

COLONEL OLIVER H. PAYNE.

THE
Campaigns of the 124th Regiment

OHIO VOLUNTEER INFANTRY,

WITH
ROSTER AND ROLL OF HONOR.

BY
G. W. LEWIS,
MEDINA, O.

* * *

MANUFACTURED BY
THE WERNER COMPANY,
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LIEUTENANT COLONEL JAMES PICKANDS.

DEDICATION.

*T*O all the noble men of the One Hundred and
Twenty-Fourth Regiment, Ohio Volunteer In-
fantry, living, and to the memory of those dead,
who counted as nothing all of sorrows, dangers,
marches, battles, wounds and death, that our com-
mon country might not perish, and that liberty
might be proclaimed to all the inhabitants thereof,
this unworthy record of their glorious deeds is
dedicated by the

AUTHOR.





MAJOR JAMES B. HAMPSON.

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SURGEON JAMES W. SMITH.

INTRODUCTION.

THE campaigns of the One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Regiment, Ohio Volunteer Infantry, if written at all, should have been written nearer the close of the war, while the stirring scenes and events of those years of daring, duty and glory were vivid in the mind of the writer. The "Campaigns" should have been written by one that had intended to write them from the first, and had made such due and proper preparation during the time the same were going forward as would enable him to collect the necessary data for a correct and valuable history of the men, the companies and the regiment as an entirety. The "Campaigns" should have been written by one that had as full knowledge of the entire regiment as the author of these imperfect sketches had of the company he commanded during the service. Some of these campaigns were written for the purpose of preserving the events therein narrated, and by solicitation were delivered before the "permanent organization" of the regiment at its annual reunions, held from

time to time, in the vicinity where the regiment was organized. Some, by mere chance, were published in the soldier papers of the country, and copied into others; but not until very recently did their author contemplate putting them into their present form, and only after a very strong desire had been expressed by the regiment, at one of its reunions, that some attempt should be made to preserve the deeds of the heroic men, living and dead, that composed one of the truest and best regiments that ever marched beneath the colors of the republic, did the author determine to undertake the work that is now consummated.

It is the opinion of the author, in putting this book into the hands of those who did so much to make the history it seeks to perpetuate, that the most striking thing about it is its imperfections, its inaccuracies. And this, to a certain extent, needs be so, as the events it commemorates were written, almost altogether, from memory, and that after more than twenty-five years after the facts narrated took place; and many a time, while recalling those marches, battles and sufferings of those brave men that struggled "to keep the flag in the sky during all those dark years," it occurred to the author—could he only have the memory of each of the survivors of that grand body of men, how much more complete, accu-

rate and interesting his work would be to them for the perusal of whom it is intended. And again, the experiences of a modest, but quite busy, professional career, for many years, has taught the author that the same event is never seen by all alike, never remembered by all alike, and could not be written by all alike, though all were equally desirous to tell nothing but the truth.

In these "Campaigns" there has been no desire to gloss over the mistakes and imperfections of the actors of the greatest drama that was ever enacted in the world's history; but in the criticism of them the author has had continually in mind the fact that, generally, all was done with the best endeavor, with a purpose and patriotism that has not a parallel in history. And sometimes it seems to be better to note a few faults, that the work may seem real, not fabulous; that we write of men, not of angels.

It was the original purpose to present engravings from portraits of the field and staff, the original captains of the companies and some others, but too much time had run to carry out, entirely, this design. We could not publish engravings of each member of the regiment, though we are aware that nearly all are worthy of such honor, and we thought to be content with publishing engravings of the representative men of

the regiment, but in this we have succeeded only in part.

The "Roster and Roll of Honor" attached to the "Campaigns" is the one published by the direction and authority of the State of Ohio. It is far from being perfect, but the best that could be furnished, under all the circumstances, and is worth a great deal more to each member of the regiment in the form presented herein, than it is as published by the authority of the state.

And now we say, go, thou little imperfect production, into the hands and homes of those with whom we served, suffered, and still love. If this poor souvenir of so good a service, and so many and great sacrifices, revives the memories and stirs those brave hearts to whose services no pen and no tongue can do justice, our desires are accomplished.

G. W. LEWIS,

Major 124th Regiment, O. V. I.

Medina, O., February 17, 1894.



SURGEON DEWITT C. PATTERSON.

The Campaigns of the 124th Regiment,

OHIO VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.

FROM CLEVELAND, OHIO, TO MANCHESTER, TENN.

THE One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Regiment, Ohio Volunteer Infantry, was born of the great impulse of patriotism that swept over the country in the latter part of the summer of 1862, occasioned by the necessity for the "300,000 more" to put down the slaveholder's rebellion. The greater part of the regiment volunteered without the aid of a recruiting officer. Company A was raised in Cuyahoga county, and the patriotic and earnest William Wilson, afterwards its captain, seconded by that most enthusiastic of men, Cleveland Van Dorn, afterwards captain of Company D, were the leading spirits around which the brave men, that afterwards were mustered into the service of the United States as Co. A, 124th O. V. I., gathered, and became in fact what they were by letter, the first of the

regiment. Company A was organized with the intention of becoming a part of the 103d O. V. I., but on going into camp, Captain Wilson found that regiment already full, and finally determined to join his fortunes, and that of his noble men, with those of the 124th O. V. I., to which regiment Oliver H. Payne had been commissioned as lieutenant colonel, and James Pickands, formerly of the 1st O. V. I., as major.

Company B was organized, almost exclusively, from the young men of the western townships of Medina county. Spencer township furnished the greater number, some forty enlisting from that township in one day, August 12th. Litchfield township furnished a goodly number, while Homer, Harrisville, Chatham, La Fayette helped to swell the ranks, while a few came from Wayne, some from Lorain, and later the youngest member, John M. Bowman, was consigned by his patriotic mother, residing in Cleveland, to the care of Company B. This company, or rather body of men, was sent into Camp Cleveland by order of the Military Committee of Medina county, composed of Judge Samuel Humphreville, John B. Young, Esq., and Mr. John Rounds. This body of men, by the intercessions of the committee with Governor Todd, was suffered to elect its commissioned officers, and, as the result, George W. Lewis was chosen captain, John

Raidaie, first lieutenant, and Charles M. Stedman, second lieutenant. When this company came to be mustered into the service of the United States, it had so many men that a number of them had to be mustered in other companies, and were afterwards transferred back to the company in which they had enlisted. This was also the experience of Company A.

Company C was mostly raised in Cuyahoga, and Robert Wallace, afterwards its captain, and John O'Brien, afterwards its second lieutenant, seemed to be the nucleus around which the good men of Company C appeared to form. Many of them were from the "Emerald Isle," and proved their honor and daring on many hard fought fields of the campaigns of the regiment in after days.

Company E came in from Lorain county, and John W. Bullock was made its captain. But time and space forbid a more extended notice of the different parts of an organization that was first-class, singly, or as a whole, more than to say that Company D was brought into camp by Captain George W. Aumend, the company being raised mostly in Henry county. Company F was raised from the northern part of the state, and was commanded by Captain Horrace E. Dakin. Company G had many men from Cincinnati, but was, in fact, recruited from all parts

of the state. Captain William A. Powell was its first captain. Company H was recruited, mostly, in Cleveland, and its first captain was that accomplished officer, Eben S. Coe. Company I was largely from Cincinnati, with the late lamented James H. Frost as its first captain, while Company K seemed to be a sort of an overflow from almost anywhere. Hiram H. Manning was its first captain, and he was not mustered as such until November 10th, 1863. It seemed for a long time to be a sort of "motherless colt" of the regiment, and fared accordingly, but it never failed in action, if it did not always have the care a company should have.

In Camp Cleveland we took our first lesson as soldiers. Here the "Awkward Squad" might have been seen, at almost all hours of sunlight, being drilled by one a very little less awkward than themselves. The "halt," "right-dress," "forward," "steady there," "eyes right," "eyes left," "right wheel," etc., etc., given in the tones of a Stentor, might have been heard on the parade grounds of Camp Cleveland, in season and out of season, during all the fall and early winter of 1862. We were not well up in the manual of arms here, as I do not remember that we had muskets for all the men in this camp.

Camp Cleveland, during the time our regiment was there, was a hard place for the young

volunteer. Calls were constantly being made by the relatives of the volunteers, and visits were constantly being solicited and made to the old homes, so that, in time, the best officer(?) was the one that granted the greatest number of "leaves of absence." Under such circumstances, anything like the discipline necessary to perfect the raw but patriotic volunteer into the well drilled and efficient soldier was out of the question, and many a line officer was relieved of a very heavy burden when January 1st, 1863, came, and our regiment was furnished transportation toward the seat of war. None of the living members of the 124th will have forgotten the terrible snowstorm at Elizabethtown, Ky.

About the first of February, 1863, it seems a large number of regiments were assembled at and near Louisville, Ky., to be forwarded to augment the Army of the Cumberland, under the then victorious, and very popular, General Rosecrans. Our regiment was paid off before we started on that ever memorable expedition "down the Ohio," and up the Cumberland river to Nashville, Tenn. Those were the times that tried the souls of the company commandant. We had never been mustered for pay, and without anyone, at first, to instruct us, that which afterwards seemed very simple, was then a mountain of responsibility and worry. The cap-

tain that could not get his muster rolls so they would pass the inspection of that prince among gentlemen, Paymaster Major John Coon, could not have his company paid, and anxiety is never a very great auxiliary to the completion of a new and hard task. But those of us that looked upon this financial officer in a sense akin to dread, found him a genial schoolmaster, and he not only instructed us in our duties, but followed us down the river until the last company of our regiment had received its pay. The larger share of this money was sent home to wives and children, and friends (some to creditors) in our own Ohio.

I have often wondered why the government did not march this force, that was assembled at Louisville, to Nashville. The distance was one hundred and eighty miles, connected by one of the best macadamized roads in the country; and could we have been permitted to make the march by easy stages, we would have been half soldiers by the time we reached Nashville, and in a condition of health and soldierly prosperity very much to be desired. But the way we were sent by the old stern-wheelers, it occupied eleven days to make the trip, with no fire to keep us comfortable or for cooking our rations, while the nights were spent in shivering on the cheerless decks of those old wheezy and stinking

boats, which to all appearances had not been cleaned since the carpenters laid their keels. Many a man was lost to the service of his country from this method of his transportation, and many a man dates the loss of his health from those eleven days of suffering and exposure. But whoever writes of wars must write of mistakes; but we will think that everything was intended for our good, by those that had the good of the country in their keeping. The night we approached Nashville, we heard heavy firing up the river, and found the next morning on coming up to the site of Fort Donelson, that a portion of Wheeler's command had made an attack upon the small garrison, and had been repulsed with a very severe loss, considering the number engaged.

We went ashore and saw the dead confederates lying all about a piece of artillery, that it seems they had endeavored to take by charging the same; but the gun manned by the brave Illinoisans that composed the garrison, made fearful havoc in the ranks of Wheeler. The officer that lead the charge, Col. Overton, lay dead near the piece, and we were told he was the same man that owned the estate where we first made our camp in Tennessee. The killed of the garrison had been gathered under a shed, and were composed in what seemed to me to

be a long row, and as I looked upon their upturned faces, pallid in death, and ghastly with wounds, I thought I had already seen enough of war. We returned to our boat, and steamed slowly up to Nashville. Going from Donelson to Nashville we saw the river gunboat, Concord. It was claimed that this boat had taken part in the fight of the day before, and we looked upon it, not only with curiosity, but with admiration, it being the first specimen of Uncle Sam's navy that many of us had ever seen. On arriving at the levee at Nashville, we disembarked, and forming the regiment in column of company front, with our band playing, and colors flying, we marched through the principal street of the city. But how different from Cleveland, O. Not a friendly face greeted us. Hardly a citizen was to be seen on the streets, and not a salute nor a shout welcomed us to this one of the most treasonable cities of the confederacy. We now, for the first time, realized that we were in the land of the rebellion. We moved that evening out to Overton Heights on the Franklin pike, and went into camp on the very spot where the same regiment, as veteran soldiers, on the sixteenth day of December, 1864, scattered the last of Hood's infantry on the memorable field of Nashville.

In a few days we marched to the village of

Franklin, eighteen miles by the pike from Nashville. This march was a very trying ordeal for us green soldiers. The most of the men carried luggage enough to overload a mule, and such knapsacks as the men staggered under in this little march, would have been a matter of amusement later in the war.

On arriving at Franklin, we went into camp on the north side of the Harpeth river, that forms the northern boundary of the village, and commenced soldier life in earnest. This place was occupied as an out-post of General Van Dorn's division of Bragg's army, but what few rebels were on duty here did not seem to care to try titles with us. Here, our major, James B. Hampson, came to us, and being a member of the old Cleveland Grays, and also having seen service in one of the earlier regiments of the Ohio troops, was a very valuable acquisition to us in the way of an instructor. His soldierly bearing and pleasant manner won all our hearts. He instructed us in the "manual of arms," taught us the "load in nine times," while in regimental and brigade drill he was a regular God-send to the ignorant officers of the line, that the most of us were. Here we had to attend the "school for the officer" and recite from Casey's Tactics to our young colonel, and many the hour we spent with him, ere the, to us, at

that time, mysterious positions in which a regiment could be formed were thoroughly mastered. Some of our officers could learn nothing from books; but for school-teachers, like Captain Van Dorn, and preachers, like Captain Stratton, it was nothing but fun to repair to the Colonel's quarters to recite to one that had an earnest desire to make capable officers of us all. We were now in the presence of the enemy, and Forrest's cavalry used often to lope up to our pickets to see what we looked like; and it was no infrequent occurrence for the dreaded "long-roll" to call us from our slumbers to stand at arms for an hour on the regimental parade ground. I remember one morning that we were thus called out, and Company C, under Lieutenant O'Brien, was a little late in taking its place in the line. Soon we heard it coming on the double quick, while the "rich Irish brogue" of the lieutenant in getting his company into line attracted our attention more than any advance of the enemy that we apprehended (for by this time we had discovered that this standing at arms was a scheme of old granny Gilbert to give our hospitals practice); finding his place in the line, in some way, his last command was, "Sthand fast company *say*, and I'll lay me bones wid ye."

In the school of the officer, I remember his attempt at recitation that ran something like,

this: "The ordly sagint thin advances tin paces, surrur! nah!—two paces—I don't know, surrur." The big-hearted Irishman, that did the fine work on the Perry monument, cutting the guard chain of his watch out of the solid marble, at last learned that he was not intended for an officer, though brave and patriotic, tendered his resignation, and that was the last we ever saw or heard of Lieutenant John O'Brien.

But while instructions in the movements of the company and regiment were necessary, and we all tried to profit by the same, facility in recitation did not necessarily make the valuable officer. As an instance, our Methodist minister, Captain Daniel Stratton, was wonderfully fluent at the recitations, and became quite well drilled, but at our first great battle; Chickamauga, he deserted his company, as we were coming into the action, *in the face of the enemy*, and was saved from the fate of his conduct by the great heart of Colonel Pickands. He said to the colonel, "when I thought of my wife and dear children at home I could not advance a single step towards the front." But he advanced pretty well towards the rear, for after two days of dreadful fighting and the third day in offering battle to an enemy, nominally victors, but thoroughly whipped (save the magazine writers), we came to Chattanooga and found our preacher in very

comfortable quarters, with his resignation ready written out, which was accepted by our regimental commandant. Could our Irish lieutenant have done worse? The march, the campaign, the skirmish line, the picket duty, the battle, after all, were the true tests of soldierly qualities. Many a man, many an officer, arose in our estimation, after we saw him tried in the ordeal of battle, for whom we entertained but very little respect before.

At Franklin we had to do picket duty by company out south of the village, our line running along near the residence of one of the high-toned families of the town, by the name of Atkinson. At his residence our reserve post was established, and we posted a guard to protect the family, which consisted of the old gentleman, quite aged, his wife and a beautiful daughter, bearing the common but genial name of Sally. There were two sons, but both were serving in General Frank Cheatham's division of the rebel army. Sally was quite an expert singer, and played the piano reasonably well, and, to entertain us, she was kind enough to sing some of the war songs of the confederacy. I remember pieces of those songs to this day; one went like this :

“ Hurrah, hurrah, for southern rights hurrah,

Hurrah for the bonny blue flag, that bears the single star.”

And another:

“ No northern flag shall ever wave
O'er southern soil and southern graves,
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land,
In Dixie land we'll take our stand,
And conquer peace for Dixie.”

These rebel war songs and others might have been heard floating out on the soft evening air, near the old locust grove, and no one of the brave men that did duty there thought any the less of the pert and plucky rebel girl. We laughed at her wit and the raillery that she heaped on us, calling us invaders. But the colonel of the 125th was one day on duty as officer of the day, and hearing of the rebel girl and her songs, reported the matter to old granny Gilbert, who issued an order that had the effect of an injunction, and we heard no more of the sweet voice of Sally Atkinson while we did duty at Franklin. Colonel Opdyke was an excellent officer in many respects, but a pronounced martinet, and had not a particle of humor in his composition. There was a rumor in the regiment that our Colonel Jim, as we sometimes called him, was a little sweet on Sally, but I think there was nothing of it, and for the sad fate of Sally and her two brothers, see the last campaign of this book.

We had not been long in Franklin before our

experience in transportation, heretofore referred to, began to have its deadly effect. The typhoid fever and camp diarrhœa became alarmingly common. Our men sickened and were sent to the general hospital at Nashville, where very many died, and many were discharged, as unfit for further military duty. Not any one of the hard fought battles of our campaigns so depleted our ranks as our stay at Franklin. The water was of the limestone formation, and did not seem to agree with those that were comparatively well, much less those that were sick. I think that every old soldier will agree with me that the march, while more fatiguing, is more healthful than the camp.

While at Franklin we had the misfortune to be under the command of one General Gilbert, a regular army officer. A man that the government had educated at great expense at West Point, and had kept in service for years after, and yet had no process of determining that he had no sense.

This man, that might possibly have commanded a company under a careful colonel, was placed in command of all the forces around Franklin. I am sorry to say it was under the command of this imbecile that we first met the enemy. Colonel Coburn's brigade, which was composed of the 85th and 33d Ind. V. I., the

19th Mich. V. I., the 22d Wis. V. I., the 2d Mich. Cav., a part of the 4th Ky., and a part of the 9th Pa. Cav., with a light battery of six guns and a small train of wagons for forage, was ordered in the direction of Columbia. Our regiment accompanied the expedition as train guard. We moved a short distance the first day out and went into camp, having seen a few rebel cavalry, and having received the fire from a rebel gun or two that did no damage to us, save the breaking a musket stock for one of our men. The next morning we moved out of camp, and I remember watching the 19th Mich., it was such a large, fine looking body of men, and moved down the pike toward Thompson Station. Colonel Coburn soon developed the enemy in force, and so reported to General Gilbert, who sent back an order for him to advance and engage the enemy, intimating that the commander of the brigade was a coward. Colonel Coburn then advanced and engaged the rebels, but his little force was outflanked on either side by the superior numbers of the enemy, and though fighting heroically, were soon surrounded and captured, save the battery that ran over the rebel infantry, and a small part of the 22d Wis., a part of one company, the cavalry force; and had it not been for our good luck in being on duty with the wagons, we

would also have been taken. As it was, nothing saved us but the best of running, and in a long race at that. We came into camp that night badly used up, and very much disgusted with our old granny Gilbert, having seen and run away from the battle of Thompson Station. The government expended Colonel Coburn's brigade and the lives of many brave men to learn, what every soldier about Franklin knew from the first, that Gilbert was not fit to be in the command of anybody.

While at Franklin we built a very fine fort, situated northwesterly of the village, and near our camp. The fort was built of earth, regularly laid out with angles, and a deep moat surrounding the entire work. The embrasures were well protected with gabions made of cane bound in bundles, and in the center a fine magazine was constructed.

Heavy guns were brought from Nashville, and mounted *en barbette*. Why the fort was built none could tell. The chances that it would ever be of use to the cause of the Union were one thousand to one against the proposition, but at the battle of Franklin, November 30, 1864, it paid large interest on the investment. Those big smooth-bore guns shelled the cotton field, south of the village, over which the rebels charged, in a manner which was fearful to

behold. We that had worked so many days on that fort, felt that we were well repaid for our toil.

While the fort was building, it occurred to Colonel Payne that the "contraband of war" might be useful in this work, so he ordered Lieutenant Raidaie to take a detail of men, and go forth and bring in such of the bondmen as he could find that were able to do the work required. So the lieutenant sallied forth in the direction of Roper's Knob, and he was rewarded by finding large numbers of the afore-said "contraband," as the slave owners of Kentucky had sent their slaves into Tennessee, to keep them as far away as possible from the union lines. These slaves we kept in camp until the fort was completed, and all that desired were permitted to return to the places from whence they were taken ; but many of the younger ones stayed with us, and engaged themselves as servants to the officers. But it was wonderful with what alacrity these poor ignorant colored people performed the work required of them. They seemed to realize that they were working for themselves.

March 9th, 1863, we left our camp at Franklin, General Gordon Granger in command, and marched to within about a mile of Spring Hill, passed by and over the battle field of March 5th,

Thompson Station, but saw no evidences of the late unequal, but sanguinary contest, save a few broken guns and some dead horses. We went into bivouac at night, having no tents with us. We marched thirteen miles. The next day it commenced raining and we were all wet to the skin, but nothing daunted, we went at work and fixed up shelter, and at about ten a. m. we had marching orders. We marched about three miles, it raining all the time. Company B received a detail to furnish twenty-five men for picket duty, which was filled with healthy men, and quite a number of sick men in camp, and the number ailing in the regiment was far from being inconsiderable. But we found the next day that this movement toward Columbia did not mean anything, and we were ordered back to Franklin, which was only a march of seventeen miles, but we came into camp that night as stiff and sore as foundered horses. We had no battle, we had lost no men, but take it all in all, we were the better soldiers for the experience we had gained.

We had now been in Franklin three months, and had put in the time in all the ways in which a soldier's life is made up. Now, hardly a day went by that the rebel cavalry did not appear at our picket line, and frequently a lively skirmish would occur between our cavalry and a

detachment of that of our enemy. The losses of the rebels were always enormous (?) while ours were entirely insignificant. The early part of April the rebels made a raid on our rear, and destroyed a bridge on the railroad about six miles north of Franklin, which caused us very much annoyance, for at that period in our history, as soldiers, we thought we were badly treated if we did not get our letters regularly from home.

June 2d, 1863, was our last at the camp at Franklin. Here, we had learned very much of the duties of the soldier. We had not been slack in our work, and had become quite proficient in the company, regimental, and brigade evolutions. Here we had bidden good-bye to very many of our men, and our companies were small compared to what they were when we came to this camp; but our colonel consoled us by insisting that the fighting number of one hundred men, for all causes, was about sixty, and we found afterwards that the estimate of our young colonel was not far from the mark. This day we struck our tents, and marched to Triune, a distance of but thirteen miles, but the weather was so excessively hot that our men suffered a great deal; but we had learned some wisdom from our former experience, for our knapsacks were not nearly as large as when we left Nashville. We remained in Triune

until the twenty-first day of June, during which time we were stirred up by skirmishes very frequently, but the skirmishing was done mostly by the cavalry, on the respective sides, and the usual large stories were told in camp of our immense superiority over the enemy. While at Triune, one of our fellow citizens from Ohio, C. L. Vallandigham, was sent through our lines "to his friends in the south," as Mr. Lincoln humorously put it. We were usually very glad to see anyone from home, but we were not at all proud of this representative from Ohio.

