood that skirted the road leading to Cassville, and opened a fire on the earthworks beyond the town, fully a mile distant. The stubborn stand made by the enemy indicated an intention to stay, and we bivouacked on the field that night, and fell to sleep with the skirmishers' ceaseless fire ringing in our ears.

On the morning of the 20th, with Hooker's advance the enemy fell back, and when our division entered Cassville the outer line of works was abandoned, and the cavalry was pursuing the enemy to the Etowah.

Cassville was a pretty little town, and before Hooker's soldiers had stopped in it, was evidently prosperous and in the enjoyment of the good things of this life. As they drove the Rebels through the town and again

forced them to abandon their works beyond, time was found "to go through Cassville." They did so effectively. Neat, white houses, with trellised vines over door and window, and nice garden plats, wherein grass and flowers flourished in rich profusion, lined the streets of this little Acadia, where old forest trees shaded the passer at almost every step. The citizens had fled, leaving their open homes to the despoiler. In every house confusion was sadly apparent. Costly furniture and wearing apparel were broken and tossed recklessly upon littered floors. The boys entered a pretty residence, the doors of which stood invitingly open, and found the table set for breakfast. In the pantry were stores of canned preserves and fruits, pickles, and other delicacies. The coffee pot had not been disturbed, but the men were too cautious to venture on taking a cup uninvited. They dreaded poison.

"Heavens! boy, you're not going to eat those pickles, are you?" said a chap, grasping the arm of his greedy comrade as he took the cover from a pickle jar.

"You bet I'm going to try one, anyway; why?" was the cool response.

"Do you suppose they'd leave such things behind 'em if they hadn't poisoned 'em. This is a doctor's house, old chap, and he knew how to fix up a dose for the Yanks," was the earnest explanation.

"By George, I didn't think of that; I don't believe I'll try his infernal pickles;" and the chap walked off, thankful for his escape.

Then his adviser loaded those "poisoned" pickles into his big haversack, with a grim smile, remarking to himself, "Well, I'll just chance the pison ; I know good cowcubmers when I see 'em."

The boys temporarily rigged themselves out in ladies' finery, and went prowling about with ladies' hats perched upon their heads, and others masqueraded in hoop-skirts and calico gowns. From a few newspapers found at Cassville we learned that Johnston's continual retreat had brought down upon him the fierce denunciations of those blood-thirsty warriors, the editors of the country press. Some few of them gravely told their readers "to have patience ;" that "Gen. Johnston was not born to be whipped by the Yankee Sherman ;" that "when the time came, he would turn upon the invaders and crush them to atoms, and the base hirelings would learn, when it was too late, the cost of desecrating the sacred soil of Georgia ;" and so on *ad nauseum*. We thought if the Southern people could stand that sort of talk we could, and quietly put the papers away for the entertainment of later years.

The enemy having retreated toward the Etowah River, and being pursued by ample forces, our corps went into camp for two days, to await the repair of the railroad, the arrival of supplies, and to enable the troops to recruit. Our Division camped about the Cassville depot.

On the morning of the 23d, before day, we moved

toward the Etowah River, which the enemy had succeeded in crossing, despite the close pursuit of the cavalry. Pontoons were brought up and soon laid, and we halted in sight of the river, in a charming old wood, to await our turn in crossing, which would not be before the following morning. "Cedar Grove," where we camped, was part of the princely estate of a wealthy planter, whose large, white residence, on the rising ground half a mile distant, was shaded and half hid in a wealth of shrubbery. The only occupants of the elegant mansion were a score or more of negro servants, the most of them speaking such broken and indistinct English as to warrant the truth of the report that the slave trade had not been abandoned on the southern coast, and that several cargoes of slaves had been landed in Georgia and South Carolina ports a few years before.

Here was an ideal home, where its master was absolute lord of the domain, and at whose bidding an hundred slaves bowed meekly. The surroundings gave evidence that the proprietor lived in almost oriental magnificence. Here he spent the sultry summer in rural ease, returning to Savannah and its gay society when the cotton was picked, and his account at his banker's ran into five figures. Strolling about these grounds, it was not hard to imagine the luxurious Southron dreaming in the long afternoons, in his hammock under the beeches and cedars, of the future of

that Confederacy that was to bring him titled honors, and to forever make him and his caste rulers over the land—where slavery was the corner-stone of the governmental fabric, and greedy ambition and pride the key thereof. If his dreams could have been prophetic, and if a vision of the hated Yankee desecrating his broad lands ever flitted across his busy brain, it might have disturbed his siesta for a moment; but he would have been too proudly confident of Southern prowess to believe such a nightmare possible.

All things are possible to God, and many things are possible to man. Sherman's pontoons spanned the Etowah, where erst our lordly planter fished and boated, and Johnston, with his chivalry, was hastening southward, with backs turned upon the river. Here was an end to idle dreaming, and the slaveocrats cursed their fortune with every advancing step of the foe.

Here, in my planter-lord's old cedar grove, the Battery camped for the night, while the troops of other Divisions marched through the long hours over the pontoons. Such a glorious night was never before seen. The air was warm and odorous, and balsamic breezes gently swayed the leaves that were lusted with the mild May moon. The crickets in the dead wood, and the katydids in the boughs overhead, chirped and sang a welcome to the glorious night, the stillness of which was only broken by the tread of men and horses, the low rumble and creak of wheels, the subdued voices of

the men—all tending riverward in an unbroken stream.

We moved out in the early dawn, and saw at the river bank, wrapped in his cloak, watching the crossing troops, “Fighting Joe Hooker”—every inch an officer, on foot or horse. After we crossed the Etowah, we moved toward Dallas, in the rear of Hooker’s Corps. In the afternoon we approached Pumpkin-vine Creek, where sharp fighting was going on. The bridge across the creek had been fired by the Rebel cavalry as they fell back before our column, but the fire was extinguished, and the line swept over. Part of the Twentieth Army Corps followed the cavalry toward Marietta, and an hour after we parted we heard the roar of battle rising thick and fast, and above the dense woods saw the smoke of the guns. The position was known as New Hope, being the name of a meeting-house at a cross-road, at the intersection of the road leading from Allatoona to Dallas with that from Van Wert to Marietta. This was about four miles from Dallas, and the two names, Dallas and New Hope Church, became confounded as the battle-ground which cost the Union army a week’s bloody fighting and heavy loss.

The day was one long skirmish and battle, and as we shifted with the lines, we were never outside the range of the enemy’s sharp-shooters, who shot our horses and kept the men constantly on the alert. Our corps was on the left of Gen. Thomas, and acting in conjunction with him. The Fourth and Fourteenth Army Corps

were fighting stubbornly, and although it did not seem as if the spot had been selected for a battle-ground by Gen. Johnston, and everything was decidedly mixed up, yet the rapidly-spreading Union lines were promptly confronted wherever they moved, and every foot of ground was hotly contested.

In the afternoon the Battery was ordered farther to the left, through a succession of broken hills, covered with fallen trees, over which had spread a devastating fire years before, leaving the huge recumbent trunks interlaced on the ground, denuded of their limbs and bark. Crawling around steep hills, down into abrupt valleys, across treacherous little streams, we steadily neared the rattle of musketry and occasional volleys of artillery. Finally we reached a little basin, shut in on every side by towering hills, the tall trees upon which almost kissed the clouds. Upon the ridges to the right and left were the opposing lines, entrenched and within easy range of each other. The firing was continuous, and accompanied with heavy loss. To reach the secluded basin in which we found ourselves, we were compelled to cross a deep stream which flowed through a gorge, into which ran a little brook that purled through the basin-bottom from the opposite hill-range. A few old, abandoned houses—among them a meeting-house—were still standing at the foot of the narrow road leading up to the battle-line. The wounded were being brought down in an unbroken stream and laid

upon the ground in rows. The old buildings were filled with those most seriously injured, and all the available space of the basin was rapidly being taken up by ghastly, bleeding soldiers and their attendants. It was strange, indeed, the sight that met the view. A few hundred yards above and beyond them a fierce battle was raging; yet these brave fellows upon the ground emitted no groan of agony, and patiently awaited their turn under the surgeon's hands. If it had not been for their pallid faces and visible wounds, they might have been mistaken for fatigued soldiers, resting carelessly upon the greensward.

Every few moments the stretcher-bearers filed past our Battery carrying the wounded of our division, and with them hobbled those who were able to walk.

"This is good for sixty days' furlough," said a chap with a bullet through his arm and a foot mutilated by a Minie-ball, with a spirit something akin to gratification.

We waited under awful suspense for orders to move up to the line, but none came. The Captain rode forward, and returned, saying no place could be found to place him, and we must await orders. The evening came on, and parts of the fighting line began to fall back to make room for fresh troops. As these troops struggled down the narrow road in which our Battery stood facing the lines, they showed in their faces and on their persons the awful nature of the contest that

engaged them. Regiments that had gone into the fight four hundred strong, called the roll by the roadside, and often less than one hundred answered to their names. To the sergeant's call there might have been made the French grenadier's reply, "Dead on the field of battle!" As the fire on the line slackened the enemy's artillery that had been playing at blank range was turned upon the retreating lines and the wounded in the sheltered basin.

A feeling of horror swept over every man as the shrieking shell tore down the road, enfilading our Battery and position completely. There we were, unable to advance or retire, stretched out on a narrow road where one well directed shot could have passed from one end to the other of the entire command, and destroyed horses and men and exploded ammunition. The shots came roaring after each other in quick succession, and elicited from the helpless wounded around us exclamations of terror and agony. "My God! are we to be killed lying here helpless, after escaping with wounds from the battle line?" "Will no one carry me to some place of shelter?" fell upon our ears, but no one could respond. Troops were coming and going, and the narrow road was so crowded, the exit across the creek so difficult, that it looked as if we were trapped for indiscriminate slaughter. The riders stood to their horses heads, as if to find shelter in such frail protection; and men and beasts crouched intuitively as the cruel shot

went tearing overhead, bursting to the right and left and rear, in awful proximity to the live and dead. There was a wondrous silence among these groups of men. Speech was inadequate. They were living ages in each minute, and as a shot went with a sickening thud into a group of wounded, we heard a few groans, and then the same dread silence succeeded.

There was an indescribable horror in such deadly peril and utter helplessness. For years after we thought of it with a shudder, and oftentimes in the night awoke in terror with a dream of that awful pen, and the sound of shells and shots crashing through the air.

The ambulance train that had been sent to their relief had been delayed by the intricacies of the road, came up after sunset, and rapidly transported the wounded to the field hospitals, and fortunately the enemy wearied of his range, and transferred his fire to other points.

About dusk we were ordered back and crossed the creek which we had passed in the afternoon, and slowly pulled up on the hillside among fallen timber, and parked our pieces for the night, a strong force of infantry occupying the same position. It was late in the night, and dark beyond description, ere the horses were detached from the pieces and the men had wrapped their blankets about them for a brief rest upon the ground.

The day had been one of disaster to our troops, for

they had not driven the enemy from his entrenchment, neither had they retired from their own. At best it had been technically a drawn battle, but a costly one. We had learned in two brief days to respect and dread the wide battle-field, which included Dallas and New Hope Church.

It was fully midnight when silence fell upon the hosts on that hill, sleeping heavily amid the withered trunks of trees that strewed the ground in profusion. Suddenly, in the still night air was heard an awful shriek, and men sprang to their feet half awake, conscious only of some terrible danger about them that they were powerless to avert. There was wide spread excitement visible in the moving masses. Quick orders, in imperative and low tones, were heard on every side from officers getting their commands in hand for any emergency. The gathering of men into a semblance of line in the darkness that brooded thickly about us, and the absence of loud voices, made one fancy that he was enduring a frightful nightmare. Men crouched behind trees and huge logs upon the ground, not knowing from which direction the next shot would come. There was something unearthly in the sensation it produced. Night and an unseen death all about us.

The enemy, with a practical knowledge of the topography of the country, calculated well that the Union troops would occupy these positions, and knowing the distances, with devilish instinct had fired upon the

hill, from which they knew there was but slight danger of a response.

In the morning we awoke with the sun just stretching up over the hill tops, and the scene of the past night seemed like a nightmare. Past perils are easily stripped of their terrors. The day was spent with the advancing lines under a continual dropping fire. Toward evening we took a strong position on a hill, flanked by a division of the Fourteenth Army Corps, and opened a rattling fire on the enemy, who responded with musketry very effectively. The heavy skirmish line on our front made music for them in return. Both lines were heavily entrenched, and the day following was employed in "advance and retreat" alternately by both sides. The incessant wicked whiz of the bullet and the infernal roar of the big guns became wearisome, and in the brief respites we gained, we sought behind the friendly trees rest and immunity from danger.

Sunday, the 29th, was conspicuous for the absence of serious casualties on our part of the line, and the usual skirmisher's divertisement had scarcely attracted our attention. It was a memorable Sabbath-day on account of the calm, pastoral spirit that found place among the men. Even on the battle-line Sunday had a subduing influence, and men became meditative. Supper was cooked and eaten in silence. The prospects of the close of the campaign, the expected reinforcements, and what the people at home were doing, were quietly

discussed. Suddenly from the hill on our right pealed out, in sweet, clear strains, the air of "The Star-Spangled Banner," played by a Division band. We were startled pleasantly, for it had been many weeks since we had heard the sound of any music save that of bugle, singing bullet and whistling shot; and at the close of this quiet Sabbath-day the melody produced a peculiarly thoughtful influence on all. The conversation ceased, and quiet in our circle was interrupted only by a chap who remarked to himself: "I'd like to be at home to-night, going to church with the folks!" He had involuntarily expressed the thoughts of many others. They sat and lounged behind the trees, and thought of other and quieter Sabbath evenings in those homes which, perhaps, they might never see again. They felt the sudden hush which falls upon the world when the sun disappears, as if Nature paused, and the deep influence of the hour and scene which might well make speech a profanation and silence praise. They saw, in their minds, their families at home looking through opened windows southward, where their soldier boys were fighting for home and country. They heard the church-bells chiming the hour of evening service, and saw the lights streaming through the stained-glass windows. While they meditated and listened, the music rose and fell, each swelling diapason thrilling the still evening air with unspeakable harmony. Little birds flitted through the trees, seeking nests pierced by

the rude bullet, and twittered mournfully from their embowered perches. The sun went down behind the woods, and the red glamour in the sky faded slowly out. The shadows crept farther and grew longer all about us. The sturdy trees in the waning light grew huger and hid the departing day. The crickets in the leaves chirped their even song, the same in woods as under hearth-stone; and the peculiar influence that comes with the change in the face of Nature fell upon us. The shadows became darker, and the spectral trees, stretching up into the darkening sky, were lost to view. Still, like a half-remembered dream, came floating o'er hill and valley the strains of the band, as we sat listening and subdued. Minutes passed rapidly, the day waned into the softened twilight, and night spread its wings about us almost unnoticed. The day, with its dangerous duties, its whistling bullets, and crack of muskets, had passed into a quiet, moonless night, as we sat in softened spirit, listening to the weird melodies that rose and fell with each passing breeze.

Then there was a sudden revulsion, and we sprang to our feet, rudely awakened from our listening mood, to hear the deep booming of the Rebel batteries opening on our left, followed by volleys of small arms, which were responded to with like volume. Through the crash of battle that spread along the line could be heard at intervals the undisturbed strains of that grand old air, as if in rebuke of the enemy that had so rudely

broken a Sabbath evening musing. The men ran to their pieces as the increasing rattle of the fire in our front swelled to a huge crash, and for a few moments Nature seemed to have taken on a new face. All was changed in this fierce and untimely contention. To the esthetical—and what soldier was not at times—the rude transition from peaceful musing to bloody conflict had in it something of the grand and beautiful.

Then the noise of battle ceased almost as quickly as it had begun, and in a few minutes only the picket lines were exchanging their usual sharp compliments. An hour or two later the men were sleeping undisturbed, as if there had been no startling scene to incite wakefulness.

From a dream of home and some bright, peaceful scene, wherein laughing children bore a part, and contentment reigned supreme, we were aroused by a touch upon our shoulder, and the low voice of the sergeant at our ear; and the writer remembers that, when the sound of musketry filled the air, he thought for a moment he was still asleep, and mentally congratulated himself that such events were much pleasanter in dreams than when awake.

The enemy had made his usual night attack, and was trying to drive back our picket line, which resisted boldly, and sharp fighting was going on. The stray bullets swept over us like hail as we jumped to our places, and, in obedience to orders, loaded with canis-

ter, and waited the expected charge, shivering with the rude awaking and the chill night air. At last the volleys dwindled down to straggling shots, and we saw the infantry troops retire from their position against the breastworks, with their grasp upon their muskets lessened, and we, too, left our pieces and fell back again upon our rumpled beds of leaves to resume the sleep so rudely broken.

For the next two days we saw a repetition of the usual feints, assaults and skirmishes. The battle of New Hope Church had resulted in heavy loss to both armies, and was not claimed as a victory by either. By the last day of May the Union troops were in possession of Ackworth, Allatoona and Big Shanty, and were in sight of Kenesaw Mountain.

On the 2d of June our Corps occupied the extreme left, and Hooker's corps during the day moved at a sharp pace around to our left, and within a few hours a movement began, in which we advanced, and with sharp fighting turned the enemy's flank and drove him back a considerable distance. Toward evening, in a drizzling rain, which had been falling since the day following, a stand was made by the enemy, where artillery began to confuse the moving lines and do much harm. We moved through a swampy valley and halted our Battery. The position to which we were directed was an extremely ugly one, being some six hundred yards from the enemy's batteries, who had an enfilading and cross-

fire on the position. As we moved up toward the rising ground selected, our sensations were anything but agreeable. The batteries of the enemy were throwing a galling fire in every direction, and at intervals sweeping the valley with their terrific projectiles, and making the woods unpleasantly hot for the massing lines. While we stood waiting our doom, like a man listening to an expected death sentence, the stretcher bearers were continually filing by with their ghastly loads, and with unspeakable relief we heard the Captain's order to counter-march a short distance and feed the horses for the night, as the engineer corps would not be able to construct a position for our guns for several hours. It was found necessary to excavate sufficiently to put our guns almost on a level with the surface of the ground to prevent their utter destruction. Though the rain was falling with a dreary sound, and the sky was dark and gloomy, the prospect materially brightened when we knew we had a respite till morning. There was but little to assure the superstitious, however, when the sun unexpectedly shone out for a few moments as it retired behind the hills in a blood-red sheen of glory, leaving a few moments later a darkened earth behind, made doubly gloomy by the brightness of the disappearing luminary.

It was a wonderfully sound sleep the men enjoyed that wet night, without a particle of protection save that afforded by a single blanket, as they stretched

themselves upon two or three moderately straight rails to keep out of the ooze and mud underneath.

The next morning at an early hour we moved carefully up to the position assigned us, and "laying low," awaited demonstrations from our uncomfortably-near neighbors. They were passive to a certain extent, and to our occasional salutes made but feeble response. The infantry lines were steadily pressing forward, and with a harmless retiring salute the enemy retreated from their works. Toward evening our troops took possession, and the hasty departure of the Rebels was evidenced by the quantity of haversacks, blankets and cooked rations found in the trenches.

The following morning, the 4th of June, there was a general advance of the left wing, and an occupation of the strong works evacuated the evening previous by the Rebels. With but little labor they were made available for defensive purposes. Toward the close of the afternoon we advanced to the crest of a range of hills skirting the valley in front, and went into position. The skirmishers were evidently feeling their way carefully over the ambushed territory of the enemy. While halting here and hoping for the arrival of rations which we sadly needed, Gen. Sherman, in his rusty uniform, rode up, dismounted near our Battery, went into an old log house on our left, and getting an old chair bottom, seated himself near one of our guns, the solitary orderly sitting on his horse a short distance off being his only attendant.

“Just pitch a few shell into that neck of woods over yonder, Captain,” said the General, calmly incasing his field-glass.

The Captain ordered the Battery to prepare shells and fire, and for ten minutes the guns were worked in a lively manner, with no response save a scattering fire of musketry on the skirmish line. The General, having satisfied himself of the force in front, thanked the Captain, and mounting his horse in the most unobtrusive manner trotted off.

That rusty individual, ambling away through the woods, followed by an orderly, commanded one hundred thousand men, and bore upon his shoulders a fearful responsibility; but you would hardly have thought it, looking at him from our immediate stand-point. The soldiers loved old “Pap Sherman,” or “Uncle Billy,” as he was variously termed, and had unlimited confidence in him; but any person who had read Abbott’s “Napoleon,” or any romance of like character, found his idea of a great general invariably surrounded by a brilliant staff, and always magnificently dressed and uniformed, was scarcely realized when he saw Major General Wm. T. Sherman directing the movements of the army in Georgia.

The unaffected ease of his manner was wonderfully attractive, and the manner in which he expressed himself was terse and epigrammatic, and I may add, at times, a trifle profane. Swinging along the road one day in the

heat and dust, tired and hungry, went a column of the Twenty-third Army Corps. They had fought in the morning, and expected to fight that afternoon, on very short rations, consequently they were inclined to growl. Gen. Sherman had dismounted near the head of the column, and was lying down on the grass in the fence corner. As a portion of the command passed him, a soldier exclaimed: "There's the old man, drunk, by thunder!" "Not drunk," said the General, who had overheard the remark, as he arose and put his foot in the stirrup, "not drunk, but d—d tired, boys." The cheer that went up convinced him that the men believed in him, drunk or sober.

The night that we tried to draw the rebels out was dark and rainy, and towards dusk some of our men went to a frame barn a few rods distant to eat their supper and to protect themselves from the falling rain. They were about to commence their simple repast when the Rebels opened a twelve pound battery upon the position, and sent their shells crashing through the house, much to the disgust of the boys, who retreated behind the parapets, some of them sacrificing their supper in their haste. Half an hour of this work satisfied the Rebels and they desisted, after having killed, probably, a score of men. A few of the boys not easily discouraged went into the building at night, and lying down on a straw pile, pitied their comrades outside in the rain. By midnight they were all "out in the wet," a

few shells having partially carried off the roof of the building and the major portion of one corner.

There was a partial cessation of active hostilities on the part of the Twenty-third Army Corps for several days, during which the usual skirmishing was kept up. The rain fell almost unremittingly, and for days and nights we walked, and stood, and sat and lay down in mud and filth. Blankets and clothing all alike had a musty, damp, disagreeable smell that made soldiering unspeakably tiresome. When the sun shone out it was literally "a thing of beauty" to these "dem'd moist bodies." We almost envied MARTIN LEONARD, one of our men who was wounded in the hand at this time and compelled to go to the rear for a time.

The enemy's position was now definitely understood, and his lines embraced Kenesaw and Lost Mountain. On the 13th of June we were on the right, near Lost Mountain, and skirmishing was re-opened with a vigor that promised something more effective. The next day our Division attacked the enemy in fine style under cover of our Battery, and the fight was an exciting one. Their line skirted a valley in advance of Lost Mountain, and as our guns dropped their balls into their rifle-pits they had no alternative but to fight the advancing infantry line or surrender—retreat being hazardous. As our boys went over the ground with a loud cheer, many of the rebels threw down their arms and surrendered. In our immediate front was the First Georgia Regiment,

just up from Savannah, where they had been on duty two years. They seemed to have a poor stomach for fighting, and surrendered, apparently rather gratified than otherwise. In this charge we took about two hundred and fifty of this regiment, and about one hundred more in the subsequent three days' fighting. There was hard fighting all along the line on the 15th, and a part of the Twentieth Army Corps suffered heavily. The Rebels were steadily driven back and compelled to abandon successive lines of strong works. On the 14th, while on the right of Pine Mountain, we learned an hour or two after the occurrence, the death of the Rebel General Polk, who was killed by a shot from Simonson's Indiana Battery, in the Fourth Army Corps.