We now saw what we regarded as indications of a general advance on the position of the enemy, and it seemed to be our fate to be compelled to march to the extreme left of the army to join the brigade to which we had been assigned while at Triune. We were assigned to what was called Hazen's brigade, composed of the 41st O. V. I., the 9th Ind. V. I., the 93d O. V. I., the 6th Ky. V. I., and our regiment, commanded by General Wm. B. Hazen, the first colonel of the 41st, an officer in every way qualified for the command assigned him. This day we marched over the battle field of Stone river, through the dense cedars that figure so conspicuously in the descriptions of that terrible engagement of the closing year of 1862. We marched through the village of Murfrees-

borough, and out one and one-half miles east of the town, and went into camp, having come that day a distance of twenty-two miles, with less fatigue and suffering than any we had formerly made. The next day we marched to Readyville, a distance of twelve miles, and found our brigade. Here we fixed up a nice camp, and were informed we would stay for some time. This was as desolate a part of the south as it was ever our fortune to tread over. It did not seem to be inhabited to any great extent, and was as woodsy as Ohio seventy-five years ago. On the twenty-fourth of June we broke up our camp and marched directly south through Bradyville, a city consisting of three houses. We saw the burning of a great amount of provisions before leaving Readyville that we concluded had to be abandoned for lack of transportation. We marched this day about seven miles in a very severe rainstorm. We were now informed that we were after General Bragg, and we might expect a general engagement at any time. The next day we marched not to exceed six or seven miles, and came to a very long, steep hill that gave our artillery and train great difficulty in the ascent. The roads we came over this day were the worst we had so far encountered, but when we were on the top of this hill we were on a broad shelf or table-land lying

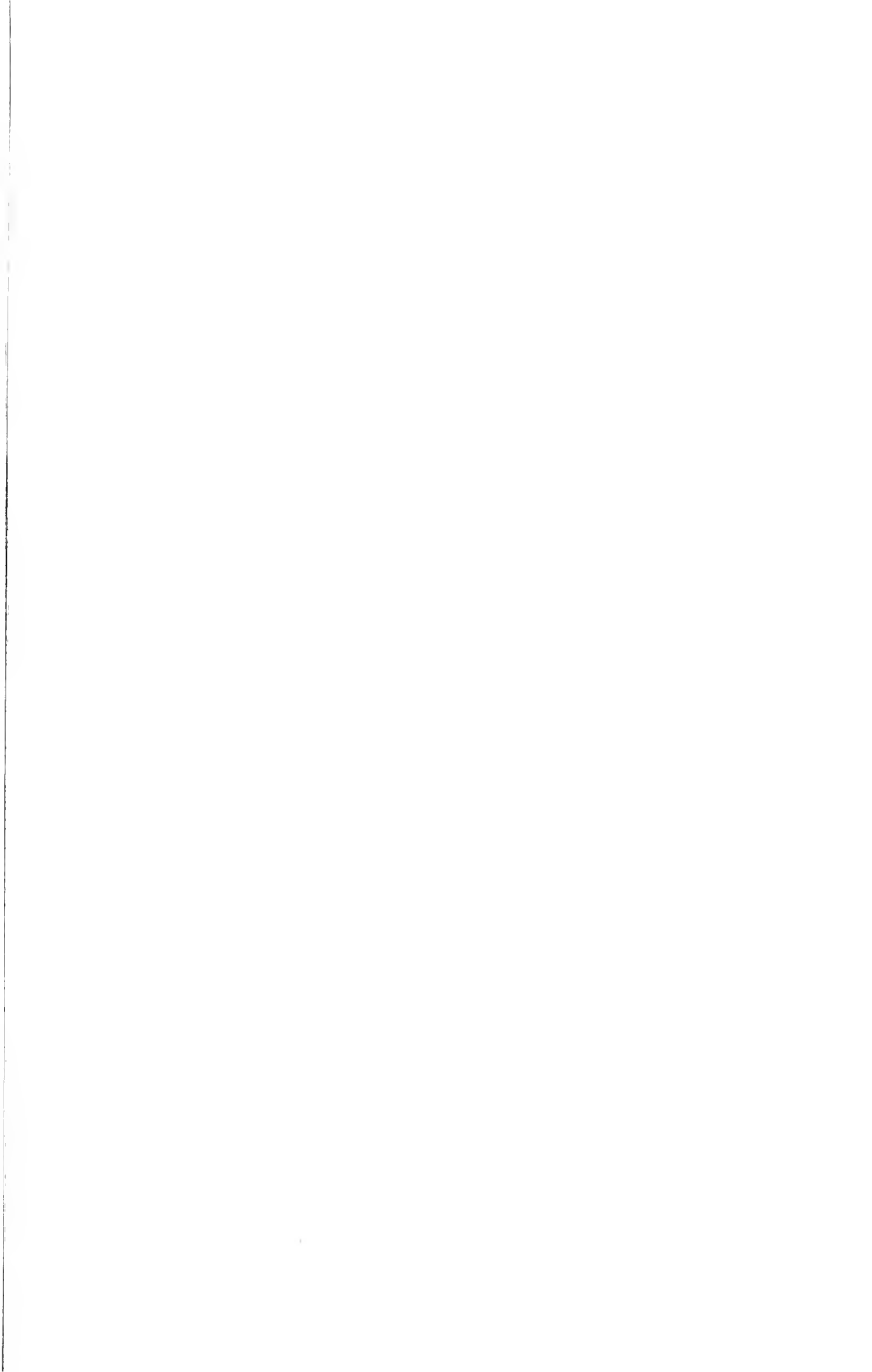
directly west of the Cumberland mountains that seemed good for nothing, save to illustrate the great variety of the works of Almighty God. The next day we stayed in camp all day, waiting for our train to come up. It rained almost all day long. The next day, June 27th, company B was detailed to help the train along. They came to what is called the Long Branch of the Duck river, and the men had to build a brush bridge across the stream, and after getting mired in the quicksands time and time again, they finally succeeded in getting the train over. This company did not get in to join the regiment until the next morning, and then came wet, weary, and not in their usual sweet temper.

The next day, Sunday, we marched but four miles and camped in a wood (I do not remember of seeing any fields); but one thing justice requires to be said for this table-land country, the water was simply exquisite. We were now reported to be within forty-two miles of Manchester, and we were informed that we were now making a grand flank movement that was to cut off the retreat of Bragg, and by which we were to capture his entire army, and, in fact, we were making this grand flank movement at the rapid(?) rate of from seven to ten miles per day. On the twenty-ninth we crossed the east branch of Duck river and did little but get our train over

this miry stream. This same weary marching continued until the fourth day of July, and finds us on the Elk river, at Morris Ford, awaiting the arrival of the pontoons. It had rained almost incessantly for the last fourteen days, and very many of us had not had our clothing dry in that time, but the weather was warm and none of us seemed to take cold; I remember one day of this march that it was so very hot that the men fell out in great numbers, and when we halted at night, no company of the regiment could show more than one stack of muskets; but before morning the good faithful boys came in, and the next day were ready to resume their arduous duties. On July the 8th we arrived at Manchester, and found that General Bragg had escaped us, and had crossed the mountains into the valley of the Tennessee. We had not seen a rebel since leaving Triune, and owing to the condition of the country and roads, if we had seen one he must have been dead, for we did not move fast enough to overtake a live one. No battle had been fought, though one day we heard heavy firing in the direction of Tullahoma.

And so ended the summer for the 124th O. V. I., and also, in fact, for the Army of the Cumberland. Although General Rosecrans had not succeeded in bringing Bragg to an

engagement, he had driven him from middle Tennessee, the great rebel recruiting ground for men, animals, and supplies, and while the victory was bloodless, it was in no small sense important to the union cause. The unionists of east Tennessee saw in it their coming deliverance, while the depressing effect of a retreat told upon the confederate forces. Since leaving Franklin our regiment had marched over one hundred and fifty miles, which, considering the weather and the state of the roads, was an accomplishment that had a tendency to increase our confidence, and prepare us for the more arduous duties that fell to our lot after we crossed the great mountains and commenced operations in the valley of the Tennessee—the key to the conquest of the confederacy.





QUARTERMASTER WILLIAM TREAT.

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF THE CAMPAIGN OF CHATTA- NOOGA AND THE BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA.

IF you ask, to-day,* the young man of twenty-five years, married and his little ones growing up in health and peace about him, what he recollects of the war for the suppression of the rebellion, his answer must be "nothing." He will say, "I was not born until after the war had been on one year. I remember nothing about the war, as you call it, for the suppression of the rebellion."

If you ask the man of thirty years, in full business life, a leader of society, the same question, his answer will be undoubtedly, "I remember but little about the war; I was but four years old when the war broke out. I remember sometime during the war seeing the soldiers, in their blue coats and bright buttons and arms, as they marched along to the station *to go to the front*, as they said. I remember hearing the *drum-beat*, I recollect feeling the *heart-throb*, as I saw the flag which they bore aloft. I was but nine years old when the war ended. I remember that

* Written in 1887

when the boys came back, battered and scarred, in their dirty and faded uniforms, their flag in tatters, their faces bronzed and burned by the southern sun, that of them that met them at the station many wept, because so many that went away with them *returned not.*"

And so, to the majority of those to-night, the war is but a matter of history and legend of story and of song.

The recollections of those years from 1861 to 1865 are, in many minds, as indelible as though graven on brass, or chiseled in marble.

Those of you who have personal recollections, as well as those familiar with the history of those times, will remember that the summer of 1863, so far as the Army of the Cumberland was concerned, was spent (as was at one time said of the Army of the Potomac) in "masterly inactivity;" and although after the battle of Stone river the army occupied a line as far south as Franklin and Murfreesboro, Tenn. And though the army, under the now immortal Grant, had captured one entire rebel army, and had opened the "Father of Waters," so long closed at Vicksburg; and though the gallant Meade had met the invaders at Gettysburg and hurled him back, in defeat and confusion, to his old lair beyond the Potomac, the Army of the Cumberland, under General Rosecrans, as late as August had barely

gained the foothills of the Cumberland mountains.

The Cumberland mountains run in a direction south of west and north of east, and for most of the way are composed of two considerable ridges, some two thousand feet above the valley of the Tennessee. These ridges are broken at Chattanooga by the Tennessee river, and so bold and abrupt is Lookout mountain on the south side of the river, that one can almost conclude that some great convulsion of nature had reft it asunder from its corresponding ridge on the north side.

This chain of mountains, this deep and broad river, lay between our army and that of the enemy when the march commenced southward in August, 1863.

The corps to which my regiment was attached, the 21st, under General Crittenden, and the 14th Corps, under General George H. Thomas, crossed the mountains above Chattanooga, while General McCook's Corps, and the Reserve Corps under General Gordon Granger, crossed at and below Chattanooga.

And while in the effort of crossing this great mountain range and river, the right and left wings of the army must have been seventy-five miles apart, and neither near enough to aid the other in case of an attack. I am almost at a loss

to know how the Army of the Cumberland was put south of mountains and river; whether by the ability of Rosecrans, or the stupidity of Bragg, the feat was accomplished.

And while there was many a mountain defile that would have answered for a modern Thermopylæ, happily for us the *three hundred Spartans* seemed to be wanting.

The early part of August, 1863, found us encamped at Manchester, Tenn., at or near the head waters of the Duck river after the close of the Tullahoma campaign, if it is proper to call that a campaign, that was simply a retreat on the part of the confederates, and pursuit on the part of the federal forces.

Manchester is situated on what is known as the table-lands of Tennessee, and though high and supplied with the most delightful water, very many of our men were sick by reason of the exposure on the campaign just closed, and had to be sent back to hospitals or sent home on furlough, which latter was very seldom done; and when accomplished costing great pains and anxiety. If our national policy had been to furlough our worthy sick, instead of sending them off to the inhospitable hospitals, to be experimented upon by the graduates, fresh from our medical colleges, to pine away with homesickness, be crowded together in great numbers "into

the wards of the whitewashed halls, where the dead and dying lay," when a few days and weeks at home with its cheering influences and home diet, *something mother could fix up*, would have restored, without doubt, thousands of brave men to health and duty, that by reason of the narrow, niggardly, treat-every-man-as-a-coward policy of the government, went down to needless and untimely graves.

I have read accounts of the neatly arranged graves of these men with the beautiful marble headstones, furnished at the expense of the government, in our great national cemeteries; but I never think of those great armies of the dead but I think, *how many might have been saved*. Very many of those headstones are more monuments to the lack of good sense on the part of the government, than a noble and patriotic generosity. Nearly all of our soldiers that died of disease in hospitals, could and should have been sent home and saved. I remember very well it was never any trouble to procure a leave of absence for a sick or wounded officer, but to procure one for a poor private in the ranks was altogether a different matter.

It may not be out of place for me to give you a brief account of an effort that I made to procure furloughs for three most worthy sick men,

while at Manchester, just before we started on the Chattanooga campaign.

These men were afflicted with that terrible disease, that with the aid of the government and its surgeons has slain its tens of thousands, known as camp or chronic diarrhœa. I made out an application for furloughs for these men, knowing full well that the time was very brief, that we must leave these brave men to the care of entire strangers—men that did hospital duty, as they did any other, because they were ordered to; and knowing full well that, in all human probability, they would never return to the regiment if they were sent to the hospital, I determined to make a great effort to save them. I procured a very earnest indorsement from our regimental surgeon, Major Dewitt C. Patterson, than whom a more competent or kinder hearted surgeon never had the health of a regiment in charge, also the very favorable indorsement of our colonel; but he refused to give me leave to carry the application to brigade headquarters, for good reasons, no doubt, as he informed me that the application must go through the regular channel. I told him "the application might get back in time to attend the funeral, but never to do these men any good." I immediately went to the headquarters of the brigade commandant; he examined carefully the application,

wanted to know the urgency of the matter, and after I had explained to him all I could, and after I had urged everything I could think of that I thought would help the case of the sick men, he coolly took the application from my hands, indorsed it "disallowed," and ordered me to my regiment, saying, "we are not granting furloughs on the eve of starting on a campaign."

I was somewhat disheartened, but not altogether discouraged. I immediately repaired to General Palmer's headquarters, who commanded the division. The general treated me with great politeness, heard all I had to say, and then informed me that no furloughs were being granted; said "he would excuse me for bringing up the application without leave," kindly ordered me to my regiment, and advised me "give up the enterprise, if I wished to save myself from the disgrace of a court-martial," which, as we soldiers all know, is a *court organized to convict*.

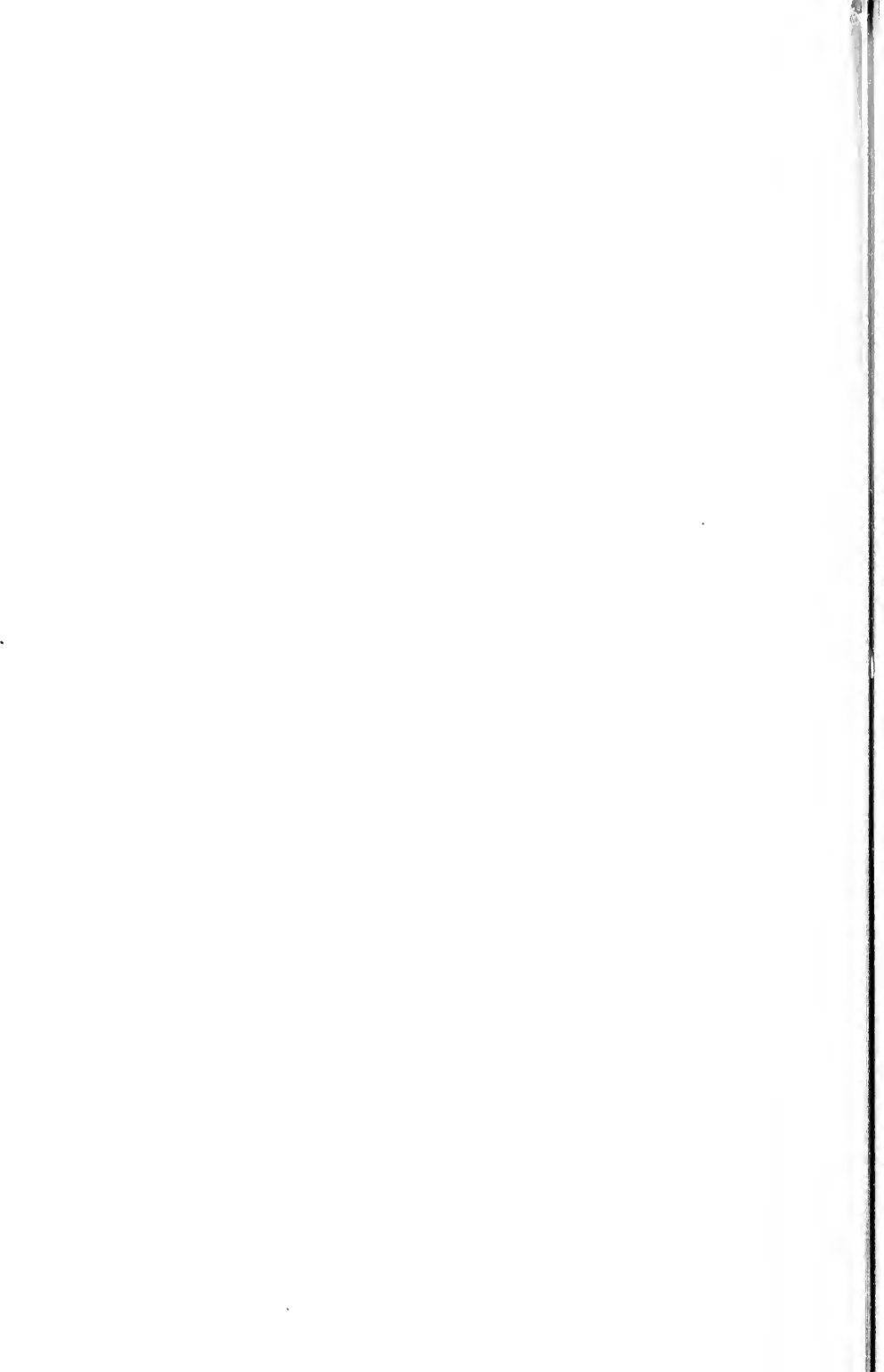
I then turned my steps toward the headquarters of General Crittenden, commanding our corps; he treated me with great brusqueness, not only refusing the indorsement I so much desired, but severely censured me for not sending the application through the regular channel. He gave me the usual complimentary (?) order, "Immediately repair to your regiment, sir!" I

was "cast down, but not destroyed;" I had just one ground of hope left me, and that was centered in "Old Pap Thomas."

These various headquarters that I had visited were all situated at or near Manchester, and I applied to them all the same day; but the headquarters of General Thomas was at Winchester, more than sixty miles from our camp. The point now was how to get to Winchester? I went to the colonel and applied for a pass for that place, which, luckily for my purpose, he granted me without asking me what I wanted it for. We had a train down in the morning and back at night; so the next morning, armed with my pass and my badly *disallowed* application in my pocket, I took the train for Winchester. With my heart away up in my thorax, I approached the headquarters of the old general. I was compelled to wait a long time, it seemed to me, to obtain an interview with him; he received me very gravely, yet kindly, and carefully listened to all I had to say; he wanted to know "if the men would be able to go home if the furlough should be granted?" I insisted they would if granted immediately, and that must be my excuse for not sending the application through the regular channel. I urged upon the general the fact that so many of our men were dying in the hospitals of that terrible disease.



ADJUTANT SHERBURN B. EATON.



The old iron-faced general turned to a member of his staff that was at a table writing and told him to indorse the application *allowed*. I then asked the general if he would indorse on the same, leave for me to take it in person to General Rosecrans. This he most cheerfully did, and General Rosecrans issued the furloughs without another word of explanation.

The next morning the sick boys were taken to the train, and started for Ohio. In sixty days two of them returned for duty, were in every battle of the regiment, and were honorably discharged. The other was discharged for disability. One of them, after the war, made himself a home in California, the other I meet often, but I never see him but I think how much he owes to that noble "Old Pap Thomas."

In a few days after we were ordered to get ready to march, and the first day brought us to a beautiful mountain river, on the banks of which we went into camp, near a small quaker village called Irvingville, I think. The next morning we had to ford the river, which was cold and in some places quite deep. This brought us to the first range of the Cumberland mountains. Our regiment was detailed to assist the wagon train up the steep mountain road, which duty occupied our attention the greater part of the day. That night we encamped on

the mountain, and enjoyed a most refreshing sleep in the cool invigorating mountain air. The next day we marched down off from this ridge into the Sequatchie valley. This valley is some mile or more, perhaps, in width and runs down to Chattanooga, and we entered it some six or eight miles from its head. Through this valley runs a pure cold stream of water—a thing always prized by an army or camping party.

We also found here plenty of corn—just at the roasting-ear period of maturity; and it would surprise you farmers to see how soon a ten-acre field of green corn would be used up by an army. But how did the boys prepare it so as to make it good and wholesome? Of course, it could be roasted on the ear, but that was too slow a process. By this time, in our experience as soldiers, we had divided into messes of about four. One would carry a small tin pail or kettle, holding about four quarts; another would carry a small frying pan; the third would carry a coffeepot (without which the rebellion could not have been put down); while the fourth would carry some other article necessary to the culinary art. The commissary supplied us with salt pork or bacon, and also with salt and pepper. Now the culinary process is this: the corn is gathered and carefully silked, then with a sharp knife

(and every soldier was supposed to have one—or if left lying about loose) the corn was shaven from the cob, put into the frying pan with a slice of pork or bacon, and cooked until tender; add salt and pepper to suit taste, and you have a dish good enough to set before a union soldier—and too good for a king.

We remained in this beautiful valley until the corn was all used up; and one would be surprised to see how it helped out our rations. One other notable thing about this green-corn diet—some of our men that were sick, but dreaded to be sent back to hospital and had kept along with us as best they could, were entirely cured by this change of diet. It was the vegetable food that did the good work for them. I have known green apples, that are always supposed to be harmful to a well person, help a sick soldier.

One could not help thinking, what was to become of these poor people of this valley, whose only means of support we had eaten up and destroyed; but war is merciless, "war is hell," as General Sherman said.

When we broke up our camp we pushed straight for Waldron's ridge lying directly in front of us. We found the ascent of this ridge much more difficult than that of the other had been, but finally we reached the top of the

mountain. It was very singular to find here a country with all the characteristics of level or table-land—lying more than two thousand feet above the country we had left behind us, or the valley of the river beyond. The next day we resumed the march, and in the afternoon began the descent into the valley of the Tennessee.

The road down the mountain was the worst, by far, that we had encountered. In some places the road lay over ledges of rocks that were four feet directly down; and many wagons were broken, as well as axles of cannons and caissons. I suppose, to this day, there could be found evidences of that fearful descent, in the wreck of government property lying along that mountain road.

The valley of the Tennessee at last reached, we went into camp at Poe's tavern, and remained there some three weeks, spending the most of our time in foraging for our animals, as well as ourselves.

In this locality there is one of the greatest curiosities it was ever my privilege to behold. It consists of a lake or pond on the top of the ridge we last came down. Directly to the west of where we were encamped, the ridge breaks off into palisades, some five hundred feet in height. Hearing of this curious lake from some of the natives, a party of us set out one day to

explore it. We were compelled to go up the ridge by the same road we had come down, which took us some distance to the northward of the place where we had been informed the lake was located. At last our efforts were rewarded by finding the place. The lake is almost a circle of about six hundred feet in diameter; on one side the rocks had fallen down on an angle of about forty-five degrees, making it possible to descend into this terrible looking place. Once down to the water's edge one could look up the perpendicular sides of this walled-in lake for three hundred feet. It looks as though at some time the rocks had sunken down into the great cave beneath, and left this basin which filled with water from the springs of the mountains. One of the most curious features of this curious basin is that the water has a rise and fall of fifteen feet, at regular intervals. The water was as clear as "mountain dew," and some of our party, on going in to swim, thought they could dive out of sight; but no effort of a swimmer that could go down eighteen feet, seemed to make any difference with his visibility. The natives looked upon this place with great awe, and gave it the fearful name of "Devil's Washbowl."

We had not been at this camp many days before the mystery of the rising and falling of

the water in the bowl was fully explained. About a half mile below our camp was a large spring from which some of our brigade got water; on going there for water one day a soldier found the spring had failed, and so reported. In a few days thereafter another soldier went for water, and found the spring flowing as bountifully as when first discovered. An investigation showed that when the spring ceased to flow, the water in the bowl began to rise, and when the water in the spring began to run, the water in the bowl began to fall. And so it turned out to be an intermitting spring, the philosophy of which every schoolboy that hears me to-night is familiar; and the devil lost the most of his reputation in that locality.

We made quite a long stop at this camp, but at last the order to march came; we went directly down the west bank of the river for about twenty miles, and went into camp for the night; the next morning we marched out to the river, and were informed that we must ford the same.

The Tennessee, where we were required to ford it, was a little less than a mile in width, and in some places quite swift. We were ordered to remove our clothing, but the order was regarded more advisory than imperative; and while some did their clothing up in neat bundles and bore them on their bayonets,

others kept theirs on and trusted to the warmth of their bodies to dry them on the other side.

We started in four ranks, the usual marching order; we got on very well until we came to the deep and rapid portion of the river, when some of our short men became very apprehensive, and I remember we had to keep hold of hands to prevent the current from carrying us down the stream; while we had to take our shortest men on our shoulders to keep their heads above water. It is a sight never to be forgotten to see a mile of men in the water. After having gained the east bank in safety we spent the time in watching the others come across, or in drying our water soaked garments. It was amusing to see the little short fellows ford; they would come along with great bravery until they came to the deep water, when you could see them holding their heads away back; now and then one would go all under, and you would see him climbing some fellow that nature had provided with a longer pair of running-gears; but finally all crossed in safety, and no sickness followed this enforced baptism.