On the 15th the advance was general and the fighting was well sustained at all points. The history of one day was but the repetition of another for several days. The Rebels abandoned successive lines of works without apparently firing a shot from them. "The Rebs order their fortifications in large lots, and they come cheaper," said a discursive chap one day, as he clambered over a new earthwork, "but as ours are made to order, the fit is better, but they come high."

The position of the enemy by the 20th of June was a strong one, the towering Kenesaw Mountain covering Marietta and his flank, and his left extending to the Lost Mountain. There was a frontage of a dozen miles, and over the hills and valleys and on the mountain sides

were plainly to be seen the newly-erected earth-works. Even to the veterans that had fought Bragg on Lookout Mountain, and had seen the smoke of their guns forming over the hanging clouds below them, Kenesaw with its fortified peak had an ugly look. It was here that the Rebel boast that the Yankees should never pass Marietta had an air of extreme probability.

On the morning of the 22d our division moved rapidly to the right, crossed Nose's Creek and deployed south of the Powder Spring road, feeling the enemy's extreme flank covering Marietta. Hooker's troops engaged the enemy on our left, while we were yet in the rear, and the roar of his guns after midday convinced us that hot work was going on. About three o'clock we moved up with the line at a double quick, and as we struck the Powder Spring road saw Gen. Hooker, who appeared immensely gratified with the approach of troops to his aid. We were not a particle too late for the ball. We ran into position on Hooker's right, and unlimbered our guns on a small hill overlooking a valley which fronted a slope, skirted with timber. The infantry hastily threw up a barricade of rails, but before they could accomplish much there was a rapid movement. The 14th Kentucky Volunteers deployed in our front and moved steadily into the woods some four or five hundred yards distant. Hardly had they reached the cover before we heard a few straggling shots, and soon a guard brought out some prisoners. A

few minutes of comparative quiet succeeded, but suddenly there was a rattling volley heard which swelled into the broken crash of contending fires, and the men, dropping the rails which they were piling up, sprang into line with their muskets, and our horses galloped off to the rear, while we stood to our pieces. A staff officer dashed down the road in the direction of the attack, and the bullets began to fly. There was a loud, fierce yell, and out of the woods the 14th Kentucky Volunteers poured, and over a low fence on the edge of the timber, where they halted. The loud yells became fiercer, and dashing out in strong, bold front came triple lines of gray coats. The firing swelled into a loud crash, and as we saw the skirmish line fall back a few yards under the brow of the slope and return the fire of the massed lines, we heard the Captain's voice above the roar:

“Load with canister!”

There was a mighty excitement in the moment. We threw the canister into the gaping guns, and then, like a tornado, volley after volley were sent plunging and tearing through the massed lines, strewing the ground with fallen men. It was a magnificent range for canister, and the effectiveness of the gunners' aim was made terribly manifest. They trembled under the awful fire, wavered, and then retreated in confusion. As they retreated the guns were elevated, and for a mile they were followed with the fierce storm of shot and shell.

All the guns of the Division were worked with splendid effect.

“Don’t shoot those men coming over,” was the order shouted down our line, and looking under the smoke we saw scores of Rebels flying across the valley with uplifted hands. As they came panting into the lines, exhausted with their hasty trip and the terror of the gauntlet they had run, they looked like dead men, so wan and ghastly were their bloodless faces.

The artillery fire was kept up until night, and only ceased when all possibility of the assault being repeated vanished. The Rebel general, Hood, calculating that he was on Gen. HOOKER’S extreme right, massed his troops and threw them forward with the hope of turning the flank of SHERMAN’S army. He was bitterly disappointed, and his loss was very great. From one of our own men, who as prisoner had been carried back with the retreating Rebel lines, and who escaped in the confusion of the unexpected repulse, we learned something of the effects of our fire. The shot and shell that poured into them, by the elevation of aim as they retreated, seemed to follow them with almost human intelligence, and the officers were powerless to rally their lines to another assault. The portion of the assaulting columns that did not retreat sought cover in a ravine just beyond our left, thickly covered with heavy underbrush, where they were subject to an enfilading fire from several of our batteries. While Hood was attacking so fiercely our

right, there was desperate fighting all along the line, particularly in front of the Fourth and Fifth Army Corps.

Gen. Hooker, as may be seen in Gen. Sherman's memoirs, (p. 57-8-9, vol. 2) did not give proper credit to Gen. Schofield's work that day. In a dispute about the relative positions of the lines, Schofield indignantly asserted that Hascall's division was actually in advance of Hooker's line in that battle; and that his line was struck by the enemy before Hooker's. In proof of this he offered to go out and show the dead of our Division lying in the field in advance of Hooker's. The members of the old 2d Division, and particularly the Battery men, can vividly recall that fight. To the writer it is singularly fresh. We recollect Hooker riding up to Gen. Hascall, as the head of our column swept down the road, and can recall without any difficulty the expression of satisfaction that came over his flushed face as the line was deployed and thrown to the front. He gave in person some suggestion or direction to Capt. SHIELDS about the course of our fire. The turning incident of this afternoon's fight and its importance seem to have been misstated or ignored in VanHorn's "History of the Army of the Cumberland," (vol. 2, p. 90) as can be seen by reference to that work.

The night came on, and the men worked vigorously strengthening their works. No advance was attempted, and so perilous was the situation deemed that the dead

and wounded lying on the neutral ground between the pickets were left uncared for. When the sounds of battle had died away and silence was brooding over the wood and valley where erst the reverberating crash of musketry and artillery filled the air, the cries of the Rebel wounded on the hillside and in the woods in our immediate front, pierced the still night air with a sickening sound. One cried out in his agony, "God have mercy upon me!" "Will no one help me?" Cried another in pleading tones, "Oh, carry me from the field, I am dying!" "God pity me! must I die here alone?"

It was terrible to listen to these dying men and be unable to assist them. Why their own men did not come to their relief we know not. Although they were in our front, we could not relieve them; neither could we shut out from our unwilling ears their mournful appeals, which came so clear to us that we could almost fancy we saw each sufferer. On the hillside and in the woods men lay dying, with faces turned southward, and with dim eyes gazed through tears or the films of death, trying to catch with the first powers of supernatural vision a longed-for view of the home they should see no more.

The moon came slowly up and intensified these vocal horrors, and try as we would we could not ignore the awful sounds. Toward midnight the cries of distress ceased. Some had been released by friendly death;

others had become silent through exhaustion, or possibly had been carried to the rear for treatment.

What a terrible hour that was to those unhappy men; lying on the battle-field, disabled, with undressed bleeding wounds; with none near them save the dead or the dying; with no friendly hand to put water to the fevered lips, and with death steadily nearing them. There is but little wonder that stricken men called on God for aid and pity, when man had deserted them in their awful extremity.

In the delirium of men famished for water, doubtless they heard afar off the rippling of streams, and saw grassy meadows and cool retreats on the wood-side; they heard the drip of the bucket hanging in the deep well before the door, and saw wife and little ones drinking leisurely from the old familiar gourd, and mayhap heard them talk of him who lay parched upon the ground, and who was already to them as one dead.

It was near morning ere the wearied troops were asleep. The expected night assault was not made, for the enemy discreetly fell back fully a mile. In the morning we walked over the battle field where the burial parties were at work filling shallow trenches with ghastly, stiffened corpses. Behind the trees, under the brushwood, lying all about, were dead men, in some places a dozen or more together, showing the awful effects of spherical case-shot or canister. The trees were scarred and splintered with shot and shell, and behind

a sturdy pine a man lay dead without bruise or wound upon him. Here lay a strong man riddled with bullets from a case shot ; there one torn by a cruel shell ; some with the wicked Minie-ball through their brain stared with glazed, fixed eyes through the latticed branches, while a ragged, unsightly stream of clotted blood marked brow and cheek and bosom ; here one lay with clenched hands and distorted features, agony depicted in every line of the face already blackening under the sun. He might have been the one who with a strong man's voice cried out for long hours in the night, "For the love of God, bring me water !"

We stopped in our walk to look at the childish face of one scarcely more than a boy that was so white and pitiful as it stared up to the sky, with hands clasped as if in prayer, and a nameless look of peace over all, that we intuitively thought of him as one whose soft voice was heard pleading in the night, "Oh, God, forgive and pity me !"

Some mother's hope was stranded at the foot of that beech tree. In the still face we saw a vision of his last hour, as he lay listening to the breeze that swayed the branches over him, while only the cricket chirped an audible response to his prayers. Did the same wind that moved so softly over the paling face that night find its way to his far-off home, and awake the sleeping ones rattling at the casement or moaning amid the boughs

that shaded the doorway? Or did the sleeping ones toss restlessly in their beds and wake in the morning with the recollection of a terrible dream of peril to the absent one, of an awful battle, and of dying men; a dream which they could not shake off until it was verified a few days later—"Killed on the 22d of June."

As we walked slowly over the ground the enemy had covered in their retreat, at every step we saw a repetition of these horrible scenes. That was a pitiful sight, that of the boy with a bullet-hole in his breast, lying on his back. Some friendly hand had tried to drag him off the field, but the canteen strap about the neck had broken, and they left him. The Rebel loss in front of our left wing that day was terrible, for we buried twelve hundred of their dead where they fell.

On the 23d we moved up with our lines quietly, and fully a mile in advance of our former position halted on the edge of a thick wood. Creeping through the bushes we saw the Rebels at work upon their breast-works, apparently unconscious of our approach. Their line was not more than six hundred yards distant, and a skirmish line had not been established. While our men watched the Rebels at work a group of horsemen rode along the line, inspecting the work, and shaking hands with the superior officer one of them turned his horse and rode slowly toward our lines. As he neared us he was recognized as a scout attached to Gen. Thomas'

headquarters, who was in the General's confidence and furnished him with valuable information. He rode through our crouching line, and glanced significantly on either side, but made not the slightest sign of recognition.

CHAPTER XIII.

Kenesaw and the Battles About it—Picket Post Amenities—Furious Assault of the 27th of June—Losses of the Battery—A Gallant Act of Kentucky Soldiers—A Galaxy of Military Stars—Crossing the Chattahoochee—Rest and Full Rations—On to Atlanta—“Demonstrating a Line,” and the Startling Result—The Battery Fires the First Shot into Atlanta—The Bloody Battle of July 22d—Characteristic Estimate of Rebel Forces—McPherson’s Dead Body—Desperate Charging—“Here’s Yer Hardee’s Tactics”—Gen. Hascall’s Coolness Under Fire—Crossing Utoy Creek—A Banjo Player Ruined—The Battery on the Picket Line—A Soldier’s Estimate of the Comparative Value of his General—The Rebel Spy “Who Gave Himself Away”—The Eighty-fifth New Jersey—The Red-Headed Daredevil Raising a Particular Little Place in Dispute Among Theologians—Exploding an Ammunition Chest—The Interrupted Game of Poker, and Mysterious Disappearance of the Stakes—The “Lightning Calculator”—Prompt Cure of a Rheumatic—Marching Around Atlanta—How to Lay Rails—The Chivalric Rebel Surgeon—A Successful Tobacco Speculation—The Fall of Atlanta.

Big Kenesaw and Little Kenesaw Mountains were looming up on our left, suggesting awful slaughter in the event of an assault. The 23d and 24th of June were consumed in advancing our lines and entrenching. There was a constant fusilade kept up by the picket-

lines, which were in many places within easy speaking distance of each other. After nightfall conversation generally opened with: "How are you, Johnny?" to which would be responded: "Hello, you Yank!" It must be admitted that too frequently the remainder of the dialogue, however interesting, was neither complimentary nor polite on either side. These little familiarities, however, were not resented personally, as the parties had been rather intimately associated since early in May, and naturally overlooked much that would not have been tolerated from strangers. Occasionally some curiosity would be manifested on both sides as to future movements, but the information gathered was more anticipatory than real:

"What you all going to do next, Yank?"

"Goin' swimming in the Chattahoochee in a few days, Johnny."

"You'll be swimming in h—l first, Yank; you'll never git thar."

"You said that every day the last six weeks, and we're still a-coming, Johnny."

"You'll be d—d sorry before the month's out that you got so far from home, you infernal Yank."

"Come and see us when we get into Atlanta, and we'll give you a square meal, you d—d blowhards."

As the conversation at this stage might be considered merging into personalities, a few shots would be exchanged by each and the controversy would close.

Sometimes they met by mutual agreement midway between the picket-lines, without the sanction of officers, and interchanged such useful commodities as coffee and gossip, tobacco and newspapers. When the informal truce was ended, the word would be passed, "Git Johnny," "Git Yank," and although they *did* "git" with all speed, as they dropped into their little pits a rattling fire would be exchanged, and the sharp-shooters resumed their practice of pecking away at the smallest bit of an exposed person on the line.

The operations on the right of Kenesaw, it was well understood, could have but one termination, and that was a furious general assault, which was longed for, yet dreaded, by the troops. The Rebel works were immensely strong, and capable of withstanding a charge at any point by the whole army. By the night of the 26th, by some mysterious means, it was understood all along the line that an assault would be made on the following morning by Thomas' troops, while Schofield was to engage the enemy's left flank with artillery. The sun had superseded the rain of the past month, and the weather was hot and sultry. The ground which the Battery occupied was soft and yielding, and at every discharge of the guns they sank into the soft earth, requiring considerable hand force to run them forward into position. The earthwork in our front was an inconsequential affair, more imposing than real in its powers of protection. The embrasures, built by the

engineer corps, were fair to the eye, but woefully weak, as a few concussions from the guns demonstrated, and they fell away on the flanks, leaving huge openings, through which a mule team might have been driven, and affording a fine field for the sharp-shooters in front. The men were not in vigorous form, as limited rations of hard bread and coffee did not perceptibly contribute to either strength or energy.

This was the situation of the Battery and its members on the 27th of June, on the right of Kenesaw Mountain. Gen. Hascall's 2d Division rested on Powder Spring Road, and the 1st Division was still farther to the extreme right and rear, close to Olley's Creek, and near the most available road for the enemy in case of his retreat.

Early on the morning of the 27th every preparation was completed for the expected assault. The enemy doubtless had been forewarned, as the firing on the skirmish line was unusually vigorous. Capt. SHIELDS and his officers personally examined the ammunition-chests, and the several detachments were under cover about their pieces, awaiting orders. The sun came up over the hills, and glared hotly down upon the lines through cloudless space. While listening for the signal of the attack, some one, standing near the right piece and looking toward Kenesaw, said, "There she goes!" and at that moment Lieut. WILSON's order, sharp and quick, was heard: "Load!"

Then came an awful roar from the united batteries of the Fourth and Fourteenth Corps, and, as if in response, the horrid crash spread along the line miles away. The assault had commenced! The day had opened that was to close on a thousand dead men in the Union lines, and twice that number wounded. For fifteen minutes the artillery fire was concentrated upon a salient in Thomas' front, and then over the works leaped Newton's Division of the Fourth Army Corps, and Harker's Division of the Fourteenth Army Corps. McPherson threw his troops at Little Kenesaw, and then the air was filled with an awful storm.

As the order sounded down our line to "Fire at will!" the guns spoke together with a roar that shook the earth. Then the work began in desperate earnest, and the "roaring ruddy guns" belched out a steady stream of fire. The embrasures fell away before the fierce concussions, and left the cannoneers exposed to a pelting storm of bullets which fell all about them. As they stooped at every discharge of the pieces, the men were protected to a certain extent, and yet it seemed miraculous that so few were hit. The sun grew hotter with every adding hour, and the men, stripped to shirt and pants, were perspiring and exhausted. In the first hour ED. C. FAIRCHILD, one of the gun-squad of the first piece, was shot through the arm, and wrapping a handkerchief about it, he walked to the rear.

It looked every moment as if ED. would have plenty

of company, and each man calculated his neighbor's chances mentally, leaving himself holding the odds against the field. It is always some one else who is to die first in human calculations.

By eleven o'clock working the guns had become severe labor. At every discharge the wheels sunk into the soft earth, and made it more difficult to run them forward by hand in such a manner as to be partially shielded from the pelting bullets. The awful roar of battle on our left was unceasing, but we saw no signs of a break in the storm, and despaired.

About this time J. M. HOWER, Jr., whose place was with his team in the rear of the Battery, voluntarily came up and carried the fixed ammunition from the limber-box to the gun. His assistance was needed, but duty did not demand his presence. He fell, shot through the face, near the second piece, falling back at the root of a tree, spasmodically wiping the blood that flowed from the wound in his face. It was a most depressing moment. He was unconscious when he was carried to the rear, and we hardly dared hope that recovery was possible. He was taken to the field-hospital, and there awaited his turn for examination.*

The bullets that glanced from the trees had more terror than those sent direct, for the men did not know

*After several weeks he was able to return home, when he was subsequently discharged. His health was terribly shattered, and he never fully recovered.

when to expect them. Many of the men were struck with these spent bullets during the day, but experienced no harm beyond temporary faintness. The fierceness of the assault was spent by noon. The awful charge had resulted in our troops gaining a position a few yards from the enemy's works, where they entrenched themselves under the guns that stared at them from the parapets. The fight all along the line continued through the day. Cox's division advanced on our right, and crossing Olley's Creek, threatened the Rebel flank.

At sunset coffee and bread were brought up to the line by our comrades who were required to remain with the wagons, and we rested after the long, weary day of battle and death. That night we slept under our guns, ready for an expected night assault, and so weary were the men that few of them awoke when a furious fusillade of small arms, a few hundred yards in our front, was replied to by an equally noisy demonstration from our line.

The next day the fighting was general along the line, but not so furious as the day previous. There was no more bloody charging against fierce abattis, backed by ready muskets and brazen guns. The lines were so close together for a long distance that the slightest exposure of the person drew the fire of a hundred guns. On the line in our vicinity casualties were constantly occurring from the good aim of the Rebels, and often from the bullets that glanced from the trees. The

stretcher bearers were kept busily employed, and their ghastly burdens borne past us afforded anything but a cheerful subject for contemplation. In the afternoon ORRIN L. WAIT, while talking to his comrades, was shot through the heart, and fell back in the arms of his comrades to die half an hour later without recognizing those about him.

On the following day, as Corporal PETERS was taking a hasty glance through the embrasure of his piece, a bullet passed through his arm and sped on through the breast of SAML. FERGUSON, who was standing a few feet in the rear of the Corporal. Both men staggered a bit, but walked to the rear unaided. As serious as FERGUSON'S wound was, he manfully walked as far as the caissons, when he was prevailed upon to lie down upon a stretcher. PETERS, after a couple of months, returned to his post with his wound still tender. FERGUSON was sent back to the hospital in the rear in a few days, but died soon after reaching Chattanooga. The transportation of the wounded in box cars from the front to Chattanooga and Knoxville over a long, rough road, was a journey accompanied by unspeakable horror. While no blame can be imputed to any one, there was necessarily a lack of care and attention in that fearful ride that cost many a life. At every station men were taken out dead. Ah, Sherman said truthfully: "War is a cruelty, and you cannot refine it."

Out of a delegation of half a dozen men from Willoughby in the Battery, two were dead and one wounded—a sad blow to the tried and true little band that had been so faithful to each other since they entered the service. Willoughby may feel proud of her representatives in the great war for the Union, and while they mourn over their dead roll, a comrade adds his tribute to the bravery and manhood of those who died in that memorable Georgia campaign.

On the night of the 29th the Battery fell back from the line with our Division in the most quiet manner, not even a chain or a wheel being permitted to rattle or rumble, and a division of the Twentieth Army Corps marched into our places. As we moved down the sandy road, glad to get away from the ceaseless whistle of bullets for a time, we passed the halted column of another division, and the men standing motionless and silent by the roadside, under the trees, looked like grim statues. The stationary batteries of artillery, seen in the faint moon rays that fell through the foliage overhead, made up an impressive picture, and one might almost fancy they saw a phantom army, so voiceless and still they stood.

The 20th Kentucky Regiment was our immediate support on the position we had just left. The men were great favorites with the Battery, for they were brave, generous fellows, to a man. They were strangers to fear, and felt an unfeigned pleasure in shooting

Rebels from their rifle-pits and parapets. This one incident demonstrated their metal. While in front of our Battery some sixty yards, holding a strong line of skirmish pits, one of the pickets was mortally wounded, and cried for help. His comrades in the trench beside him could not carry the wounded man to the rear, for the slightest exposure drew the aim of scores of good marksmen. The stretcher bearers from the line beside us could not reach the man, and were forced to crawl back through the bushes. Volunteers were called for, and four gallant young fellows jumped over the parapet, in sight of the enemy, and fell to the ground to find shelter from the whizzing bullets that greeted their perilous act. The low shrubbery intervening between the main line and the pickets' rifle pits protected them partially as they crept forward to the wounded man. The Rebels were so close that they soon perceived the object of these men, and when they had picked the wounded man up tenderly and started back with him, every shot from the Rebels was fired wide of the mark purposely, and the brave fellows crawled over the works with their dying comrade without receiving a scratch, when every one of them might have been killed in the first five yards if the Rebels had not seen fit to pay tribute to a gallant act.

The extreme right was advanced until our corps was far south of Olley's Creek, and entrenched at the head of Nickajack Creek, which position was held with the

usual obstinacy on both sides until the night of July 2d, when the enemy, seeing his communications imperilled, withdrew his whole line, abandoned Marietta, and made for the Chattahoochee River, where he had his pontoons in readiness and a line of entrenchments constructed on the north and west bank, thus covering the railroad and his bridges. On the morning of the 3d of July the whole army was in pursuit, and the advance guard pushed the Rebel rear sharply as they left Marietta.

The 4th of July was celebrated with a grand attack on the Rebel lines. As we moved out of the works we had occupied the night before, we pitched a few shells into a Rebel train in our front almost beyond our reach, which was making a hasty retreat toward the river defenses. Along the lines went up cheer after cheer, as the troops wheeled into new positions. It was a glorious celebration. Near our Battery, in an old log house, looking over maps, were Gen. Sherman and most of his corps commanders. They formed a brilliant galaxy of military stars, with their restive horses and gay uniforms. Soon the council was ended, and with Logan in the lead most of them dashed off down the road. The bands all along the lines alternated with the artillery in giving the Rebels a reminder of the day, the former furnishing the patriotic music and the latter the fireworks. It was very hot, and in the movement of the troops a number were sunstruck. In the after-

noon of the 4th we moved into a new position, and became lookers-on. The movement of the lines was to our right toward Ruff's Station, at which point was the strongest obstruction.

From the 5th to the 8th of July the Battery's operations were confined to observation and but little fighting. On the morning of the 9th we moved out on a dusty road that led to the river, and then we knew that Schofield was to cross the Chattahoochee River first. The troops were massing and halting on the road, and in admirable spirits. As we moved along, they fell out of our way and gave us open passage.

"There goes the NINETEENTH. They'll wake up the Rebs on the river bank!"

"Go in, boys, let 'em have some music, and give us a chance to go over!"

As these greetings met us we knew that there was business ahead. We were marching on a road parallel with Soap's Creek, where the approach to the river was advantageous to a crossing. Our Battery was run up to the river bank in the utmost silence half an hour later, and masked with thick bushes. We crept up to the edge, and got a fine view of the situation. The Rebel cavalry pickets on the opposite side were exchanging shots with our pickets on the bank below us. The pontoon train under Col. Buell, with two hundred men, had moved down to the river, and we waited the opening scene. The blackberry bushes in our front were

loaded with the largest berries we ever saw, and the boys made a frugal meal on this generous fruit in a few minutes.

The attempt to lay the pontoons uncovered a piece of artillery on the opposite bank, and the Rebel cavalry pickets opened an energetic fire. Our Battery opened fire on the Rebel gun and in a few minutes drove away their cannoneers, but not until they had responded with a dozen uncomfortably fine shots. There was a vigorous spurt for half an hour, and the pontoons were laid in the face of the enemy, when our boys crossed on a run, and with cheers dashed up the opposite bank, and captured the abandoned gun and some of the Rebel pickets.

The Chattahoochee River was crossed! Before night our whole division was over, and occupied a position on the heights beyond, almost impregnable. Here there was a halt for five days while the rest of the army crossed the river. Our stay on the Chattahoochee was rendered unusually attractive by an issue of full rations of all kinds. As the boys had been "enduring short commons" for several weeks, they went to work to make up for lost time and devoted themselves almost exclusively to cooking and eating.

On the 17th the grand movement toward Atlanta commenced, and but little resistance was felt on that day. On the 18th we moved toward Decatur, and could hear McPherson's troops away to the left, skir-

mishing. The 2d Division of the Twenty-third Army Corps, with a part of our Battery, moved down the Decatur road, steadily driving the Rebel cavalry before them. Toward evening the guns were run down a road near town on the Division main line, and opened fire on the cavalry. There was a sharp reply for a few minutes when the infantry boys dashed forward and the Rebels fled. Some of our boys went into town with the advance forces, the Captain among the rest, and they all returned with more or less loot of a valueless character. One of the boys brought with him all the available stock of a tin shop, part of which was half a hundred tin dippers.

After our Division had taken Decatur, part of McPherson's Sixteenth Army Corps entered the town from the left, and sent the stragglers back to their commands. Near to where our Battery parked that night, was a log house where the wounded had been brought during the afternoon. One poor wretch was lying on a board, partially covered by a blanket, with his brains oozing out of an ugly hole in his skull, crushed by a piece of shell. He groaned at intervals and opened his eyes when spoken to, but the surgeon said there was no power on earth could keep him alive an hour longer. After dark, two hours later, I walked up to the spot, and the man was still alive, but the eyes would not move, and the groans were growing feebler. It was a horrible sight.

In another house near by was a curiosity that would have made Barnum's Joyce Heth die with envy. A little black woman, all skin and bone, with toe and finger nails like bird's claws, and eyes that were white with a half century's film, with toothless gums, and dead white wool, sat on the sunny side of the house, mumbling to herself and blinking in the sun. The invalided proprietor of the house was there and told us her history. He was past fifty years of age himself, and this old decrepit creature, no larger than a child, had nursed him when he was a child, and she was then an old woman! He estimated her age at one hundred and thirty-five years. She certainly looked as if she might have been ten times that age, for she resembled an animated mummy more than a human being.

With the approach to the city of Atlanta came the rumor from Rebel sources that there was "to be no more retreating;" that the Rebel Government had placed Gen. Hood, a brave, rash, impetuous officer in command of the army so long and ably commanded by Gen. Johnston, and that he was itching for a fight. So supreme was the confidence of our army in its commanders that no great alarm was manifested when Hood's name was mentioned.

There was a general advance of the lines on the morning of the 20th, Gen. Schofield being on the left of Gen. Thomas. About noon, when Thomas' troops had passed Peach-tree Creek, the Rebels massed in front of

Newton's Division of the Fourth Army Corps and charged with fierce yells. For the next three hours there was a most stubborn and bloody battle fought, in which the Rebels were terribly punished. Gen. Thomas' artillery being concentrated at the proper time and place, made fearful havoc among the charging columns. We listened to the long-continued roar of the battle without feeling the slightest alarm. We believed in "Pap Thomas." The Rebel loss was between three and five thousand, the Union loss less than sixteen hundred.

The following day was spent in manœuvering, and at night we occupied a part of the Rebel rifle-pits near the Howard House, and worked all night to make them available for defensive purposes. In the morning we were ordered out, and with our division marched toward Atlanta, Gen. Schofield and Gen. Sherman being in front of the Twenty-third Army Corps, whose lines were being deployed by Schofield. The Second Division was moving on a road leading to Atlanta, and about nine o'clock an orderly dashed up to the head of the Battery and said to Lieut. WILSON, Capt. SHIELDS having ridden on to some other point, temporarily:

"Gen. Sherman sends his compliments, and directs you to move up the road with two pieces as fast as you can."

Lieut. WILSON moved out on a sharp trot, and when near Col. Howard's mansion and an old distillery about

five hundred yards distant, saw a group of officers under a tree, among whom he recognized Generals Sherman, Schofield, McPherson, Williams, and the Chief of Artillery of the Army, Gen. Barry. Riding up to the group and saluting, Gen. Sherman said to him, pointing toward Atlanta:

“My good man, we want you to demonstrate the line; come this way;” and he led the way with the whole party to a point in full view of the Rebel works, which were quiet enough. Said the General: “We think they have evacuated, and I want you to throw a few shots in there, and see what you can find. Place your section in position, and hold your fire about five minutes, until we get a place where we can see the result.”

Lieut. WILSON moved up to a clump of trees just north of the road and behind the distillery, leaving his caissons well covered in the rear. He told his men what they were there for, and cautioned them to get to cover behind the trees after the first shot. Then he let both guns go in a volley; and it was well he had given the boys the instructions he did, for he had stirred up a hornet's nest of very large dimensions. The Rebel batteries on the right, left and front, that had maintained such astonishing silence up to that time, let go and with such terrific unanimity that the boys behind the trees were stunned with the awful storm, and for a few moments they didn't seem to know whether

there was anything left of that unhappy section or not. They gallantly returned the fire, however, sending some twenty shots into the Rebel works, when they were ordered back.

They had "demonstrated that line" to Sherman's complete satisfaction, and he felt justified in thinking that there had not been much of an evacuation of Atlanta just yet.

The NINETEENTH OHIO BATTERY at Atlanta, as at Rocky Face Ridge at the opening of the campaign, had fired the first cannon shot!

The whole Battery then moved a few hundred yards to the right, where Capt. SHIELDS had selected a position for the guns, and with a detail of the 24th Michigan we went to work to throw up a defence, the enemy keeping up a brisk fire on the position. Their reckless fire was soon toned down to a good range, when they sent a case-shot plump into our working party, killing two outright, taking the leg off one man, an arm off another, and slightly wounding SIMKINS and COOK, of our Battery. The detail got under cover, and the work was prosecuted more cautiously. About noon there was an evident commotion among the Generals. Five miles away, in the direction of Decatur, was heard the sound of battle, which swelled along the line until the troops on our immediate left became engaged. The artillery of the corps was ordered forward and massed on a piece of ground commanding the road and the field in

front of the troops of Gen. Wood's Division of the Fifteenth Corps. At this juncture we noticed a bad state of affairs on our left flank and rear. An immense number of supply wagons had been massed in the rear of their respective corps, independent of the parked trains at Decatur guarded by a brigade of the Twenty-third Corps. The woods were alive with excited drivers, whipping their teams and getting away from the front by every possible avenue.

Then there came a whisper that our left flank was turned, and that the Rebels were in our rear. Men's faces paled at the intelligence, but the demoralization didn't go beyond the teamsters. To add to the confusion, which was increasing every moment, the men of Capt. DeGress' Illinois Battery came pouring out on the road in an excited and heated condition, announcing that the Rebels had captured their twenty-pound Parrotts, killed all their horses and some of their men, and then turned the guns upon our lines!

"This is h—l!" remarked a mounted officer, as he halted, listening to the battery men; "Don't demoralize these men with such a d—d story! Go on to the rear!"

He spake as one having authority, and the good sense of his order was appreciated by the gathering troops. The battle raged on up to our position, and our division batteries opened fire as the Rebels charged over an open field fully eight hundred yards distant, forming

under the wooded cover beyond. They dashed bravely up to the muzzles of our guns, and fell back in terrible disorder, leaving their dead and wounded at every step.

Far to the right of their column was the directing spirit of the fierce assault—an officer mounted on a large gray horse, who, with bared head and waving sword, urged on again and again the awful slaughter. By some means it became understood that this officer was Colonel or General Hardee—brother of the ex-U. S. Army officer, whose “Tactics” were in use in both armies to a large extent.

A spirit of devilish humor animated our men in the midst of this awful carnage. On a part of our line the men fought alternately on both sides of their rifle-works, and gallantly repulsed the impetuous assault.

“Here’s where you get your ‘Hardee’s Tactics,’ d—n ye,” they shouted, as the Rebels turned their backs upon the line of bayonets that confronted them.

The field on our left presented a grand sight, and yet it was only a small portion of a battle-scene that extended over five miles. At each successive charge the enemy left hundreds of their men prisoners in our hands, as the waves of the sea dashing on the beach, and, receding, leave behind them deposits that cannot be reclaimed on their return. There was a constant flow to the rear of weary, dusty, powder-blackened men in gray.

“Hello, Johnny,” said one of our boys to a stalwart fellow with a philosophical face, as he trudged along with several hundred other prisoners, “how many more men has Hood got over there?”

“About enough for another killin’, I reckon, the way the thing’s going,” was the sententious reply, as he looked about him.

In the afternoon the report was circulated along the line that the gallant General McPherson, was killed, and the wish being father to the thought, it was disbelieved. We had seen him ride away from the Howard House in the forenoon, and it could not be possible. But alas! even as we doubted, the ambulance carrying his dead body passed slowly by. We looked into the end of the vehicle, and the stalwart body lay there, still and rigid. Even then some one was kind enough to say “it was only a serious wound;” but the ambulance drove on to the Howard House, where Gen. Sherman had his temporary headquarters, and where the body was taken into the house and examined by a surgeon. He had been shot through the body, and had been dead more than an hour when the receding lines enabled our troops to regain the corpse. The pocket-book, with its contents untouched, which had been taken from the body by a Rebel soldier, was found in the man’s haversack when he was captured that evening.*

* The killing of Gen. McPherson is an historical event of such importance that we venture to give place to the following state

Night closed in with a last desperate rally and retreat by the Rebels, and the Federal troops hastened to fortify the advance positions they had gained. Seven times had Hood dashed his troops against the bayonets of the Army of the Tennessee, and seven times had he been repulsed with terrible slaughter.

The loss on the Federal side in the battle of Atlanta was about 3,600 killed, wounded and missing. The Rebel loss was fully three times that number—their dead numbering 3,200; their wounded in our hands, 1,000; and the prisoners sent North, over 1,000.

ment: A gentleman told the writer that he had the assurance, within the present year, from the chief actor in the drama, that a Mr. Robert Compton, of Waco, Texas, killed McPherson. Compton lived near Fayetteville, Texas, at the outbreak of the war, and was an unflinching Union man. He voted against the ordinance of secession, and made himself so obnoxious to the Rebels, that he was ordered to leave the State. His family, friends and interests all being in Texas, he remained, and in due time, to avoid conscription, voluntarily joined the Rebel army. Compton was on the skirmish line at a point where McPherson and a portion of his staff rode into the line. He was ordered to halt, but did not comply and turned to flee, when Compton and those near him fired, and killed him. An officer and orderly remained with him and begged them not to fire again, saying: "You have killed General McPherson!"

Compton and his companions took the dead General's sword, canteen and pocket-book, and in a short time the Federal advance drove back the Rebel line. The following day the sword was returned under a flag of truce. Part of this skirmish line was captured the day McPherson was killed, and the pocket-book was recovered.

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The earthwork in front of our Battery that night assumed solid proportions before morning, and defied their most accurate fire. Here we took up the daily routine of firing at intervals upon the enemy's line outside the city, and uncovering their idle batteries. It is but just to say that they never required much inducement to give us solid assurances "that they were there to stay."

We remained in this position several days, constantly under fire. From the upper limbs of a tree in front of our Battery we could easily see into the city of Atlanta, and count the chimneys of the foundries and spires of the churches. The long range guns threw their shots into the city and fired a number of buildings. A solid shot pierced with the name of the Battery and its "compliments" was sent into a large house fully one mile distant, and drove out a detachment of Rebel sharpshooters, who had been amusing themselves at our expense for several days. We followed the shot up so promptly that the house was rendered uninhabitable in a few minutes.

At night the Rebels worked their sixty-four pounders on our line, and we could plainly see the illumination that accompanied each discharge. As the huge projectile curved through the air with a fiery stream behind it, it looked like a comet, and the sound that accompanied it was indescribable.

"There comes their d—d old stove foundry," was

the usual greeting the great projectile would receive as it went tearing through the trees, happily too far to the rear to do harm.

Gen. Hascall's headquarters was about four hundred yards to the rear of his main line, his tent being pitched near a little stream. A story was told of him illustrating his characteristic coolness, to this effect: One day, when his cook was putting the dinner upon the table for the General and his adjutant, a cannon ball came crashing down through the frail tent and buried itself in the earth, throwing a quantity of dirt upon the clean plates. The cook started to run, being badly scared; but the General, who was sitting near the open tent, calmly remarked:

"Where the devil you going, Jim? Clean those plates, and put the dinner on!"

Jim was compelled to obey, but did so with evident reluctance.

On the 28th of July we were occupying the extreme left, resting on the Augusta Railroad, and moved out of our works toward the right. In the afternoon of the 28th we heard a battle raging to the right, where we learned at night the Rebels had suffered again heavily in an assault on the Fifteenth Corps.

On the 29th it was made known to our corps that Gen. Sherman had recommended Col. Jas. W. Riley, of the 104th Ohio, and Col. Jos. A. Cooper, of the 6th East Tennessee, for promotion. They were both com-

manding brigades, and were good officers. Their confirmation as brigadier generals was made in due time, and was gratifying to the entire command. Gen. Cooper had won his star by unflinching loyalty and hard fighting.

We remained on the line until August 1st, when our corps marched to the right, leaving our entrenchments manned by dismounted cavalry. Our column moved toward East Point, and our progress was necessarily slow, owing to the worn-down condition of our horses, who could scarcely pull the guns along the rough road. On the morning of the 3d of August our corps was on the extreme right, advancing and skirmishing lively. Toward noon our division swung around and covered the 1st Division, which had halted, while we passed over them and drove the enemy across Utoy Creek. In the afternoon, about four o'clock, we halted about five hundred yards from the creek, that was showing an ugly current, and the approaches to which were low and swampy. The rain clouds that had been threatening all the afternoon broke about six o'clock, and after a heavy shower the sun came out and rapidly dried the wet and smoking clothing of the men.

While halting that evening on a road running parallel with a narrow strip of woods pointing like a wedge toward Utoy Creek, our broadside was exposed to the enemy's batteries on the hill beyond the creek, and they opened a vicious fire upon us. The first two shots

they fired passed over us, and swept through the column of troops marching on the other side of the wood, and cut off the legs of the men constituting two of the files. As they fell they gave one exclamation of pain, and became silent. Their comrades picked them up hastily to carry them to the rear, the ranks closed up, and the column swept on undisturbed, reminding one of a slow moving current of water into which a stone had been plunged, when a few ripples would momentarily disturb the surface, after which the current would flow on as serenely as ever. The dead men on the roadside gave no sign of the interruption of the human current, and like the stone lying in the river bed, they stayed not the course of the stream.

Just at sunset we turned our guns and gave back as good as the Rebels sent in shell and solid shot. It silenced them for a time, and the boys proceeded to cook their coffee in the woods. Some of them had completed the preparation of a fair meal, when the Rebel guns again opened, their shots cutting off the limbs and rotten tops of the trees, which fell upon the heads of the waiting boys, and completely spoiled their desire for supper.

Our division crossed the creek that evening and drove the enemy up the hillside. Here the men hastily threw up works, with the creek and a large pond at their backs. In the morning the Battery crossed over a rickety bridge, near which was an old mill, and went

into position on the line, where we proceeded to strengthen ourselves on front and flank. We constructed heavy traverses on the right of every gun to protect us from an enflading fire from a Rebel battery on the hill to our right, which swept down the whole length of the line, killing and wounding men and horses. The skirmish fire on both sides was kept up during the day and night, and the battery was worked vigorously at intervals until sundown, when the men were glad to rest on the ground by the side of their pieces.

On the day following the men were subjected to the same galling fire, and used great caution at all times, but HENRY CURTIS, temporarily doing duty with the second gun, exposed himself for a moment near the trail of the piece, and while joking with a comrade, the butt-end of a twelve-pound shell came tearing down the line, struck an upright cedar post sustaining the traverse, and carried the fragment with it, tearing most of CURTIS' hand off, leaving only the index finger and thumb, both denuded of skin. The wound was an ugly one, and very painful; but CURTIS, who was one of the jolliest men in the command, never winced while a comrade hastily bound the wound up with a handkerchief, and improvised a tourniquet for the arm. He was sent to the field hospital, where, while waiting his turn he held up the bloody limb, and remarked: "One-fingered Jack. Can't play the banjo any more!"

CURTIS was the life of the command, and a great

favorite. His daily performances on the banjo were the delight of everybody, and he was sorely missed. He was never able to do duty with the command after he was wounded.

The advance of our corps on the 5th had been disastrous, Gen. Riley's brigade having attacked the enemy at a strong point and been repulsed, leaving about five hundred dead and wounded on the field. The day following the line advanced, and a battle was fought by Schofield that resulted in our material advantage. He drove the enemy from the position Gen. Riley had unsuccessfully attacked the day previous, and we there saw our dead lying on the ground where they fell, with every particle of clothing stripped from their bodies, which, under the hot sun, were swollen and disfigured beyond all description. The work of burying them was a terribly offensive task, but it was accomplished, even while the skirmishers in the woods were holding our advance.

The fight was a lively one and ground was gained rapidly. Toward evening Capt. SHIELDS was ordered to take his battery through the main line down to the skirmish line and there take and hold a good position. To reach the skirmish line was extremely difficult, owing to the thick underbrush and the fallen, rotting timber. Nobody cared about answering the question, "How are we going to get back if we have to retreat?" It was after sundown when we ran our guns into posi-

tion alongside the picket-posts. In our front was a long stretch of valley, along which, on the farther side, ran a public road. On the other side of the road, in plain view, about sixteen hundred yards distant, were parked some artillery and a large number of wagons. Our appearance was startling to them, for our first shots had not fairly begun to tear among their teams, when there was every evidence that they deemed it discreet to leave. An officer riding a fine grey horse was seen to leave the park and start off up the road at a gallop.

“Hit that fellow on the grey horse!” some one shouted, and a gun was discharged with such true aim that the horse was killed and the man was seen to crawl into a fence corner, undoubtedly wounded. “It’s devilish hard,” said one of the boys, looking through a field glass, “but you’d do the same by any of us.”

Before dark the main line was advanced down to the line we held, and pickets were thrown out to within one hundred yards of the Rebel posts, where they held during the night animated dialogues of a highly personal and entertaining character.

The next day Gen. Hascall accompanied Gen. Schofield along the line, and while examining the enemy’s position in front of our Battery, the latter officer displayed the utmost caution and at no time risked his person by exposing himself to the enemy. He retired from the line stooping very low, until he got to cover behind the trees.

“The old man’s awful careful, ain’t he?” said one of the boys; “’Fraid he can’t stand fire very well.”

“Well, I reckon if you was drawing ten thousand dollars a year, like old man Schofield, you’d take care of yourself about as fine’s he does,” was the sharp reply.

“Oh, he ain’t no better than I am. ‘Uncle Abe’ could get any number of men to take his place who couldn’t be hired to take mine,” was the conclusive retort.

While in position here the boys amused themselves, when they could be spared, in foraging for green-corn in the fields a few miles in the rear and on the right flank, where a brush with the Rebel cavalry was of almost daily occurrence.

On the left of our division was part of the Fourteenth Corps, composed almost exclusively of Western troops. A chap looking a little awkward and “off color” was observed walking about one day, apparently with no particular object in view. He was accosted with:

“Say, pard, what’s yer reg’ment?”

The fellow replied nonchalantly, “I belong to the 85th New Jersey, Twentieth Corps.”

His interrogator shouted, in evident astonishment, “What! the 85th New Jersey?”

“Ya-a-s, the bloody 85th, I tell you,” was the free and easy reply, with the least bit of approach to a swagger.

“Well,” was the reply of the soldier, as he walked up

and collared him, "Well, I'm d—d if I don't turn the 85th New Jersey over to the Provost Marshal. Why," he resumed, looking at the now trembling and paling spy, "you bloody fool, there ain't eighty-five regiments of able-bodied men in the whole State of New Jersey. Just to think," he muttered scornfully, as he led the fellow off, "the 85th New Jersey! Well, you're a smart one, you are, Johnny; you must be a travelin' man."

What became of this representative from the New Jersey regiment with the big figures, it is difficult to say. He was evidently taking his first lesson in scouting, and didn't seem to be supernaturally endowed with very brilliant powers.

A few days of desultory fighting on this line, and we marched again to the right, the Twenty-third Corps still aiming to cut the Macon Railroad. On the 17th we were again on the extreme right, holding a point of observation on a range of hills skirting a wide valley fully two miles across, on the edge of which were works of a very strong character, manned with Georgia militia; the skirmish lines in front being held by regular troops. These works were defended by several batteries, most of their guns being long range. They opened fire on our line, but their range was altogether too high to harm us and we leisurely entrenched ourselves. On the following day, the enemy maintained such an ominous silence that Gen. Hascall half suspected they had evacuated their works. Capt. SHIELDS volunteered to

find out whether they had or not, and ordered one gun to be got ready. He jumped his horse over the works and rode down to the front at a gallop to find a good position for his piece. As he bounded away one of the 20th Kentucky boys remarked:

“There goes that red-headed dare-devil. If he don’t raise particular h-l in a few minutes, I’m mistaken!”

In a few minutes the Captain rode back, and taking the gun selected, put it into position on a little knoll and opened fire on a fortified salient. In a moment the “particular little”—(place which Col. Ingersoll says don’t exist), anticipated by the 20th Kentucky chap, was “raised;” for the Rebels replied with twenty or thirty guns of heavy caliber, and made it so hot for the Captain that he brought his gun back, flying. Then the aroused enemy brought their guns to bear on our line and dropped the shells on our flank and rear with frightful regularity. As we could not reply we contented ourselves with getting under cover when the look-out shouted, “Here she comes!” The puff of smoke from their guns, two miles distant, could be seen some time before the sound of the discharge would reach our ears. Before the shell reached our line there was ample time to run fifty yards and get under cover. We began to get uneasy as their range became better, and most of us hugged the earthwork from precautionary motives. About noon they sent a shell plump into our limber chest that was filled with fixed ammunition,

and the next moment the air was filled with bursting shells, fragments of the heavy chest and wheels, and the contents of the knapsacks that were attached to it. Port-fires were burning in the grass, shells were smoking, jackets and trowsers were taking an aerial journey, looking like dismembered human bodies, and there was a general scrambling and scattering in the vicinity. The men jumped over the works to avoid the shells that they expected to explode, but they found the same danger there, and jumped back again.