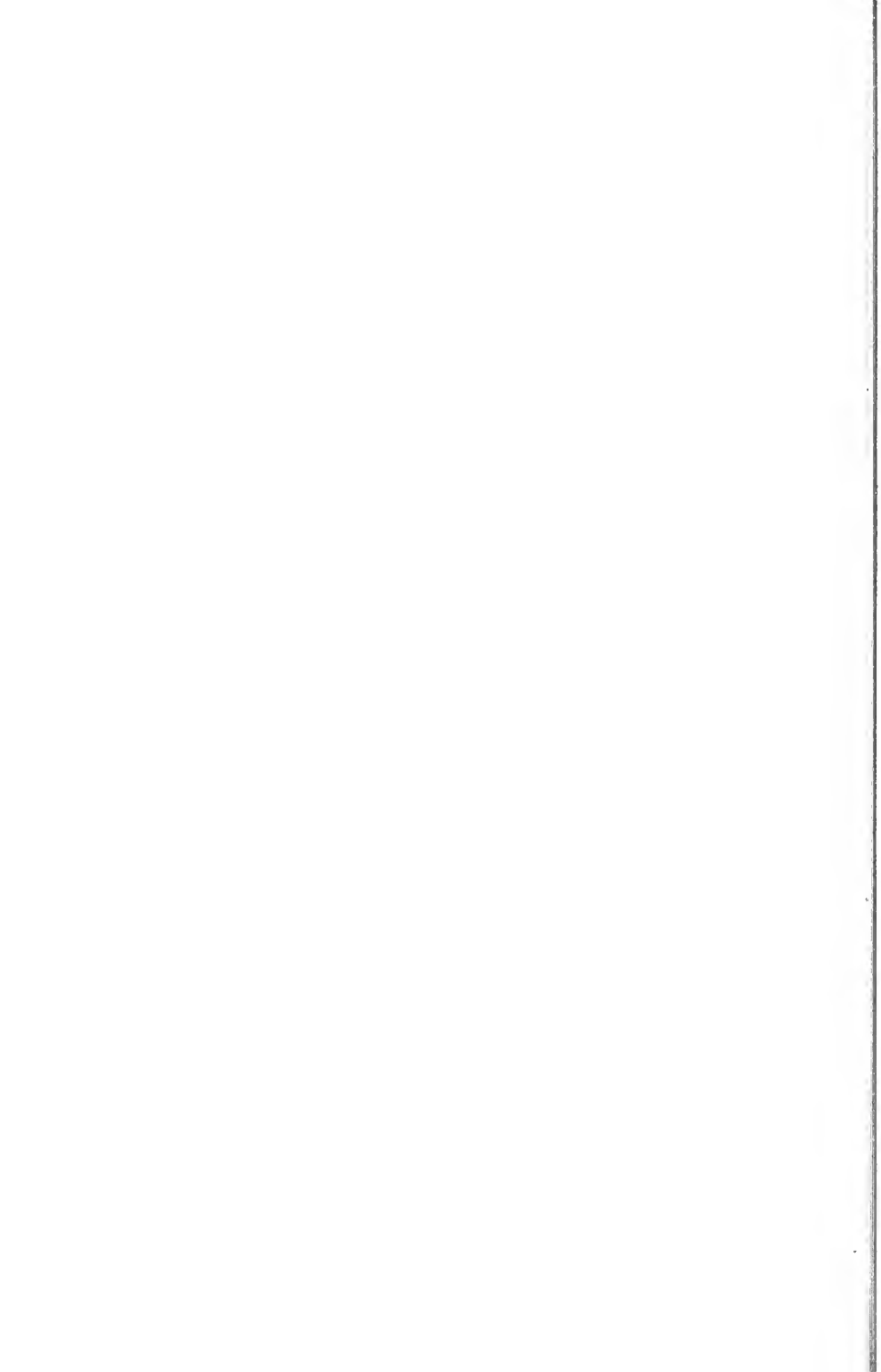
We went into camp that afternoon near the river; and the next morning took up the march in the direction of Ringgold, Ga. Here we found, as a rule, the people had abandoned their

homes and gone south, leaving them to be pil-
laged by thoughtless or criminally inclined sol-
diers. On this day's march I saw an instance
of the propensity of some men to steal that
was about as amusing as it was disgusting.
As I was marching at the head of my company
I heard a great clattering, and on looking back
I saw a soldier coming with a great load on his
back done up in a piece of shelter tent, which
on a nearer inspection proved to be a set of
dishes; there were tureens, bowls, plates, pitch-
ers, platters, and in fact everything known to
a well regulated set of dishes. The fellow
marched on with great composure amid the
derisive shouts of his comrades that he passed;
and probably that night ate his hard-tack off
southern china.

That night we went into camp near a branch
of the Chickamauga river, and the next day
marched into Ringgold. This village, named
in honor of Major Ringgold, that fell at the bat-
tle of Beuna Vista, was a town of about two
thousand people at that time, I should think,
when at home, beautifully located at the foot of
the White Oak mountains; but very few of its
people remained there, and the town was a very
sorry looking place, though built mostly of
brick, and in much better taste than most of
the southern towns that we had seen.



SERGEANT MAJOR JOHN S. NIMMONS.



Here I saw the first exhibition of the extreme spitefulness of the southern woman. Our camp was close to quite a fine looking residence, and seeing a collection of soldiers about there, I thought I would step over and see what was going on. In the doorway stood a good looking, decent appearing lady, and another was just inside of the door. The first one spoke to the crowd of soldiers (that looked as though calico was worth a dollar a yard), and said, "I suppose yuans all came down here to rob weuns of our land." Some one denied the accusation, and, with the most intense bitterness depicted in every feature, she added, "Weuns are perfectly willin' to give yuans all land 'nough to bury yuans on, and we reckon yuans will need consid'able befo yuans git out heyer." I am sorry to say that some of the boys that laughed at the display of provincialism and spite on the part of the rebel lady, were compelled to take up with her offer a few days thereafter.

Here we found quite a lively skirmish going on between Wilder's mounted infantry and some confederate cavalry, out toward Dalton.

We remained here a few days and then moved over to the locality of Lee & Gordon's mills, and the eighteenth day of September found us encamped on the Chicka-

mauga river, some sixteen miles south of Chattanooga.

The Chickamauga is a small river that puts into the Tennessee a few miles above Chattanooga; at most places fordable in low water, but at some points, owing to the limestone formation, dropping into pools, deep and cavernous. The Indians named the little stream Chickamauga, and as they interpret, the word means "dead man's river;" if the name was intended to be prophetic, how terribly was it fulfilled the nineteenth and twentieth days of September, 1863.

All day the eighteenth the south bank of the stream was held by the skirmish line of the enemy; and I remember it was quite a novel and exciting scene to witness the belching of the smoke and flame from the muskets of the skirmishers, while now and then the whizzing of the stray bullet, admonished us that even off duty our position was not one of absolute safety and repose. All that day "the grapevine telegraph" was working in fine shape. The camp was alive with rumors that McCook's Corps had not yet effected the crossing of the mountains; that Bragg had been reinforced by Longstreet from the army of northern Virginia (this was true), and it was the purpose of the confederate commander to destroy the 14th and 21st Corps

before a junction could be made with McCook, and before the Reserve Corps under Granger could come within reinforcing distance.

The sun had just hid his face behind the rocky sides of the Lookout when the order was given to "strike tents," and each regiment was quietly but speedily formed in marching order, and all that night long we marched to the right, to be nearer McCook when the time should come when the foe, long followed and hunted, should hunt us in return.

Any one who has not had the experience cannot have any notion of the absolutely disgusting weariness of a night march in the presence of the enemy. To march in column, day or night, is much more fatiguing than to march singly; but on this terrible night, I remember, the dust was shoe mouth deep, and it came up filling our nostrils with dirt and our souls with indignation. Happy, then, was he that had some phrases, unknown to the ordinary soldier, with which he could give vent to his disgust. If it is true "that hope keeps the heart from breaking," I have often had the reflection that "there are moments—this was one of them," when the strong expressions used by the union soldier kept him from desertion. Then the halting to let a battery of artillery pass or a train of baggage wagons, while we were standing or being

led into the darkness, in a kind of military blind man's buff, without any of the merry incidents of that childish game of the long ago.

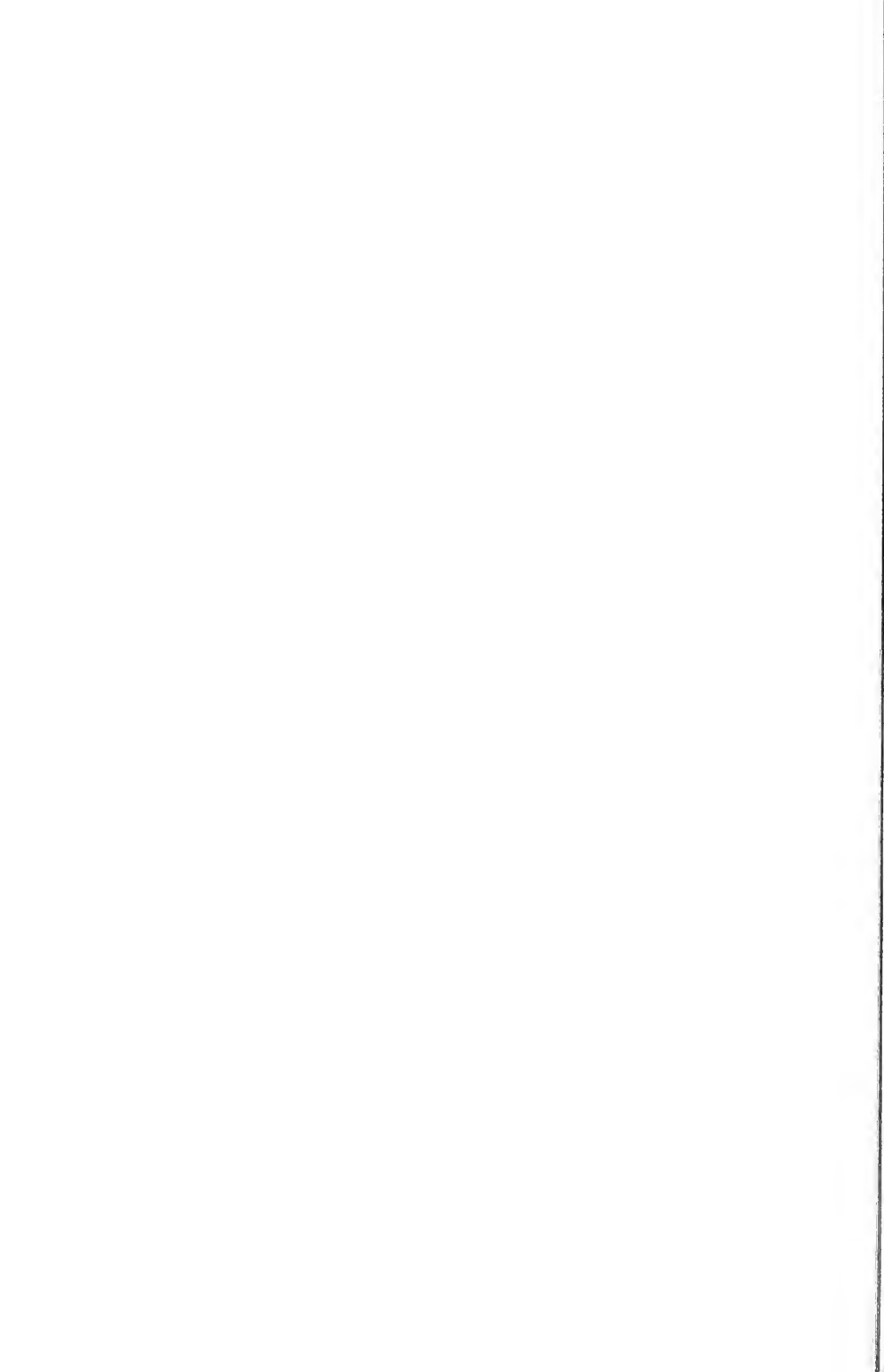
At last the morning of the nineteenth of September, 1863, dawned on thousands of that grand old army for the last time. Inexperienced as we of the 124th O. V. I. were at this time, we knew that we should soon be struggling in the shock and carnage of battle. That the time for our first baptism of blood and fire was fast approaching. The blare of the bugles on every hand told that the work of preparation for that struggle that was to be one that was to save the army from annihilation, was soon to begin.

We pulled out of the old road that leads from Lee & Gordon's mills on the Chickamauga, to Chattanooga, and halted and made coffee and were soon partaking of "the soldier's banquet," not a very elaborate bill of fare, but relished by those tired and dusty soldiers, notwithstanding the preparations for battle going on around us.

I remember a little colloquy that took place between our colonel and General Palmer that morning, while we were breakfasting that illustrates how lightly soldiers can talk about going into battle, no matter how they may feel. Our colonel said, "general, there's going to be a dance down there this morning, is there not?"



COLOR-BEARER SERGEANT LLOYD A. MARSH.



“Yes,” replied the general, “and in less than an hour your regiment will get an invitation to attend it.”

The country where the battle was fought was largely woods, now and then broken by what in southern parlance is called a “deadening,” which simply means that the timber has been killed by girdling, and the ground subjected to the mode of cultivation of slave times in the South. Some portions of the country are quite level, and then breaking into bluffs, as one leaves the river and approaches the foothills of the mountains. Fisher Ames said, “nobody sees a battle,” and it is literally true. While Ames had reference to the great battles of the East that were invariably fought on open plains, how certain the statement is when thick woods and hills intervene along the battle line, which in this case, extended for more than seven miles from right to left.

Soon the bugle sounded the “assembly” and our brigade commanded by the late lamented General H. B. Hazen, filed out into the Chattanooga road. We had not moved more than half a mile to the left, and down the road, when we came to an old partially cleared field and deadening, halted, marched into this field and formed into “double column at half distance,” which every soldier knows is the last position

before the line of battle is formed. Soon one regiment after another took its place in the line, and all was ready for the advance into the woods in our front where we knew from the skirmishing that had been going on all the morning, that the enemy's line of battle was extending itself, with the evident intention of getting between our left and Chattanooga. As I have before said, this battle was the first time our regiment had been under fire, though the other regiments of which our brigade was composed had done good service at Perryville and Stone river.

I suppose there are plenty of men, that can get ready, and go into a battle without fear or wavering, but for my part, my recollection of that momentous event, is somewhat like another's, who describes his condition on a certain occasion as, "whether in the body, I cannot tell, or whether out of the body, I cannot tell; God knoweth."

But the order to move forward came at last and we moved into the pine and oak woods in our front. We had moved but a few yards into the woods, when the enemy opened fire and two of my men were wounded at the first discharge. I was then in command of company B 124th O. V. I., composed of my schoolmates and scholars, the most of them farmers' sons

that knew the use of the rifle; and but very few but that had a larger share of *courage* than their commanding officer.

I was ordered to deploy my company, as skirmishers to cover the regiment, and moved to the front. This movement was executed under fire and not in very good style. The regimental bugle still sounded the *forward*, until my skirmish line was within three hundred feet of the confederate line of battle. My line now attracted the attention of the enemy, and drew his fire exclusively. A six gun battery was run up to the line, and in less time than I can now tell it, my farmer boys had shot down every horse and not one of the gunners could approach a gun.

At this time I saw the first man of our regiment killed, Corporal Atkins. He was a tall, finely formed man, a farmer and school-teacher by occupation; an abolitionist, he hated slavery, and consequently the slaveholders' rebellion; and many a time around the mirthful campfire had he been the object of the friendly raillery of his comrades, by reason of his fiery sentiments of hatred of that giant wrong; and sometimes it was hinted in his hearing, "the best fighters are not as a rule, the best talkers." I can see him now as he stands at my right behind the sheltering trunk of a large pine loading and

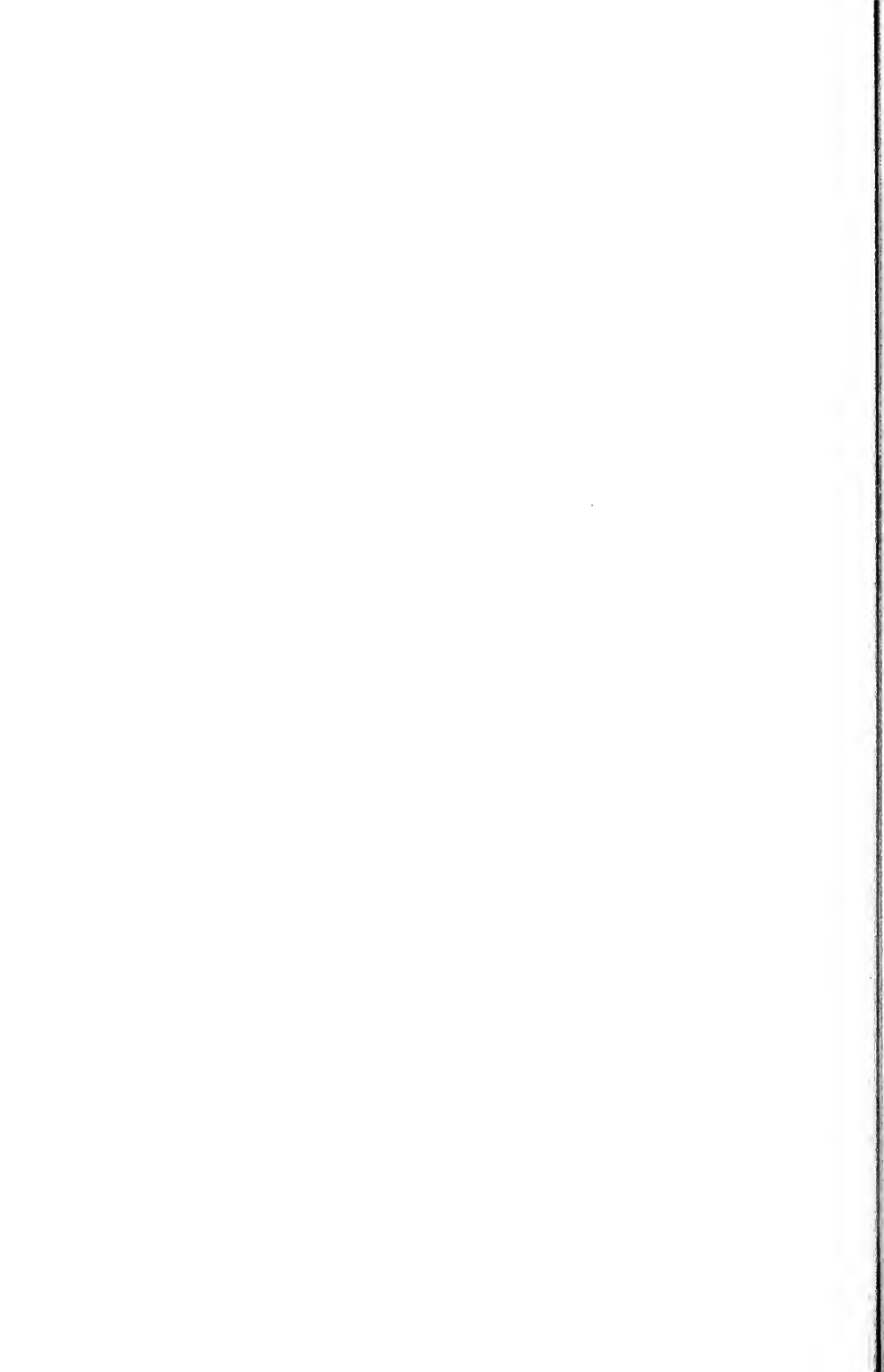
firing, in that storm of bullets, as calmly as though not at death's carnival. I see the blood flowing from his left shoulder, I say, "William, you are badly wounded; go to the rear." Putting his hand up to his wounded shoulder, and extending his left arm says, "see captain, I am not much hurt, I want to give them another." He draws another cartridge from his box, springs his rammer, runs the cartridge half down — a bullet from the enemy pierces that brave heart, and I see him fall on his face — dead. So perished one of those brave sons that fought *for a great principle*, which was the soul of the union army. By the fortunes of the field, we were compelled to leave him there "unknelled, uncoffined and unknown," buried, if at all, by the careless enemy. But if there is a future where the deeds of the brave and true are rewarded, William Atkins will be one of the brightest stars in the galaxy of immortal life. But I must hasten with my story or I weary you, as that day wearied us.

The skirmish line alone of our regiment was engaged. The line of battle could not fire for fear of injury to our line, while our line was so far advanced that the enemy's fire enfiladed us; trees, the ordinary cover of skirmishers, were no protection whatever. Our colonel ordered us to lie down and our main line opened fire over



CORPORAL WILLIAM ATKINS.

The first man of the 12th O. V. I. killed. "See Captain, I am not much hurt, I want to give them another." Page 58.



us, and it was difficult to tell from which we suffered most, the fire of the enemy, or the bad marksmanship of the line in the rear. Finally, those of us that had not been killed and wounded, fell back on the line of battle and fought with that line, and thus the day wore away.

In the afternoon, sometime, the order was sent around to be saving of our ammunition as no more could be had at present, and if the confederates charged we must rely upon the bayonet.

About four o'clock in the afternoon, we heard the commands of officers in our rear, and turning in that direction, we saw the blue of our lines over the old field coming to our relief. It was General Johnson's division of McCook's Corps. They are formed in column by regimental front, at a distance of about two hundred yards between regiments. The first regiment at double-quick rushes through and past our broken and decimated ranks, not stopping until they come close to the confederate line; then halting abruptly, deliver a well directed volley in the face of the enemy, fall and reload, while the next regiment rushes over them only to repeat what those had done who had gone before. It would be almost idle to add that the confederates were compelled to fall back

though composed of the flower of the army of northern Virginia. No men no matter how brave, could stand outside of works the deadly impetuosity of such a charge.

I had seen many noble looking men before; I have seen many since, but have never seen any such men in appearance, as composed that charging column that relieved us that dismal afternoon at Chickamauga. Had every division of the Army of the Cumberland been handled and fought as General Johnson's division was that afternoon, the historian would write Chickamauga a victory, instead of a defeat.

After this charge, in which General Johnson drove Longstreet's line back to and across the river nearly a mile and a half from where we had engaged him, we had time to look after our wounded men. I received permission to go out to the place where we had fought on the skirmish line. Seeing that all the wounded men were carefully removed to the rear, I hastened back to join my company. If I was filled with terror on going into the battle, I was doubly so now. To be lost from one's command in time of action is hard to explain, and a situation for which, among soldiers, there is ever exercised very little charity. I inquired of some wounded men the direction my regiment had taken, and hurrying on, fear lending wings to speed, I

halted near a log cabin in a small opening where a six gun battery stood, and to the guns of which the men were attaching long ropes known as prolongs. I soon came upon my company and regiment lying flat on the ground, and evidently waiting orders. I took my position in the company, thankful that the regiment had not been engaged in my absence. In our immediate front all was still. The ground ascended in a gentle elevation, thickly covered with brush but here and there a tree. All at once there arose one of those terrible yells that only a mass of rebels could produce, and on looking to the front, I saw coming down the hill a solid mass of confederate infantry; their stars and bars flaunting gaily, as the color-bearers came dancing on. All at once the right of our line began falling back without firing a shot, until all had commenced retiring to the right of our company. I was chagrined at what seemed an ignoble retreat, leaving the battery I had passed to certain capture. The rebels had begun firing, but seemed to fire far above us, as the leaves and small branches of the trees fell thickly about us. As they came nearer, their marksmanship seemed to improve, and several of my men were wounded, among the number was Lieutenant Charles M. Stedman, who, though badly wounded in the shoulder, refused

to leave the company until the battle was over. He afterward laid his young life on the altar of his country at the battle of New Hope Church, May 27th, 1864. He was one of the very few *absolutely* brave men, I ever knew. I turned to watch the advancing rebel hosts and to see what would become of the battery when their six guns opened one after another in rapid succession, and I saw lanes and alleys open in the solid ranks of confederate gray. This was repeated as rapidly as the guns could be worked and never an over-charged thunder-cloud seemed to strike more rapidly, than that grand old United States battery poured its double-shotted canisters at half distance into the now panic-stricken and flying rebel horde.

A lone battery with no infantry support on its left, with the infantry support on its right, for, to me, some unaccountable reason, retreating without firing a shot, fighting and repelling an entire brigade of confederate infantry. I never saw it repeated. I never heard of its being repeated in all of my experience in the war, thereafter. I don't know what battery it was, I never could find out with any certainty, but better work was never done by any of those brave men that worship their brazen guns more than did ever heathen devotee the molten image he calls his God.

I saw Colonel Beebe of General Hazen's staff after this eventful day, and he informed me that his duties called him over this portion of the field, and it was with difficulty he rode his horse among the dead.

Not thicker do lie the ripened sheaves in the harvest field, where nature has been most generous, than did the confederate dead on that lone hillside.

That night we marched to a new position and went into bivouac in line of battle. The night was cold and frosty, and as we were not permitted to have much fire and had left our knapsacks behind, we suffered from the cold; but "tired nature's sweet restorer" overcame all difficulties, and we lay down and slept among the dead as sweetly as though we had been bidden "good-night" in our own northern homes.

Thus ended the nineteenth day of September, 1863, and something of what I recollect of the campaign of Chattanooga and the first day's battle of Chickamauga.

Sunday morning, September 20th, dawned cold and cheerless on the waiting armies. The line had been re-formed in the following order:

The 14th Corps occupied the extreme left, then came our corps, the 21st, with McCook on the right and the Reserve Corps not yet up. All felt that this Sabbath day would decide the fate of the army, as well as determine the result of

the campaign, for good or ill, to the cause of the Union. Early in the morning we were ordered to construct such works along our line as the material at hand would admit of, for at that time in the war we had not learned the value of the pick and shovel. It is wonderful what men can do when in extremity, or when their own safety or that of the cause for which they battle, requires the exercise of ingenuity or industry. Soon old logs, fence rails and everything else that could stop a bullet, were being brought to the line. And by eight o'clock a line of works was constructed that, while not any defense against artillery, furnished quite a sufficient protection against small arms. My company was again ordered out as skirmishers into the woods in front of the brigade. We had not been on the line more than an hour when the rebels advanced their line of skirmishers, and the firing began.

My orders were to keep the line well out, and to retire only on the line of battle when the enemy advanced in force. It was soon evident to all that the rebels designed to force the fighting for we could see his charging lines rapidly advancing. We then fell back to our line of log and rail works, and in doing so had to run the gauntlet of the fire of excitable men of our line that could not be controlled.

Once over the works, and in position in the line, we had not long to wait for the onset. The eagerness of the enemy in following the skirmishers soon brought them into rifle range. Our Colonel Payne had been very severely wounded early the day before, and the command of the regiment devolved upon Major James B. Hampson, who afterwards gave his life to his country at Dallas, Ga. With the coolness and bearing of an old veteran he ordered our regiment to hold its fire until the rebels were within close range of our works, then, all at once, we arose and poured a well-aimed volley into their ranks. The 41st O. V. I., directly in our rear and forming a second line, then gave them a volley and their charge was ended. Three times that morning the enemy charged our position, only to be beaten back in disorder and confusion.

About this time occurred that terrible mistake in the battle that caused the panic and rout of a portion of McCook's Corps, and which carried our commanding general out of the fight and back to Chattanooga, leaving General Thomas to fight the battle alone. It was here that General Thomas received the title of the "Rock of Chickamauga;" and it was from this field that General Rosecrans was retired—never to be heard from again during the war.

About eleven o'clock a. m. the confederates

commenced a most determined onset on the 14th Corps at our left. It soon became evident that the enemy was gaining ground, as the firing came nearer and nearer, and the left kept falling back until the cannon shot from the enemy cut the limbs from the trees above us, and we expected every moment to hear the order "change front to rear." The corps to our left had fallen back to nearly at right angles with our line, and we could plainly see the wounded men being borne back or slowly straggling to the rear. There are times in the life of almost anyone when the circumstances with which he is surrounded are burned into his memory as though graven with a pen of fire. So on this occasion, although the enemy had been badly beaten in our front, we saw our line of battle momentarily crumbling away on our left. Visions of Libby, Salisbury and Andersonville came before us, and it did seem as though our fate was destruction or captivity. While intensely watching the progress of the battle on our left, all at once we saw the front of a column of men coming on the double-quick out of the woods in our rear. They advance nearly up to our position, they halt, and face to the left. We saw an officer on a white horse ride up to a color bearer. He takes the standard out of his hand, and with the grand old stars and stripes in one hand, his

sword in the other, he gallops to the front; the ranks of blue follow fast their intrepid leader. Then was battle on in all the grandeur of its pomp and circumstance. No one single musket could be heard, but as some vast storm that comes sweeping on from the northwest with a roar that is appallingly sublime, mingled the volleys of the contending hosts, while the salvos of the artillery cause the earth to tremble as in the throes of an earthquake. Our line swings back, like a gate on its hinges, to its former position. But where is that glorious spirit that led that gallant charge that has saved us from capture and our army from certain defeat? An orderly is seen leading back the white horse "that carried his master into the fray," but no rider is there. "Wounded, but not mortally" is the word that is passed from lip to lip. And that brave Polish officer, General Turchin, still lives to receive the thanks and honors of his adopted countrymen. This was the same officer that rebelled against the old world tyranny and, in 1848, with Sigel, Willich, Schurz, Austerhause and many others, fought for liberty in the fatherland until fighting was hopeless; and for the liberty they could never win in their country came to ours; but, strange to say, not one of them ever drew his sword in the cause of the slaveholder's rebellion. Very many of them, as

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some one has truly said, "wrote their naturalization papers in their blood."

About two o'clock p. m. our brigade was relieved from the line where we had fought in the morning, and held in reserve, ready to be taken to any point on the line where our services might be most needed. The enemy, by the mistake that I have referred to before, had driven a portion of McCook's Corps from the field and entirely out of the battle, and had extended its left so far to the rear as to cut us off from a large spring that had furnished us with water the day before. From the time of this calamity in the morning we had no water, and the air was thick with the sulphurous smoke that created an intense thirst. The men were clamoring and insisting that someone should go for water. There was one member of our company, George Benton, that by his kindness of heart, and implicit and cheerful obedience to orders, had won the respect and confidence of his officers and the hearts of his fellow soldiers. In speech, modest and kindly, yet in the battle he had shown himself as brave as the bravest. George came to me loaded down with canteens, and asked permission to go to the rear and try to find water. I, with some emphasis, refused. The men at that set up a clamor, and insisted that they were suffering for want of water. I

explained the hazardous nature of the enterprise. I assured them from the firing that our right was well turned, and that anyone going back, alone and unattended, was liable to be killed, wounded, or *captured*, which all dreaded more than death or wounds by reason of the inhuman treatment our soldiers received while in rebel prisons. I said to George, "I am afraid you will never come back." With a smile of determination lighting up that noble young face, he replied, "I will come back, captain, or I will be a dead Benton." I was not quite strong enough for the emergency. I made a mistake. That mistake cost George Benton his life. He never returned. Whether he fell by a stray bullet, in those deep woods and thickets, or whether he was captured and murdered in prison, I know not. The records of Salisbury and Andersonville were searched, after the war, but on none could the name of George Benton be found. After we had fallen back on Chattanooga letters came from his father and sisters, inquiring concerning the fate of son and brother. No one can know with what bitterness I reproached myself for allowing myself to be persuaded against my better judgment; and learning by that sad lesson—no member of company B was ever again reported "missing in action." I saw the father and sis-

ters when we came back from the war, and told them what I had already written them before of the way George was lost; but "hope, like an anchor to the soul, sure and steadfast," would not suffer them to give up their dear boy as lost. They hoped that some day, like a lost mariner, he would come from perhaps captivity and sickness, to gladden their hearts and relieve the suspense that was crushing their lives. But twenty-seven autumns have returned since that brave boy was lost to sight in the smoke that covered that dread field of Chickamauga, but no tidings ever came of that one, who was gladly willing to risk his life to alleviate the sufferings of his comrades, and was permitted to do so by the weakness of his commanding officer.

At about four o'clock p. m. our attention was drawn to the heavy firing on our extreme right, and we conjectured that our Reserve Corps was being brought into action. It proved to be true. General Granger came up and with his corps that had known but little, if anything, of the disasters of the day, charged the enemy with the force and effect of victors.

But it seemed it was not the purpose of General Thomas to contend for the field of battle, and to General Granger's Corps was assigned the duty of covering the retreat of the balance of the army.

It was Wellington (whom his comrades loved to call the "Iron Duke") that said at the battle of Waterloo, "would that sundown or Blücher had come." And never did sundown hang his somber curtain over a more grateful body of men than those that remained of the Army of the Cumberland. Just as the sun began to cast the long shadows to the eastward our brigade was retired to the west for about half a mile, still in order of battle; but any one could discern that a general retreat was to be commenced as soon as the friendly darkness should cover us from the view of the enemy. While in this position we heard cheers from what seemed to be a great body of men, and the rumor was at once out that General Burnside had reinforced us from Knoxville. We answered the cheers as heartily as our tired bodies and depressed spirits would permit, and the sky was ablaze with the rockets that shot up from the direction from which we had heard the cheering. Mendenhall's battery of Rodman guns was at that time just in our front. He ordered his men to load with canister, and then I heard him remark "that is the last round of ammunition this battery has."

Some one out toward the skirmish line heard the order "Ninth Louisiana, forward, double-quick, march," and pretty effectually dispelled

the delusion that the cheering and rocket party were our friends under General Burnside. It was now quite dark, and tired, depressed and supperless, we commenced the march that meant that the battlefield, with all its treasures of our dead heroes, was to be abandoned to the tender mercies of an enemy that looked upon us as invaders and destroyers of their rights and liberties. It was, indeed, a sad hour. Two days before we had gone into this conflict with full ranks and high hopes of victory. Now we were "silently stealing away" under cover of the darkness, like dastardly assassins, when, in fact, we were there in the holy cause of liberty for all men, and for the union of the states as against rebellion and treason. We were leaving our beloved dead, uncomposed, unburied, with nothing to mark the spot where they fell, with no place of sepulture, with no requiem, save the sougling of the south wind through the banners of the majestic pines, or the nightly songs of the sweet voiced southern mocking bird.

" We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
But we left them alone in their glory."

We drew away into the defiles of the hills, and the glad sound of the splashing of the horses' hoofs in the little streams that trickled

from the hillsides, then the scraping of the tin cups could be heard (the efforts of the boys to get a drink of the muddy hoof-trodden water); but straining it through the teeth, no nectar quaffed by the fabled gods of old ever tasted so refreshing as did that grand beverage of nature to those battle-stained soldiers that night.

Of the route we marched that night I never had the least information; but when the sun arose over the mountains of North Carolina, the twenty-first day of September, it looked down upon the old army in order of battle on the summit of Missionary Ridge. All day we kept this position, but the confederates wanted no more fighting on this occasion, and, you can believe me, *they had my entire sympathies.*

Some have said that both armies retreated from the field of battle, and had our army stayed on the field the night of the twentieth, no confederate army would have confronted it on the morning of the twenty-first. But this story, though I am told it has gone into history, I never believed to be true. In the first place, the confederate general, Bragg, had, when the campaign commenced, an army nearly equal in numbers to our own, with no rear to take care of and guard. Secondly, after he crossed the mountains he was reinforced by General Longstreet's Corps from the army of northern Vir-

ginia. And, thirdly, he had at his command (but not called into the battle to any extent) a large force of Georgia state militia.

Then again, the second day of the battle McCook's Corps was largely cut to pieces and destroyed for fighting business. The 14th and 21st Corps were badly cut up in the two days fighting, and at the close of the second day almost destitute of ammunition. And finally, there was the movement of men before sundown to inform that *we* were abandoning the field. So it never seemed credible that the confederates were retreating the night of the twentieth as well as ourselves.

The night of the twenty-first we fell back and entrenched a position just outside of the then small village of Chattanooga. The victorious confederates occupied the whole extent of Missionary Ridge, and soon appeared in force on the summit of Lookout.

So I have given you, in great weakness and imperfection, some of my recollections of the memorable campaign of Chattanooga and the battle of Chickamauga. I have read no book or history giving an account of the campaign and battle. Being simply an officer in the line my chances for observation were very limited, and very many of my conclusions are, *without doubt, inaccurate*. The plans of a battle, always an



PRIVATE GEORGE BENTON.

"I will come back or I will be a dead Benton." Page 69.

interesting feature of history, I have, as a matter of course, been compelled to omit.

But if this unworthy effort has revived patriotic memories in the minds of those of you who can remember the war, or revived the recollections of my old comrades in arms, or given some faint idea to those that have come after us of what was attempted and suffered by those that strove "to keep our flag in the sky" in all those dark years, I have been amply rewarded for the attempt.

Chickamauga was in one sense a battle lost; but by it we won the campaign, and from the ground beyond the mountains and beyond the river that we had crossed, the invincible Sherman led his victorious legions into and through the very vitals of the confederacy.

It was one of those grand struggles between brave men that has marked the progress of liberty and right in all ages; that has cemented us firmly in the bonds of UNITY and FRATERNITY and made us in arms invincible as against the world.

First delivered before the River Styx Literary Society, March 12th, 1887.

THE SIEGE OF CHATTANOOGA, THE BATTLE OF LOOKOUT
MOUNTAIN, AND THE STORMING OF
MISSIONARY RIDGE.

THE battle of the nineteenth and twentieth of September, 1863, had resulted in disaster instead of victory. The Army of the Cumberland had been forced to retire, to abandon Missionary Ridge, and to fortify a line running through the outskirts of the village of Chattanooga from Cameron Hill, near the river below to the river above.

The victorious rebels came on and took possession of the entire length of Missionary Ridge, fortifying the same with strong parapets of earth, while one hundred pieces of artillery soon found position on the Ridge from right to left.

General Bragg also took possession of Lookout mountain, and planted some very heavy guns near the summit, just above the palisades. I never knew why those guns did not render our position around Chattanooga entirely untenable, unless it was the poor quality of the guns or lack of ammunition. All the execution that I ever heard of those guns doing was to

kill a mule that would have died of starvation later on. Those hundred-pounders that were planted on the summit of Lookout were, for some reason, only fired a few times, and not for weeks prior to the time the siege was raised.

Never in the history of the Army of the Cumberland had the spirit of its officers and men been more depressed. The battle of Chickamauga had not only been fought and lost, but we also lost what was more than loosing a battle. We had lost confidence in our commander.

And I think when the order came relieving General Rosecrans and placing General Grant in command of the Army of the Cumberland, there were few regrets expressed, even among those that had theretofore given General Rosecrans the title of "Hero of Stone River." But, in my humble judgment, one thing, and one thing only, saved the Army of the Cumberland. If General Rosecrans had shown himself incompetent to command the army at the battle of Chickamauga, the rebel general, Bragg, was possessed of a stupidity that more than overbalanced the incompetency of Rosecrans.

Just for one moment view our situation. Almost surrounded. No railroad communications over which to supply rations or ammunition. No transportation whatever, save one wagon road over Raccoon mountain, and that so ex-

posed in places to the rebel sharpshooters that the teamsters (though in a sense noncombatants) were constantly exposed to the fire of an enemy they could neither see nor reply to. Then the road itself was simply horrible. When not bounding over ledges of rocks that nothing but an army wagon could withstand, they mired in the quicksand holes with which the way abounded, so that at times an empty wagon was more than a load for a six mule team. Then, this only road was constantly exposed to the raids of troops of the rebel mounted infantry. It was of this road a story is told of a teamster that was stuck with a load of ammunition in one of those miry places, and while he was waking the mountain echoes with his black whip and profanity, was overtaken by an "army chaplain," just fresh from some theological seminary of the north, and had not made the acquaintance of the army mule driver. Hearing the terrible profanity of this Jehu stuck fast in the mud, thought this a fitting opportunity to "sow the good seed," and riding up to the disgusted M. D. said, "My friend, do you know that Christ died for sinners?" The M. D., with a glance at the new and dazzling uniform of the chaplain, sang out, "Look a yer stranger, do you think it's any time for conundrums when I'm stuck fast in the mud and the rebels not a

quarter of a mile in the rear?" Whether the chaplain thought his "ground was stony," or that the rebels were too near, he abandoned his theological lesson and left the M. D. to his fate.

In this situation of transportation, with no country on which to forage or draw any supplies whatever, with the Tennessee river behind us, with the Cumberland mountains beyond the river, with more than two hundred miles from the nearest reinforcements, what but the stupidity of Bragg saved us from destruction while in that position.

But, instead of striking us while depressed by defeat, he suffered us to select our position, and before ten days had elapsed our line was bristling with forts of no mean dimensions and strength, putting our capture beyond the possibility of being accomplished by assault.

The siege of Chattanooga proper began about the twenty-fifth of September. It was not long after this before a flag of truce was sent to General Bragg's headquarters on Missionary Ridge, asking the privilege of going out to the Chickamauga battlefield to bury our dead. It had been so slightly done that in some instances not enough dirt had been thrown over the sleeping braves to cover their uniforms. This last sad office was tenderly and carefully performed;

and in all instances where there was anything to identify the dead soldier, his name, company, and regiment were marked on rude headboards that could be improvised on the spot. But alas! the fact that we, as an army, could not collect our dead after the battle, caused thousands to sleep in nameless graves.

After the war this army of known and unknown dead was carefully removed to the National Cemetery at Orchard Knob, near the base of the ridge, and buried; all the *known* neatly marked; but how frequently the word *unknown* occurs in that beautiful home of the dead soldier.

One good result, besides the decent interment of our dead, was the fact that all of our wounded that were not able to be removed to southern prisons were paroled and sent into Chattanooga. One of our men, Arthur Budlong, had lain upon the battlefield until our boys found him and brought him in under the flag of truce. Thus were the severities of war somewhat modified by the humanity of man that not even the unseemly war-cloud could altogether overshadow.

The monotony and dreariness of a siege can be appreciated only by those that have taken part therein. Language fails me to give you anything like an adequate idea of its listless

torments. While on the march the scenery is constantly changing. The exercise of marching keeps one healthy, and keeps one's mind employed and the banishment from home and loved ones does not occupy so much of one's thoughts. The skirmishing and fighting, while dreadful in consequences and results, has on the soldier, to a certain extent, an exhilarating effect; and the hours spent thereafter, in the tales of personal adventure and experience, while causing one sometimes to think that the tribe of "Ananias" was not extinct, yet these tales of personal valor and daring helped to cheer and while away many an idle hour; and, as a rule, no one was deceived "by the tales they told us there." But in the siege every day was like all the others; and from the time we fell back on Chattanooga until operations began about the twentieth of November, the sky was cloudless. And while the long Indian summer period of southern Tennessee, so delightful to the citizen in time of peace, to us soldiers (to a certain extent in captivity) it seemed to breed melancholy and homesickness. We did all we could to avert this trouble. We played seven-up until we almost wore the spots off the cards. We smoked and "jawed." We criticised the plans of campaigns and battles. We decided the merits of brigadier and major generals un-

til, could you have heard us, you would have thought we were writers formulating articles for the Century Magazine instead of besieged soldiers trying to drive away enui. Oh, if baseball had been invented then what regimental, brigade and division clubs we could have organized, with hospitals handy to care for the wounded. If we had only known the silly but fascinating game of lawn tennis our sick list would have been shortened.

But these were not all of our troubles. Our commissary department began to get hard up and threatened suspension. Now, for the purpose of being understood by the Sons of Veterans and the young people that hear me, suffer me to explain. A *ration* is an allowance, issued by the commissary department, of the various things on which soldiers are fed, to-wit: hard bread (called hard-tack), bacon (sometimes called sow-belly), fresh beef, beans, rice, coffee, sugar, salt and pepper, and sometimes, under favorable circumstances, soft bread. Now a full ration is ample for three meals, and sometimes a little to spare when *full*. We had not been in a state of siege long (owing to the defective transportation of which I have spoken) before we were put on half rations, that is, one-half of three meals or one and one-half meals a day; and before many days after we were put on quarter rations, that is,

three-fourths of one meal a day. Now any of you that have tried to live on less than enough for one meal a day (and are no relation to Dr. Tanner) will realize the situation we were in. While our rations were short and, in fact, fast growing less, the health of the men was materially impaired. The truth is, as a rule, while in camp soldiers eat too much, and exercise too little. The quarter rations were helped out by stealing corn from the famishing mules, which the soldiers parched and ate. The mules and horses that were not sent to the rear died of starvation, so that, at the time the operations began against the position of the enemy, we had not a horse to move a gun. Could we have moved our light batteries on to the Ridge, immediately after the assault, the loss to the enemy would have been much more severe. But while the starvation, the enforced fast that we suffered, may have been beneficial to the health of the men, their morals seemed to decrease in a corresponding ratio. Stealing whatever one could get his hands on to eat became not only prevalent, but popular. The brigade commissaries had to be guarded to keep them from being plundered, while not infrequently the guards proved to be simply cappers for the hungry thieves of the regiments from which they were respectively detailed. Officer's mess-

chests were raided; and one could not get up in the night without seeing some adventurous fellow slipping through the rows of tents with a box of hard-tack on his shoulders. Holes were excavated under the floors of the tents, and used as storing places for the plunder obtained by these nocturnal adventures. I now distinctly remember one "Israelite, in whom there was no guile," of company I, that the boys for short called "Jew Jake," that more than kept his mess in hard bread during that time of scarcity. But the sad part of the whole business was that, while the raiders and plunderers had all and more than they needed in the way of bread, the honest ones had comparatively less, as the commissary department distributed with absolute fairness the scanty rations it had to issue. And for once there was no favoritism shown to the officers. An officer could not buy more than was issued for a ration to a private soldier. But I am, as I remember it from this great lapse of time, in no situation to be very hard upon those volunteer commissary sergeants that were so willing to help issue rations, even if they had to go on night duty, for, as I now remember it, Jew Jake was a great friend to the mess of which I was a member. And when the time was that the new white hard-tack looked brighter and better than silver dollars to a people's party

man, no questions were asked as to how they were issued.

But the day of our deliverance was fast approaching. Above the village and on the river, inside of our lines, was an old steam sawmill that probably had not turned a wheel since the war began. This was discovered by some one, put in order by some soldier (for we had plenty of soldiers in our ranks that could repair and put in running order, anything from a watch to a locomotive), and, on taking a stroll in that direction one day, I saw a gang of soldiers sawing two-inch planks. These planks were slipped into the river, and landed further down town for further use in the great drama that we were preparing to enact. We had not been penned up long in Chattanooga before the country became aroused at the danger to the Army of the Cumberland. Luckily for us almost everyone saw our danger save General Bragg, and he seemed to have no hostile designs on our army. Truly, it seems to me, General Bragg was the General McClellan of the confederate army, without McClellan's powers of organization and his delight in grand reviews.

As I have stated before, the authorities superseded General Rosecrans, and put the Army of the Cumberland, and all other forces to be assembled, in command of the "Hero of Vicks-

burg," "the silent conqueror of rebel armies and strongholds." But that was not all; the government, by the aid of the matchless executive ability of Edwin M. Stanton, President Lincoln's war secretary, withdrew the 20th Corps, commanded by General Joe Hooker, from the Army of the Potomac, transferred them by rail and put them into camp at Bridgeport, on the Tennessee river about fifty miles below Chattanooga, in seven days' time. This was the most rapid movement of troops ever known in the world's history. In the meantime General Sherman with his western veterans was on the long march from the Mississippi, headed for Chattanooga. I remember one night the rumor came by "the grapevine telegraph," "Hooker was at Bridgeport, Ala.," and soon the shout "Hooker has come—Hooker has come—Hooker's at Bridgeport" ran along our lines. Even the never ending seven-up was abandoned, and the men gathered in squads to inquire and discuss our prospectively bettered condition and situation, while the officers hastened to headquarters, anxious to have the rumor confirmed. It was not long before an officer from the 20th Corps was seen in Chattanooga, and then the enthusiasm of the Army of the Cumberland knew no bounds. But Lookout valley was in the possession of the enemy, and it was the purpose of General

Grant to lodge General Hooker's Corps in that valley, preparatory to swinging it around the north side of Lookout mountain.

Day after day the sound of the ax and the hammer might have been heard at the steam-boat landing in front of the village. It was the building of boats from the material sawed at the mill above. The boats were constructed on the pontoon pattern, not deep, but wide, and if the rebels took notice of the work they would have been justified in believing from appearances, that our intention was to construct a pontoon bridge across the river from Chattanooga. But that was not the intention. One day there came an order from General Hazen, who commanded our brigade, to furnish so many men, picked men, on account of their known bravery and soldierly character. Also, a certain number of officers to be selected for the same qualities. We furnished the requisite number from company B, and so did each company of the regiment, but the name of your unworthy speaker was not on the list of officers. He was not either among those *called* or *chosen*. Of course, I did not know that our gallant Colonel Pickands considered me worthy for the expedition at hand; but I did know that my saber had been hanging idly in his tent "for low, these many days," and being there duty was not for

me until I was again put in possession of the same. So I stayed in camp with Captain Powell of company G and some other officers and men; because, while all were brave enough, all could not be chosen. I think the number selected from our brigade was three hundred, commanded by that prince among fine officers, the late lamented General Hazen.

That night the detail were all gotten ready and down to the landing; and at midnight, when the young moon had hidden its bright crescent behind the Cumberlands, and the fog from the river had wrapped the base of old Lookout in an impenetrable cloud of mist, the "three hundred" embarked silently, and the current of the river bore them down to the point where the work was to be done. They swept along without accident; and not even the sleepless rebel pickets, that lined the left bank of the river, discovered their presence. Just before the sun began to chase away the darkness from the east they halted at Brown's Ferry, the place of their destination. Their boats were hastily shoved ashore and the skirmish line formed, and before the rebels in Lookout valley knew what was going forward, the "three hundred" of our brigade awoke them from their dreams by the crack of their muskets, as they scattered the rebel picket line posted along the

river, and before the sun was up Hooker's legions were pouring into the valley and on their way to the north base of Lookout, and by the time the sun had set that day Hooker's skirmish line was in sight of Chattanooga.

This signal success at Brown's Ferry, more remarkable for the boldness of its plan and the daring with which it was executed than anything else, did not cost our brigade the loss of a man, either killed or wounded, but it gave Hooker a foothold in Lookout valley whereby he swept it of rebels and opened up *our cracker line*, as the boys called it, and in a few days we had full supply. From the date of the expedition to Brown's Ferry whatever there was of the siege of Chattanooga was raised.

THE BATTLE OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

Not many days after the capture of Lookout valley by Hooker the head column of General Sherman's troops came up on the west side of the river and commenced laying a pontoon bridge across, and soon the western boys, all dusty and begrimed by their long march, came filing through our camps. To say they received a hearty welcome from the Army of the Cumberland is drawing it mildly. They were no *paper collar soldiers*. They not only had the bearing of veterans, but victors. They

marched out east of town and went into camp near Tunnel hill. Even soldiers often have but little idea of the time it takes to move a great army of men from one position to another. It consumed an entire day for General Sherman's army to pass out to their camp.

The twenty-third day of November, 1863, the Army of the Cumberland moved out late in the afternoon, none of us knowing the purpose. We formed in a continuous line of battle with a heavy skirmish line well in the front. At the word of command we all moved in the direction of the ridge.

Before the rebels seemed to be aware of what was intended we had come up to our picket line, and that also advanced with our skirmishers, when the rebel outposts in most places gave way without showing much resistance. But where the rebel line crossed Orchard Knob they had quite respectable rifle pits which they defended with some spirit, causing the 41st O. V. I. some trouble in dislodging them, and thereby we had some few men wounded in our brigade. This line, formerly occupied by the rebel outposts, we at once commenced fortifying by throwing up strong rifle pits of earth and stone. We then advanced our skirmish line well out toward the base of the ridge. One of the prisoners that we captured said: "Weuns thought

youns was coming out for a review, we didn't think youns was coming out to fight weuns." We informed the Johnny that General Grant was commanding us, and he was not a review general. That night we bivouaced on the line, working on the rifle pits by details. It might be well enough to here remark that the saber of the subscriber, that had so long hung in the tent of Colonel Pickands, was shortly before this forward movement returned, owing to the fact that the little unpleasantness that had occurred with General Willich had fallen into the condition of "innoxious disuetude," and your humble servant was permitted to carry that then and now totally useless appendage of an officer until the muster-out man relieved him therefrom.