Some of our boys were sitting on the edge of the pit behind the breastwork, playing poker with three or four of the 20th Kentucky when the limber chest was struck, about thirty feet behind them. There was a general tumble and run indulged in, but the ruling passion being strong they hurried back, for considerable stakes were upon the board when they left so hastily. Not a dollar of the stakes could be seen, and every one of the crowd solemnly denied taking the money.

“I did some pretty quick thinkin’, myself, about that time,” remarked one of the crowd, meditatively, “for I held three aces and my ‘raise’ was up; but I’ll be d--d if the chap that grabbed them stakes ain’t a lightning calculator, sure.”

The explosion occurred when a dozen men were standing within a few feet of the chest, and their escape from death was miraculous. Only one of our men was hurt: E. C. BURROUGHS received rather a painful

wound in the arm, which gave him considerable trouble afterward.

One of our men who had been back with the teams several days, crippled with the rheumatism, had just limped up on a cane and crutch a few minutes before to see how the boys were getting along. When the chest was exploded he intuitively dropped cane and crutch and made a grand rush for a ravine that intervened between our Battery and the wagons. He bounded down the steep hill, then up the opposite side and reached the wagons, panting and perspiring, his rheumatism having been left behind with his crutch. It was the most rapid recovery ever seen, but the treatment was heroic, and the patient had nerve. After the excitement died away, however, the miserable rheumatism came back to torment the man who had done such tall running under the incentive of perfectly natural fear.

Every shred of the heavy wheels above the axle of the limber had been carried off clean and smooth. Private correspondence was found smoking one hundred yards away, and a jacket, sadly torn and tattered, hung in the branches of a tree fifty feet beyond reach of a pole. The Georgia militia, with fiendish joy, jumped upon their works all along the line, and yelled lustily for five minutes.

“Yes, you keep on yellin’, you infernal dirt-eaters,” said one of the boys, who held a badly shattered pair of trowsers in his hand, “keep it up; our turn’ll come next.”

Apparently satisfied with their exploit, they were kind enough "to give us a rest" for the next few hours.

The movements during the next few days were confined to the infantry of our division, who kept the enemy fully employed. The large guns sent down from Chattanooga, by Gen. Sherman's order, were in position and throwing shot and shell into Atlanta, doing much damage. The batteries at all points kept up an unceasing fire, and the enemy no longer showed any desire to come out of their works "and be killed." The Twenty-third Corps continued to feel its way toward West Point, with a view of thoroughly destroying the Macon Road, the chief line of Hood's communications.

On the 20th of August it was announced that Gen. Sherman had concluded to cut loose from his communications and resume his flanking tactics on an extensive scale. The entire army was to make a left wheel on the Twenty-third Corps and strike for the West Point and Macon railroads. All baggage calculated to cumber the movement of troops was to be sent back to the river, where a strong brigade was posted. Fifteen days' half-rations were issued, and the troops, in the best of spirits, prepared for a movement which they knew would result in the fall of Atlanta.

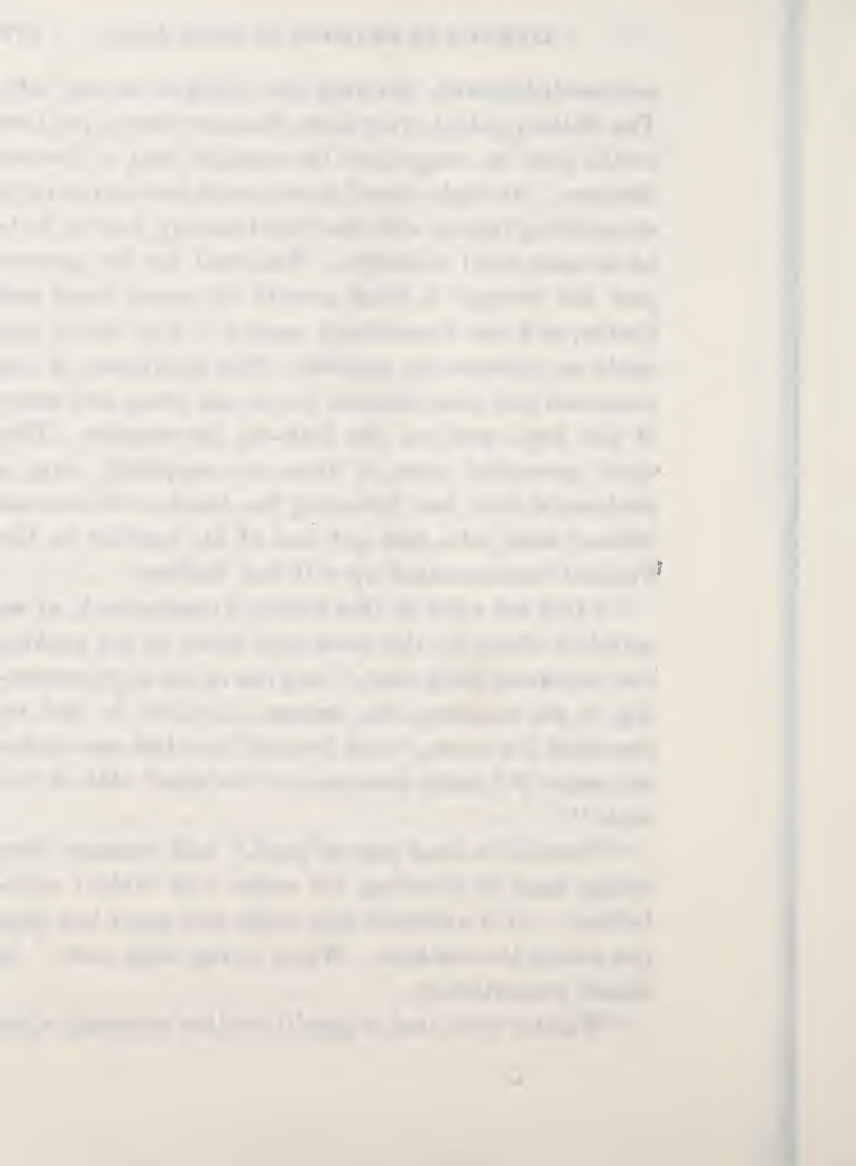
Our Battery and division, on the evening of the 28th of August, covered the rear of the flanking army. As we slowly moved out of our works and fell into marching order on the road, the Rebel cavalry appeared and

cautiously followed, covering the hill-side on our left. The Battery halted every short distance where a position would give us range, but the cavalry kept a discreet distance. As night closed in we could hear our cavalry skirmishing lightly with the Rebel cavalry, but we halted no more until midnight. The road for the greater part led through a thick growth of young brush and timber, and was exceedingly narrow. The march was made as noiseless as possible. The provisions of the command had been reduced in the last issue, and many of the boys were on the look-out for supplies. This spirit prompted some of them to completely strip a pack-mule that was following the black cook of some officers' mess who had got out of his position in the line and became mixed up with the Battery.

"I just cut a slit in that darkey's cracker sack, as we marched along in the dark, and filled all my pockets and haversack with them," said one of the boys recounting, in the morning, the manner in which he had replenished his stores, "and I would have had some coffee and sugar if I could have got on the other side of the mule."

"'Twould'nt done you no good," said another chap sitting near by drinking his coffee with evident satisfaction. "I'd unloaded that coffee and sugar bag afore you struck the crackers. We're living high now," he added, sententiously.

"Wonder what that nigger'll do this morning when



he goes to get breakfast," said the first chap, with the least touch of regret in his voice.

"Just let *him* do the wondering, pard; *you* ain't compelled to," was the heartless suggestion.

In the morning, when we awoke, we looked down on a grand sight. Sherman's wagon train—and a huge thing it was—was parked in the valley before us, and the white covers seemed to spread over a thousand acres. Far away toward East Point and West Point volumes of smoke were rolling up to the heavens, and we knew that the Union army was on the railroad. Before noon our division struck the West Point Railroad, and proceeded to tear it up. Rails were taken up systematically, and the ties were piled up and set on fire, when the rails were thrown on the fire, and when heated were bent and twisted until they were worthless. The whole day was devoted to this cheerful occupation, and many miles of track were destroyed. The greater part of our corps was fronting toward East Point, and trying to draw the enemy out.

On the 30th the command moved steadily on to Morrow's Mills, near Rough and Ready. Away to the left big guns were booming, and we knew that a fight was in progress.

On the morning following (August 31st) the troops moved out in the best of spirits, and before noon struck Rough and Ready, where the work of destroying the railroad commenced, the 2d Division working their way

up toward Jonesboro. In the afternoon, about three o'clock the sounds of battle in the direction of Jonesboro increased, and the Twenty-third Corps moved off as rapidly as they could in the direction of the firing. The events of that day were not strikingly important beyond the extensive destruction of the railroad track.

The next day we marched on parallel roads toward Jonesboro, and passed over the battle-field of the day previous. The Rebel wounded were lying in the woods under the most indifferent shelter, and were attended by a number of Rebel surgeons, who did not seem at all pleased with their lot. Here we saw, for the first time, brutal indifference to wounded men on the part of a medical officer.* A Rebel lay at the foot of a pine tree on a ragged blanket, moaning piteously. One of the Battery boys went up to him, and pouring him out a drink of whisky, handed it to him.

“Give me a mouthful of water, for God’s sake!” was the appeal. He was quickly supplied with the water, and then he drank the whisky gladly. He was a new man in a moment, and thanked the soldier for his kindness.

“Now,” said he, “if some one would only wash and

*The person mentioned in this connection, it is only fair to say, was not a true type of the Rebel surgeon. The medical staff of both armies was composed in the main of patient, kind and untiring gentlemen. Their services in the war have never been too highly estimated.

dress this wound, I'd be all right," exposing, at the same time, an ugly wound in his thigh, highly inflamed and already becoming offensive.

"What are your surgeons doing? There's a healthy duck standing about doing nothing; why don't he attend to you?" was the reply, pointing to a surgeon in a showy uniform talking to a group of Federal soldiers.

"Him!" was the indignant reply; "why he has done nothing since last night but drink the liquor the Yankee surgeon left for us, and feed on some luxuries that were left in that wagon for us. He cursed one of the boys over there for asking him to dress his wound, and said he'd kick his head off if he spoke to him again."

The fellow was an arrogant, bitter Rebel, with a preponderance of "damphool" in his composition, and doubtless had exalted views of "chivalry" and kindred virtues supposed to be peculiar to the Southern gentleman. He may have been, and doubtless was, very "high-toned," and a "puffect gentleman, sah;" but that ragged Rebel soldier lying at the foot of the pine tree was infinitely his superior in all the attributes of true manhood.

As we moved forward late that afternoon, the skirmishing in our front was continuous. Before sundown we halted near Lovejoy Station, at a large log house, and Capt. SHIELDS rode forward half a mile to find a position for his guns. While waiting here, one of the

Battery men bribed a negro man with a silver dollar to tell him where he could find some tobacco. For this insignificant sum the darkey "gave his master away," as one of the boys elegantly expressed it. The proprietor, fearing Sherman would enter Atlanta, had shipped from the city a dozen large boxes of plug tobacco to this place, and secreted them under the house. They were hauled out, and the enterprising discoverer opened them on a wagon-box and sold the lot out to the passing troops at a dollar a plug, generously presenting every man in the Battery who used tobacco with a plug, free of cost. He made several hundred dollars in twenty minutes.

As we moved up the road to go into line, Capt. Gallup, one of the Third Brigade staff officers, rode by and made some pleasant remark to the men, with some of whom he was acquainted. Half an hour later he was taken from his horse with his leg torn off by a round shot, and presently died on the ground. The ravine that skirted the Rebel line was low and narrow, and the batteries that lined their position could play with terrible effect upon their opponents. We knew the end of the campaign was near, but we had seen Capt. Gallup die, and we didn't want to take any unnecessary chances.

About midnight, when all about us was still, there broke upon the air the sound of a terrific explosion in the direction of Atlanta. There was a combination of

exploding shells and musket cartridges that was truly grand. Those who were awake—Lieut. WILSON and Lieut. ESTABROOK among the number—expressed the opinion that the Rebels were, purposely or accidentally, destroying their ammunition in Atlanta, and were preparing to leave. Toward daylight there was a repetition of the explosions, and soon after sun-up the troops were abroad, and, feeling the skirmish line, found it abandoned. Gen. Hardee's corps, in our front, had retreated southward during the night, and the pursuit was at once pushed forward, and by noon we ran against his entrenched lines above Lovejoy Station.

Later in the afternoon it was announced that Hood had retreated, and Atlanta was in possession of our troops!

At last the end of the campaign had come. The Gate City had fallen. The great railroad key of the South was in Sherman's pocket, metaphorically speaking, and Hood was locked out. The battle of more than one hundred days had ended, and rest had come to the soldiers.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Return to Decatur After the Campaign is Ended—Resignation of Capt. Shields—Grimshaw's Promotion—Wilson Assumes Command—How Atlanta Looked—Sherman's Letter to Hood—Foraging and its Perils—Retaliation in Kind—Amusements in the Gate City—A Disappointed Dead-head—Rise and Fall of Bob's Fortunes—A Cruel Deception—Selling an Army Cheap—A Dream of the Past and Future—Hood's Retrograde Movement—His Repulse at Allatoona and Resaca—The Second Division Goes in Pursuit—The Battery is sent to Nashville—A Conservative Union Man—The Battles of Columbia and Franklin—A Brigade Saves the Army—A New Commander for the Division—Hood Appears in Front of Nashville—The Importunities of the Washington Authorities—The Memorable Battle of Two Days—Gallant Charge of a Brigade—Rout of Hood's Army—The Pursuit in the Rain and Mud—Hood Across the Tennessee with a Demoralized Mob—The Pursuit Ended—The March to Clifton—The Fortunes of War.

On the 5th of September orders were read to the troops at Lovejoy Station to prepare for a return to Atlanta. The Twenty-third Army Corps was directed to go into camp at Decatur, six miles from Atlanta. The army was to rest and recruit until the busy brain of Sherman evolved a new campaign. Already, as the world now knows, he snuffed, in metaphor, the sea air,

while he neither feared nor despised the defeated Hood. That rash individual, who had offered up a holocaust of victims to an insatiable ambition, was resting around Lovejoy, where the army left him to contemplate his glory, while they marched toward the Gate City.

On the 8th we marched into Decatur, with drums beating, fifes whistling, bands playing, flags waving, and troops cheering, and in the middle of the day threw ourselves down upon the grass, and at last were at rest! What an infinite relief it was to feel that for a while we could be at ease, out of reach of bullet or cannon ball!

The Atlanta campaign had cost the Twenty-third Army Corps about 4,000 men. The aggregate loss of both armies, in killed, wounded and missing, was over 66,000—more than the entire population of Cleveland four years before. It was a costly thing, but the price was not too much to pay for it. The dead of both armies were buried upon the banks of every stream, on every hillside, and in every valley, between Rocky Face Ridge and Jonesboro. The independence of a nation has been won by the valor of an army no greater numerically than that composing the “bivouac of the dead” in Georgia.

Decatur was a pleasant, well-shaded, lazy-looking place, with delightful surroundings, and the boys enjoyed their rest here amazingly. It was with regret, a few days later, they learned that, owing to business

matters at home, Capt. SHIELDS had found it necessary to resign. He left the command, leaving behind him a fine reputation as an artilleryman, and carrying with him the hearty good wishes of all the men. The command of the Battery then devolved upon Lieut. FRANK WILSON, in whom the boys had perfect confidence. Sergeant JAS. W. GRIMSHAW was in due time promoted to be Second Lieutenant, and made an excellent officer. The only difference manifested in the boys' treatment of the new officer was in the diminished use of the familiar term, "Pumpy," when speaking to him in person. A commission did not in the least affect GRIMSHAW'S industrious habits, nor did it, I regret to say, give a more satisfactory tone to his stomach. He groomed his plump horse as frequently, ate his meals as irregularly, and devoted as little time to sleep. Although a junior artillery officer, and respected as such by all the men, he was always "Pumpy" to the boys.

Lounging about under the trees of Decatur, we realized keenly how much the past four months had been fraught with hardship, danger and death. We thought of those heroes whose graves dotted the fertile plains and wooded slopes from Tunnel Hill to the Gate City; of those who from wounds and sickness filled hospital cots in the rear, and slowly gravitated to humble graves in strange places. The spring, with its budding trees and fair foliage, its green grass and wild flowers, had

ushered in the campaign that had closed when the sere was creeping o'er the leaf, when the flowers were drooping, and the borrowed bloom of nature was fast tending to decay.

The village of Decatur possessed some Union people, who had remained in heart true to their country, amid trials and difficulties of which the people of the North can have but faint conception. A number of the male inhabitants of the place who had been forced into the service were lurking in the woods, having deserted from Hood's army, and were desirous of returning to their families. Said a childish thing, with a baby in her arms, to one of the Battery men one day:

“If you all will let Jeems come home, he'll never soldier no more. He never wanted to fight you uns, but they cornscripted him, and he couldn't help hisself; and,” with a burst of earnestness, “he writ me that he never shot at you uns nary time, for he allers pinte his gun low.”

There was such palpable and unmistakable innocence in the little creature's face that her listener could not help advising her to bring “Jeems” home at once, and have him take the oath; that Pap Sherman wasn't going to be hard on him.

Quite a large number of Rebel prisoners signified their desire to take the oath of allegiance and to attach themselves to the Federal army. They were permitted to do so, and it is the impression of the writer

that they rendered true and faithful service to the country. The *Daily South Carolinian* of Oct. 8, 1864, a four column publication which appeared on a very inferior article of straw paper (the mud-sill of the North having neglected to provide suitable paper for the high-toned South Cah-leenyan) was pleased to make the following notice of the event :

“Private Jonathan Ford, an unexchanged prisoner, informs the *Columbus Enquirer* that about nine hundred of the prisoners (out of seventeen hundred) at Atlanta had taken the oath, and had gone into the service of the enemy as cavalry, and were known as the 1st Georgia Cavalry. In this organization nearly every State in the Confederacy is represented. The 1st Alabama Infantry has 31; 37th Georgia, 2; 11th Tennessee, 12; Arkansas batteries, 12; Barry’s Lookout Battery, (Chattanooga), every one of the 21 men captured took the oath and joined this cavalry. Every man is to receive a splendid outfit, including a fine horse. Their operations, by special permit, are to be confined to the rear, guarding trains and bridges. It will be a black day for the miserable traitors when Forrest’s troopers meet them. They should each carry an extra halter for their own accommodation.”

The mild and Christian soldier, Forrest, did not meet them, or possibly they would have had the same chivalric treatment which the poor negroes at Fort Pillow received.

The Richmond *Examiner*, of Oct. 5th, was graciously pleased to notice that—

“Major John C. Maynard, post quartermaster, having great need of a large number of shoes for the negroes employed in his department, determined to utilize some of the miserable Yankee

skill lying idle in Libby, and having selected forty Yankee shoemakers, put them at work. They made all the boots and shoes required by the quartermaster department, and done besides a vast amount of work for the soldiers and citizens. The quality of their work was vastly superior to any done in the Confederacy. He contemplates increasing the force of mudsills, and making them serve gentlemen; a privilege which they have not probably enjoyed before."

The wonderful egotism of the paragraph rises to the sublime. It could not be expected that such a chivalric people would know how to make shoes.

Atlanta was visited by the men in detachments every day, and was regarded with great interest. Some of the boys hunted over the ground opposite to the point where we had been stationed in August, whence we had sent a solid shot, into which had been punched by RED-HEAD, "Compliments of the 19th Ohio Battery," but they could not find it, and were greatly disappointed. The city showed signs of hard usage. Fire and neglect had done much, and Sherman's shot and shells still more to make it dilapidated. The people had evidently experienced some of the horrors of war, but they were yet to see more of them. Gen. Sherman, as part of his future plan of operations, proposed making Atlanta purely a military post, and to that end directed that the inhabitants should leave the city. This provoked a sharp correspondence between Gen. Hood and Gen. Sherman, in which the latter went into the subject of the war, on paper, with the same positiveness that had

marked his military career in the field. He was evidently Hood's superior with the pen, and that rash individual did not come out of the controversy with any laurels.

It was in his letter to the Mayor of Atlanta, regarding the removal of the citizens, that Sherman used an expression so terse and epigrammatic that it fastened itself upon the attention of the public. Said he: "War is cruelty, and you cannot refine it. * * * * You might as well appeal against the thunder storm as against these terrible hardships of war. * * * 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." There was a bit of the statesman in General Sherman.

We remained in camp at Decatur about two weeks, and then moved into Atlanta with our division. The chief engineer had constructed a new line of defensive works about the city, which permitted its occupation by a smaller garrison than the original Rebel works would allow. On the 20th of September Hood's army moved northward from Lovejoy's Station, and a new campaign opened.

The troops in Atlanta amused themselves by investing their money in every possible manner. Gambling became as common as the air, and was followed with a pertinacity worthy of a better cause. Whether it was bad luck, or superior skill on the part of his opponent,

BOB M., of the Battery, returned to camp one evening with a countenance indicative of anything but jubilant joy. By close questioning BOB (whose reputation for unbroken success had been the occasion for some reflections by the envious on his methods) admitted that "he had dropped his stake on a chuck-a-luck board" in a neighboring camp. Further questioning, and an indiscreet admission on the part of a friend, elicited the inference which amounted to a fact—that the winner was a "nigger." This was sufficient to irritate even the philosophical BOB, who, however, bore his losses calmly for a day or two, when he sallied forth with a new and "strange device," like that possessed by the alpine-climbing youth, Excelsior, and found his sable opponent in the full tide of success, with a handsome stake beside him. How BOB induced the "man and brother" to interest himself in his new scheme was never fully known, and the diary to which I am indebted for this little episode graphically, but inelegantly, recites that "the nigger nibbled at the hook for awhile, but after scanning the bland countenance of BOB he swallowed the bait greedily, and in fifteen minutes walked off a poorer and wiser moke." There was a trace of gratified revenge in BOB's saturnine countenance that evening that left no doubt of the success of his little scheme.

A grand minstrel entertainment was given in a public hall one evening, the performers all being members of the regiments in the city. Even here the customs of

civil life were followed in the attempt of some of the boys to pass in free.

“I belong to the press,” said a chap who was a printer at home, as he essayed to pass the doorkeeper. That individual, unlike showmen generally, having only an indifferent appreciation of the power of the press, coolly reached for him, saying:

“Well, you just press out and buy a ticket, or you’ll get bounced, young feller.”

The days passed rapidly and not unpleasantly in Atlanta, with the usual exciting rumors. Sherman had taken the field, and we heard of Hood making a movement northward with 40,000 men, threatening our communications. The contracted lines of the city were manned, and our artillery always occupied strong positions. The Rebel cavalry were hovering about the city, and bushwhacking foragers became too common. A party of foragers found several of our men hanging to the limb of a tree near Lost Mountain one day, and in a brush with a detachment of Rebel cavalry in the same locality a few days after, the foraging party captured several of them and hung them in retaliation. This stopped bushwhacking around Atlanta.

About ten o’clock on the night of the 9th of October, the Battery was aroused from sleep and at the bugle call fell into line, when it was announced that news had been received officially that Richmond had fallen! As the correctness of the good news was reported to be

endorsed by Gen. Slocum, commanding the post, even the skeptics were forced to believe it, and the air resounded with glad cheers. All along the lines, in every direction, was heard the noise and tumult of an enthusiastic army. A resounding cordon of loud cheers enwrapped the city in a vocal spasm of excitement and joy. Music from the bands broke in upon the stirring air and added to the epidemic of enthusiasm. The national airs were followed by rollicking, lively tunes, and even "Dixie" was played with a heartiness that must have astonished the few remaining Rebels in the city.