For fear some of you may think my offense was more serious than it was, and that all may know just how severe army discipline was in those times when men for the good of their country submitted to the petty tyranny and whims of their superiors, I have concluded to relate the experience I had of being under arrest. It was one of those beautiful Indian summer days when, under conditions of peace, bare existence is a luxury, I had command of the reserve post in front of Fort Wood. To relieve the tedium of the hour, myself and three non-commissioned officers on duty with me were engaged in the

army orthodox game of "seven-up." On looking to the eastward I saw a general officer and his staff approaching as they came over the top of a hill. I immediately turned out the reserve, and when the cavalcade rode up I gave the order "present arms," which was obeyed in good style, but instead of General Willich and his staff riding away with a kind good morning, he said, "Captain, you report mit your Colonel under arrest," and without telling me what the "head and front of my offending" consisted of, I started back to the headquarters of my regiment. I deposited my *cheese knife* with the Colonel, and he directed me to report to the brigade commander, and he directed me to report to General Willich, whom I found in an old log house. I made known to him my business. After producing a snuffbox as large as an army frying pan, and after filling very well his nasal appendage, commenced in about this style: "Cap'n, you blay cards mit your men. *I blay cards.* I blay cards mit officers, but not mit men. You blay cards mit your men—mit your enlisted men. Your men not have respect mit you. Then when you come mit the battle, you lose control mit your men, you company preaks, the regiment preaks, and the brigade goes to the tyfle. You go mit your quarters, I prefer charges mit you." Here was a splendid

Prussian officer that at this late period of the war had not learned the value of the volunteer soldier and that it was perfectly safe to treat him when off duty like any other gentleman of equal merit. This fact was known in our regiment from the start, and the difference between the officer and the enlisted man was never asserted only for the purpose of duty—the good of the service. The charges of the brave Prussian officer were preferred in due time, and, before this movement that I have described, were withdrawn at the instance of General Wm. B. Hazen, and that was the last that was ever heard of the charges of “blaying cards mit your men.”

November 24th the midst hung heavy on the summit of Lookout and almost hid the monarch of the Cumberlands from our view. Nothing occurred to break the monotony of the soldier's life until about half past ten o'clock a. m. a heavy firing commenced on the other side of Lookout from us, and rumor (the soldiers telegraph) said “that Hooker was advancing up the west and north sides of the mountain.” This did not long lack confirmation, for our fort on Cameron Hill soon commenced shelling the woods that covered the mountain, save a cleared field just below the palisades, in a very spirited manner. This fire was returned by the

big rebel guns mounted on the summit of Lookout, just above the palisades, but for some reason seemed entirely ineffective.

How many of those present ever heard a vigorous cannonading in a mountainous country? Of course, nearly all the old soldiers present to-day have. The mountain ridges were so situated around Chattanooga that a single discharge of a cannon would be repeated by the echo five and six times, the second and third nearly as loud as the first discharge.

You can therefore imagine the grandeur of an artillery duel in these mountains. General Grant ordered a battery down near Chattanooga creek, that runs between the town and the base of the mountain, which did effective work in shelling the woods all day, and must have been most terribly annoying to the rebels. It was not long before we could tell by the firing coming nearer that Hooker's veterans from the east were driving the rebels before them, and soon the lines of blue smoke could be seen rising above the trees. All eyes were now centered on Lookout, and in a short time we could see the rebels had fallen back to the open field below the palisades, in which at that time stood a farm house.

Presently we could see the lines of blue coming from out the woods into the open field, and

from their direction and extension they must have reached from the base of the mountain to the palisades. The fighting seemed heaviest on the east side of the open field; but nothing could withstand the force of the constant charge that Hooker was making, and when the sun went down the rebel line was driven back well along the east side of the mountain and nearly opposite the west end of Missionary Ridge. The skirmish lines kept up a constant fire until after midnight, marking their positions by the continuous blaze of the musketry. Two lines of musketry running up the steep sides of a mountain in plain view, and constantly belching forth their tongues of flame, is a sight most inspiring, and seen only once in a lifetime.

That night the rebels abandoned Lookout, and the next morning we greeted the grand old stars and stripes floating proudly from the summit of that mountain peak, in place of the traitorous emblem that we had been compelled to gaze upon, in disgust, for so many long sad weeks.

THE BATTLE OF MISSIONARY RIDGE.

We fought the battle of Missionary Ridge with the great victory of the battle of Lookout mountain as an inspiration, and the flag the gallant Hooker planted there waiving above us.

Some have supposed that the battle of Missionary Ridge was fought without any definite plan save to find the enemy and fight him, but this is an error. While the battle of Missionary Ridge was a brilliant success, could General Grant's plan have been carried out Bragg's entire army must have been destroyed or captured. Hooker was ordered to withdraw from the mountain early in the morning of the twenty-fifth, cross Chattanooga creek and move up the valley to Rossville, and thereby substantially turn Bragg's left flank. Sherman was to attack his right flank at Tunnel Hill, while Thomas, in direct command of the Army of the Cumberland, was to hold the center, and fall on his rear the moment he saw any indications that Bragg was withdrawing to support his right or left. But it was never intended that the ridge should be climbed in the face of the enemy, without either of his flanks being turned or shaken. No general ever dreamed of the storming of Missionary Ridge before the charge began. The best plans of battles often fail of execution. When General Hooker struck Chattanooga creek he found a stream he could not ford, and was compelled to bridge in face of the enemy and under a heavy fire. And instead of being able to reach Rossville early in the day, as was expected by Grant, he found himself confronted by the enemy more

resolute and determined than had opposed him on the mountain the day before.

Sherman opened the battle on our left with great vigor and determination, and from our position we could see his charging columns; but he found the enemy in a very strong position, naturally, improved by very strong works, and he seemed to make little, if any, progress.

Our line ran through the edge of a small growth of timber. To the front there was a soapstone plateau of about six hundred yards, before reaching the base of the ridge, where ran a line of the enemy's rifle pits well filled with infantry. Our skirmish line covered the entire front of the brigade, and soon after our position had been taken Colonel Pickands came to the officers of the regiment with the order that "at the firing of six guns from Fort Wood, and the sounding of the *forward*, we must face to the front, and not suffer ourselves to be checked until we put ourselves into the rebel works at the base of the ridge."

No emotion was visible in the soldierly face of our brave colonel, save, perhaps, a little more violent chewing of a large quid of the weed that added rotundity to his bronzed weather-beaten cheek. His further order was that we inform each man in the ranks of what was expected of him. Commanding at the time company B, it

was my painful duty to break the news to those that I had known from boyhood, and that I had learned to love as brothers. No one that I communicated the order to, but turned pale.

If the Light Brigade, that Tennyson has immortalized, was ordered "into the jaws of death, into the gates of hell," what was to be our fate when, the moment our line struck the open plateau, one hundred guns would be opened on us from the summit of the ridge; while the infantry, safe in its works at the foot of the ridge, would be in deadly range from the moment we emerged from the little strip of timber that concealed our line. Now there was nothing to do but wait. Now the time hung heavy. Now the soldier's thoughts were filled with home and the loved ones left behind, and what would become of them if he should fall in the terrific charge that he knew would soon have to be made.

It is the dreadful waiting that is more terrible than the shock of battle. When once within the storm of the leaden hail the soldier seems to rise to a higher plane of life; and while his comrades fall around him, the din of battle in his ears, the groans of the wounded and dying, the shouts of defiance of the enemy, and encouragement of his comrades are ringing out on every hand, he feels as much the master of the storm of battle as the eagle of the storm cloud.

But the waiting at last comes to an end. Hooker has found more difficulties in pushing his column to the right of the ridge and in the direction of Rossville, than had been anticipated, and as the sun was slowly sinking toward the crest of Waldron's Ridge the cannon belched forth from Fort Wood.

Every soldier of the 124th was instantly in position, and as the silvery notes of the bugle sounded the *forward*, and breaking the awful silence after the cannon's reverberations had ceased, the 124th, with clutched muskets, rushed forth to the charge of death. As soon as we emerged from the line of timber the rebel guns opened on us, and the whole ridge from right to left blazed like a volcano. The earth trembled and shook as though in the throes of an earthquake, while grape, canister, shell and shrapnel bounded on the stony plain, like peas on the threshing floor. The rebel infantry at the base of the ridge, seeing the impetuosity of the charge, left their works and fled to their main line at the summit. The terrible order had been obeyed. We had put ourselves into the rebel works at the base of the ridge; and, looking back over the way we had come, we saw the solid ranks of infantry moving toward us. The rebel artillery from the top of the ridge opened terrible gaps and lanes in those ranks of blue;

but nothing daunted, onward, with steady step, they come, until they mingle with us at the foot of the ridge. The terrible order had been obeyed, and the mercenary soldier would have been content to have remained in the comparative security afforded by the hill. Not so the grand old Army of the Cumberland; not so the grand old 124th. *Without orders* the charge was at once resumed. The ridge in our front is eight hundred feet above the level of the Tennessee; in some places almost perpendicular, but in our front not so abrupt, but so steep that the ascent was difficult to one without arms and accoutrements. On rushed the gallant army; on rushed the gallant regiment. Every soldier had all the ardor of a Phil. Sheridan. No opportunity to return the galling fire. Comrades falling at every step, but at last the summit is gained. The enemy completely routed. The guns of the rebels turned. Plenty of ammunition found, but no friction primers. The ingenuity of the 124th is equal to the occasion. A boy shouts "*stand back,*" fires his musket on the breech of the cannon, and the shell goes screeching toward the ranks of the retreating enemy, adding consternation to panic.

On the left of where we broke the line the enemy still held out against the heroic charge of the gallant Willich. Instantly a line of the

124th is formed, the left half-wheel executed, and the rebels, finding their flank attacked, crumble and finally flee in dismay. A battery of artillery is descried in the front, being moved to the rear. Instantly and without orders a few men form a skirmish line and advance, and in a few seconds every horse is shot down. The guns proved to be a part of the celebrated Loomis battery, taken by the rebels at Stone river.

But the red sun had gone down behind the ridge of the Cumberlands. The stars and stripes float proudly from the entire length of Missionary Ridge, where but a few hours before the flag of the traitor floated in defiance of law and right. Then went up such a shout from that mountaintop, as was only heard, "when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy."

The share of the trophies of the 124th was seven cannon captured, among which was the celebrated Washington Artillery of New Orleans, many hundreds of prisoners, and a great amount of small arms.

The storming of Missionary Ridge is the most remarkable military success that can be found recorded on the pages of history, of either ancient or modern warfare. General Grant, who was an eyewitness of the battle, says in his official report, "the troops rushed forward,

drove the enemy from the rifle pits at the base of the ridge like bees from a hive, stopped but a moment until the whole was in line, and commenced the ascent of the mountain from right to left, almost simultaneously, following closely the retreating enemy *without further orders*. They encountered a fearful volley of grape and canister from one hundred pieces of artillery and musketry from still well-filled pits on the summit of the ridge. Not a waiver, however, was seen in all that line of brave men. "Their progress was steadily onward until the summit was in their possession. I can account for this only on the theory that the enemy's surprise at the audacity of such a charge caused confusion, and purposeless aiming of their pieces."

The rebel general, Bragg, in his official report, says: "No satisfactory excuse can possibly be given for the shameful conduct of our troops in allowing the line to be frustrated. The position was one that ought to have been held by a line of skirmishers *against any assaulting column*. Those who reached the ridge did so in a condition of exhaustion from the great physical exertion in climbing, which rendered them powerless, and the slightest effort would have destroyed them."

Napoleon's veterans charged the muzzle of whole parks of Russian artillery at Borodino,

but they had solid columns and the force of great numbers, and no obstacles to overcome in making that world-renowned charge.

The Light Brigade charged the Russian redoubt at Balaklava, only to be swept away by the concentrated fire of the Russian batteries; but they had the impetuosity of a cavalry movement to drive them on *en masse*, while the storming of Missionary Ridge was the individual heroism of each and every man in that grand Army of the Cumberland, and is only explained by the *rebel general* substantially calling his brave men cowards, who fought at Shiloh, Stone river, and had so recently been victorious on the dread field of Chickamauga.

The great battle of Missionary Ridge was won by the *individual moral force of the volunteer union soldier*, never known before to the history of warfare.

That evening the moon rose over the summit of Tunnel hill, and shone smilingly along the bare and desolate side of Missionary Ridge, as though the soil was not wet with the blood of brothers. There, lying close to the rebel parapet, was the young and brave captain, James H. Frost, of Company I, his calm face bathed by the soft moonlight and looking as peaceful as though an angel guarded his slumbers.

Further down the bloody track of the 124th

lay twenty-two of its braves, "sleeping the sleep that knows not breaking."

"The tempest may roar,
And the loud cannon rattle,
They hear not, they heed not,
They 're free from all pain.
They sleep their last sleep,
They have fought their last battle,
No sound can awake them to glory again."

More than twenty-seven years have passed since that heroic struggle on the steep mountain side of Missionary Ridge. The blue and the gray sleep side by side in the National Cemetery at its base. Chattanooga, then a small war-battered village, has grown, by northern capital and northern industry, to be an important iron manufacturing city. The Tennessee runs its bright and winding way around the proud Lookout, but no rebel yell pollutes the air, and no rebel rag defies the national authority, but all is peace and order, industry and law. And so we bid farewell to the contemplation of one of those great sacrifices that "saved us a nation."

THE EAST TENNESSEE CAMPAIGN, AND THE MARCH FROM CHATTANOOGA TO KNOXVILLE.

HOOKER'S victorious legions had descended from Lookout. The battle of Missionary Ridge had been fought and won. General Geary's division of the 20th Corps had followed the beaten and disheartened Bragg to Ringgold, and there attacking the enemy in his entrenched position on the White Oak mountains, had suffered a repulse in which the gallant 7th and 8th Ohio lost severely. It was there that the idols of the 7th, Colonels Crane and Creighton, fell. But our portion of the army advanced no further south at that time, and the 20th Corps went into winter quarters. But no such needed rest and recuperation, after the long time of siege and starvation at Chattanooga, seemed to fall to the lot of the 4th Corps of the Army of the Cumberland.

The twenty-sixth day of November, 1863, the day after the battle of Missionary Ridge, we spent in gathering up our beloved dead from off the mountainside where they had charged so gallantly the day before. We brought each regiment's sleeping braves and composed them in

long lines, each company's by itself. I wish those that love war, that are filled with martial ardor, that are hoping that some complication will involve us in a war with Great Britain, could have walked with me along those lines of noble dead. There lay in peaceful slumber all ages, all sizes and forms of men, from the heavy, tall and bearded man of fifty to the smooth-faced lad of fifteen.

O, could we feel the breaking hearts of wife, mother, father, sister, brother, and affianced, when the shouting was over, when the headlines of the *great victory* had become familiar, when the congratulatory orders and proclamations had been issued and read, and the cold, sad news had been conveyed to each home that claimed a loved one lost in that great victory—then, and only then, could we know and feel the real horrors of war. Then, I am sure, all those that love war and delight in the clash of arms would lift their voices for peace—lasting peace. We soldiers were not the real sufferers—they were the sad, loving hearts at home. But then, as now, duty was not to the dead, but to the living. Their manly forms wrapped in their martial cloaks (the soldier's coarse blanket) were tenderly buried on that beautiful elevation known as Orchard Knob, which was the beginning of that National Cemetery where all the wealth that a

grateful nation and a loving people could lavish has made it, in walks, drives, fountains, lawns, marbles, shrubbery and flowers, one of the most beautiful places on earth. Here the name and rank of each soldier is registered, when known, but alas, there are thousands there that fill unknown and nameless graves.

But the news of the siege of Knoxville had come to us from the hundreds of miles to the northward. Longstreet's Corps of the army of northern Virginia had been detached from Bragg's army before the battle of Missionary Ridge; Bragg, relying upon the strength of the natural fortifications that he held, considered that it was only a question of time when the battered remnants of Rosecrans' army, that had been withdrawn from the lost field of Chickamauga, must succumb to want and hunger; and the corps commanded by Longstreet, and some other forces of the enemy in the north and east parts of Tennessee, could soon render the situation of Burnside at Knoxville as helpless as ours at Chattanooga. But the fortunes of war, like all other things, change with time. Rosecrans had been suspended and Hooker had been sent by Scranton to the Tennessee in so short a space of time that the feat was the comment and wonder of the watching world. Grant and Sherman had met.

The greatest living tactician and the most consummate handler of men, were in counsel. Then, as I have stated, Bragg was beaten and driven away, and Sherman marched to relieve Burnside. He was given entire command, and within two days after the smoke of the battle of Missionary Ridge had cleared away from the hilltops and mountains around about Chattanooga, Sherman's army was on the march up the Tennessee river for Knoxville, keeping on the east side of the valley.

The first day our brigade only marched two miles, having to wait for the other brigades and divisions to get out of the way.

We crossed the Chickamauga river a short distance above Chattanooga on a pontoon bridge that had been put down by some brigade of General Sherman's army. The next obstruction that we encountered was a river that comes in from the east, the name of which has slipped my memory. This had to be crossed by the aid of a small river steamboat that had the capacity of taking over not much more than a company at a trip, and we became very impatient waiting this tedious process of transfer. It was a stern-wheel wheezy affair, and I remember the boys rechristened it "The River Snail," and we put in our time making jokes at the expense of the boat and crew, that acted as though the service

they rendered was a matter of force, and that they worked neither for love of country nor compensation. At last we were safely across the river, and the old stern-wheeler, years ago, marks some sand bar on the Tennessee or some of its beautiful tributaries. Shortly after this steamboat ride of almost one hundred feet we went into camp; the night was clear and cold, and not being very well supplied with blankets, we had difficulty in getting much sleep from Old Mr. Morpheus, the god that the ancients supposed had charge of that soothing business.

November 29th we passed through the village of Georgetown, and here we saw the stars and stripes first displayed by any citizens of the south. The women came out and waived handkerchiefs and almost anything else they could get hold of, while the "Old Blind Mice"* made the air vocal with shouts and cheers for the first people that seemed to love the old flag that we had seen since we left Louisville, Ky. These poor people had had their homes desolated, had been robbed of what few stores they had by the rebel army, and, having the name of being union people, they had been common plunder for every rebel trooper whose rough ride had taken him into their village. No

* The pet name of the 124th

wonder they cheered and threw the old flags they had kept during all those dark years of murder, pillage and rapine to the breeze, when they saw "Uncle Billy" marching northward with his army that would drive the hated rebel from their own beautiful valley.

December 6th found us in the valley of the Little Tennessee river, a beautiful stream of water, clear as cut glass. This valley is one of the most wealthy sections of east Tennessee. It may be rivaled by the Sweetwater valley, perhaps. The inhabitants of these valleys being rich before the war, and slaveholders, showed nothing but rebel proclivities. We marched through what had been once a beautiful village, called Marysville. It must have had at one time some two thousand population, but it was sadly out of repair. There had been a cavalry fight in its streets, and there was not a whole light of glass remaining on the street that we marched through, and the houses showed plainly the marks of the carbine and cannon shot.

It was at about this point that General Sherman issued his famous order, to wit: "That any company, regiment or brigade, that struck the enemy, should open the battle without regard to the position of the balance of the army, and without awaiting further orders." This was conclusive proof we were approaching Knox-

ville, and must be within the vicinity of Longstreet's army, and we expected to hear the battle open every minute. But the rebel general was, without doubt, well versed in the literature of the nursery, and well remembered "that he who fights and runs away, may live to fight another day. While he who is in battle slain, can never rise to fight again." General Longstreet, hearing of the near approach of Sherman's army, attacked Fort Saunders, was dreadfully repulsed and then abandoned the siege of Knoxville, without one of Sherman's army having the chance to unload a musket at the boasting veterans of the army of northern Virginia.

Monday, December 7th, we marched within two miles of Knoxville and went into camp, having marched from Chattanooga in ten days, over two hundred miles the way we came, having carried our rations in our haversacks, and eighty rounds of cartridges to the man, never having a wagon after we left Chattanooga. Here we met the 103d O. V. I. The major of the 103d was a brother of our Lieutenant Colonel Pickands, and we were well acquainted with many of the boys of that regiment. The greetings that followed were not only cordial and heartfelt, but enthusiastic, and the shouts that went forth when the boys found that Burnside's army had been reinforced by the army

that marched fresh from one of the most important victories of the war more than two hundred miles to relieve them, awoke the echoes among the hills of the north.

We were tired and foot-sore and (to be candid about it), even at this late day, I remember that we much preferred being cheered to fighting Longstreet. Those gallant fellows offered us everything they had in the world save something to eat and drink, which they had not.

After a night of rest only known to tired, foot-sore soldiers, "free from war's alarms," Lieutenant Stedman and myself procured passes and went into the city of Knoxville. This was the largest city we had seen since we left Nashville, and had a very neat and healthy appearance, considering that it had been at times the headquarters for both rebel and union armies. This city is situated at the confluence of the French Broad river, that rises in the Blue Ridge mountains of North Carolina, and the Holston, that comes down from the Cumberland mountains of northeast Tennessee and Virginia, forming the Tennessee river that flows past the city in a deep rapid current. The Tennessee river at Knoxville is one of those glorious streams that the lover of nature never views without interest, and usually with delight.

Knoxville, with its beautiful streets, its bright and bounding river, its mountains on the west and north, just near enough to be romantic, with a naturally rich valley flanking it on all sides, must ever remain one of the nicest, and one of the most delightful, towns in the world. I have not been there since the war, but I am told by those that have, that, with its unbounded wealth of iron, coal and marble, as well as its splendid agricultural resources, added a climate that is neither tropical nor northern, but the happy mean between the two, its growth has been great and substantial. I suppose a member of the Blind Mice, finding himself in the Knoxville of to-day, would hardly know it from what he remembers of the Knoxville he marched to relieve in the early winter of 1863-64.

This was the home of the celebrated Parson Brownlow, and I well remember that on going down the main street of the city this day that we first visited Knoxville, of seeing his brave and beautiful daughter, Kate, standing under the flag, bowing and smiling to the union soldiers as they raised their caps to her; all in very great contrast to her demeanor when the rebels held the city and she kept that same flag floating in defiance of the rebel crew that surrounded her on every hand.

We promised her that the rebel foot should

never again press the streets of Knoxville save in captivity; a promise that we kept and proved true, but how much *our valor* contributed to that result we will see further on.

This same Parson Brownlow had two sons in the union army, James and John, commanding at that time east Tennessee regiments.

We went down to the north end of the town and found a barber shop in full blast, and concluded that we would indulge in the benefits conferred by the tonsorial artist; so taking the chair without inquiry as to terms, had our locks put in shape, and our faces made more presentable; but when the time for the settlement came we found the artist only charged fifty cents for hair cutting and thirty cents for shaving, which caused us some surprise.

We next concluded to visit Fort Saunders, that General Longstreet had made up his mind to take a few mornings before we arrived in that vicinity. Of course we did not see the battle, and all I can give you is what we saw after several days had passed. I am not certain, but I should say that Fort Saunders stood northwesterly of the city, and a full mile out from the same. I do not know whether the fort was built by General Burnside or not, but I think it was built by him after he was sent to that department, as the moats and parapets seemed

new. There must have been timber standing on the easterly and northerly sides at no very great time before, as the ground was covered with stumps, and they seemed new and strong, as though the timber had been recently cut. General Burnside's men, expecting the assault (as Fort Saunders seemed to be the key to General Burnside's position), had contrived a very ingenious way of defense. They procured a large quantity of telegraph wire, and stretched it from one stump to another about knee high, winding it around each stump a few times to make it secure. This they did with seemingly very great industry, for nearly all the approaches to the fort were a perfect network of wire. They also loaded a large number of shell with fuzes cut at about five seconds, and had them placed handy when the time came for the assault. This I have from one of the defenders of the fort.

Just as the dawn was breaking in the east General Longstreet's assaulting column drove in the pickets, and, with that yell that once heard is never forgotten, came dashing on toward the fort; but when they reached the wire they did some ground and lofty tumbling, mostly ground, and the fort opened a most terrible fire of musketry, shot and shell. But nothing daunted, though their formation was badly broken up, they came on and soon filled the ditches around the fort.

Then the shells were lighted and thrown over the parapets into the ditches, making fearful havoc as they exploded among the swarming rebels. I suppose a more determined and bloody charge was never made during the war. The rebels even climbed up the embrasures of the fort, and the cannoneers cut them down with axes.

But the short range shells and the heroic resistance made by the defenders of the fort were too much for the unquestioned heroism of the assailants, and what remained of them straggled back, as best they could, to the main body of Longstreet's army.

I will not attempt to give a description of the scene in the ditches and around the fort. It begets all the horrors that language can describe. When we visited the fort of course all the dead and wounded had been removed; but when we came to walk along the bottom of the moats that surrounded the fort, the evidences of the sanguinary conflict still remained. Here lay a tongue, there, an ear, and beyond, a jaw bone. I saw a hand lying opposite one of the embrasures of the fort that was cut off as smoothly as though severed with one blow from an ax; but though we rejoiced in a defense that saved General Burnside's army, we were glad to leave this scene of horror and return to camp where the

Mice were resting their weary limbs after the terrible march that we had endured.

December 29th, 1863, we moved our camp to the north into a fine piece of woods, and remained there until the year 1863 had gone. What a year of marchings, battles, and sorrow. How many of those that left Camp Cleveland with us—just one year before—now “sleep the sleep that knows not breaking.” What a change in our regiment. Our ranks have been thinned, but our effectiveness has been increased. We have been tried in all the sad experiences of war. Patriotism brought to our ranks very many never calculated, either physically or mentally, to make soldiers. Their intentions were high and noble, and they failed by no fault of theirs; their final discharge was a mercy to them, and a blessing to us. Many came home and abandoned army service forever. Many enlisted in other regiments, for shorter terms and less arduous duties; but, as a rule, *all did all they could* to maintain the integrity of the Union.

January 1st, 1864, opened the most eventful year of the war. Each army had come to its full strength and vigor. “The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot” had long since retired, and we had a man as commander in chief of all the armies that had the correct notion of the way of putting down the rebellion. A man that

realized that the theory of conquering rebel territory while the rebel armies remained intact was worse than useless. That if armies are to be destroyed, the quicker it can be accomplished, the more precious lives saved. Great and decisive battles, with all their untold horrors, are angels of mercy compared to the small battle, the skirmish, where a few are lost and nothing accomplished.

But I find myself digressing, by the thoughts that come crowding up, as I contemplate the *value* (?) of our east Tennessee campaign of 1864.

January 14th we struck tents, and crossing the river marched twenty-two miles to a position known as Strawberry Plains. I never knew why they called it by that name unless it was because it had no appearance of ever having grown any strawberries, or because the foothills of the Clinch mountains were too rough and irregular to be called plains. I guess the fellow that furnished the name had never been away from home.

On this march we saw the gallows where four citizens of east Tennessee were executed. The gallows stood hard by the side of the railroad track. These men were executed for a very heinous crime. It may be briefly stated: They loved their country and their country's flag too

well to swear allegiance to the southern confederacy, and so they were put to death.

The next day we marched to Dandridge, a small village situated on the French Broad river, and camped in a beautiful pine woods.

Here we had orders from Colonel Pickands to fix up winter quarters, as we would probably stay *right here* until the spring campaign opened, and the pine poles were just the material from which to construct winter quarters of the most commodious kind. For the benefit of the Sons of Veterans I will describe the process. You must remember at this time we were soldiers, and soldiers of the Uncle Billy pattern and kind. If we had any shelter, save the starry heavens, we had to carry that shelter on our backs, as well as our camp equipage. Now, at this time, you must also remember that our regiment was divided into messes, and that by the process of *natural selection* four men would come together and call each other Pard. What there was that kept these messes together I never knew. I said they came together by *natural selection* for the reason that when we find anything that we cannot explain we call it *natural* and let it go. These messes of *four* would sing, quarrel, fight, make-up and divide all they had with each other inside of twenty minutes. Each member of each mess would swear that there were not three as

good foragers in the regiment as his three messmates. Somehow or other, a good forager was always held up as a patron saint in the 124th Regiment. Chaplain Hubbard, of the 103d O. V. I., was the "bright and morning star" in this business of all the members of the army of occupation of east Tennessee. I call it the army of occupation because, before I am done, you will see that is all we did. Well, to resume, each one of these four messmates would carry one piece, at least, of shelter tent. Sometimes more could be found, but usually, where more were found, *some others had less*. This *more or less* business was a common thing in the army.

Now in the first place the streets were laid out, which streets were the parade grounds of the several companies, where they were formed and marched to the regimental parade ground. The stumps, when we camped in the woods, were carefully dug out of these streets, and the same nicely graded and ditched. Then at the left-hand side looking toward the regimental parade ground the quarters of the messes were erected. This I know will seem very commonplace to the old comrade, but you will bear with me, as I am speaking to-day to many Sons of Veterans and others, that were too young to be with us in this experience. The poles were

then cut long enough to cover with two pieces of shelter tent, then laid up, notched at the corners to bring them down quite close, laid up high enough so the soldier could stand upright comfortably. The ends or gables were cobbled up to the peak, or fixed up with the extra tents, poles were fastened on with bark or withes, and the tents make the roof. Then the cracks were stopped with mud. A stick or stone chimney is built in the back end. Two bunks are made, one on either side, with crotches driven into the ground, and small poles laid lengthwise and covered with pine boughs and the U. S. army blanket make the bed. Gun-racks are made above each bunk for two muskets and two sets of accouterments. An extra blanket is hung up for a door, and the house is furnished by the inventive genius of the mess. The bunks during the daytime furnish upholstered seats. This house answers for kitchen, dining room, and dormitory, and a healthier home does not stand in the city of Cleveland. One of the best features of the whole business is, they were not liable to sale under execution, or foreclosure, neither for delinquent taxes. This house I have described was one of a large city our division built at Dandridge. Please note how long they were suffered to enjoy the fruits of their ingenuity and industry.

If I were called upon to organize an army that should accomplish the greatest warlike good (if the word *good* can be used in connection with the word *war*), I would start, in our experience as soldiers, where we left off. The government should never build quarters for soldiers, they should build their own. The government should never furnish any transportation for well soldiers, and instead of staying in camp, I would have them move from place to place, thereby avoiding the disease that camps breed. The sooner the soldier becomes self-sustaining, within a certain limit, the better for themselves and the service.

January 16th Colonel Pickands came to my quarters and said he had a soft snap for me; said that I had never had a detail, that I had stayed right with the regiment since we took the field, and he was only too glad to confer this favor. I thanked the genial commander, though I had no desire to leave the Mice in that way; and had but very little confidence in what he said he heard from headquarters, "that we would probably stay where we were for three months." About ten o'clock a. m. the detail was ready, consisting of 149 men. The order was to march to New Market and guard the division stores. We went through a fairly good country, and along in the afternoon we met General Sher-

idan and staff. He was riding that same black horse that afterward "carried him into the fray from Winchester, twenty miles away." He asked a number of questions. The first was, if I had heard any firing in the direction of Dandridge? This question showed the true instinct of the great general; that he was always looking out for a battle, and had he been in command of the union forces in east Tennessee, the country would have been electrified by the news of a signal victory won, instead of a disastrous retreat from Dandridge, whereby so many of our poor boys were captured, and carried to Andersonville and death. Soon after we bade good-bye to Sheridan and staff one of the Mice, and he must have been one of the kind known as *ground mice*, found an apple-hole, and before I was aware of what was going on, the Mice were all busy digging out apples. The owner came out and protested; said he was a union man, had been from the start, and his property should be protected. I agreed in all he said, and by the time his protest was fully entered his apples had been transferred to the capacious haversacks of the Mice. Of course I was to blame. I should not have suffered the Mice to gnaw and destroy this good man's apples; but what, I ask you, could I do with 149 men that had not seen or tasted an apple since the fall of 1862? I offered

to give him a voucher for the apples, and told him if he was as good a union man as he claimed to be the commissary department at Knoxville would pay him. But he seemed to know what the voucher was worth better than I and declined the same; we marched on to New Market, arriving there after dark, having marched twenty-three miles since ten o'clock.

I soon found nice quarters for my men in the abandoned houses of the village, and my mess arrangements having been broken up, I engaged boarding with an old lady that had two sons in the union army. This was one of the worst battered towns I had seen in the south. The sentiment was about equally divided between union and rebel, and the town had been badly plundered by both sides. The stores were at the station on the railroad, and after relieving the men on duty with a detail of my men, had supper, and being very tired, the old lady showed me a room, and I went to bed between nice white sheets, the first time in more than twelve months. Visions of feather beds, soft bread, pies and cakes, no marching, no picket guard, haunted me until 3 o'clock the next morning, when I was awakened by a loud rapping at my door; on getting out I saw the yellow stripes of a cavalry orderly. He very politely handed me an order directing me to march my detail back

to Strawberry Plains, as the army was falling back from Dandridge. I got out to the quarters of the men as soon as I could, aroused the orderly sergeant and the men, called in the guards at the station, and started back on the railway track for the point to which we had been ordered. And that ended the "*soft snap*."

The winter quarters the Mice had built, the city one day old, was abandoned, and the brigade, wearied out by marching in the deepest mud I ever saw, slept that night under the stars at Strawberry Plains. What became of the stores at New Market I never knew, and why we were ordered back I never knew. All I know about the matter is that Uncle Billy had gone north to meet Grant at Cincinnati, and General Sheridan was not in command.

We lost more men on the retreat from Dandridge than would have been lost in a battle with Longstreet, and we had men enough to have whipped him and driven him out of the the state. But "the grand army of occupation" was permitted to do no fighting, and so we wallowed around in the mud of east Tennessee.

In a few days we marched down to Knoxville and below to a place named in honor of one of America's greatest poets, I guess; in any event, it had the poetical name of Lenore, and if not, *loved*, it certainly seemed *lost*. It may have been

found since the war, but it was certainly *lost Lenore* when we were there.

I suppose no part of the south suffered so much in the way of partisan warfare as east Tennessee. This part of the state owned very few slaves, and the inhabitants were largely true to the union cause. Of course, the wealthy portion of the people were slaveholders, and they were rebels to a man, and middle Tennessee, Georgia, Virginia, and some portions of North Carolina were intensely rebel, and thus you will understand that east Tennessee was surrounded by a disloyal population. Then, again, the Tennessee valley was the principal gateway from Richmond to the southwest and, until the occupation of Knoxville by General Burnside, this valley was continually being overrun by rebel troops of all sorts, from infantry to mounted bushwhackers. The disloyal, when the rebel army was present, informed on their loyal neighbors, and the old men, the women, and the children had to seek safety in the woods, ravines, and caves of the mountains, only to see their dear old homes in flames behind them. Even the learned and respected Judge Baxter, afterwards appointed judge of the United States circuit court, who, before the war, had a fine residence and lucrative practice in the city of Knoxville, was compelled to "lie out in the bush," as

they call it, for three months at one time, to save his life; and yet with most remarkable magnanimity, through Judge Baxter's influence, not an acre of rebel land or a rebel home was confiscated in the whole of east Tennessee. While we were in one of the many camps about Knoxville, the two regiments commanded by the Brownlow brothers, James and John, veteranized, and under the order of the government were granted thirty days' leave of absence. I happened to be present at the time they disbanded. One of these brothers made a speech to the two regiments. I don't remember which one, but I never can forget one thing he said: "Take your arms with you; you will not be wanted here for thirty days. Go home and avenge the death of your fathers and brothers." This speech was received by these hardy mountaineers as a license, as it was intended to be, for murder and the desolating torch. Not a night from that time on for thirty days but the heavens were aglare with the flames of rebel homes, and the number of murders committed will never be known "until the sea gives up its dead." But never did the horrors of Indian massacre compare with east Tennessee for deeds of murder and fiendish, remorseless cruelty from 1861 to 1865.

Then on the 17th moved back in the rain and mud, and went into camp; and then on the 23d

moved forward again, found no enemy and then back to camp, having marched that day in the rain and mud twenty-eight miles. Then on the 24th we struck tents and marched twelve miles beyond Knoxville to Strawberry Plains again. Then we were up and off to New Market. Then the next day marched to Morristown, eighteen miles from New Market, and occupied the abandoned quarters built by Longstreet's men. Stayed in this camp until March 2d, 1864, and then marched back to New Market. This marching and counter marching is of no particular interest of itself, but I give it to you to show how we put in the time. Of all the campaigning we ever did this of east Tennessee was the most purposeless, seemingly profitless, and dismal. The most of the time we were hard up for rations, and were compelled to forage on a people as friendly as any in Ohio, and that had been robbed by both armies. I never can forget the time we lay at Clinch Mountain Gap, when it was so cold that we had to build log-heaps in front of our tents to keep from freezing, that Colonel Pickands sent Lieutenant Stedman with a file of men and a wagon to try and find something to eat. I was at headquarters when he returned at night. The colonel, with that usual smile, said: "Lieutenant, what success today?" Stedman answered:

“Nothing.” “Why?” remarked the colonel. Stedman replied, with an oath so terrific that I am sure it was heard in Heaven (and which I hope the recording angel has blotted out, and I know he has if he has attended strictly to business), “that he would be —— —— before he would rob women and children.” When the recording angel became acquainted with the noble Stedman, fresh from the bloody field of New Hope Church, I am sure the accounts were properly adjusted.

Well, this must end my recollections of the very celebrated march from Chattanooga to Knoxville and the winter campaign of east Tennessee.

General Longstreet finally went back to the army of northern Virginia, not that he was in any danger from us, but simply because he became tired of the scenery and wanted a change, I suppose.

Nothing in history is grander than the relief of Knoxville; nothing tamer and more devoid of sense than the balance of the campaign. Yet we can draw from it all this useful lesson, that those brave spirits, the noble men that endured the march and campaign, had a patriotism and endurance that nothing of storm, of cold, of hunger, of sickness, of bad management could dampen. And though many of that band sleep

in southern graves, yet many lived to bring back the stars and stripes in triumph from the greatest conflict of modern times and to see the rebellious states restored to a peaceful and happy union.



LIEUTENANT CHARLES M. STEADMAN.
Killed at Pickett's Mills, Georgia, May 21th, 1861.

THE ATLANTA CAMPAIGN.

THE spring of 1864 opened with millions of anxious patriots looking in the direction of our armies.

General Grant had virtually been made commander in chief of all the union forces, with personal direction of the Army of the Potomac.

Every lover of his country had come to understand that the policy of conquering rebel territory and guarding rebel property would never crush out rebellion.

The military policy of General Grant, of making the objective point of campaigns *the rebel armies*, met the good sense and received the hearty approval of the patriotic people of the United States.

Some raised the cry of "butcher," but every thoughtful man that knew the desperate intentions, the bravery, the skill, and the strong defensive positions occupied by the rebel armies, knew that their destruction meant severe marches, terribly destructive battles, thousands of brave men killed, and vastly more wounded and maimed for life; but in the face of all these mighty sacrifices, that the poverty of language

will not enable us to describe, the patriotic people of the north said, "We will sustain the army at all hazards," and the armies responded, "Let us set forward."

It is a well-known fact that in the winter of 1864, at the Burnett House in the city of Cincinnati, Ohio, the two greatest generals developed by the war, Grant and Sherman, met in counsel. Sherman, while a line officer in the regular army, had become most thoroughly acquainted with the topography of the state of Georgia, and it was at this consultation that the campaign from Chattanooga to Atlanta and the grand march "from Atlanta to the sea" were developed and determined upon. It was at this consultation that Sherman said, "The confederacy is a shell and I can march an army through it." It was at this consultation that Grant said, "If you undertake it, I will hold Lee and his armies, that they give you no trouble." At the end of this meeting each of the great commanders repaired to his respective scene of action to carry forward the purposes determined on thereat.

The first of May, 1864, found assembled in the vicinity of Chattanooga, and as far south as Ringgold, Ga., the forces with which General Sherman proposed to crush the shell of the rebellion. It consisted of the Army of the Cumberland, General George H. Thomas in

command; the Army of the Tennessee, under the especial command of General McPherson; the 23d Corps, commanded by General Schofield; the 20th Army Corps, still in command of the hero of Lookout mountain, "Fighting Joe Hooker," as he was often called in army circles, and also a brigade of regulars. Then as able lieutenants in command of corps and divisions, Sherman had Logan, Blair, Sickels, Stanley, Wood, Slocum, Osterhaus, and many others, *all fighting officers*. Sheridan, at that time, had been transferred to the Army of the Potomac by the especial order of General Grant, who witnessed General Sheridan's heroic conduct at Missionary Ridge.

I suppose very few of the people of the north ever had anything like a correct idea of the magnitude of the work undertaken by General Sherman in the campaign of Atlanta. The distance from Louisville to Nashville is stated to be one hundred and eighty-five miles, and from Nashville to Chattanooga it is said to be one hundred and fifty-one miles, and from Nashville to Bridgeport on the Tennessee river, two hundred and eleven miles. This long line of railway from Louisville to Chattanooga, and from Nashville to Bridgeport, Ala., five hundred and forty-seven miles, had to be guarded by military force every mile. For it must be

remembered that while the state of Kentucky never went out of the Union and was ostensibly a loyal state, nevertheless, it required more soldiers to look after its disloyal citizens than she furnished to the cause of the Union, not for one moment forgetting that the state of Kentucky furnished some as brave and loyal soldiers as ever sprung a rammer and some as valiant officers as ever drew a saber. Notwithstanding, she had a large population in the aggregate that engaged in that disreputable kind of warfare known as *bushwhacking*, and very many that did not were ever ready to furnish aid and comfort to our enemy. Again, no portion of Tennessee, save east Tennessee, laid any claim to anything but intense love of the southern confederacy. Blockhouses had to be constructed every few miles of this route and a vast number of soldiers employed in keeping open this line of communications. Nashville was the grand base of supplies, where had been accumulated for many months all kinds of army stores, and from this base General Sherman had to draw supplies of rations, ammunition, and clothing for his campaign in Georgia; while the route from Nashville to Louisville must be kept open to renew the supplies at the base, as well as to send the sick and wounded to the northern hospitals.

It is almost needless for me to state before this intelligent audience that the genius of General Sherman was entirely equal to the emergency. And while the oddities and comical features of great men will usually be better remembered than any others, those of us that participated in that memorable campaign will remember well that no precautionary matter was overlooked by the ever watchful general. If what he really meant by "light marching order" was so difficult to understand that a cavalryman construed it to mean "necktie and a pair of spurs," he was no less exacting of himself and staff and many a night on this campaign he bivouacked as would a picket on an outpost. The thoroughness of his preparation was the sequel of his success. Knowing very well that overrunning rebel territory did not make loyal citizens of its inhabitants, he took the precaution to have his engineers make drawings of every wooden bridge between Louisville and Chattanooga, and between Nashville and Bridgeport. Nor was this all. He had his corps of mechanics construct duplicate bridges for the entire line south of Nashville. He was not satisfied only with his precautions to guard and care for his line of communications to his base of supplies, but he in some manner procured plans of the bridges from Chattanooga to Atlanta, and had bridges con-

structed and loaded on flat cars ready for use at any time when wanted. It was perfectly astounding the perfect order and dispatch with which he reconstructed the railroads as his campaign progressed, and with such celerity did his engineer corps perform its duty that after the bridge was burned by the rebel rear guards the same would be rebuilt, and the screams of the locomotive would mingle with the rattle of the musketry of the skirmishers just across the river, always reminding us that Uncle Billy's railroad was in good working order and that our "cracker line" was secure. But the vigilance of his preparation was not satisfied with being able to keep up his railroad lines—he had the finest pontoon corps that was ever organized.

Each man was drilled in the movements necessary to put down a pontoon bridge or remove one from the water and replace the same on the wagons as efficiently as an infantryman in the manual of arms or a cannoneer in the handling of a fieldpiece. It was a sight that seemed the perfection of celerity to witness his pontoon corps put down a bridge, and every line of march was thoroughly equipped in this particular.

But what I have heretofore described were not all the obstacles in the way of the making of the Atlanta campaign a success. While we were

beyond the Tennessee mountains, while we had crossed the Tennessee river, the country from Ringgold to the south bank of the Chattahoochee river was naturally most admirable defensive ground. Every few miles were high ridges and small mountain ranges remarkably well adapted for defensive military positions; added to this the enemy had no rear that required guarding, had no hostile population to watch and distrust, had the most accurate information as to streams and roads, had swarms of volunteer spies to inform him of our every movement, and finally, had an army of slaves to do his intrenching ready to his hand and use when he was ready to fall back to a new position. This, all this, and more than I have time to describe, must be considered if we would thoroughly comprehend the military magnitude of the Atlanta campaign.

When General Sherman was ready to commence the forward movement, there must have been assembled from Chattanooga to Ringgold between eighty and one hundred thousand men, and on the third day of May, 1864, just as the magnolias were beginning to open their fragrant blossoms to the south wind, and the mocking birds were beginning to make the woods vocal with their songs, our division struck tents and commenced the march southward, and the

evening of the fourth found us two and one-half miles from Ringgold confronting the enemy's pickets. From this time until the ninth we made short marches southward, skirmishing with the rebels each day. On the ninth our brigade was composed of the 124th O. V. I., the 41st O. V. I. the 93d O. V. I., the 9th I. V. I., and the 6th Ky. V. I. The brigade was commanded by General William B. Hazen and we had moved as far toward Dalton as a position known locally as Buzzard's Roost, a pass in the White Oak mountains. Here we found the rebels in position, the pass strongly fortified and commanded by a number of heavy guns.

At this position our brigade had an order to charge the mountain at the left of the pass, which order was executed, and we came within two hundred yards of the top of the mountain, where we found it broken off into palisades thirty feet in height. These palisades we had no means of ascending and so the charge ended. Our regiment lost three men killed and ten wounded. This movement was afterwards explained as a demonstration to deceive the enemy, but some of us will always think that we were the ones that were deceived. There was heavy firing on the right of the pass and in the direction of Snake Creek Gap, where a portion of Hooker's Corps fought a severe battle, the

29th O. V. I. loosing very heavily. While in this position (Buzzard's Roost) we were terribly annoyed by sharpshooters posted above the palisades, the bugler of the 93d being killed.

All things considered, this position was properly named, and had Dore been there he could, without doubt, within the wilds of that mountain, have found some new illustrations for Dante's Inferno.

Early in the morning of the 13th we found the rebels had abandoned their position, and a party of us, while waiting for orders to move, managed to climb to the top of the mountain. Here we had a splendid view of the scenery of northern Georgia. Away to the north we could see old Lookout towering up, while beyond we could distinctly trace Waldron's and other ridges of the Cumberlands. To the south and west one range of hills after another, with an occasional mountain, as far as the eye could reach, showing us that our way was one of difficulty as well as danger.

About two p. m. we fell into line, marched into and through the pass, and had time to examine the strength of the abandoned rebel works. These works were evidently constructed with the hope that our commander would undertake to force the pass. That afternoon we marched through Dalton, a small village situ-

ated near an unbroken forest of pine, a kind from which the inhabitants make turpentine. The country seemed very poor, and from what we could see of the inhabitants we were forced to come to the same conclusion as to them.

The next day, May 14th, we struck the enemy in position at Resaca, and we immediately charged and drove him inside of his works, while our brigade occupied the line of a ridge running from near an angle of the rebel works and within a stone's throw of them. In this charge our young Colonel Payne, then in command of the regiment, just having returned recovered from a very dangerous wound received at Chickamauga that nearly cost him his life, showed consummate bravery, riding his horse in the charge across an open field in a perfect storm of bullets.

It was nearly dusk when we came into position, and before we took the ridge that finally formed our line, had some severe fighting. We had the opportunity of seeing a counter charge against General Willich's brigade on our right. The rebels came at Willich in fine shape, just as he was coming into position, but it seemed they had no real good appetite for an open field fight and got back into their works in the order of "every one for himself." That night we

threw up intrenchments on this line and the next morning the enemy still confronted us.

We had orders early in the day that we should be required to charge the enemy's position in our front. In our immediate front there is a deep ravine, and the rebel works ran across this at right angles to our line. Whenever we charged from our works our right flank was exposed to the fire from the rebel intrenchments. At about two p. m. the charge was ordered and our line moved out over our intrenchments. No sooner was it exposed to the flank fire from the enemy behind the works than it went to pieces. Most of the men got back in as good shape as did the rebels that charged on Willich. Some of our regiment got into a position where they could not return with any safety, and stayed out and came in under the cover of darkness. Later in the afternoon the 20th Corps made two or three attempts to break the rebel line, but each time failing, and when the morning of the sixteenth dawned the enemy had abandoned his works and put the little river called Coosa between himself and us.

What good results the battle of Resaca may have had on the campaign I cannot say, but it is certain the enemy was forced back by some movement made by General Sherman on his flanks that would compel him to fight outside of his works. We took a number of prisoners

at this position, and our regiment lost quite severely. We marched through the town and found it all knocked into splinters by the shelling it had suffered during the two days' battle. We crossed the river and marched about five miles to the southward that night.

The experience of one day did not vary much from that of another. The seventeenth we marched through a county town called Calhoun, county seat of Gordon county. It was march and skirmish every day. This is a better country than any other we had seen in northern Georgia, but desolation was written all over it after we passed. At almost every plantation we came to the rebels made a stand and the mansion house a fortress from which to fire at our skirmishers, and when we drove them out the house almost invariably took fire, and at all times of day and night the heavens were lurid with the flames of rebel homes. The country from Resaca to the Etowah river was the most absolutely desolated of any that we ever left behind us.

Between Cartersville and Adairsville I picked up a muster roll of a company of an Alabama regiment that had written thereon eighty-four names. Until I found this roll I was not aware the Roman Catholic church was so strong in the south. The four commissioned officers signed

the roll by their signatures, but the enlisted men each *put the sign of the cross* in the place of the signature. On this march one of the boys found a copy of the debates of the Georgia convention, held in the winter of 1860-61, at which the state resolved to go out of the Union.

It contained the speech of Alexander H. Stevens, made in the convention, in which he warned the delegates of the deluge of blood and fire that would be poured down on their fair state by the invading armies of the north. It seemed almost prophetic to us who read this speech in the light of those blazing southern homes, and it also seemed that we were the ones he saw in his prophetic vision. Of course, all the prophetic power he had was the keen intellectual force he possessed, and whether he believed his own prophecies or not, he was afterward chosen vice president of the confederate states and served as such during the life of the rebellion. This book was carried along for days, hoping to save it as a relic of this memorable campaign, but the time comes in the experience of every soldier when a pocketknife seems a burden, and this book, containing all the venom of the southern fire-eaters, couched in language not only learned and chaste in style, but eloquent in diction, had to be thrown away. Stevens, alone, tried to stem the tide of secession, "but it was the

voice of a drowning man in the midst of the breakers."

With marching and skirmishing every day the time wore away, and May 23d found us on the north bank of the Etowah, a fine river that comes down from northeastern Georgia, the valley of which seemed very fertile and productive. This river we crossed on one of Sherman's lightning bridges and struck out over what is known, locally, as the burnt hickory district, across the ridges of the Allatoona mountains in the direction of Dallas. Here Hooker's Corps had a heavy battle, but our corps was not engaged.

The next position taken by the enemy was known as Dallas, though the battles along the position were known by different names. I should say before passing that we were now in what (before the discovery of gold in California) was known as the gold region of Georgia. Our boys brought in from time to time, while in this position, some beautiful specimens of gold bearing and crystallized quartz, but I suppose they had to be thrown away to lighten the burden of the soldier when the time comes that one has to give thought and close attention to be able to put one leg before the other. This seems hardly probable to my young friends here today, so full of health and activity, but how many times have we heard the dear boys say, "Cap-

tain, *I cannot take another step to save my life.*" Often we would pull out of the road and go into camp near some clear mountain stream, and you would see the boys pulling off their shoes and stockings and holding their blistered feet in the cool water by the half-hour, before making any preparations for supper or sleep. But what pen will ever be able enough, what tongue will be eloquent enough, to portray the trials and sufferings of the march and battlefield, to say nothing of sickness, death and wounds.

May 26th our corps found the enemy in position at what was known as Dallas. That night the rebels attacked General Logan's Corps and were badly repulsed. This was the only serious night attack I ever knew in all my army experience. All have known more or less firing at night, but this was the first and only charging column that I ever knew to be sent off at night. There seems to be too much uncertainty about it to favor nocturnal battles.