At last the cry of "on to Richmond," had fruited into glorious reality! The goal of many a general's ambition had been reached by the invincible Grant! All hail the later Ulysses!

The bright moonlight that shone on camp and glittered on spire and dome seemed full of the bright augury of hope. Surely that "backbone of the Rebellion," so much talked about, had received a blow sufficient to dislocate the most stubborn vertebra. No doubt we all acted insanely that night, under the glamour of music, loud cheers and glorious news. Speculation on the speedy termination of the war was indulged in, and some of the more impetuous of the boys hinted significantly of "a big dinner up at home," and of mysterious "high old times," "big drunks," and New Years calls in Cleveland. There were doubting

Thomases in this believing crowd, who went about dropping such remarks as: "Richmond was taken one night at Lexington, and I was out a canteen of whisky in the operation." "I've heard of such things before, but they didn't last."

To these chilling reflections there were broad hints that some men didn't have much more loyalty than a dozen men ought to have, and one excitable chap expressed a strong desire, and ability (upon which he would stake money) "to whip any infernal Copperhead in or out of the army."

Nature soon cooled the ardor of the boys, for the north winds were not blowing warm that October night, and having exhausted their expressions of joy and anticipations of the result of such an important event, they returned to their blankets to listen to the hurrahs and music growing fainter in the distance and mingling with the baying and barking of the aroused curs throughout the city. The night air was burdened with echoing cheers, and stray fragments of music were wafted on each passing breeze. Thus listening we fell to sleep, "perchance to dream" of the coming happier days; of a near thanksgiving all over the broad land, when flags gaily fluttered in the cheery air; when a shout of joy belted the continent and welded it into a mighty rhythm of peace; when the hearts of the people were gladdened by an extra-official announcement from "Uncle Abe" of "peace on earth, good will to men"

evermore; when the years of blood and misery had ended in a glad day of happiness; when we saw the Union restored and the "Goddess of Liberty" smiling and triumphant; when we saw, passing away like a horrible dream, the panorama of the past three years, with its trodden fields of carnage and its dead and dying men; the spurting flames of musketry volleys and the roars of the ruddy guns; the voiceless horrors of abandoned battle-fields; the blackened homes and silent hearthstones; the ruined families and the long processions of weeping, black-robed women; when we saw the iron heel of the barbarism of war lifted from the fair fields of civilization. From a dream-medley of this character we were awakened at sun-rise by the bugle-call, and arose to greet each other with "How's Richmond now?"

We waited for the confirmation that never came; and when a week had passed, we sadly and calmly realized that the great national canard had again been swallowed by the ready soldier. Then, I fear, we indulged in profanity—but that was all we could do.

We knew too well by our interrupted communications about the 12th of October, that Hood was threatening the Georgia Railroad. He had demanded the surrender of Allatoona "to avoid a needless effusion of blood," and had been told by Gen. Corse that "he was prepared for the 'needless effusion of blood' whenever it was agreeable." He had made a similar demand at Resaca,

adding ferociously, "if the place is carried by assault, no prisoners will be taken," and had been invited by Col. Clark R. Weaver, "to come and take it if you want it. I can hold this post." We knew that Gen. Hood didn't get at either of the places anything but a severe whipping, after which he proceeded on his way.

Our division participated in the pursuit of Hood, but the Battery remained in Atlanta until the 9th of November, when, Sherman's plans having been completed, the city was abandoned, and the Battery, after witnessing the destruction of the Rebel siege guns and a number of prominent buildings, was sent to Chattanooga, where, amid the mud and filth of that military post they waited transportation to Nashville. Our division was with the army at Pulaski, Tennessee, while Hood was moving up through Alabama and aiming at Nashville.

Sherman had turned his face toward the sea, looking lovingly toward fair Savannah, and Hood had baseless dreams of wresting Tennessee and Kentucky from the invader, and posting his victorious pickets on the banks of the Ohio.

While at Chattanooga Lieut. WILSON received his commission as Captain, and Sergeant GRIMSHAW became, officially, Junior Lieutenant GRIMSHAW, commanding the third section, although he was not formally commissioned and mustered until the following March. Dismal as was our stay in Chattanooga, we

had time to scale Lookout Mountain, and walk over the ground where Hooker's Corps, a year before, had battled above the clouds.* On the night of the 12th of November we found places on a train and started for Nashville. It was a bright, chilly night, and the long train was heavily loaded with artillery and troops moving to the defense of Nashville. The road passed through a wild, picturesque country, made inexpressibly dreary by a light covering of snow. The track wound about hills and skirted dizzy precipices. The engineer, who was either crazy or drunk, was driving his engine at such a terrific speed that the cars swayed like a drunken man, and the troops clinging to the tops of the cars were in constant peril of being shaken off and dropped down the precipices. The men nearest to the engine crept forward cautiously, and after failing to attract the attention of the engineer by shouting, one of them loaded his gun and fired it into the place where he supposed the engineer stood. It was afterward said that the engineer, who was a Rebel and had it in his mind to wreck the train, jumped off at this demonstration, and disappeared. However, the speed of the train was soon slackened, and we slowed into Nashville early the fol-

*The iconoclast never dies. Not content with destroying all the romantic incidents of ancient history, he ruthlessly descends to modern times and wrests from the present generation the rooted belief in a battle above the clouds, "There was no battle on Lookout Mountain," says Gen. Grant.

lowing morning, after several brief delays on the road.

Here we met the Tennessee batteries commanded by our former comrades who had been commissioned into that service, doing duty in the fortifications about the capitol. Having had our guns condemned as unsafe for further use, Capt. WILSON drew a complete new outfit of horses, guns and equipments, and we were again ready for hot work. The weather became intensely disagreeable, rain, and sleet, and snow, and a chilling air alternating with unpleasant regularity.

The people of Nashville were excited over the approach of Hood, and the Rebel portion of them believed that a new and startling feature of the war was soon to be developed. Troops were pouring into the city from the North in irregular detachments. Convalescents, furloughed men, recruits and substitutes, for every brigade in Sherman's grand army, were being sent here, out of which motley elements Gen. Thomas was required to organize an army to meet Hood's determined, desperate forty thousand men.

Said a very respectable, cautious old gentleman on Cherry street one day to the writer and a few of his comrades, in answer to what he thought of Hood's prospect of wintering in Kentucky:

"Ah, gentlemen, these are sad times, and one scarcely knows what turn the wheel of war fortune will take. Gen. Hood is a very skillful general. I knew him befo' the wah. I don't know Gen. Thomas. My family and

my interests, I must admit, are with the South; but I am a Union man, gentlemen, a Union man—the Union as it was, you will understand;” and here he tried hard to look patriotic, for he was a trifle interested in a contract for quartermasters’ supplies, as we afterward ascertained.

“Being for the Union as it *was*, Judge,” one of his listeners remarked, “at this late hour, is very much like giving up everything we have gained, isn’t it?”

“Ah, well; I never discuss politics, gentlemen. Things were altogether different when Clay and Webster—”

“And Calhoun?” queried one of the boys.

“And Jackson, gentlemen, were alive,” said the cautious old gentleman, avoiding a dangerous topic.

The diary of that date from which the writer’s recollection is refreshed, adds this sententious “Mem: respectable old chap, very conservative and dignified, is for the Union to the extent of a profitable interest in a contract; would find it very congenial to see Hood occupying Nashville. Lots of Union men like the Judge; too many of ’em.”

Gen. Schofield, with the Twenty-third Corps and other troops, including Wilson’s cavalry, were falling back before Hood, and had fought him at Columbia on the 29th of November, where the Union troops found it necessary to continue the retrograde movement with all possible haste. At Franklin, the day following, one

of the bloodiest conflicts of the war took place, resulting in Hood's terrible defeat, in which he suffered the loss of Gen. Cleburne, one of his best officers, and five other general officers killed, and a like number wounded. Col. Opdyke, of the 125th Ohio, commanded a brigade composed of his own regiment and the 24th Wisconsin, 36th, 44th, 73d, 74th and 88th Illinois regiments, and led in person one of the most gallant and terrific charges ever made. Gen. Thomas declared that this gallant officer with his brigade actually saved the army from destruction. The battle raged until after dark, being a succession of desperate and fruitless assaults of the enemy upon the hastily extemporized entrenchments of Schofield. The Second Division was on the left and were the last on the line when the army withdrew, leaving a skirmish line in the works to hold the enemy's attention. The 100th Ohio fought gallantly here, and lost a number of killed, wounded and prisoners. Some of the latter were recaptured on Hood's subsequent retreat, he having been compelled to give them up. Among those who fought so gallantly that day in this superb regiment, was Lieut. B., of Fremont, Ohio, who received his second or third wound here, and carried his hurts and scars as modestly as he carried his musket in the earlier days of the war. He had many friends in the Battery, as had many others of the officers whose names cannot now be recalled. The march continued through the night, and toward morning the army made

its appearance in Nashville, where the several divisions were disposed about the city according to Gen. Thomas' plan. There was intense excitement in Nashville when the wearied army entered the city. News of the terrible fight at Franklin had spread throughout the city, and the regular troops were the only human beings who seemed to be undismayed.

During the more recent operations the work of constructing forts and lines of defense had been prosecuted vigorously, the General impressing citizens and the vast army of employes in the quartermaster's department into the salutary work of handling the pick and shovel.

The NINETEENTH OHIO BATTERY was moved about from one position to another, and kept actively employed. On the morning of the 31, Gen. Hood's approach was made manifest by our outposts falling back to the main lines of defense, and before noon it was known that the Rebels were establishing their lines about the city. The weather was bitterly cold, and it became a serious matter to exist with any degree of comfort. The boys had two alternatives before them day and night—to go to bed (which most of them did) to keep warm; or to stand about a dismal, struggling fire, with the wind blowing smoke and ashes into their tearful eyes, while their backs were chilled with the biting cold. To make a diversion from their wretched condition, the circle about a fire would be widened by new comers until it became too large for any portion of

it to be benefited, when it would be suddenly broken by a rush through the smoking pile, and in the good-humored melee the fire would be dispersed simultaneously with the circle of shivering men.

“Would that night or Blucher had come,” was cried from the field of Waterloo. “When A. J. Smith gets here, then all will be safe,” was repeated day after day at Nashville. Gen. Smith was one of the most energetic officers of the service. He had the good fortune always to “drop in” just in time to make things sure, and there was a certain prestige of invincibility attaching to him. Accordingly, when he reached Nashville from New Madrid, about the 1st of December, with a corps of the Army of the Tennessee, with which he had been operating in Missouri against Gen. Price, he brought with him a large supply of hope and confidence, which distributed itself among the troops with surprising promptness and uniformity of effect.

The most important change in the 2d Division, previous to the battle of Nashville, was the assignment to its command of Gen. D. N. Couch, whose experience had been confined to minor campaigns in the East. He was an old regular officer, and a methodical man in his habits and training; but he was ludicrously ignorant of the peculiar characteristics of Western troops in battle. It was said that, during the battles of the 15th and 16th, when charges were made by his division, he was much alarmed with the unmilitary character of the assaulting columns.

“My God! what are those men doing?” he exclaimed to a staff officer, as he pointed to Gen. Cooper’s brigade dashing up a hill to the enemy’s works, yelling and shouting, with no semblance of correct alignment preserved. “They’ll be cut to pieces if they don’t get into line!”

“Don’t be alarmed, General, about that brigade,” replied the officer; “that’s the way the boys go when they mean business. They’ll take that work, without any doubt.”

In a few minutes the anxious General was satisfied, and he galloped after his victorious columns.*

Every day for more than a week a battle was anticipated, and the troops held in readiness; but the rain had frozen into ice, and made it physically impossible for man or beast to walk or stand with any degree of certainty. It was consoling to know that Hood’s army was in no better plight. Vague rumors of dissatisfaction

* Under date of Dec. 12th, Gen. Schofield’s special field orders to the Battery read:

“All preparations will be made to-day for active operations. The men will have three days’ rations in haversacks this evening. Supply trains, including forage, will be loaded and ready to move to-morrow morning. Ammunition trains will be fully loaded. Artillery horses will be rough-shod, as far as practicable.”

Gen. Thomas’ orders of the 13th of December read:

“Hereafter corps and other commanders will use the necessary means to keep both officers and men in camp at night, and at all other times except when obliged by military reasons to be absent therefrom. The liability of a movement at any moment against the enemy requires that every man should be constantly at his post.”

tion at Washington with Gen. Thomas' inactivity reached the camp, and but few knew that the gallant old war-horse had been ordered to turn his command over to Gen. Schofield, and subsequently that Gen. Logan had been ordered to relieve him, to gratify the importunities of the War Department for an immediate attack. Fortunately Gen. Thomas fought the battle after his own method and in his own time, and received the honor which attached to the glorious victory.

The morning of the 14th saw a change in the weather, and by noon the frozen surface of the earth yielded to the sun's rays sufficient to warrant a movement. At a late hour our command received orders looking to an advance on the following morning.* We were in position near Fort Negley, and the usual preparations were made by the men, who had learned that there were many chances in a battle, and that some were moderately certain of being killed or wounded. The situation, in brief, that evening may be summed up thus:

Gen. Wilson's Cavalry was on the extreme right, resting on the Cumberland River; Gen. A. J. Smith's 16th

* Gen. Couch's orders of Dec. 14th embraced the following paragraph:

"Capt. WILSON will have his Battery ready to move at five o'clock A. M. to-morrow. Everything will be done in perfect silence, without the usual bugle calls. No fires will be kindled, excepting those absolutely necessary for cooking purposes. The following will be the order of march: 1st, Gen. Cooper's Brigade; 2d, Capt. Harvey's 15th Ind. Battery; 3rd, Col. Moore's Brigade; 4th, Capt. Wilson's 19th Ohio Battery; 5th, Col. Mehringer's Brigade. Your transportation will be loaded and ready to move at five o'clock A. M."

Corps came next; Gen. Thos. J. Wood's 4th Corps held the right center; Gen. Jas. A. Steedman's Colored Division the left center; Gen. Schofield's 23d Corps on Steedman's left, extending to the Cumberland above Nashville—the whole covering a line seven miles long.

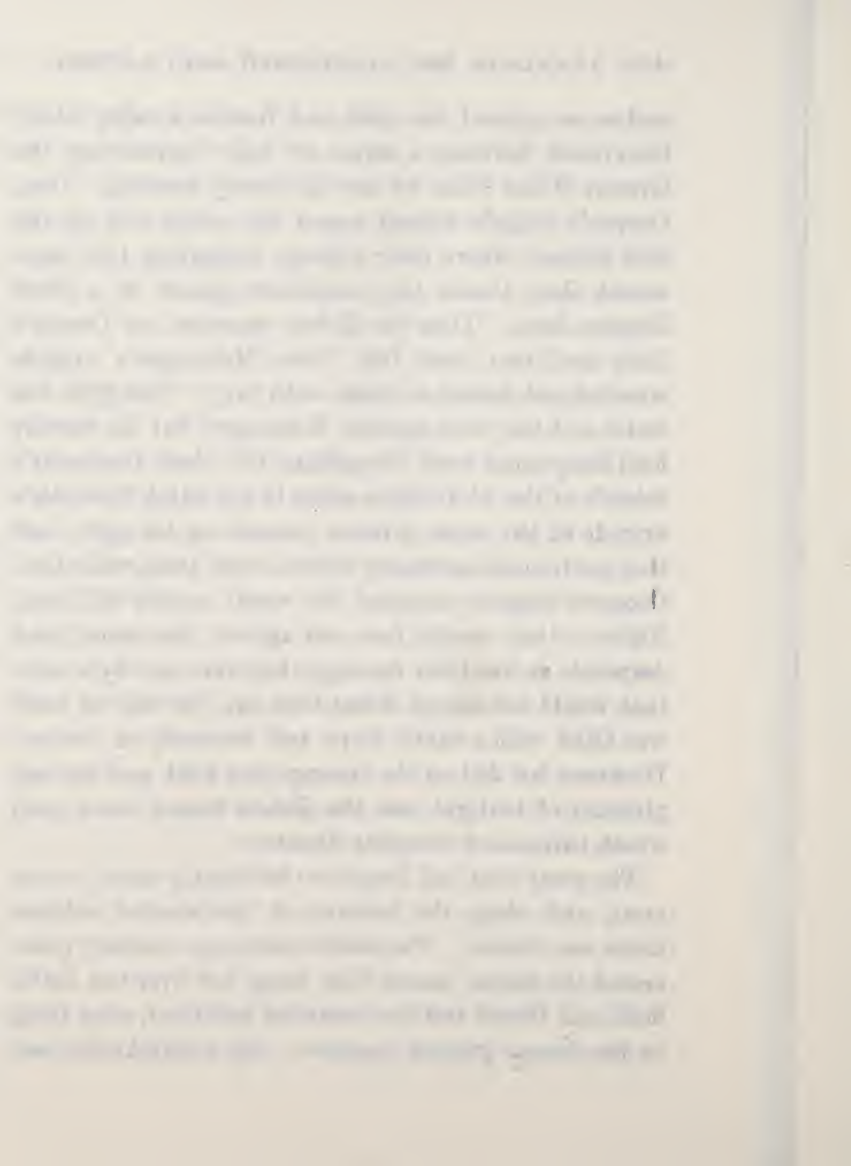
Early in the morning some hours before daylight the movement of troops began quietly. In the morning a dense fog hung over the army, that did not disappear before noon, and daylight seemed loth to come. The advancing column of Gen. Elliott's division of the Fourth Corps drew the first blood. As they advanced they made a dash on an exposed Rebel battery in their front, and the Rebels poured out of the woods in large numbers to meet the assault. Elliott was reinforced and for a brief time the infantry and artillery were hotly engaged. As we listened we saw the smoke of their guns penetrating and dissolving the fog, and we momentarily expected a similar reception from the enemy in our front. Then came the lull that follows the first fierce gusts of a storm, and is but a savage prelude of gathering forces. The sudden and sharp attack had about the same relation to the general plan of operations that the tuning of the performers' instruments preceding an orchestral execution has of some grand composition. With a signal gun from Fort Negley the Twenty-third Corps advanced, and in a few minutes infantry and artillery were hotly engaged. Gen. Smith's troops were participating, and the battle on the



left was fairly commenced and raged furiously, the enemy stubbornly giving back, and losing heavily. Charge after charge was made amid fierce cheers, and the roar of the artillery broke into one continuous reverberation. At eleven o'clock the fog was lifting and being replaced by the smoke from the battle. A new element appeared on the right, and we could hear the advance of the Fourth Corps in the center, under a terrific artillery fire which, though cutting great gaps in their ranks, stayed them not for a moment. The crash of guns was grand and inspiring, and the crowning cheers of the victorious troops and the lessening of the enemy's artillery fire on the center were evidence that the Fourth Corps had gained and held the point of attack. The slow-moving sun was reaching its meridian and the Twenty-third Corps was holding its own superbly. Victory was in the air. At high noon mingled snow and sleet blew in freezing gusts, and the feeble rays of the sun shone through the cold December clouds that hovered over the combatants. A couple of hours more the whole army was engaged, and from right to left the noise of fierce battle rose to heaven. So rapid were the changes of position in the furious fighting, that scarcely any command remained in any place but a brief time. As our division crossed the Hillsboro turnpike, moving in harmony with Gen. McArthur's division of the Sixteenth Corps, they carried work after work with irrepressible enthusiasm. The Rebels fell back hastily,

and as we crossed the pike and fronted a valley which intervened between a series of hills overlooking the Granny White Pike, we saw the enemy massing. Gen. Cooper's brigade dashed across the valley and up the hills beyond, where their yelling, straggling line occasioned Gen. Couch the uneasiness spoken of a short distance back. Then the Rebels appeared on Cooper's flank and rear, and Col. John Mehringer's brigade wheeled and dashed at them with fury. The fight was bitter and the odds against Mehringer, but he bravely held his ground until the gallant Col. Jack Casement's brigade of the 3d Division came to his relief; Doolittle's brigade of the same division formed on his right, and they confronted the enemy with a line of steel, while Gen. Cooper's brigade mounted the works on the hill tops. Fight as they would, fate was against the enemy, and desperate as was their courage, they were met by a valor that would not accept defeat that day, for the air itself was filled with a subtle hope and certainty of victory. Darkness fast fell on the ensanguined field, and the last glimmer of twilight saw the Rebels forced into a peril which threatened complete disaster.

The army that had fought so brilliantly rested on its arms, and along the bivouac of the wearied soldiers there was silence. The feeble moon-rays scarcely penetrated the leaden clouds that hung low over the battle field, and friend and foe, wounded and dead, were lying on the frozen ground together. By midnight the am-



balance trains had made their last trip from the line of our corps, the clouds drew before the moon a curtain, and all but the pickets were asleep.

In the north the telegraph wires were being burdened with the glad news of a great victory, in which the enemy's loss in men and artillery was very great, while the Federal loss was gratifyingly small.

The morning following broke dull and cheerless, and the snow that had fallen in the night covered up the trodden field, and lay white and lustreless in the first gray of dawn. With the rise of the sun there only came an increase of the picket firing, and neither army seemed in haste to lift the curtain on the day's tragedy. The Twenty-third Corps was confronting Hood's left flank, and at the close of the battle the night previous Gen. Schofield had been strengthened by Moore's Division of the Sixteenth Corps, with the expectation of holding the position while Hood's right flank was turned.

By nine o'clock the desultory fire had grown into a battle and along the line the volleys of musketry were continuous. Gen. Smith, with Garrard's and McArthur's Divisions, advanced steadily under the enemy's fire, to within easy range of the main line, and connected with the right of the Twenty-third Corps. Gen. Steedman's advance on the left was repulsed with considerable loss. The fighting on the flanks was perceptibly heavier than in the center, and every man felt

that the total destruction of Hood's army was determined upon. The stream of wounded flowed to the rear from every portion of the field. Along the line where our Battery was keeping pace with the shifting columns, there seemed to be a reserve of troops, partially armed, composed of heterogeneous elements. As they halted at intervals, looking at the fight and dreading the possibility of their turn coming next, they showed but poor stomach for the fray. They reminded one of Falstaff's recruits, rehabilitated, and were composed of shirks, detailed men of the departments, convalescents, teamsters, skulkers and all the invertebrated humanity clinging about the skirts of a military post.