Early the twenty-seventh we were on the move, my company on the skirmish line. About ten o'clock we heard that our beloved major, James B. Hampson, who was on staff duty with General Wood, commanding division, was killed. This was very sad news, indeed, as the major was idolized by the regiment, and we all recognized the fact that he had done so much to make

soldiers of us. He was one of the most intelligent, soldierly and brave officers in the 4th Army Corps. One thing was a little strange, the major always insisted that he would be killed in the service. Early in the war the major was a member of the Cleveland Grays, and belonged to that splendid organization for many years before. He was, without doubt, the best drilled man in the 3d Division.

It seemed to be the object of General Sherman to put the 4th Corps in on the left, find the right flank of the enemy, "catch it in air," if possible, bring on a general engagement, destroy the rebel army, and thereby end the campaign. It was the fortune of Company B, which I commanded, to be ordered to the skirmish line, with other portions of the brigade, and which line in front of our division was in command of Major Williston, of the 41st O. V. I. Very many times that day we moved to the front, but always found the enemy in very strong works, and then we would withdraw and move by the left flank still further to the left. Late in the afternoon we came near the Pumpkinvine creek, and found the rebels without works. This fact was immediately reported to division headquarters. We drove the rebel skirmish line back on his line of battle. Colonel Payne sent me an order to force the skirmish line well to the front, and word was

sent back that we were fighting the main line of the enemy, not one hundred feet away. The rebel line was on the top of a ridge that runs along the valley of the creek, and is naturally a very strong position. Soon the brigade came up and charged the hill, but was unable to go beyond our skirmishers. Later on General Howard put in General Wm. H. Gibson's brigade, the general leading the charge on foot. Never did I see men show more courage than did Gibson's brigade in this charge, but all was unavailing. The rebels reinforced their line with General Pat. Cleburne's division, and thereby far outnumbered the men we had engaged in the action. Had an entire division been put in between our left and Pumpkinvine creek mill pond, early in the afternoon, I believe the result would have been different. As it was a brigade was fought at a time, on a very short line where the hill was steepest, and the enemy's position the most unassailable. The result was that our brigade was the worst cut up of all the battles in which we were engaged. We fought in this position until dark, and then what was left of the two brigades, that had been put into this slaughter pen, withdrew to the other side of the valley. I have said that my company was on the skirmish line and opened the battle, and fought with the main line when the same came up.

About four o'clock in the afternoon I went over to the left of the line to see how the battle was progressing in that quarter, and met Lieutenant Stedman where an old road comes winding down the hill. I made some inquiry as to how the boys were getting on, and he told me Adam Waters had been killed. Adam Waters was one of the best men of our company. He also informed me that a great many others of the company and regiment were badly wounded. He said: "Captain, we can hold this position until reinforcements come up, can we not?" I replied, "I think so, but what we want is to carry this hill." I was facing up the hill, and he stood with his face toward me, and so near that I could have laid my hand on his shoulder. All at once a great stream of blood spouted from his left breast. He gave me one look, as much as to say "my time has come," and sank in my arms, dead. I moved his body out of the road, and folded his arms across his breast. I took his watch and memorandum book, and laid his new and beautiful saber on his body, marked the tree under which he laid with my knife, so I could find the spot again, and amid the thunders of battle I left him reposing on the loving breast of mother earth, while sadly I left for another part of the field. There on that lone hillside was sacrificed one of the very few absolutely brave



CAPTAIN JOHN B. IRWIN.

men I ever knew. I moved over to the right of the line, and there I saw Captain John Irving, sitting up, his body reclining against the body of a small sapling, smoking his pipe, his face as white as the driven snow. I said: "Captain are you wounded?" "Yes, it is all day with me," he replied. I asked him where he was wounded, he pointed to his right groin. I learned from him that Lieutenant Colonel Pickands and Captain Wm. Wilson were also wounded. Captain John Irving died at the hospital at Chattanooga some weeks afterward. I think the 124th O. V. I. never had a line officer that was held in higher respect, for his great bravery, soldierly conduct, as well as social qualities, than Captain John Irving.

It was now quite dark, and the firing had ceased all along the line. The few men that came out of the battle together gathered around Colonel Payne. He was all alone. His gallant major had been killed early in the day, and his lieutenant colonel had been dangerously wounded. Of course, we had hopes that many more would come in during the night, as we were withdrawn from the field in squads, and without any word of command that all could hear, and the men were coming in all night.

The night was very dark, and I proposed to Sergeant Orson Vanderhoef of our company,

that if he and two others would volunteer to go with me we would go over to the hillside and bring off the body of Lieutenant Stedman. Ort. was made of the best of stuff, and with two others, as good, we started. Never saw I such a scene before. The old dead pine trees standing on the ridge had taken fire from the bursting shells and cast a weired and gloomy light over the battlefield. When we came to the old road we followed it up and soon came to the tree under which the body of the dead lieutenant lay. Some one had taken his saber that I so much wanted to send home to his only child, at that time a small boy, but we searched in vain for it. I never can forget the terrible sounds that filled our ears. When the wounded men discovered that some one was there they began such piteous appeals for help. "For God's sake can't you give me a drop of water?" "Can't you help me off the field, so I may not be captured?" The memory of that dread scene haunts me still, and I suppose will as long as I can turn in fond recollection to those brave men that were so ruthlessly sacrificed at the battle of New Hope Church. Would it not be the proper thing for General O. Howard (between his prayers) to explain why he left that hillside with its great number of wounded men to fall into the hands of a merciless enemy, when a good skirmish line

could have held it, at least until the wounded could have been removed? I would not have propounded this inquiry had I not seen some of his war articles in a popular magazine. But I must return to my sad story. I said to Sergeant Vanderhoef that he and I would take the shoulders, and the others might divide the balance of the burden, as Ort. and I were a little the more muscular of the party. We had just stooped down to raise the body of our loved comrade when there rang out the silvery notes of a bugle, so clear and soft one might have mistaken it for some night bird's call. Ort. said: "Captain, what's that?" I said: "I guess that is some artillery call. It is certainly not an infantry call." Ort. said: "By G—d, it's the *rebel forward*, I've heard it many a time on picket, and we'd better be getting out of here pretty G—d d—d quick." Just at this instant a rebel skirmisher stepped into the old road, and the blaze of his musket went away past where we stood. I whispered to separate instantly, and away we went down the hill. The firing had now become general all along the line, telling the story only too plainly that the field, with all of its wealth of dead and wounded comrades, had been abandoned to the tender mercies of one of the most cruel enemies that ever fought a battle. Common humanity would have dictated

that a fresh line should have been established on that field, and maintained there until the last wounded union soldier had been tenderly borne back to the field hospital. The only reason the rebels charged over that battlefield that night was because they knew no line of union skirmishers was there to oppose them, and they could plunder the brave dead and wounded without danger of molestation.

As soon as one was away from the light of the burning pines it was so dark one could not see a hand before him, and the first thing that I realized I was up to my neck in Picket's mill pond; but, being a Baptist, that did not astonish me to any alarming extent. I grouped around in the darkness not knowing whether my wandering steps were bearing me into our lines or the rebel's. At length, about three o'clock a. m., I came upon a group of men and asked who they were. One replied they were General Howard and staff. I told them my name, rank, company and regiment, as well as brigade and division, and asked for directions. None of them could give any and I was about to leave when it occurred to me that was the corps commandant, and I, as an officer, had a duty to perform. I addressed the general, begging his pardon for the intrusion, and told him that I had been driven off the battlefield, and that there

was not so much as a union picket between our lines and the rebels. You might have supposed that he thanked me for the information, and that he would have said "that he would have the matter looked into," but on the contrary his reply was: "There is not a word of truth in your story, sir. Go away from here, this is my headquarters." I went immediately away reflecting how it was possible for a man to be such a devout Christian and a corps commander, and still be so little of a gentleman.

When I found the regiment they were intrenching, and I worked with them until daylight, when we found our works faced to the rear. We soon put out a skirmish line, reformed our works, and this battle under the different names of Picket's Mills, Pumpkincreek and New Hope Church, was the last engagement in which our brigade took part on the rebel position known as Dallas.

In this battle of New Hope Church, just described in the poor way that a line officer has of seeing such a conflict, our regiment lost very heavily in officers and men. I see by a note I made at the time that the brigade in this action lost five hundred and sixty men. We remained in this position for a number of days, skirmishing and fighting, somewhere, almost constantly. It was at this position that we had the benefit of

a lesson and example from the regular brigade. On this line the regulars joined us on the left. The rebel skirmish line ran along by the edge of a wood, while from our line to theirs the ground was open and comparatively level. To avoid losing men, we put our skirmishers out before daylight in the morning, avoiding any formal "guard mounting," and relieved them after dark at night. The regulars took the *regular regulation* way. At nine o'clock every morning they had "guard mounting," omitting no formality of the same. The rebel skirmish line, safe in their pits, firing into them all the time. The new line going out under fire, and the relieved one coming back under the same conditions. This occurred every morning as long as we remained in this position. I am not certain whether this fact ever came to the knowledge of the general officers or not, but the fact became so notorious that the men from all along our brigade were in the habit of coming in behind our works to witness the "*regular guard mounting.*" They used to lose from two to five men every morning. The boys used to call it the "regular slaughter pen."

We remained in this position until the fifth of June, when we found that Sherman's flanking process had done its work and the rebels had abandoned their position, and we moved to the

left to within three miles of Ackworth. From this time until we again struck the rebel position, the twenty-second of June, it was march, skirmish and intrench. This gave us but little rest, and the boys were looking haggard and care-worn. This constant skirmishing, this no place of safety, this constant alarm, and night work on intrenchments, seemed to fatigue and wear out men more than fighting hard battles, followed by security and rest.

We had now pushed our line as far south as Marietta, a beautiful town, situated just north of the Chattahoochee river, and just south of Kennesaw mountain. This country of central Georgia is somewhat peculiar in its formation. There are no distinct mountain ranges south of the Allatoonas, but here and there a beautiful little mountain rises all alone above the surrounding country, that seems very much like table-land, though not level enough to bear that appellation. Among these solitary mountains, the names of which I remember, are Pine, where the rebel general, Bishop Polk, was killed before we reached our present position, Kennesaw mountain, Lost mountain and Stone mountain. All these little mountains were taken advantage of, as defensive positions, by the enemy; and here at Marietta the rebel line ran over the north side of Kennesaw, making an admirable

position for its right flank. Here we forced our way very close to the enemy's works and in some places our works approached theirs to within two hundred feet, so that neither army could have a skirmish line beyond its works. When we were coming into this close position, the rebels made a charge and were repulsed with great slaughter; and their dead lay there unburied until after they abandoned this line. Some of us went over this portion of the line, and it was with difficulty that we picked our way among the rebel dead. I never saw the dead lie thicker, save at Chickamauga; and it took a strong man to stand the terrible stench that arose from that field in this almost tropical climate. I think this position of the enemy was the strongest of any we had encountered, and for the benefit of those that were not there I will describe these rebel works and defenses. In the first place there was the timber, the trees were felled and the tops turned outward, the small branches all trimmed off and the large ones sharpened. These trees, so trimmed, were placed contiguously to each other, and the butts staked down with heavy stakes driven deep into the ground. This first line of rebel defenses was about shoulder high to an ordinary man, and could only be cleared away by axmen. Their second line was constructed in this wise:

A ditch was dug about four feet deep, pine poles from three to four inches in diameter were cut and sharpened to a point, set about four inches apart at an angle of about forty-five degrees, facing outward, and coming up about breast high. This ditch was filled with earth, and tamped solidly, then near the ground these sharpened stakes were woven together with withes. A more formidable defense could hardly be invented. Their third line of defense required more labor. They cut pine logs about twelve inches in diameter, and bored them through the center at right angles, with three inch augers; these holes were filled with pine poles six feet long sharpened at each end, and driven through the log just halfway. These logs were halved together and pinned, and the splices wrapped with telegraph wire, thus making a continuous line. This defense is what the French call *Chevauxdefrise*, and is just as formidable one side up as the other, and cannot be gotten over without axmen. Finally, the rifle pits, with head-logs thereon, leaving a space of about three inches, through which an infantryman could aim and fire in comparative safety, the head-logs fully protecting the head above the line of sight. These defenses were placed and constructed about fifteen rods apart, and all within the deadly range of the Enfield rifle with

which our mother country had armed the confederacy; and a more accurate, longer range muzzle-loader was never invented. A portion of the enemy's line, with defenses just as I have described above, General Sherman tried to carry by assault the twenty-seventh day of June, and lost three thousand men in fifteen minutes, General Newton making the assault with the first division of the 4th corps. Our brigade was in position to support the assaulting columns and we saw the disastrous charge, but the charge failing we were not put in. Here the brave young General Harker was killed, while leading one of the assaulting columns. That the charge would fail was inevitable. A single line of battle of the enemy, armed as they were, inside of such defenses, could repulse any mass of men that could be sent against them. It would require a man without a musket and accouterments, armed with a good ax, from five to ten minutes to cut through these three outer lines of defenses, and the idea of assaulting such a position without first having these defenses cleared away, was entirely preposterous. It would have cost the killing or wounding of one thousand axmen to have cleared the way for a regimental front to charge. After the terrible disaster of the twenty-seventh of June, 1864, General Sherman came out in a long general

order, which was in fact a very weak excuse for this disastrous blunder, and winding up in substance as follows: "My soldiers must learn that they must charge in all places, and that we cannot depend at all times upon flank movements."

I suffer no man, no old soldier, to stand before me in my admiration for the services rendered our country by that grand old hero, General W. T. Sherman, but in military life, like civil life, a man may be very valuable and great in one direction, and of very little value in another. That general was not developed during the war for the suppression of the rebellion, that could handle one hundred thousand men in such a fine manner, keeping them all in hand, like General Sherman. But when it came to fighting in a country the Atlanta campaign was fought over, with the defenses his army had to meet, his corps commanders, and his men generally, had very little confidence in his judgment. This feeling, that he knew was quite general, was the inspiration of the famous order that I have referred to before, issued after the battle of Kennesaw mountain, June 27th, 1864. I have it on the authority of Colonel Payne, that Generals Thomas, Logan, McPherson and others of his generals on the campaign, persuaded him out of many an assault he had ordered, that would have been as disastrous as that of

Kennesaw mountain. But that any of them had the ability to do as well as he did I do not believe. General Thomas had the best of judgment in fighting a battle and what men could do and should attempt, but he would never have gotten his army there as Sherman did. Of course General Sherman never *admitted* his mistake in ordering the assault at Kennesaw, but we all remember he never *repeated* it during the remainder of the campaign.

In the position in front of Kennesaw we saw trees twelve inches in diameter cut completely off by the fire of musketry alone—simply bitten out, piece by piece, until the trees would fall. You can imagine about how much ammunition was expended?

On the third of July we found the rebels had again retired, and we followed up, passing through Marietta. We made a short stop near the Georgia State Military Institute. Some of us went up on one of the buildings and had a fine view of the surrounding country. We marched in all to the southward six miles this day, and turned in to get ready to celebrate the glorious fourth, to-morrow. The morning of the fourth opened with more than a national salute, and though we did not do much fighting there was plenty of cannonading on our right, and it was currently reported in camp that fifteen hundred

prisoners had been captured, which caused "the day we celebrate" to be indeed a glorious fourth. The fifth we found the rebels had again abandoned their works in our front, and our regiment deployed as skirmishers, and held the advance of the division. We found, on the top of the hill that overlooks the Chattahoochee river, a "*butternut*" that had evidently tired of the southern confederacy, for, as Hood puts it, had "enlisted in the line." He had bent down a sapling, fastened a piece of bark around "his melancholy neck" and to the sapling, and then let go. He was one of those lank, lean rebels that had not flesh enough on his bones to even decay. He had dried up like a piece of beef, and was an elegant specimen of a confederate mummy. This item of news in time of peace would, undoubtedly, have furnished a sensational article for a Marietta paper, but the boys cut him down and the line moved on.

In the afternoon, as we approached the river, from the top of a high hill we saw Atlanta. It looked as good to us as the promised land did to Moses, as there we saw the end of this terribly exacting and fatiguing campaign. As we were driving the rebels down to the river, at the south side of an open field, the rebels erected rail barricades, from which it gave us some trouble to dislodge them. I thought by

swinging the left of our line around we could "gobble them in," and not expose our center to their fire, protected as they were, and had sent word to that effect to Captain Raidaie, who had charge of that portion of the line. About this time General Tommy Wood, commander of our division, rode up, accompanied by one orderly. Without waiting for me to carry out my little strategy, or in fact consulting me at all, he at once ordered a charge. "Go in, brave boys." "Go in, brave boys." We, of course, drove the Johnnies from their rail barricade with the most perfect safety, as they put in all the time we were "double quicking" across the field, shooting at "Old Tommy;" fortunately the old general was in such a state of *spiritual exhilaration* that he was in no danger of getting hurt. That night we drove the last rebel across the Chattahoochee river, and went into camp for several days.

We had been on the campaign sixty-three days. The enemy had been flanked out of four very strong positions, but nothing like a general engagement had been fought, nothing like a decisive battle had been won. Owing to the fact that where battles had been fought the enemy fought behind his works, on very advantageous ground, our losses must have been very much more severe than his. Our base of

supplies was every day growing farther away, and our line of communications therewith requiring more men to guard. With the exception of the fact that we had run over some rebel territory, that we left in a condition to feed no more rebels, what had we gained.

The enemy during all these long weeks had been commanded by General Joseph E. Johnston. Of all the defensive officers, developed by the war on either side, I do not believe General Joseph E. Johnston had an equal. In the face of a vastly superior army, he had held four positions, fought many battles, and finally crossed the Chattahoochee river, and General Sherman had not been able to force him into a decisive engagement.

In all this defensive retreat General Johnston had not lost property to the value of a cracker box. While the country we had so far advanced over had been most favorable to a defensive campaign, nevertheless, I doubt if the history of the world can furnish another example of so well executed defensive work, as that conducted by General Joseph E. Johnston, from Ringgold to the Chattahoochee river. But fortunately for the right treason is not always associated with great ability. If the civil administration of the confederacy had been conducted as ably as the military, with all of its mistakes and blunders,

the outcome would have been a matter of grave doubt. But fortunately for the Union and the cause of humanity, Mr. Jefferson Davis, the president of the confederacy, had not the ability to appreciate the services of one so able as the general that had so successfully opposed General Sherman on the Atlanta campaign. Generals Johnston and Sherman were both educated at our military academy at West Point, and were classmates. Each knew the other very well; and it was the plan of General Johnston, knowing the impetuosity of General Sherman, to destroy the union army by suffering it to continually give him battle behind his impregnable works, and from which continual mistakes General Sherman's able lieutenants had saved him (to which I have referred heretofore). General Johnston well knew, from the start, that he could not cope with the union army in an open field engagement, and he had planned to have so reduced Sherman's army, by the time he had reached and crossed the Chattahoochee river, that the two armies would be on something like equal terms as to men, and a more aggressive mode of warfare on the part of the rebel forces would give better promise of success. But after the confederate army had crossed the Chattahoochee river, the civil authorities at Richmond became alarmed. The

president of the confederacy being the inspiration of the dissatisfaction that existed against General Sherman's heroic opponent, General Johnston was removed and General Hood placed in command of the rebel forces, and the the sequel will show with what success. Had General Johnston been supported by the civil authorities at Richmond, as the good (or bad rather) of the confederate cause demanded, in my humble judgment, the music and sentiment of "Marching through Georgia," that so much amused the grand old general in his declining years, would never have been written. But I must stop this generalizing and return to the details of my narrative.

July 10th, 1864, again found us on the march to the left, and we moved in that direction about seven miles to near the headquarters of the 23d Corps, and on the twelfth, again struck tents, and moved down to the river, crossing the same on a canvas-boat pontoon bridge, and went into camp much nearer Atlanta than ever before. The next day we were again on the move, but only made a short distance and went into camp, and remained in camp until the seventeenth, when our brigade went to the river above, drove the Johnnies away, and saw one of General Sherman's pontoon companies put a bridge across the Chattahoochee river in just one hour

and a quarter, and the 14th Army Corps commenced crossing. The next day we broke camp and started in the direction of Atlanta, General Newton's division taking the lead. We found nothing but skirmishers before us, who seemed entirely willing to fall back as fast as we came on. The next day, the nineteenth, we moved up to Peach Tree creek, and we found that a different commander was in charge of the rebels, for they attacked the 20th Corps with great spirit. But it did not seem to take the heroes of Lookout mountain long in an open field fight to do the Johnnies, as they seemed to be very glad to get away from them. This battle of Peach Tree creek was the first of Hood's battles, and in this he was very badly punished. Our regiment was not engaged more than in heavy skirmishing, but our captain, Sherburn B. Eaton, was badly, and in fact very dangerously, wounded. He was serving on staff duty at division headquarters at the time. The captain recovered from his wound, but not sufficiently to permit of his returning to the service. Captain Eaton was our first adjutant, and was as prompt an one as ever read orders on dress parade. He was a very scholarly gentleman, and from him we learned much; and if I remember correctly he learned some things from us. Some of us country boys, on the start, thought

our adjutant a little stylish; but we found him brave in action, and that, like charity, covers a multitude of other seeming defects in a soldier.

General Sam. Beatty's brigade of our division captured a large number of men, and among them a number of officers. Though the burden of the battle of Peach Tree creek fell on Hooker's Corps, many other organizations bore quite important parts in the same. On the whole, we were all highly pleased with the change in the rebel commanders, and hoped he would keep up his present tactics. This open-field-battle business was just what we wanted, and had been praying for all summer, and only hoped Corporal Hood would indulge in them to excess.

On the twentieth of July we marched to the left, our division supporting the first division to within three miles of Decatur, and within four miles of Atlanta. Very heavy skirmishing in front, and McPherson reported within two miles of Atlanta. Hood charged Newton's division and Hooker's Corps, and was repulsed with great loss.

The twenty-first we broke camp very early, moved to the right, crossed the Peach Tree creek, moved to the front, and put up good works.

Early the morning of the twenty-second

Hardee's Corps moved back to the east of Decatur, and struck McPherson's Corps on the left flank and rear, completely turning the same. The gallant general was killed at the front where he was trying to rearrange his line of battle, exposing himself to the enemy's sharpshooters. We all felt that all the brave general could have accomplished by his exposure was very poor recompense for the grand life thus sacrificed. Everything seemed to promise victory for the rebels until they had swept our line as far as the 15th Corps, when they found that Logan had changed his front to rear, and instead of there being anything like panic or confusion, they were met by a charge, led in person by that gallant general, that sent them whirling back to the place from which they started, leaving Logan in possession of the field. We were moved over to the left to the support of the 15th Corps, but were not put into the action; and I think could not have been without being mounted, such was the fury of Logan's charge. This was the third of Corporal Hood's battles before Atlanta, each one of which had resulted in defeat and great disaster. But our loss was terribly severe, as we lost one of our best corps commanders, which cast a gloom over the entire army. General James McPherson was not only loved by the army of the Tennessee, but was admired by all the men

and officers that were so fortunate as to have formed his acquaintance.

The twenty-second we advanced our lines nearer the city and threw up very heavy intrenchments, and the next day strengthened them and put up a line of abatis in front. Our batteries spent their time in throwing shells into the city. I should say our skirmish line was out a mile from the ridge occupied by our works. We remained in this position for a number of days, and on the twenty-seventh moved out and marched around a hill to the left, seemingly a thousand and one times, to make the rebels believe we were moving to the left; but I guess we did not fool them much, as I never saw that anything ever came out of our demonstration.

On this position, at the left of our regiment and company, there was a battery of ten pound Rodman guns posted. These guns were rifled and were capable of throwing a shell five miles, they made us believe at least, and they spent their time throwing shells into Atlanta. Once every five minutes they dropped a shell into the city, which must have rendered it a very unpleasant place for a summer resort. The strangest thing about this whole business is, that we could lie down and go to sleep "in our little beds," and not hear those five minute guns *once* all night long. Such is the power of habit.

At this position we received news that Sergeant Japhet Sooy had died at Chattanooga the sixteenth of July. Sergeant Sooy was one of the best of soldiers, and his great mirthfulness not only made him a great favorite with his own company, but with the entire regiment. All knew him to be brave and kind, as well as faithful and obedient. We also received word that Timothy Powers was buried at Chattanooga the twenty-eighth of July.

The news of these sad losses caused us to reflect on the condition of Company B that left Cleveland, Ohio, with one hundred strong and able-bodied men. Now twenty-five of them were under the ground, filling honorable, but many of them unknown, graves. I have not the record now before me, but I am certain that the other nine companies of this fighting regiment suffered equally as severe losses.

On the third of August the skirmish line in the front of our brigade left their pits, drove the rebel skirmish line back, and captured thirty of the Johnnies; and so persistently did our fellows hold the advanced position by them taken, that the rebels had to bring up a line of battle before they could restore their skirmish line. In this affair our regiment did not lose a man. This little action came about by our general officers thinking there were no rebels but a skirmish

line in our front, and there was nothing to hinder us from going to Atlanta; but they soon found out there were plenty of those selfsame rebels between our line and the city we sought. We remained in this position a long time, doing more camp than field duty. General Sherman brought up a number of heavy siege guns from the rear and planted them to our right, and threw one hundred pounds of iron into the city at every discharge. What good this bombardment did I cannot now tell, save the destruction of a rebel city, which I have now come to regard as the right thing to do under the circumstances, and should have been commenced sooner. Somehow rebel cities seemed to suffer wherever General Sherman went, for which I entertain for his memory the profoundest respect.