About two o'clock the din of battle on the left received a terrific addition from the fire of the Fourth Corps' batteries, concentrated on the Rebel works on Overton Hill, commanding the Franklin turnpike, under cover of which Steedman's troops and a division of the Fourth Corps was to make an assault. The terrific crash of musketry with which the assaulting columns were received, staggered them, and they fell back down to the base of the hill to our left, where they halted their shattered forces. In our front and to our right McArthur's division was battling gloriously, while our division batteries thundered at the Rebel guns. Col. McMillen's brigade, composed of five regiments, was in our front. There was a movement which for a moment lulled the fire in our immediate vicinity, and the Rebel guns on a

hill to the left of Overton volleyed insolently, as if they had stayed disaster. From amid the eddying smoke which moved in eccentric fleeces over the crashing lines of battle and hovered over the crest and front of the hill, there emerged into the valley a sturdy skirmish line from McMillen's brigade. Grim and voiceless were the men and their guns as they strode forward under the crashing roar of our division batteries. Following the skirmish line came the brigade in two lines, Col. McMillen leading the 114th Illinois, 9th Indiana and 8th Minnesota, while the gallant Col. Ralph P. Buckland followed with his valiant 72d Ohio and 95th Indiana. As this brigade swept up the hill the enemy poured into their faces a withering fire of musketry, but steadily they closed up their depleted ranks and moved on until with a loud yell they dashed into the Rebel works and discharged their guns into the faces of the sullen enemy, and then gave them the bayonet. For a few minutes the storm of the musketry fire was deafening, and the dense volume of smoke it engendered hid the gallant Buckland's troops from view. Loud cheers announced the crowning of the assault, and as the 3d Division of our corps mounted another hill, and the Battery moved along with the advancing line, out came the captured prisoners in a swinging, hasty step, their captors maintaining a dignified silence as they hurried them to the rear. Then Wood's and Steedman's troops, white and black, in impetuous lines together, swept up

the slope of Overton Hill, and carried the works with a fury that could not be daunted.

The afternoon was slipping by in the smoke and roar of intense battle excitement. Far away on either side the flashing fire of long, surging lines of muskets and sullen guns met the eye. Four o'clock passed, and the onslaught from every portion of the Federal line was wild and ungovernable. The Sixteenth Corps advanced on the enemy's right, and dashed against the entrenchments like a tornado. The Rebels massed in its front to repel the furious charge, and weakened their center, the troops of which had shortly before temporarily repulsed Steedman and Wood. Then came a rushing sound of huge bodies in motion, and the reserves were hurled against the weakened Rebel line. Then the cavalry rode down like the wind upon the left wing, and the Sixteenth Corps went dashing furiously over the Rebel entrenchments, crushing everything before them. The Twenty-third and the Fourth Corps were sweeping forward impetuously, and the Rebel army that was to revive the waning hopes of the Confederacy was crushed and shattered, and flying in irretrievable confusion from a relentless enemy.

A mighty shout shook and echoed along the darkly looming hills as the Federal line swept on in pursuit, from right to left, and as night settled down upon the valleys where erst the smoke and noise of battle lifted and raged, it saw a victorious army rushing upon the

retreating fragments of a demoralized host. The rain which had fallen lightly during the afternoon grew into a cold, ceaseless dripping as the troops halted at nine o'clock and bivouacked beyond the lines held by the enemy in the morning. Down the Franklin pike the cavalry were harassing the rear guard of the broken enemy, and as the Battery went to shelter under its tarpaulins and little tents that night, the regiments about us were discharging the last loads from their damp guns into the air and answering the falling rain with shouts of victory.

The condition of the prisoners taken in the two days' fight showed that they had fought under the most distressing circumstances, and was proof of their wonderful courage and tenacity. They were wretchedly clothed, some of them being almost barefooted. Old blankets and quilts, and ragged Union overcoats were worn over their shoulders, and they presented a pitiable appearance. There was nothing of the "pomp and panoply of war" indicated in their bearing. The inclement weather, insufficient food, and meager clothing, had done their work upon these veterans of a hundred battle fields. Their appearance indicated destitution in their army and bankruptcy in their government.

The pursuit of Hood began at an early hour the following morning in a cold, heavy rain which made the roads almost impassable. The cavalry and the advance column of infantry fought the enemy wherever he made

a stand, and drove him steadily. Every night we bivouacked the men built huge fires to dry their muddy, rain-soaked blankets and clothing, and had it not been for the incentive of a grand victory they must have given up in despair. On the 19th the division entered Franklin, and went over the ground where the terrible battle was fought two weeks previous. The dead were only partially interred, the continuous rains having washed the slight covering of earth from the hastily made graves. A detail was made to cover up the gaping graves which seemed about to give up their ghastly occupants. The whole town of Franklin was a hospital; all our wounded who had fallen into the Rebels' hands on the 31st, and all their own wounded of that and the subsequent battles were found here. Several of the 100th Ohio who had been wounded and captured, gladly hailed their friends from rude hospital cots. From them we gathered a vivid picture of Hood's wasting and demoralized forces as he hastily fled through the town.

For a long week we labored through mud and sleet, snow and unceasing rain, and yet there was but little straggling and even less grumbling. The heroism and true bravery of men enduring and struggling against fatigue, drenching rain and sleet, in pursuit of a defeated enemy, was only equalled by their courage on the battle field, and was entitled to just as much praise. On Christmas day we marched into Columbia and halted.

Through battle and hardship, through rain and snow, and a sea of mud, we had reached Columbia and Christmas day together. Not the Christmas day of old, with its hallowed memories, its social pleasures, its comprehensive dinner and after-cheer; but simply the twenty-fifth day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four.

The pursuit ceased on the 26th of December, Hood having crossed the Tennessee River at Bainbridge, and it being demonstrated that the cavalry could not stop his retreat into Tennessee.

Hood's army had melted away in this terrible campaign. Gone were their banners and their battalions, their glory and their guns, never more to appear in proud array before the victorious Federals. Folly had brought stern fate and ill-fortune home to Hood with a vengeance. He lost in this campaign, fifteen thousand men, killed, wounded, captured and deserted; nearly one hundred pieces of artillery, an immense quantity of small arms, wagons, pontoons, and all the paraphernalia of an army. He crossed the Tennessee with less than half of his once proud army, and hurried southward with his broken, dispirited troops.

The Second Division halted at Columbia until the 2d of January, when they marched to Mt. Pleasant, where the name proved a good omen, for the weather grew milder, the rain ceased, and the sun resumed its wonted place in the heavens. On the 3d we marched to Hen-

ryville, on the 5th to Waynesboro, where we camped for several days, and resuming the march on the 10th, camped on the banks of the Tennessee River at Clifton, or, rather, what was once a respectable town of that name. Once it boasted of six hundred inhabitants, intensely loyal to—the Confederacy. Some act of needless treachery having been perpetrated upon a loyal Tennessee command at this point, when a favorable opportunity came, the loyal Tennesseans literally heaped burning coals of fire upon their enemies' heads, for they burned the town to the ground, and left desolation blotting the fair face of nature. Blackened chimneys loomed up into the darkness from desolated homes, and from the dead ashes of ruined hearthstones arose monuments of the bitter retaliation of outraged Unionists. Two solitary houses, windowless and forlorn, remained, as if in mockery of the completer desolation which surrounded them. In the edifice where once the Rebel preacher mixed disloyalty and hatred for the "Yankees" with his peculiar religion on holy days, and descanted upon the beauties and Christian virtues of the "Confederate Government," there now stood Federal artillery horses, munching the confiscated corn of the neighboring farmer, who erst had been a pillar of the sacred house that had now become a stable.

Here the Twenty-third Corps literally severed its connection with Gen. Thomas' command. The Fourth Corps was ordered to Huntsville and Athens, Alabama;

Gen. Smith's corps to Eastport, Mississippi; Gen. Wilson's cavalry to Huntsville and Eastport; and, although the Twenty-third Corps was ordered to Dalton, Georgia, subsequent orders changed their destination, and they rendezvoused at Clifton.

The fortunes of war, at the close of the bleak December, 1864, had come to this: As Hood's ruined and shattered columns were fleeing southward, stripped of hope and all else that makes up the morale of an army, Sherman had brought his victorious battalions to the sea, and was entering Savannah. The end was surely drawing near, and the handwriting had appeared on the wall.

Thus it transpired that Thomas's army in Tennessee, having completed its allotted task simultaneously with Sherman's army in Georgia, they were both directed to place among their battle titles the names of "Savannah" and "Nashville."

CHAPTER XV.

The Soldiers' Facility for Anticipating Orders—Embarkation at Clifton for Washington, D. C.—The Flight Homecard—Harper's Ferry and a few Reflections on that Historical Place—John Brown's Mission and its Dramatic Fulfillment—Camp Stoneman—The Stormy Ocean Voyage and How One Man Made it Pleasant—Landing at Cape Fear River in a Gale—Capture of Fort Anderson—A Modest Soldier and Christian Gentleman—Fall of Wilmington—Conclusion of Blockade Running—A Doubtful Blessing—The Exchange of Prisoners—An Awful Spectacle—Description of an Exchanged Prisoner, and the Brother's Greeting—Taking a Haughty Rebel Down—Entertaining an Unwilling Host—A Sad Sequel to a Long Horror.

The world knows now that the great mind of Sherman regarded Savannah at the time of its capture only as a brief stopping place in his pilgrimage to the James River. Having marched through Georgia without serious molestation, he knew that the Carolinas could not oppose difficult obstructions to his march to Grant in Virginia, where the end of the rebellion would speedily be brought about. To this end his plan embraced movements on the North Carolina coast, which the western army did not dream of participating in. All

this is but preliminary to the cause of our rendezvous on the Tennessee River at Clifton.

One of the strangest features of army life was the promptness with which the soldiers formed correct conclusions of future movements, and obtained the first news of proposed operations. Several days before the orders had been issued at Atlanta looking to a severance of communications, and a lengthy flank movement, some soldiers at a spring said to a popular brigade commander, who had halted for a moment :

“Colonel, what about Pap Sherman cutting loose from his communications, an’ goin’ off on a scoot, round on the railroads?”

“Boys, you’ve got ahead of me,” replied the Colonel; “we’re about as far from base now, I reckon, as we want to be. I haven’t heard of any such movement.”

“Well, the boys are all talking about it, and you know they’re generally right,” was the confident reply.

Less than a week later the rumor was confirmed.

“When I want to know what’s going on, and what’s going to be done next,” said a colonel, one day, “I just walk through the regiment, and the boys give me all the points.”

No one ever pretended to give the source of such information, but it was literally true, nine times out of ten, that a rumor that gained credence among the troops generally proved to be based on pretty good premises. This held good as we marched toward Clif-

ton. There was a general idea abroad that transports would be there, awaiting our arrival, to convey the entire corps to Washington! and there the rumor stopped.

On the 16th of January we were awakened in the night by the sound of steamboat whistles, and turning out, saw the river full of boats and barges. We promptly loaded our guns and wagons on a barge, and our horses on the main deck of the steamboat Havana, and stowed ourselves away in the cabin. A score or more of boats composed the fleet. Gen. Jos. A. Cooper assumed command of the division in transit.

We steamed down the river early next morning, and during the day passed Johnsonville, where one million dollars worth of United States property had been destroyed by the Rebels a few weeks previous, through the imbecility of the post commander. At four o'clock we passed Fort Henry, one of the fruits of Grant's stubborn genius.

At noon, on the 18th, we entered the Ohio River and turned our prows northward. Three days later, at midnight, we were in the canal, where we were locked up to Louisville by daylight. Here we took on supplies for the Battery, some of the boys taking occasion to "load up" individually. The river was full of ice, the weather was bitterly cold, and our progress was rather slow. The barge upon which our guns were stacked leaked seriously after we passed into the Ohio

River, necessitating details of men to bail out the water to keep the thing afloat. At noon, on the 23d of January, we steamed up to the levee in Cincinnati.

We remained aboard for three days, awaiting railroad transportation, a pretty close rein being kept on the men to prevent their scattering. One of the boys was anxious for an hour's leave, and appealed to Lieut. ESTABROOK, who asked:

“What do you want to go up town for? We're liable to move any moment.”

“The fact is,” said the prolific liar, “I owe a coffee-house man up town a little bill since we were here on the Morgan raid, Lieutenant, and I'm very anxious to pay it!” was the reply, with a grin on his face.

“Well,” said ESTABROOK, “I guess you needn't mind it; that coffee-house man won't worry about it; better stop on the boat!”

But he went—did that same unprincipled rascal! and in all probability added to the debt he seemed so anxious to settle.

Capt. WILSON had his hands full keeping the boys together, and Lieut. GRIMSHAW was compelled to improvise improbable stories about orders to move every half-hour in the day. As it was, many of the boys took a hasty, informal trip home.

On the 26th the guns and wagons were unloaded and hauled up the steep, ice-bound levee, and taken to the Little Miami Railroad depot, where cars had been pro-

vided for the Battery. This work consumed the entire day.

When we reached Columbus there was another break for Cleveland. Many of the men having been connected with railroads, they found no difficulty in procuring a free ride home. They had been absent more than two years from wives, parents and sweethearts, and could not be blamed for taking French leave. About half the Battery disappeared before the train left Columbus, every man of whom appeared at Washington within a week, having enjoyed their brief visit the more because it was unauthorized.

Before reaching Columbus the cars ran off the track at Cedarville, wrecking two cars loaded with our horses. Several of the animals were injured, one of them so much so that we were compelled to shoot him. The weather was so intensely cold when we reached Columbus that the men built huge fires near the track to warm their chilled bodies. They rode in box cars, with straw on the floor, and were packed in uncomfortably close.

At a late hour that night the train moved out, and on the 29th arrived at Bellair, ran down to Bridgeport, and crossed the river by ferry to Wheeling, where we were furnished transportation the day following. At noon of the 31st, we passed Grafton, Va., and through a section of country over which several of our officers and men had campaigned in the three months' service

nearly four years before. On the morning of the 1st of February we were at Martinsburg, fifteen miles from which the bloody battle of Antietam had been fought. The desolating hand of war was visible here in the ruins of the railroad car-shops and round-house, which had been destroyed by the Rebels.

That night we passed Harper's Ferry—one of the historic places of the war. In the autumn of 1859 John Brown, the avant-courier of a great principle, held this stronghold with a handful of fanatical disciples, and proclaimed freedom to the slave! Albeit this grand old figure was a criminal before the eyes of the law, and paid the penalty of his crusade against slavery in heroically giving up his life on the scaffold, there was in his rugged person the promise of a Nemesis that would surely come. As the light of life went out of that worn and wounded body, it lighted the pyre of slavery, and the curse of centuries was soon to be lifted from the American continent. Old Ossawatimie Brown died the death of a convicted felon at Harper's Ferry; but, for all that, he will live in the Pantheon of history as one of the grandest figures in the epic of the nineteenth century.

Five years before the outraged Virginian saw the body of an heroic old man swinging pitifully in mid air, and on the night of Feb. 1st, 1865, the voices of a thousand American soldiers blended into one long rhythmical swell, and sung to the scarred hills and desolated plains

the fierce announcement of a completed vengeance, in the weird song:

“ John Brown’s body lies mould’ring in the grave,
John Brown’s body lies mould’ring in the grave,
John Brown’s body lies mould’ring in the grave,
But his soul goes marching on.”

On the evening of the 2d of February the entire division went into quarters at Camp Stoneman, near Washington City. While we waited for transportation we knew that Sherman was sweeping through the proud Palmetto State, leaving a trail of ruin in his wake. The State that had been the hot-bed of treason was paying a small and disproportionate penalty for her insolent crime. So bitter was the hatred against this pestiferous State that if Sherman had literally made it a howling wilderness the country would have rejoiced.

Washington was full of troops, and much license was accorded these veterans from the West. Congress was in session, and all the political favors that prominent men in the Twenty-third Corps could ask were promptly granted. There was a vast deal of hasty legislation, with some unexpected results. It was said that a certain lieutenant-colonel commanding an Ohio regiment in the 2d Division of the Twenty-third Corps—a most gallant and efficient officer, too,—wanted an act passed enabling him to receive the full rank of colonel, which he had not been able to do owing to insufficiency of men. His representative in Congress

readily consented to put the little bill through. In a few days the lieutenant-colonel, instead of receiving authority to muster a grade higher, was breveted brigadier-general along with a batch of others, and had to content himself with the barren honor, much to his disgust.

While waiting in Washington the Battery was entirely equipped and the men paid. On the 17th of February the Battery hoisted its guns and horses, wagons and equipments, to the decks of the propeller "El Cid," formerly a Spanish merchantman, and later a captured blockade-runner. The guns were dismounted and lowered into the hold; the carriages were secured to the decks in the most available positions; the horses were stowed away snugly in stalls on the main deck, and the men made themselves comfortable anywhere they could. Part of the 2d Division was on the El Cid, and the remainder on the steamers, "Suer el Nada" and the "Oriental."

Early on the morning of the 19th the fleet steamed down the Potomac and anchored off Alexandria, where the 1st Division was embarking. Here the men who had come down from Washington by rail made a tour of the very dirty and uninteresting town, and saw the house from which had floated a Rebel flag that cost the life of that model young soldier, Col. Ellsworth, of Zouave fame.

The voyage was a tempestuous one throughout, and

heavy seas were continually breaking over the vessels, half drowning the wretched troops between decks. Passing Point Lookout was a trial to almost every man who pretended to eat anything. That was a thoughtful chap (one of the infantry men) who, having supplied himself with half a gallon of whisky in Washington, proceeded to indulge soon after getting into the blue water of the Chesapeake, and when his comrades were in great distress off Point Lookout, he was lying on his back in his bunk, gloriously drunk, in which happy condition he remained until we made the North Carolina coast. "Wasn't sick a minute on the voyage," he remarked, complacently, afterward; "and had a bully time all the way."

About dusk the night of the 22d we were off the mouth of Cape Fear River, and the sea was rolling mountains high. A lighter came alongside, and with great difficulty and no little peril the troops were transferred, and steaming off over the bar, "laid to" in front of the town of Smithville about midnight. In the morning we caught a glimpse of Fort Fisher, with its broken parapets and dismounted guns. The largest and handsomest gun in the fort was an Armstrong piece, a gift from the English to the Rebels. The iron-clads that had hurled such a terrific storm of projectiles into Fort Fisher showed but little sign of injury inflicted upon them by the guns of the fort.

When we left Washington the snow and ice lay upon

the ground, and everything bore a wintry look. At Smithville the air was balmy, and what little grass struggled up through the sand that covered everything was fresh and green. The division, as fast as it disembarked, moved up the river on the west side, and Gen. Terry's troops leaving Fort Fisher moved on the opposite side. During the brief stay here many of the boys feasted on the small oysters which were found in profusion five minutes pull from the shore.

The advance up the river toward Fort Anderson was made cautiously, and the skirmishing toward night became warm. The 25th Michigan was on the advance line, and early in the morning Capt. Hamilton,* at the head of his company, was the first to dash over the works, which had been held by a small force, the greater portion of which had retreated during the night. A few prisoners and several pieces of artillery were captured by the brigade. The enemy fell back,

*The 25th Michigan was one of the best regiments in the division. Capt. Hamilton was conspicuously a model soldier and a courteous gentleman. He was an emphatic and living contradiction of the proposition that a Christian could not be a soldier. His conduct at all times was that of an unpretending religious man and professed Christian. His superb qualities as an officer, and his unvarying cheerfulness, courteousness, and readiness for any duty, no matter how dangerous or arduous, made him respected and beloved by officers and men. The writer only knew him as thousands of others knew him, but retains a lively recollection of a man who was a happy combination of the gentleman, Christian, soldier and patriot.

The first part of the paper discusses the general situation of the economy in the early 1970s. It points out that the economy was in a state of stagflation, with high inflation and low growth. The government had to take measures to control inflation and stimulate growth.

The second part of the paper discusses the monetary policy of the Federal Reserve. It points out that the Fed had to raise interest rates to control inflation. This led to a recession in the early 1980s. The Fed then lowered interest rates to stimulate growth, but this led to a resurgence of inflation.

The third part of the paper discusses the fiscal policy of the government. It points out that the government had to increase taxes and reduce spending to control the budget deficit. This led to a recession in the early 1980s. The government then reduced taxes and increased spending to stimulate growth, but this led to a large budget deficit.

1

stubbornly contesting the approach to Wilmington. Col. Morris' brigade followed rapidly after and ran upon the enemy at Old Town Creek on the 21st of February, where they made a stand. The lines were formed, and the brigade charged through a morass, got upon firm ground, and, under a heavy but harmless fire, pushed on up the slope, dislodged the enemy, and captured four pieces of artillery. They then marched toward Wilmington, crossed the river on flats and small boats, and joined Terry's forces, who were supposed to be in danger.

The lowlands on the Cape Fear River were highly cultivated and valuable. Rice fields met the eye on every side, and scenes of prosperity were not wanting in any direction. The capture of Fort Anderson practically opened the way to Wilmington, which fell without much of a struggle, about the 25th of February; and the Rebel forces east of the city, regarding their position no longer tenable, fell back to effect a conjunction with other forces which were holding the Neuse River against the advance of the 1st Division under Schofield, which had moved from Newbern.

Wilmington had been the great distributing depot for the Confederacy for luxuries and necessary supplies brought by the blockade-runners from Europe. This sort of trade had become the regular occupation of a large number of daring spirits, and had made Wilmington prosperous. Her young men, like all the male

adults at Smithville, at the mouth of the river, had become skillful and daring pilots, being familiar with every bar, inlet and creek from Cape Fear to Charleston. The vessels of the blockading fleet were of heavy draught, and were compelled to stand well off the dangerous coast, while the lighter draught blockade-runners, under cover of darkness and the guns of the forts, often slipped into harbor with comparative safety. The destruction of Fort Fisher (which Gen. Butler had unsuccessfully attempted) being accomplished by Gen. Terry's forces, in conjunction with the gun-boats, put a summary stop to a very lucrative business, and inflicted considerable loss on the unselfish and excessively neutral British ship-owners and capitalists. It was a philosophical spirit, doubtless, that prompted the Rebel press to declare the capture of Wilmington "a gain, instead of a loss, to the Confederacy." Said one of the newspapers of the day, that found it necessary to "fire the Southern heart" with the most available material at hand: "The loss of Wilmington is an unmixed blessing. It will compel the Southern people to keep their money at home, and spend it in home productions. It will serve to unite them more closely, until (the editor added in a serious gush) they have driven the detested invader from their soil!"

The people had wearied of this sort of mental pabulum, and refused to regard the fall of Wilmington as "a blessing in disguise." Two days before the city

was captured, gold reached the highest price the Confederacy ever saw. After that, transactions in gold with Confederate paper were of a very limited character indeed.

Early in March the pretty city of Wilmington had put on a spring-like garb, and its wealth of shrubbery budded a welcome to the Northern hordes. Nature was kinder than the people, and the "invader" was satisfied.

The saddest sight a soldier ever saw was the exchange of prisoners which took place here soon after our division went into camp. No pen can depict that scene. Thousands of emaciated, ragged, vacant-looking men walked wearily through the streets, and sat upon the pavements in a semi-unconscious condition. They glared at their whilom comrades with hollow, expressionless eyes, only alive to the ever-present want of food! The horrors of Andersonville had almost blotted out their reason and manhood! Oh! hated, sickening sight! Who that reads these lines can recall those scenes and affect to forget?

Six months before two sturdy brothers fought side by side in the same company of an Ohio regiment. It was the fortune of one to be captured and the other to escape. As one walked down the sunny streets of Wilmington that morning, looking eagerly into the faces of the wretched men sitting upon the pavement, he caught the gaze of a lustreless eye, and stood spell-bound.

Sitting upon the curb-stone was a hollow-cheeked, gaunt, ragged figure; the thin fingers with their long nails clutched a piece of food, which he devoured with ravenous, unsightly greed; foul scurvy had left its mark in the receding gums and blackened teeth; the dry, lifeless hair fell upon a thin, pinched neck, in which the muscles worked with visible motion with every movement of the lean jaws; the attenuated limbs were visible through the filthy rags; and, sadder than all, there was no sense of shame or wrong visible in that pallid face that stared unmeaningly at the gazer. The captive brother had been robbed of his manhood in the Andersonville prison-pen, and all that remained of a once light-hearted, robust soldier was a shambling, tattered, ruined shadow.

“My God! John, is this you?” and the man is down beside the wretched creature, with streaming eyes and bursting heart.

The dazed face is turned up to him, with the faintest shadow of curiosity and emotion wavering over it, and the bloodless lips falteringly reply:

“Yes—I believe it is. It’s George, isn’t it? Won’t you give me some meat? I’m so hungry.”

Three days later, with proper food and nursing, light comes slowly back to the darkened mind, and memory slowly reinstates itself. Afterward, there comes a time when the cruelties and horrors of that awful imprisonment come back to the wrecked man and fill his soul

with bitter hatred of the barbarous wretches who clouded and ruined a promising life. But little room was there in that sad heart for the virtue of Christian forgiveness.

This is only a faintly drawn picture of one subject. There were, if possible, still sadder ones, where all the weak and ignoble traits of the unhappy man had been developed through the sheer animal desire to obtain food and preserve life.

Worn and famished, tottering upon the confines of a grave which they had lost the power to fear, were thousands of men who had fought bravely for their country in battle, and who through its enemies had been brought to this awful extremity.

Never over portal of mortal habitation could Dante's lines find fitter place. "Abandon hope, ye who enter here," was stamped in lurid characters over Wirz' Infernus at Andersonville, and burned into the souls of those who endured, suffered and died in that horrid prison-pen!

All the sentimentalism of experimental politicians, all the namby-pamby theories of a new political millenium, weigh but a feather's weight against the recollections of the monstrous and barbarous cruelties evidenced in the persons of these prisoners of the chivalric Confederacy. When the sentimental idiot prates about the "chivalry," the "bravery," the "dauntless courage," the "proud bearing," and the "honor" of the Southern

leaders, he ignores the maddening horrors of the Rebel prison pens, "where the only friends of the Union soldiers were insanity and death!" There are many things in this sad world of ours that it would be better for us to forget. There are many wrongs that human nature would be made better by forgiving. But it is simply because we are *but* human, that we should *not* forget many things, and leave the forgiveness business to the less interested generation that succeeds us.

A dignified gentleman who had tendered some courtesies to the military authorities of Wilmington, and felt that he was on sufficiently good footing with the chief officers to express his real sentiments to the common soldier without danger, came out of his house one morning and indignantly ordered out of his yard a squad of wretched released prisoners, who had sought the sunny greensward for a resting place. The poor wretches hardly understood his orders, so helpless were they in their starved and dazed condition. The indignant gentleman repeated his order, and added: "if you don't leave instantly, I'll report you to the post commandant, and have you punished."

"What is that?" asked a subaltern officer, who had halted at the gate. The man repeated his threat, in a confident tone.

"I'll make the report, sir, and save you the trouble," said the officer, adding in an assumed voice of sternness to the wondering wretches: "you men remain here until I come back."

When he came back to the impatient gentleman, he bore an order from authority that could not be disobeyed, directing that the house should be used by the sick and feeble men who had just been exchanged. Within two hours the three-story mansion was filled with boarders, and the negroes about the place were assisting the poor wretches to bathe and don clean clothing. There was a smack of poetic justice in all this.

The writer, hearing of the incident, went into the house, where a motley scene was presented. It was pathetically ludicrous. On the floors of the elegantly furnished parlor lay gaunt, emaciated creatures, reveling in clean skins and new clothing. At the piano was seated an animated skeleton, whose long, transparent fingers were gently touching the keys, in little random snatches of harmony. Then the old skill and a new strength came slowly back to the pitiful figure, and a weak but cultivated voice trilled out Lieut. Byer's inspiring composition :

“Our camp-fires shone bright on the mountain
 That frowned on the river below,
 As we stood by our guns in the morning,
 And eagerly watched for the foe;
 When a rider came out of the darkness
 That hung over mountain and tree,
 And shouted: “Boys, up and be ready!
 For Sherman will march to the sea!”

The figures lying on the floor were aroused and their eyes were glistening with a faint gleam of their old fire,

and in broken voices the sorry group joined in the chorus :

“Then sung we a song of our chieftain,
That echoed o'er river and lea ;
And the stars of our banner shone brighter
When Sherman marched down to the sea !”

It only needed the presence of the ungracious host to complete the picture, and as the skeleton performer on the piano stool concluded, he wheeled around and the proprietor of the house was standing in the hall, glaring upon the picture with a look of baffled hatred in his face. “Judge, how do you like that ?” said the elated performer; but he received no response from the retiring host.

There was such an awful impropriety in the request of a wretched chap, weighing some ninety pounds, to “play us something lively, George, so that we can have a dance,” that the writer retired. It seemed too much like pleasuring in a graveyard.

At an entertainment given at the theater one evening, part of the regular company contributed to the amusement by appearing in “Antony and Cleopatra;” an officer recited a patriotic Irish poem, and a quartet of exchanged prisoners (all officers) sung “Sherman’s March to the Sea,” amid the wildest applause of a house literally packed from gallery to pit. The proceeds of the entertainment were devoted to the wants of the exchanged prisoners.

IN SENATE, January 10, 1901.

REPORT OF THE

COMMISSIONERS OF THE LAND OFFICE

FOR THE YEAR 1900.

SAN FRANCISCO: 1901.

Published by the State Printer, under the authority of the Board of Supervisors, at the State Printing Office, San Francisco, California, 1901. Price, 50 cents. Sold by the State Printer, at the State Printing Office, San Francisco, California, 1901. Sold by the State Printer, at the State Printing Office, San Francisco, California, 1901.

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It will be remembered that these exchanged prisoners were furloughed and sent North as soon as transportation could be provided. To my mind there was nothing in the history of the war so sad and pitiful as the loss of a steamer loaded with these poor creatures, off the North Carolina coast, in a terrific storm a few days later. After having endured all the horrors cruel man could inflict, and being started on their joyful journey homeward, the cruel elements combined and wrecked the vessel, and hundreds of these poor fellows found their long homes at the bottom of the greedy sea.

CHAPTER XVI.

The March from Wilmington—Firing the Resinous Pines—A Brilliant but Unpleasant Effect Produced—The Dismal Swamp—Through Morass and Mud to the Sound of Battle—From Kinston to Goldsboro—"Sherman's Bummers" Drop Down—Sherman's Prophetic Speech—Redhead "Spurs" the Generals, and their Acknowledgments—News of Lee's Surrender Received—Arrival at Raleigh—An Imposing Ceremony Elsewhere—The Armistice with Gen. Johnston—The Grand Review and its Rebel Spectators—The Assassination of the President and its Announcement to the Horrified Troops—The Final Surrender—On to Salisbury—A Treasure Trove Unearthed—The Prison Pen and an Episode Connected Therewith—Editing a Rebel Paper—Gen. Cooper's Farewell to his Division—The Last Military Orders—Return to Greensboro, thence Home to Cleveland—Music, Flugs, Smiles, Cheers, Cries and Tears, and a Big Breakfast in the Park—Out of the Service—Finis.

While in Wilmington we learned of Gen. Cox's advance from Newbern toward Goldsboro with the 1st Division of the Twenty-third Corps up the North Carolina Railroad. On the 7th of March the 2d Division and other troops, under command of Gen. Terry, marched out of Wilmington on a sandy road, bound for Goldsboro, where it was known Gen. Sherman would

meet us. Gen. Johnston, our old antagonist, was again in the field, having been found useful in extremity by Jeff Davis. He had organized a formidable force to contest our advance, and was falling back from Wilmington. His forces were distributed in our front, and covered Cox's advance to the bridge across the Neuse River at Kinston.

The march for several miles was through a flat, sandy country, highly cultivated, and apparently prosperous, and toward evening we struck the pine forest, or "turpentine farms." From the cleft trees poured the resinous treasure that enriched the unambitious dwellers of the dilapidated cabins. For miles we rode through a belt of timber through which years before had swept a most destructive fire, leaving myriads of blasted trees, whose withered branches stretched gloomily out in silent protest to the heavens above them.

After a march of eighteen miles we bivouacked in a dense pine grove, and lighted our evening fires at the base of pitch-stained trees. The blazing camp-fires lit up the silent forest that sheltered never a bird. As the flames flashed up the resinous trunks they transformed them into pillars of fire which tinted the heavens with gorgeous colors, sparkled and glowed amid the foliage, and lighted up the windows of mystic chambers among the interlaced boughs, where the moon rays struggled in faint rivalry through clouds of inky smoke. We lay awake and heard the fitful moanings of the old Atlantic

as the waves broke sullenly upon the distant beach, and were lulled to sleep by its music, with the sea breezes fanning the fires whose lights were flashing far into the forest shadows.

The camp-fires and the burning pines lost their poetical features when they extended themselves all about us and imperiled the safety of our ammunition. The early march on the following morning discovered the demon we had aroused. Sometimes we had to gallop past fiery, blazing trunks that barred our only path, and often did we emerge from such close contact with the smell of fire upon our persons. When we had passed the cordon of fire we entered one of the great swamps peculiar to this country, where we were forced to strew the sinking roadway with brush and saplings, which receded under the heavy weight of our guns. The rude corduroy road through this swamp was not in its instability unlike a pontoon bridge. The gun carriages sank to the hubs in the treacherous ooze, and the strength of men and animals was taxed to extricate them. Occasionally a horse or mule would slip down between the interstices of the timbers, and become so hopelessly mired that we were forced to strip him of his harness and leave him to sink into the bottomless depths.

For several days we toiled along,

“Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,
And many a fen where the serpent feeds,
And man never trod before,”

making but four or five miles in twice that number of hours. At times the huge trees threw across our path their arching limbs, imprisoned with tangled vines; walls of matted reeds rose up in front and flank; thickets of myrtle, greenbrier, bay and juniper hedged the roadway, through whose depths we caught occasional glimpses of black, slimy pools of water, where the broad-based cypress took unsightly root and reared its huge trunk from which burdened branches hung, weighted with a world of sombre shadows and the gloom of its own conception, ever shading fever-laden, slimy water, stagnation and death.

On the 10th it rained steadily for several hours, increasing the difficulties of the march through this "dismal swamp." At the close of the day we heard the sound of firing away to our right, in the direction of the river, and we knew that Gen. Cox had met the enemy. The whole of the next day, as we struggled along through water and swamp, we heard the reverberations of guns, and pushed on until a late hour to get up to the relief of Gen. Cox, who we inferred was at Kinston. On the evening of the 13th we reached Kinston, but the enemy had fallen back, leaving Gen. Cox with severe losses, but in undisputed control of the Neuse River and the North Carolina Railroad from Newbern to Kinston.

A halt of several days was ordered, after the expiration of which the entire force marched toward Golds-

boro, on the 17th. As we approached the town on the morning of the 21st, our cavalry skirmished gallantly with the Rebels, and before ten o'clock we had possession of the town. During the day we heard the sound of battle in the direction of Bentonsville, twenty miles distant, and knew that Sherman was at hand. The next day we looked abroad, and from every point of the compass, all tending to the focus at Goldsboro, came "Sherman's bummers," over roads and fields, on horse and mule, and afoot; singly, in squads, detachments, and straggling battalions. On the 23d Gen. Sherman rode into town and was received by the Twenty-third Corps in a line of review. The General wore the same tired, unconcerned air which always distinguished him on the Georgia campaign. The following night thousands of soldiers thronged about the hotel where the General was stopping, and a speech was demanded. He complied, and spoke for twenty minutes, saying, at the close of his remarks :

"I want to say to you men, don't be discouraged. Within three months I promise you the war will be over, and then there will be pleasanter marching for us all!"

The speech was received with ringing cheers, and the crowd dispersed, intermingling flattering but not refined encomiums on "Old Uncle Billy" and "Pap Sherman," with the song—

"When Johnny comes marching home again."

A day or two later Sherman's army marched into

Goldsboro, the Twentieth Corps passing our camp. They were uncouth, ragged, and plunder-laden. There must have been half a dozen negroes to every company organization doing menial duty for the soldiers. Hundreds of mules and horses, attached to all manner of obsolete vehicles, passed along with their loads of devil-may-care soldiers, and everything that a country could produce to eat—chickens and turkeys, young shoats, hams and bacon—covered pack-mules and filled vehicles; strips of carpet, mats, chinaware, and even an upholstered rocking chair and a mirror composed the portable property of a few of these crusaders. There was hardly a complete uniform worn by any one man, and the aggregate military clothing in a regiment would not have sufficed to decently fit out a corporal's guard! A few of our boys accepted an invitation to dinner with some old friends in the Twentieth Corps. When they reached the camp they saw a novel sight. Even in its vagabondage there was something picturesque about it. It smacked of the Oriental. The soldiers lounged about on Turkey mats thrown upon the green sward, and reclined on luxurious couches under striped awnings, watching their black cooks preparing a meal that few hotels could produce, to be served shortly in Chinaware on damask table cloths. Of course there was wine and brandy, and after dinner delicious tobacco in briar-wood pipes.

These nonchalant soldiers of fortune, (or more vul-

garly "Sherman's bummers,") had developed an original feature in campaigning. They had frequently anticipated grave and important movements on the part of their generals, by accomplishing the desired object in an entirely irregular way, on their own hook. They spread over Georgia and the Carolinas like a locust plague, with something of the same capacity for devouring everything eatable in their path. How could an enemy be met that was everywhere at the same time! How could the most intelligent scouts tell aught of the advance of an army proper when every road and path swarmed with soldiers, and where half a dozen musket shots would attract an hundred men in ten minutes!

Gen. Schofield was guarding the railroads from Goldsboro to Newbern and Wilmington, and supplies for Sherman's army were being pushed forward night and day. The Rebel cavalry were threatening the outposts, and occasionally making a dash on the railroad, and on the 25th the 2d Division moved down on the railroad to Mosely Hall, where for the last time in our military career we constructed a lunette, with two embrasures in front and one on each flank, for our guns, our Battery being on a part of a fortified line of works laid out under the supervision of that gallant and efficient soldier, Col. O. H. Moore, commanding the 1st Brigade.

It was here that HENRY REDHEAD, the most skillful of artificers, completed an elegant pair of spurs from gold, silver, brass and nickel, which had come into his pos-

session during the year, and sent them with a letter to Gen. Schofield. The following is a copy of the letter received in reply:

HEADQUARTERS DEPT. OF NORTH CAROLINA, }
 ARMY OF THE OHIO, }
 GOLDSBORO, N. C., April 7, 1865. }

MY DEAR FRIEND:—

I have received your beautiful present of a pair of spurs made by yourself from material taken from Atlanta, Franklin, Nashville and Wilmington. Nothing could be more acceptable than such a token of regard from one of my brave soldiers. Accept my thanks for your very handsome present, and still more handsome letter accompanying it, and my best wishes for your future prosperity and happiness.

Yours, very truly,

J. M. SCHOFIELD,
Major General.

ARTIFICER HENRY W. REDHEAD,
 NINETEENTH OHIO BATTERY.

On the 9th of April we marched back to Goldsboro, leaving sufficient troops along the railroad to protect it from cavalry raids. On the day following the entire army moved out on their last campaign, it being understood that Gen. Johnston would make his last stand at Raleigh, if not before. On reaching Smithfield on the 12th, we found Johnston had retreated, and the march was resumed. In the afternoon, Gen. Couch, commanding the division, came dashing down the road with his staff, where the troops were halted, and greatly excited, read the following dispatch:

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIV. OF THE MISSISSIPPI, }
 IN THE FIELD, SMITHFIELD, N. C., April 12, 1865. }

The General commanding announces to the army that he has official notice from Gen. Grant that Gen. Lee surrendered to him his entire army on the 9th inst., at Appomattox Court House, Virginia.

Glory to God and our country, and all honor to our comrades in arms, toward whom we are marching!

A little more labor, a little more toil on our part, the great race is won, and our Government stands regenerated, after four long years of war.

W. T. SHERMAN,
Major General Commanding.

Then the air was filled with loud, enthusiastic cheers upon cheers, until the woods rang with a fierce tumult of joy. Even the horses caught the infection, and attempted to stampede the Battery, by running off at a fierce gallop, throwing the baggage into the air at every jump. Everybody shook hands and acted like maniacs released from confinement.

Two days later, with the cavalry driving out Wade Hampton's troops, we entered Raleigh about noon, and went into quarters. At this hour in another State, an act of poetical justice was being performed with the most imposing ceremonies, worthy of mention here.

On the 18th day of April, 1861, Major Robert Anderson, while on the steamship *Baltic*, off Sandy Hook, sent the following dispatch to the War Department:

"Hon. Simon Cameron, Secretary of War, Washington:

"Having defended Fort Sumter for thirty-four hours, until the quarters were entirely burned, the main gates destroyed by

fire, the gorge-walls seriously injured, the magazine surrounded by flames, and its door closed from the effect of heat, four barrels and three cartridges of powder only being available, and no provisions remaining but pork, I accepted terms of evacuation offered by Gen. Beauregard, being the same offered by him on the 11th inst. prior to the commencement of hostilities, and marched out of the fort Sunday afternoon, the 14th inst., with colors flying and drums beating, bearing away company and private property, and saluting my flag with fifty guns.

ROBERT ANDERSON,

Major First Artillery, Commanding.

Four years later the following order was promulgated:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE SOUTH, }
HILTON HEAD, S. C., April 10, 1865. }

GENERAL ORDER No. XLI.

Friday next, the 14th inst., will be the fourth anniversary of the capture of Fort Sumter by the Rebels, and a befitting celebration on that day, in honor of its re-occupation by the National forces, has been ordered by the President, in pursuance of which Brevet Major General Robert Anderson, U. S. A., will restore to its original place on the fort, the identical flag which, after an honorable and gallant defense, he was compelled to lower to the insurgents in South Carolina, in April, 1861. The ceremonies for the occasion will commence with prayer, at thirty minutes past eleven o'clock A. M.

At noon precisely the flag will be raised and saluted with one hundred guns from Fort Sumter, and with a national salute from Fort Moultrie and Battery Bee on Sullivan's Island, Fort Putnam on Morris Island, and Fort Johnson on James's Island; it being eminently appropriate that the places which were so conspicuous in the inauguration of the Rebellion, should take a part not less prominent in the national rejoicing over the restoration of the national authority.

After the salutes the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher will deliver an address.

The ceremonies will close with prayer and a benediction.

Col. Stewart L. Woodford, chief of staff, under such verbal instructions as he may receive, is hereby charged with the details of the celebration, comprising all the arrangements that it may be necessary to make for the accommodation of the orator of the day, and the comfort and safety of the invited guests from the army and navy, and from civil life.

By command of Maj. Gen. Q. A. Gillmore.

W. L. M. BURGER, A. A. G.

Lee had surrendered four years from the time the Rebels had assailed a Government fort in Charleston Harbor! The same officer who had been compelled to pull down his colors in Fort Sumter was hoisting them again in the same place! Gen. Sherman's victorious army was marching to its last battle with its old enemy, and the light of peace was streaming in upon a darkened nation. But alas! that night the great heart of the patriot President had been stilled in death by the hand of an assassin!

On the 17th of April, when the hearts of the men who had fought long years for their country were beating with joy and hope, the horrible news spread through the camps that Wilkes Booth had assassinated President Lincoln at Ford's theater in Washington, on the night of the 14th inst.; that Secretary Seward was stabbed in his own house, and his son terribly wounded. The world never saw such a scene! The Roman Prætorian guard could make an emperor, but they would not

mourn the death of one. Grief, impotent rage, tears, gloom and sadness were weighing down every heart and shadowing the soldiers of Sherman's grand army. Surely, never mortal man was so beloved and mourned by his fellow men before !

Men met each other with tears in their eyes for the dead, and curses upon their lips for the assassins and their abettors !

One word from Sherman and his army would have been resolved into destroying angels, putting to the sword every human being that came within their grasp, and making the torch do its awful work ! Gone now the disinclination to march one hundred and seventy-five miles to Charlotte to fight Johnston. They would gladly have marched from one end of the Confederacy to the other on a mission of vengeance !

Gen. Sherman tells in his memoirs that he received the dispatch just as he was entering the car to convey him to Durham's Station, near which point he had appointed to meet Gen. Johnston to arrange terms of surrender ; and when these two Generals entered a farmer's house together, Sherman says :

"I showed him the dispatch announcing Mr. Lincoln's assassination, and watched him closely. The perspiration came out in large drops on his forehead, and he did not attempt to conceal his distress. He denounced the act as a disgrace to the age, and hoped I did not charge it to the Confederate government. I

told him I could not believe that he, or Gen Lee, or the officers of the Confederate army could possibly be privy to acts of assassination ; but I would not say as much for Jeff Davis, George N. Sanders, and men of that stripe. We talked about the effect of this act on the country at large and on the armies, and he realized that it made my situation extremely delicate. I explained to him that I had not yet revealed the news to my own personal staff, or to the army, and that I dreaded the effect when made known in Raleigh ; Mr. Lincoln was peculiarly endeared to the soldiers, and I feared that some foolish woman or man in Raleigh might say something, or do something, that would madden our men, and that a fate worse than that of Columbia would befall the place.”

On that evening, when he had returned to Raleigh, Gen. Sherman published to the army the sad news in a special order, which concluded with this paragraph :

“ We have met every phase which this war has assumed, and must now be prepared for it in its last and worse shape, that of assassins and guerillas ; but woe unto the people who seek to expend their wild passions in such a manner, for there is but one dread result ! ”

The firmness and personal presence of the principal army commanders in that trying time among the troops undoubtedly saved the city of Raleigh from a terrible fate.

A brutal and causeless rebellion had borne its natural

fruit; for out of the womb of hatred and cruelty had sprung the assassin, panoplied for his work, who with the motto of Virginia on his lips and insane hatred in his heart, had committed an act that sent a thrill of horror through the civilized world !

In these days of "reconciliation," and "compromise," and "forgetfulness," it is not palatable to dwell too long upon the last act of the Rebel conspirators.

Pending the armistice agreed upon between Sherman and Johnston, while the famous "agreement" of these two Generals was forwarded to Washington, a review of the troops was made at Raleigh, which included several days. On the 24th Gen. Grant, to the surprise of everyone, sat on his horse beside Sherman, and was saluted by the troops in review. The greatest anxiety and curiosity to hear and see the General was manifested, and when the review was concluded and the two Generals rode down the street to Gen. Logan's quarters, the street for several squares was filled with mounted men, many of them being brigade, division and corps commanders with their respective staff officers, besides a host of regimental commanders and officers of lesser rank. They halted before Gen. Logan's headquarters, and failing to get any response to their demands for a speech slowly retired.

During this review a large number of Rebel officers and men* in uniform mixed freely with the spectators.

* During the armistice about 4,000 men left the army of Gen. Johnston and went home, taking their horses with them.

and were quite as loud in their expressions of praise and admiration of the bearing of the troops as the Union soldiers themselves. They had left their camps at Hillsboro, knowing the surrender would be made, and, without authority, had come to Raleigh "to see how the Yankees looked."

"I'm a Rebel soldier, and have fought four years," said an enthusiastic chap in grey, "but there isn't a finer army in the world than old Sherman's."

"I'm done a fightin', gentlemen," another said, good-naturedly, "for the game's up, and I want to git home and put in a crop. If I can take my mare with me I'll raise bread and meat, somehow."

It was a strange sight to see these men mingling with those whom they had fought so long and bitterly. The Rebels were taken to dinner in the camps, where they all "fought their battles o'er again," in the best of humor. Said one of these men to his host in an Ohio regiment, giving expression to a sentiment that among the true Rebel soldiers was general:

"If you all will come down here and live,* the man that insults you has got me to fight. We could get things goin' to rights better'n these dog-goned politicians."

* It is to be regretted that the Southern emigration business has not proven a success. The influence of the soldier, it would appear, has unfortunately been relegated to the politicians, who have made independent Northern men feel that, to put it mildly, the Southern soil is not congenial.

On the 26th of April the surrender of Gen. Johnston's army was formally effected. The total number of men officially paroled in Florida and Georgia was 52,453, and in North Carolina, 36,817, making a total of 89,270; by the terms of the surrender they were allowed to take their field transportation with them to convey them to their homes and for subsequent use in their industrial pursuits.

On the 3d of May the Second Division marched toward Greensboro, where the troops of Johnston were to be paroled. On the 6th we passed through the town of Graham, where we saw a smoking pile of six thousand bales of cotton, which had been fired by the Rebels to prevent its falling into the hands of the Union forces. It was an unfortunate and needless act of vandalism then, and seems particularly so at this writing, when it is not improbable that the General Government may be called upon to pay for the same cotton.

The morning of our arrival in Greensboro there was an unusual excitement among the troops. Just out of town a cavalry force had picketed their horses for the night, and two or three of the men had pitched a shelter near an old log. The disturbed ground near their blankets attracted their attention, and they proceeded to a critical investigation which resulted in finding several boxes containing a large amount of gold coin, which they hastily divided with as few a number as they could. The chief of this prospecting detachment, it was said,

had something near twenty thousand dollars for his share. Some of the lucky ones were carrying the coin about the streets in haversacks the day we reached there, trying to exchange it for greenbacks. There was an investigation and a claim put in by a bank that was the depository for the railroad, but the amount recovered was unimportant.

While in Raleigh HENRY REDHEAD sent to Gen. Sherman, with an appropriate letter, a pair of spurs which he had made from valuable material procured in the campaign, and while at Greensboro, the following characteristic autograph letter was received from the General in acknowledgment:

MOREHEAD CITY, N. C., May 5, 1865.

Henry W. Redhead, Artificer Nineteenth Ohio Battery.

MY DEAR FRIEND :

I received at Raleigh your handsome present of a pair of spurs made by your own hands out of material gotten at Resaca, Atlanta, Fort Fisher and Raleigh. I shall ever preserve these spurs as a token from a soldier who has shared the dangers of the past year, and has in his quiet moments remembered his General, who, of necessity, was exposed in the labors necessary to provide for so vast an army and conduct it safely and successfully through dangers and difficulties of no common kind. Accept the assurance of my earnest thanks, and if in after years we can meet in Ohio, don't fail to recall to me and my family this little work, and I think you will find us mindful of the soldier who did the work and fighting of campaigns that were bound to bring to conclusion a war that had dragged its slow length along for four years. I am, with respect,

Your friend and general,

W. T. SHERMAN,
Major General.

Of course, this letter was greatly prized by the recipient and his comrades, though I am confident that he has not yet accepted the invitation to call on the General, which was so cordially extended.

A few days later found the Battery on their march to Salisbury, where they arrived on the 11th of May, and went into camp near the ruins of the old Rebel prison.

Salisbury prison was only excelled in systematic cruelty by Andersonville. About five acres of ground on a hillside were surrounded by a high board fence, on which was a platform where the guard kept watch. Artillery was planted to command the entire enclosure. The ground was bleak, and utterly destitute of shade or shelter from sun or storm. The "dead-line" was a trench fifteen feet from the fence around the entire enclosure. The rules were simple. To cross the "dead-line" was death, for the guard gave no warning save that sent from the muzzle of his gun. It was the only gratuitous thing the Rebels ever gave our men to relieve them of sickness and hunger. The utterly despairing prisoner ended all his misery by placing his foot across the line. His next step included a long journey, for the merest slouch with a gun could not fail to hit his mark when the target was a Yankee soldier.

Once the prisoners conspired to escape. They patiently and secretly worked like moles in one of the many caves and tunnels they had digged to shelter them from the weather, and before day hid away the

earth which accumulated from the tunnel. At last their underground road extended several yards from the outside of the fence, and a certain time was set for the escape. When the hour came, it was found that hundreds in the secret must remain behind, as only one man could crawl through at a time. Then the last moment came, and they broke through into the open air from the mouth of the tunnel outside. Instead of winning liberty, after their long and arduous task, the cruel guns, loaded with canister, mangled them to death. Even in this wretched prison-pen there were traitors. Their scheme had been made known to the Rebel officers. A few escaped, to suffer horribly in their attempts to reach a Union line; but many were killed, and still more were re-captured and their sufferings increased.

The deep trench where the dead were buried, and the little mounds which dotted the hill-sides about the prison, were significant evidences of what disease, hunger and neglect could do toward depopulating a Rebel prison-pen. Every foot of the foul and trodden ground was eloquent with mute but fierce demands for vengeance upon the infamous scoundrels who had outraged common civilization.

Libby, Belle Isle, Andersonville and Salisbury! The quadrilateral infamy which no savages ever rivaled! Such an infinity of cruelty and outrage, suffered by so many, and only one victim to the cry of justice! Wirz

died on the scaffold, and Winder in his bed; but the others—well, this is a merciful age!

There were not a few staunch and true Union people in this prison-cursed city. All that they could do to relieve the prisoners was done; but the prison authorities were wont to curtail even humane privileges.

Col. Strickland's brigade headquarters* was established at a well-conditioned widow's house in the city. One day, while she was chatting with the colonel in the parlor, and trying to impress upon him the fact that she "*never* was in favor of the rebellion," a private soldier of Strickland's regiment, bearing a letter, was shown into the parlor. When he saw the voluble female, he looked at her for a moment, and then, walking up to her, poured out the most terrific denunciations upon her head, and applied to her epithets that should not, under any circumstances, be used toward a woman of good repute. The colonel stopped the soldier, or tried to unsuccessfully, for a minute or more, when the man turned to the colonel, and in substance said:

"Colonel Strickland, you know I was captured last July by the Rebels at Atlanta. I suffered from hunger, was cruelly abused, and my wound was neglected. I was brought here to Salisbury, and only partially recovered. While sick I was ordered out on the chain-gang, with others, to work on the streets, and to be cursed

* The writer is not altogether certain about the personality of the officer, but remembers the woman and the house perfectly.

and jeered at by every Rebel coward and she-devil that craved such amusement. In front of that woman's house—right out here on the street—one day, a negro woman, seeing hunger in my face, slipped up to me and put a piece of corn-bread into my hand. That infernal she-devil walked out of that open gate, and, in the presence of the brutal and ignorant officer-of-the-guard, called me foul and insulting names, snatched the bread from my mouth, and spit in my face, d—n her! That's why I curse her; and if she was a man, I'd shoot her here now, if Sherman himself was present!"

This was the story that was told to the writer afterward, and listened to that day by Col. Strickland and some of his staff. The woman couldn't deny the facts, and she hastily left the room in confusion. It was one of many instances where the "gentler sex" treated the Federal prisoners to a species of cowardly outrage which could not be resented.

An incident occurred at Salisbury demonstrating the "general utility" character of the volunteer soldiers. The morning after the troops marched in, it was discovered that the semi-weekly paper in the town had one side printed, and the other nearly ready for the press. The editor had discreetly retired. A few of the men, who were printers and editors, completed the issue, and the paper appeared next morning with one page giving expression to the bitterest Rebel senti-

ments, and the other glorying in the triumph of the Union cause, and referring to the local columns for news of "late arrivals in town," among which were the Federal troops, of course. There was a grim sort of humor in this enterprise, and day after day the paper appeared, gravely advocating a line of policy for the Administration to follow under the new state of affairs.* That paper never had such a wide circulation before, and we are quite certain never will have again.

Here the end drew near, and men looked back on the past without regrets, and to the future with impatience. They had risked life and happiness for their country when it was in great peril, and had helped to rescue the Government from its assailants. They had accomplished their task, and now awaited the order for their last march.

It came on the 11th of June, and one bright morning Capt. WILSON ordered the bugle to sound the "assembly call," and the men fell into line. DUSTIN, ESTABROOK and GRIMSHAW looked on with a promise of something hopeful in their faces. Then this order was read:

* Capt. W. W. Durand, on the brigade staff, and since the war a prominent circus agent, was the principal editor.

HEADQUARTERS TWENTY-THIRD ARMY CORPS,
GREENSBORO, N. C., June 11, 1865.

CAPT. FRANK WILSON,

Commanding Nineteenth Ohio Battery:

SIR:—I am directed by the Major General Commanding to inform you that, as soon as your rolls for muster-out are ready, you will proceed, with your command, to this point, for final transfer.

Respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

G. S. COCKERILL,

Captain and Chief of Artillery Twenty-third Army Corps.

Cheers, long and loud! Muster-rolls ready? Why, they were more than ready—they were waiting! Then the men made their final preparations, for HOME was drawing near!

The same morning was read the following order:

HEADQUARTERS 2D DIV. TWENTY-THIRD ARMY CORPS, }
SALISBURY, N. C., June 11th, 1865. }

GENERAL ORDERS No. XXIX:

Officers and soldiers of the 2d Division. I never knew how much I was attached to you until I learned I was to part with you. Our association as officers and men has been pleasant, though on many occasions our duty has been hard, and attended with fatigue, danger and suffering. I have been with you in many a hard-fought battle, where our brave comrades lay strewn upon the field, and I must in justice say, that on no occasion have you ever disgraced yourselves or your country, but that you have everywhere met the foe with bravery, and withstood him to the last.

My brave comrades in arms! I pray that your future course

may be as glorious as your past! And to officers and soldiers, one and all, I say farewell, and God bless you.

JOSEPH A. COOPER,
Brig. Gen. Commanding.

CAPT. FRANK WILSON,
19TH OHIO BATTERY.

In response to an invitation from Maj. C. A. Cilley, A. A. G., a large proportion of the men of the different organizations in the division went to the depot next morning at ten o'clock to bid the gallant old East Tennesseean good-bye. Plain, unassuming, true and tried, brave and fearless old Joe Cooper, had not an enemy in that vast body of men. He was made of genuine stuff, and every man was his friend.

On the 14th was received the order authorized by the War Department to muster the Battery out, and a telegraph dispatch from Greensboro directed Capt. WILSON to move early in the morning. Bright and early the men were up, and bid good bye to Salisbury, as they marched for Greensboro, where they received the following order:

HEADQUARTERS TWENTY-THIRD ARMY CORPS, }
GREENSBORO, N. C., June 16, 1865. }

SPECIAL ORDERS NO. LVI:

Capt. FRANK WILSON, NINETEENTH OHIO BATTERY, will turn over at once to the proper receiving officers, all stores in his possession, both ordnance and quartermaster, and then proceed with his command to Cleveland, Ohio, via Danville,

City Point, and Washington, for the purpose of being mustered out of service. The Quartermaster's Department will furnish transportation.

J. D. COX,

Maj. Gen. Commanding.

We reached City Point by rail on the 19th, and on the day following took passage on the steamer "Lizzie Baker" for Washington, stopping at Fortress Monroe, where we had a peep at the state boarder, the once illustrious Jefferson Davis, whose dream of imperial pomp and power, starting with the Confederacy of the Slave States of the Union, had dwindled at last to a casemated cell in a Government fortress. On the 21st we reached Washington, and at eleven o'clock on the night following, rode into Pittsburg, where we walked up to the City Hall, and partook of a delightful supper, furnished by the thoughtful, loyal people of that smoky city. On the morning of the 23d we reached Cleveland with our hearts in our mouths, and were received at the depot by our old friend, Capt. SHIELDS, and a large concourse of citizens. We were escorted to the public square, with bands playing and flags flying, and there were received and welcomed in a flattering speech by the Mayor. Long rows of tables, piled high with delicious food, were laid in the park, and the Battery sat down to a feast, with half a dozen fair girls as attendants on each man.

Why dwell upon that day when it is so green in the

memory of every man of the NINETEENTH ! Was there ever so happy a people before !

“To the old soldiers, returned from the wars !” was an expressive sentiment, drank in every cup of coffee.

After three years of service in the army, after passing through dangers and perils innumerable, the soldiers Cleveland had sent away one bright October morning to fight for home and country, returned in the leafy days of June to receive their reward !

But not all, alas ! for they had left behind them those who would never more return to earthly homes.

The Battery took up its quarters nominally in the old barracks on the Heights, but there was scarcely any pretense of retaining military discipline, and on the 28th of June, 1865, the NINETEENTH OHIO BATTERY was paid and mustered out of the United States service.

For all time, then, these men who had dared to risk life and happiness, health and home for an imperilled country, were to have with them a just pride in their service and an honorable remembrance of a noble duty well performed.

Through the dangers and hardships of a great international struggle, from out of “the lights and shadows of army life, as seen on the march, bivouac and battle-field,” the soldier had at last come to the calm and peaceful delights of home, which was bounded by no period of limitation save that of the grave, and the

humble writer of this work, who shared with them their perils and pleasures, with his task ended, lays down his pen as he writes the word,

FINIS.

- “Finis—the fittest word to end
Life’s book so mystical and solemn;
The fiat of a Roman judge;
The last stone of the finished column.
- “Finis—one thrilling, parting word,
As standing by the grave we linger;
And hear the earth fall where the pen
Points downward with its sable finger.
- “Finis—The saddest word of all,
Irrevocable, changeless, certain:
The parting sigh beside the dead;
The prompter’s word to drop the curtain.”

APPENDIX.

The following is a copy of the ORIGINAL MUSTER-ROLL of the Battery:

OFFICERS.

CAPTAIN.—JOSEPH C. SHIELDS.

SENIOR FIRST LIEUTENANT.—FRANK WILSON.

JUNIOR FIRST LIEUTENANT.—WILLIAM DUSTIN.

SENIOR SECOND LIEUTENANT.—CHARLES B. HARRIS.

JUNIOR SECOND LIEUTENANT.—ROBERTSON SMITH.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Orderly-Sergeant.—JOHN N. ESTABROOK.

Quartermaster-Sergeant.—THOMAS J. POOLE.

Duty-Sergeants.—JAMES W. GRIMSHAW, PARDON B. SMITH,
ROBERT D. HANNA, ARTHUR P. GRAY, CHARLES LUCK,
THOMAS J. HUDSON.

Corporals.—SIMON W. KILLAM, PATRICK H. GALLAGHER, ELI
H. SIMKINS, ALEXANDER G. CASSILL, GEO. H. CAMPBELL,
NORMAN CHAMPNEY, WILLIAM A. BRUNER, WILLIAM G.
BYRON, JAS. M. JOHNSON, ASAHIEL B. PETERS, EDWARD
F. BROWN, GEORGE H. BARBER.

Buglers.—WILLIAM H. STOVER, EDWARD BYERLY.

Artificers.—HENRY W. REDHEAD. JOHN H. VAN LUVEN.

Wagon-Master.—JAMES A. WILSON.

PRIVATES.

Jas. W. Allen,	Harry Ellsler,
John Andrews,	Edward C. Fairchild,
Joseph Armstrong,	Samuel T. Ferguson,
Thos. J. Armstrong,	George Flower,
Guy Ball,	Horatio J. Foote,
Alonzo Barrett,	John D. Galwey,
John Bassett,	Austin C. Gaskill,
Alfred Bates,	Thomas Gearity,
Albert Bishop,	Jasper N. Gibbons,
John Bissell,	Oscar E. Gifford,
Frank D. Bostwick,	Frank Gilbert,
Wm. R. Boyd,	Adam Glib,
John E. Bradford,	Jas. A. Gould,
Ira Bruner,	Meric Gould,
H. S. Buffington,	Alfonzo Hard,
Marx Buhl,	Wallace Harper,
Wm. R. Burger,	Theo. N. Harrington,
Chas. E. Burrows,	Jacob Hartman,
Wm. Burton,	Wm. J. Hartzell,
Solon O. Campbell,	Geo. A. Haver,
Jas. F. Carter,	Philip D. Hecker,
Melvin R. Carter,	Wm. Hecker,
Alex. Chevalia,	Jas. Hendricks,
Wm. Childs,	Sam. F. Herrick,
Edwin J. Cobb,	Jas. V. Hiddleston,
John M. Concklin,	John Hill,
Wm. H. Cook,	Fred. Hodel,
Gabriel W. Crossley,	Wm. Hogan,
Joseph B. Crouch,	John Honoddle,
Henry Curtis,	Michael Houck,
Edmund W. Davis,	Ruel H. House,
Edwin C. Dixon,	Jere M. Hower, Jr.
John B. Douglass,	Heman H. Hubbard,
Drury F. Dryden,	Jos. C. Huston,

Andrew J. Kelly,	Geo. H. Root,
Albert J. Ketchum,	Andrew D. Sackett,
Edward W. Kidney,	B. L. Sampson,
Rudolphus M. Kridler,	Wm. K. Scott,
Martin Leonard,	E. B. A. Simons,
M. V. B. Leper,	H. B. Smith,
John Lowe,	Wm J. Spafford,
Wm. Maier,	Jas. H. Stanford,
Robt. G. Marcellus,	Alex. B. Stevens,
Delos R. Marks,	Solon C. Storm,
Jacob Marx,	Joseph Strine,
Andrew F. McGhee,	J. K. Stucker,
Wm. Messenger,	Samuel Sunderland,
John Moore,	Robert Thompson,
Edwin C. Morse,	Ellis D. Torrey,
Luke R. Murphy,	Theodore C. Tracie,
Jere. W. Nash,	Chas. H. Viall,
Walter Norton,	Erastus R. Wait,
Jos. M. Odell,	Orrin L. Wait,
Geo. M. Patterson,	John Walcott,
Artemas T. Proctor,	Christian Waltz,
John C. Quinlan,	John Watkins,
Jas. L. Reed,	Harvey S. Welch,
John Reese,	George Williams,
H. H. Remington,	Richard H. Williams,
S. G. Remington,	Victor R. Williams,
John Reiley,	Andrew Wolf.
Edward C. Root,	

LIST OF MEN TRANSFERRED.

John Lowe, to naval service, June 27, 1864.

Geo. H. Williams, to naval service, June 27, 1864.

Oscar E. Gifford, to the Eighth Tennessee Cavalry.

LIST OF MEN DISCHARGED,

*On Account of Physical Disability caused by Disease and Wounds,
and to Accept Commissions in Other Organizations.*

- J. V. Hiddleston, physical disability, April 6, 1863.
 Luke R. Murphy, " " Mch. 13, 1863.
 Harvey S. Welch, " " April 4, 1863.
 John Wolcott, " " Mch. 18, 1863.
 Andrew F. McGhee, " " Feb. 8, 1863.
 Wm. H. Scott, " " Jan. 19, 1863.
 Solon O. Campbell, " " July 26, 1863.
 John E. Bradford, " " Jan. 6, 1864.
 Jasper N. Gibbons, " " "
 John Hill, " " Mch. 24, 1863.
 Ellis D. Torrey, " " Mch. 24, 1863.
 Alex. Chevalia, " " May 13, 1864.
 Sam. Sunderland, " " July 8, 1864.
 Jas. A. Wilson, " " Dec. 1864.
 Chas. Luck, " " Jan. 1865.
 A. Hard, " " "
 Henry Curtis, on account of wounds, March, 1865.
 J. M. Hower, Jr. " " August, 1864.
 Ed. F. Brown, to accept commission as Lieutenant in the First
 Regiment U. S. Artillery (col.), January, 1864.
 Alexander G. Cassill, to accept commission as Captain in the
 First Regiment U. S. Artillery (col.), January, 1864.
 Jas. M. Johnson, to accept commission as Captain in the First
 Regiment U. S. Artillery (col.), April, 1864.
 Geo. H. Root, to accept commission as Lieutenant in the First
 Regiment U. S. Artillery (col.), January, 1864.
 Geo. R. Campbell, to accept commission as Lieutenant in the
 First Regiment U. S. Artillery (col.), January, 1864.
 V. R. Williams, to accept commission as Captain in the First
 Tennessee Light Artillery, January, 1864.
 Ed. J. Cobb, to accept commission as Lieutenant in the First
 Tennessee Light Artillery, August, 1863.
 R. H. Williams, by order of the Secretary of War.

LIST OF MEN WHO DIED DURING THE WAR.

Lieut. Robertson Smith, Cleveland, O., September, 1863.
 Delos R. Marks, Lexington, Ky., Jan. 17, 1863, of disease.
 Guy Ball, Frankfort, Ky., Jan. 27, 1863, of disease.
 Fred. Hodel, Knoxville, Tenn., Nov. 3, 1863, of disease.
 Thos. J. Poole, Knoxville, Tenn., Feb. 6, 1864, of disease.
 E. C. Morse, Knoxville, Tenn., March 1, 1864, of disease.
 J. W. Nash, Knoxville, Tenn., May 10, 1864, of disease.
 S. T. Ferguson, Chattanooga, Tenn., July 7, 1864, of wounds.
 Orrin L. Wait, near Kenesaw Mountain, Ga., June 22, 1864, of
 wounds.

LIST OF MEN WHO HAVE DIED SINCE THE WAR.

R. D. Hanna, Ravenna, O.
 S. W. Killam, Vermillion, O.
 A. B. Peters, Collinwood, O., killed in a railroad accident.
 G. H. Barber, Akron, O.
 F. D. Bostwick, Idaho.
 Wm. Burton, Cleveland, O.
 M. R. Carter, Norwalk, O.
 Wm. Hecker, Warrensville, O., accidentally drowned.
 A. Hard, Michigan.
 J. C. Quinlan, Cleveland, O.
 John Reiley, Cleveland, O., committed suicide.
 E. D. Torrey, Cleveland, O., accidentally burned to death.
 John E. Bradford, Olmsted, O.

BATTERY RECRUITS.

The following-named men joined the Battery in the field as recruits:

John W. Barnum,	E. H. Fox,
E. C. Dixon,	O. E. Gifford,

BATTERY RECRUITS.—(CONTINUED.)

Allan Monroe,	C. E. Silvernail,
L. J. Minnick,	J. W. Welch.
Smith Riley,	

AMMUNITION EXPENDED.

During the Battery's existence it expended, chiefly in action with the enemy, ammunition to the following extent:

Spherical Case Shots	2,027
Solid Shots.....	731
Shells	2,306
Canister	234
TOTAL NO. PROJECTILES.....	5,298

LOSS IN HORSES AND MULES.

The loss in horses and mules belonging to the Battery from disease, exhaustion, accidents, and wounds received in action, was as follows:

Horses.....	127	Mules.....	28
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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT
55 EAST LEXINGTON AVENUE
NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

PROFESSOR OF PHYSICS

Dear Sir:
I have the pleasure to inform you that your application for a position as
Assistant Professor of Physics has been considered and approved by the
Faculty of the University of Chicago. The salary for this position is
\$12,000 per annum, plus a house allowance of \$1,000 per annum, and
a travel allowance of \$500 per annum. The position is for a term of
years, beginning on September 1, 1954. You will be expected to
begin your duties on that date. Please advise me of your acceptance
of this offer by return mail.

YOURS TRULY,
[Signature]

The University of Chicago is an equal opportunity institution. It is
committed to the advancement of the knowledge of the physical sciences
and to the education of students in these fields. It is also committed
to the advancement of the knowledge of the social and behavioral sciences
and to the education of students in these fields.

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