While at Atlanta we lost the 9th Ind. from our brigade. Colonel Campbell had orders to report to Indianapolis for muster-out. We were sorry to part with the 9th as they were in every respect a first-class regiment, and could be always depended upon to take care of their part of the line. But they were now going home, after serving since 1861, having done their full share of service for their country.

August 26th, at about eight o'clock a. m., we commenced the movement to the right. This

was the most terribly hot weather we had encountered; we marched not over eight miles, but more than half of our regiment fell out, completely overcome by the intense heat. That night our regiment was ordered on the skirmish line. The next day the regiment was ordered to move to the right, and marched about four miles. The next day the 14th Corps and its train passed us, and the general tendency of the army seemed to be to the right. The next day we struck what we called the Montgomery railroad. We destroyed about a mile of it pretty effectually. We turned the road over, built large fires, put in the rails, heated them hot, and then twisted them around trees and stumps. I have since thought of what sort of language the section-boss used, when he was sent to repair that track. I wonder if what we did that day made the confession more expensive for him.

August 30th we moved out early, to a position near where we had been wrecking railroad; then marched in a southeasterly course to within four miles of the Macon railroad, as we called it at the time. We were offered very little resistance from the enemy, and this day we marched about ten miles. We were making the grand flank movement around Atlanta, so famous in history. On the last day of August we moved out from camp to a position on a ridge, and commenced

putting up works. Plenty of enemy in our front. About eleven o'clock a. m. the rebels left their works, and we immediately started in pursuit. The 1st division took some prisoners. We struck the Macon railroad about four o'clock p. m. We saw a train pass over the road just as we came up. We selected a position and fortified it, and a detail destroyed the track. The next morning, our brigade being in the rear, we moved out late and marched down the railroad toward Jonesborough. Heavy cannonading at the front, and we learned that the regular brigade had made an assault on the enemy's position and had been repulsed; but we were also informed that General Mitchell's brigade had renewed the assault, drove the rebels from their works, captured a six gun battery and two thousand prisoners.

On the second day of September, 1864, we moved out early, marched through Jonesborough, and found the enemy in position about three miles south of town on the railroad. We formed in line of battle, and made an attack on both his flanks, but failed, for some reason, to pass beyond them. Here we learned that Atlanta had fallen and was in our possession, and the rejoicing along our line was immense. The news was soon confirmed by a circular from division headquarters, stating that the rebels

had blown up two of their trains of ammunition and seven siege guns. This accounted for the noise, that sounded more like an explosion than a battle, that we had heard the night before. For some reason entirely unknown to your humble servant, General Sherman did not desire to pursue Corporal Hood any further south, and our line of battle was withdrawn. So Atlanta had fallen after a campaign of one hundred and twenty-two days. The distance from Chattanooga to Atlanta by the railroad is one hundred and thirty-eight miles, but we had marched, undoubtedly, more than that distance by a great many miles, in the flank movements we had made.

On the eighth day of September, 1864, we marched into and through the "gate city of the south." We put on all the style of which our dirty and ragged condition would permit, forming our regiments in column by company, with our bands playing and colors flying. We marched down Marietta street, and the few citizens we saw did not lay themselves out to give us a cordial welcome. This street was the nearest *ruins* of anything west of the Atlantic. We saw one large sign that I suppose the visitor could hardly find in the new Atlanta. It extended the entire front of a block and read: "Slaves At Auction." We marched three miles

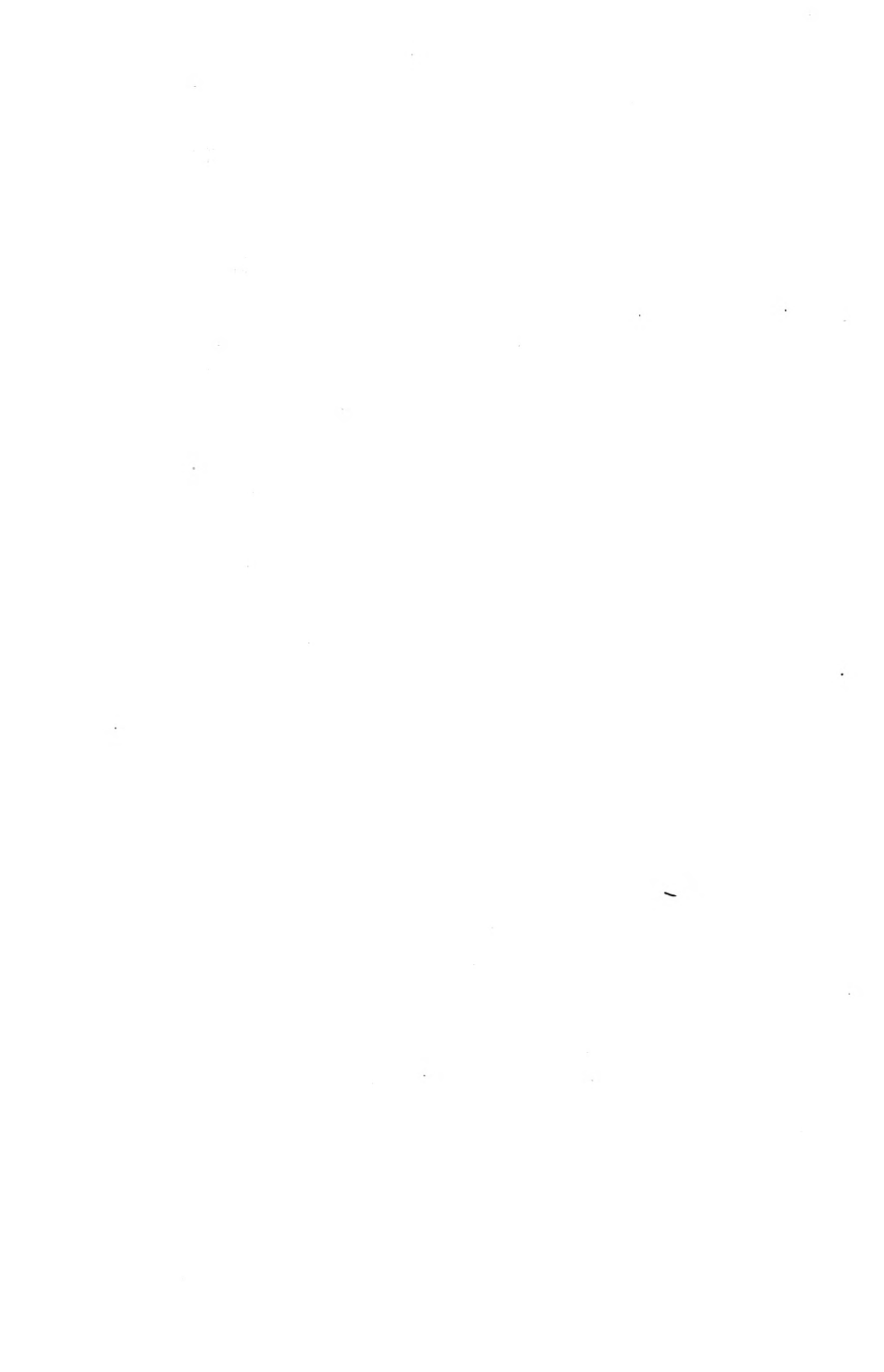
east of town and went into camp, and the Atlanta campaign was ended.

I have tried to give you, though very imperfectly, my recollections of this, the greatest campaign ever made on the western continent. To the general hearer it would have been more interesting, without doubt, to have given the outlines of the campaign, omitting the details of each day's movements with their dates; but as many of that old fighting regiment (of which I had the honor of being a member) are still alive, I thought it my duty to place upon record a detailed account of their sufferings and triumphs. General Sherman had, indeed, broken the shell of the confederacy; but I must say (and I think my comrades will agree with me) it was, by all odds, the *toughest shell* we ever helped to crack.

For more than one hundred days, of the one hundred and twenty-two days of the Atlanta campaign, we had been under fire. The graves of our dear dead comrades are scattered thickly from Dalton to Jonesborough.

The red earth of our intrenchments marks the hillsides and beautiful mountains of northern and central Georgia.

The campaign was the severest blow the rebellion had received up to that time, and from Atlanta, General Sherman commenced his grand march to the sea.



FROM ATLANTA TO NASHVILLE.

THE campaign of Atlanta practically closed with the abandonment of the city by the rebels, September 2d, 1864. The confederate forces still occupied a position near Jonesborough, about thirty miles south of Atlanta. The campaign had ended by the federal forces arriving at a certain geographical point. The confederate forces, although somewhat shattered and reduced by the battles dating from Peach Tree creek forward, were still intact. The rebel forces were still in command of Hood; and with him were some able fighting officers, in the persons of Cleburne, Hill, Hardee, Adams and others.

On our arrival at Atlanta, General Sherman immediately commenced preparations for the grand march to the sea. It was at once evident that he intended to abandon his line of communications, for he commenced to build a fort large enough for the garrison he intended to leave at Atlanta. This fort he built substantially in the heart of the city, and destroyed the balance because in the way of the fort. So when General Sherman took up his world-renowned march for

the seaboard, but very little of the "gate city of the south" remained standing. While these preparations were going forward the 124th regiment was in camp about three miles southeast of Atlanta, busy in cleaning up, drawing new clothing, and recuperating from the effects of the arduous campaign just closed. We had not been in camp many days before we were astonished by the news that the Sanitary Commission, a patriotic organization of the loyal citizens of the north (whose ramifications penetrated to every city, village, hamlet and farm of the loyal states), had sent us a train load of Irish potatoes. This may seem a small matter to take note of after so many years and read to you, who in all your lives have never know the want of anything to eat your appetites might crave, but what do you say of a lot of men that from January 1st, 1863, to September, 1864, had not feasted, even their eyes, on a potato? If you could, at your home, surrounded with all the delicacies of the culinary art, be deprived of the common potato for eighteen months, you could then appreciate our situation. The cheers and shouting that went up, mid-afternoon, when the commissary department sent word to the regiments it had potatoes to issue, were enough to make one think the news of some great victory had been communicated to us. And when the stream of pota-

toes began to be diverted and divided to the companies and messes, it was too comical for anything, those great bronzed and weather-beaten soldiers, running around with their hands full of potatoes, and to see the fires lighted at that time of day, and the little kettles, or pails rather, filled and put on brimming full of potatoes; then when cooled to see the feasting—potatoes served with salt. I suppose you would demand nice Jersey butter, but salt was good enough for us. And this is not all I have to say of that commission organized from the loyal citizens of the north. It brought us by the car load, pickled cabbage and onions; and how refreshing they were to us that had not tasted vegetable food for eighteen long months. I do not believe there is an old veteran alive to-day that does not bless from the bottom of his heart, that greatest and most magnificent of charities ever organized—the Sanitary Commission.

We had stayed in camp, as I said, while General Sherman was preparing for his march to the sea; busy each day with drilling, foraging for corn, and all the many things necessary to keep companies and regiments in good shape, as per the army regulations. We had hoped, as had each regiment of the Army of the Cumberland, that it would be our good fortune to go with Sherman on his march south, and it was with not

a little chagrin and heartburning that we were not called, neither chosen, to go on that march, that has been the wonder and admiration of the military critics of all nations.

It had been determined by General Sherman that our corps (the 4th), commanded by General Stanley, and the 23d Corps, commanded by General Schofield—these two corps, and all other organizations of troops between Atlanta and Nashville, to be in command of General George H. Thomas. Howard was placed in command of the army of the Tennessee, whereby we lost the services of General Hooker. The remainder of the army (save the brigade of regulars, that were sent back to the top of Lookout mountain where they would be out of danger) was chosen by General Sherman to make the march to the sea. But you must not suppose that this choice was made by reason of any superiority of that portion of the army that went with him. It had turned out that Corporal Hood had made up his mind that if Sherman could cut away from his base of supplies, and march south into the enemy's country, he (Hood) ought to be able to march north, among his dearly beloved friends; and if Sherman struck a heavy blow south, he would get in his counter up north. And with the 23d and 4th Corps only, left by Sherman, Hood had two men to Thomas' one.

But before passing to the details of the campaign upon which we were about to enter, suffer me to remark that the same painstaking preparation by General Sherman that I referred to in the "Atlanta Campaign," was going forward. The most rigid surgical examination was had in every company of every man whose health was suspected, or where there could be anything found that incapacitated him from performing the supposed arduous duties to be imposed upon him. All that could not stand this rigid test were sent north. Would you not suppose that many would have taken advantage of this examination to have gotten rid of a campaign that seemed fraught with dangers, and so difficult of execution? On the contrary, I am informed by high authority that those that were rejected felt themselves grossly insulted and degraded as soldiers. Neither was this crucial examination confined to the men—the animals were carefully inspected, and all those not perfectly sound were sent to the rear, or disposed of in some other way. The same of arms and accouterments; so that when General Sherman turned his face toward the salt sea breezes of the Atlantic, he had under his command as hardy, as healthy, as determined, and as brave an army of veterans as ever caused the earth to tremble under their tread.

It now seemed that Hood wanted a little more of the smell of our powder before he took his little excursion to the mountains of Tennessee, for we heard he was in force north of Marietta, and was threatening one of our fortified positions at Altoona Pass, that Sherman had used as a sub-base of supplies during the Atlanta campaign. So October 3d, 1864, we broke up camp and marched to within five miles of Marietta, and camped in the rebel works that had been constructed by them, first, after leaving their position at Kennesaw mountain. This was good marching, having started from our camp, three miles east of Atlanta, at four o'clock p. m.

The fourth, we struck tents at noon and marched through Marietta to the front of Kennesaw, and again found the rebel works convenient. Plenty of rebels reported at Big Shanty, a short distance north. This two days' marching shows how much easier to retrograde than to advance, in the face of the enemy. It had taken us to go from Kennesaw mountain to Atlanta, from July 22d to September 2d, and we had returned in a part of two days. The fifth we moved out of our camp and marched north to Piny Knob, and formed in line of battle along the base of the mountain. Sherman had a signal corps or station on the top of this mountain. Some of us went up to the station, and we could

distinctly see Altoona Pass, and see the smoke of the battle in progress there, as well as watch the advancing columns General Sherman was sending forward for the relief of General Corse, who was gallantly defending the works there, against overpowering numbers of the enemy. It was here, from this mountain top, that General Sherman signaled to General Corse "Hold the fort for I am coming," that some one has immortalized in sacred song. Several of the old 124th stood not twenty feet from the old general, when this famous dispatch was being signaled from the top of Piny Knob to the gallant Corse, who at that time was suffering from a dangerous wound he received while in the defense he was making. But Hood, evidently, did not care to fight on equal terms, and withdrew in the direction of Lost mountain, and afterwards moved in the direction of Rome, Ga.; and Sherman, leaving Old Pap Thomas to look after and care for Corporal Hood, turned his face toward the south, and that was the last day of the war we ever saw our beloved Uncle Billy. It was with a feeling of sadness that we saw him depart, for we had learned to love and trust in him as we had no other commander. We marched north through Altoona Pass, which still showed evidences of the sanguinary conflict that had taken place there. We marched all night after we

went through the Pass, sleeping fifteen minutes each hour. It was perfectly surprising to see how quickly the regiment would go to sleep when the halt was sounded. When the assembly call came it was some trouble to wake the tired soldiers, but usually we were soon all in line, and marching on for another hour. The next day we marched all day long, after halting, making coffee, and taking breakfast near the Etowah river. On this march I first discovered the fact that it was possible for one to march and be sound asleep, for on waking up I discovered that no portion of the landscape had a familiar look, showing that one had been asleep long enough for the landscape to entirely change by our moving forward. This marching back on the railroad track was very hard, as the road was not in very good shape, and we were in danger of falling through trestles; and during the night, every now and then, some sleepy soldier would get off his guard, and his head would go down on the rail, making everything jingle. All the sympathy such unfortunates received would be the shouts and jeers of his comrades to which he often replied in language *just bordering on the profane*. This marching did not differ much from day to day, and on the fifteenth day of October we crossed the Rocky Face mountains. We went out over the Chickamauga battlefield

and saw very many of the bones of our unknown comrades still unburied, that had fallen there more than a year before.

What strange feelings come over one as he passes over the field where he fought, and his loved comrades fell. It seems as though they were with him again in all of their manly beauty; he can see their stern looks of defiance; can hear the rattle of the musketry, the thunder of the artillery, the shouts of victory, the thud of the fatal minie, the dying groan, the last good-bye; and the specter battle seems as real as when engaged in the deadly conflict of the year before. The timber was badly torn down by the shot and shells on that portion of the field over which we passed. I remember the last day our Colonel Payne was with us. The regiment was marching left in front that day, and of course that brought my company next to the colonel and his staff. We made a halt near Rossville, and laid down on the grass to rest. It was a beautiful Indian summer evening; and while in conversation with the colonel he informed me he intended to leave the regiment at Chattanooga; "thought he had done his part," which was true, having nearly lost his life from a wound he received at Chickamauga. I was surprised to learn of his intention to leave us, as this was the first intimation that I had of his intention to resign; but

what surprised me most was the despairing view he seemed to take of the war. He said to me, "We never can conquer the south, and if we do children yet unborn will fight in this war." I replied: "They would have to muster them in pretty young, if they did, and I expect to see the end of the rebellion the next year." I think it must have been the depressing effect of our retrograde movement that had taken such a hold on our brave young colonel, for it did seem to many that all our arduous campaign to Atlanta had been for naught.

Many thought it presumptuous in General Sherman to leave a large rebel army to be opposed by an army of about half its numbers. But General Sherman knew him that was in command of the rebel army, and knew very well the grand old Virginian he had intrusted with the taking care of him. We went into camp around Chattanooga, the place that had been the scene of so much of sorrow and rejoicing the year before. We soon heard that Hood was marching for the Tennessee river about Decatur, and we were put into and on freight cars, and started in the night for that point.

A large part of my company was on the top of the cars, and many of them went to sleep in that dangerous situation and caused me very much anxiety. Many a time during that night

of peril I found a comrade just on the edge of the car, liable to fall off with any little jolt. I never remember passing a more perilous night. The next day we "came off the roof" of the cars, and soon commenced the march northward for Pulaski.

When we came to the Duck river, that we had crossed the year before at Manchester, there a mere mountain stream, we found a considerable river, and so swollen with rains that it gave us considerable difficulty in crossing. We soon arrived at Pulaski, a beautiful little village in middle Tennessee. This is the best portion of the state, and so much has nature done for it, that had it not been for the blighting influence of slavery, might have truthfully been denominated the garden spot of the United States. We had not been in Pulaski many days before Forrest's cavalry appeared on our flanks, and we heard that Hood had crossed the Tennessee river. We now took the pike again and moved up as far as the village of Columbia, the home of several distinguished officers of the confederate army. Here we went into camp, and did considerable intrenching, our flanks resting on the Elk river. We arrived at Columbia the twenty-fourth of October, and remained there until the night of the twenty-ninth. During the day of the twenty-ninth our regiment was sent up the

river to watch a ford, and we watched it nicely, seeing the rebel infantry crossing all day; but we had no orders to do anything but watch. That afternoon we heard heavy firing in the direction of Spring Hill, and we afterwards learned that our first division had been sharply engaged with Cheatham's division, and had most handsomely checked the rebel advance. At dark we were called in, and commenced the march northward again. I should say it was about midnight when Adjutant Hammer came riding back directing the company commandants to have the men so adjust their canteens and bayonet scabbards that as little noise be made as possible, that we were in the immediate presence of the enemy. This we could hardly believe. Were it possible that the rebels had gotten a position cutting our army in twain? We believed nothing of the kind, but, nevertheless, obeyed the order like the true veteran soldiers that we were. Soon we saw two lines of fires running away to the northeast, and the left end of the line nearest us was so near the pike one could have cast a stone into it without much effort. Were it possible these two lines of bivouac fires represented the two lines of blue and gray that had been fighting there the afternoon before? It was true. Such were the facts. And yet our division, the 3d, and a wagon train twelve miles long, passed along that

pike, with all the noise incident to the moving of a wagon train and artillery attached to our division, without hindrance or molestation from the enemy.

Not a shot was fired, not a rebel picket nor skirmish line encountered, as we passed the left flank of the enemy's line. Yet, they knew we were there, for several of our men wandered from the column and went over to the fires to warm, and were captured. Was there treason to the confederacy? The fighting the next day fully answers that question in the negative. Hood claims, I am told, that his officers were drunk and failed to attack as he had ordered, and thereby let our division pass him at Spring Hill. This may be true, for middle Tennessee makes a kind of whiskey that will take the W. C. T. U. a long time to eradicate. A single skirmish line across the pike that night would have so delayed us, incumbered with the train, as we were (the train could not have been moved off the pike), that it hardly seems possible that General Stanley could have reunited the divisions of his corps. Thus was the golden opportunity of Hood lost. We soon left the rebel fires behind us, and with our train well ahead, and our divisions united, we had little to fear from an army commanded by such a general as Hood. I have read somewhere a confederate

account of this transaction, and the writer, though claiming to have been on the spot, fails to give anything like a rational reason for the confederate forces letting us pass them October 30th, at Spring Hill.

The next morning we halted and made coffee beside the pike. While breakfasting, a squad of rebel cavalry dashed up to the train, fired a few shots, and were away like the wind. As we neared Franklin we came up with some new regiments that General Thomas had hurried on from Nashville, to meet and assist us in case we were forced to a battle before we reached Nashville. These poor fellows that had been as far south as Spring Hill, and were returning that morning, were mostly completely played out, and filled the fence corners all along the pike. I am sorry to say the hardy veterans that swung along after marching all night treated them to expressions of which the following are samples: "Fresh fish." "Fresh fish." "There lies \$1000 and a cow." "How much did you get?" "Say Jimmy, who owns you?" "Millions in it." These poor fellows, with knapsacks larger than a mule should be required to carry, received these taunts and jeers with silent disgust; and quite likely the most of them at this time are drawing pensions for disabilities received in the service and in the line of duty, while the old veteran of

scores of battles and skirmishes, of hundreds of miles of marches, though broken in health, and prematurely old by reason of his hard service, *has no hospital record*, and suffers great difficulties in establishing his claim for a pension. Something wrong, somewhere, sure.

We arrived at Franklin about noon, and found the 23d Corps in position and throwing up works from the Harpeth river above the village to the river below. With this place we were very familiar. We first came here in February, 1863. This was our camp of instruction. We assisted in building the fort, with its large magazine on the north side of the river and to the left of the village facing south. We that had worked out many a weary detail asking, "What is all this worth?" "What is this for, miles—miles from the enemy and the front," had the opportunity, this thirtieth day of October, 1864, of seeing our labor richly rewarded. We use to do picket duty north of the river and town, and knew every foot of that country; and our Lieutenant Colonel Pickands and Adjutant Hammer enjoyed the reputation of knowing some of the rebel girls, with which the village swarmed. I remembered one Sally Atkinson, who lived near our picket line, in fact the line ran through her father's dooryard, who was a fine player on the piano, and something of a singer. She, like all

the southern women, was a bitter rebel, and used to entertain the boys with "The bonny blue flag," and other rebel songs. She often boasted of having two brothers in the rebel service. But more of this anon.

Our wagon train was on the north side of the river, pulling out for Nashville to the full extent of its mule power. Those not familiar may be interested in a brief description of the field where the battle of Franklin was fought. The Harpeth river makes quite a sharp bend to the north, and the formerly very rich village, built very compactly, occupies the most of the room in the bend. Here, before the war, was the home of many rich cotton planters, for as you all will remember, this is the heart of the cotton growing belt of Tennessee. The turnpike running from the southern part of the state, through Pulaski, Columbia, and on to Nashville, ran through about the center of Franklin. The Harpeth river is a small stream, made largely of springs, but running through a limestone region, lay in deep pools much of its way, that only rendered it fordable above and below the town. To the left of the pike going south from town there was a large cotton field, stretching to the left, nearly to the river, and extending to the south, I should say, from half to three-quarters of a mile to a line of hills, that rise quite

abruptly and constitute a picturesque landscape. Across this cotton field, from east to west, ran our works, as I have said, from river above to river below. At and near the pike, and to the left of the same, was planted all of the field artillery that we possessed. It was the fortune of our regiment to be detailed to cross the river, go down below the pike bridge, intrench the south bank and guard the ford; and while we witnessed the battle we were not called into it, and did not have occasion to fire a shot at the point where we were stationed. Our line, as you will understand from this brief description, was of necessity short, and in some places was supported by a reserve line. General Hood came up with his forces and formed his charging columns under the cover of the hills at the south. He visited each division and brigade, to which he stated that all the confederate soldiers had to do was to take the rude works in front of Franklin, Thomas' army would be captured, and Nashville with all of its vast military stores of clothing, provisions and ammunition would fall into their hands. That Hood was a good man to fight, about a division, I think is conceded; but I take it, if Thomas had been consulted, and could have had the directing of Hood, he would not have had him done any different from what he did. Hood had in all

arms, about forty-five thousand men when he came before Franklin. He had about six thousand cavalry, under General Forrest, that instead of using on our flanks and rear, he sent off to Murfreesborough to take the fort that was garrisoned by a few regiments of recent enlistment. The fort was easily defended against Forrest and would have been had his force been double what it was. Forrest was a raider, but in no sense a fighter. Schofield had not more than twenty thousand men, all told, some of which were on duty with the train. But twenty thousand old veterans, as my old soldier friends will bear me witness here to-day, are hard to go out and get, especially, if you come straight up to the front door, and this Corporal Hood, in a very gentlemanly manner, did.

Hood formed his charging column in three lines, extending across the old cotton field from east to west; his right reaching the river, his left resting on the pike. About three o'clock he made his first assault. His lines came on in fine style. The heavy guns in the fort commenced shelling unmercifully as soon as the assaulting column emerged from behind the hills, and when it reached a point near enough the field artillery opened with shrapnel and canister, making fearful havoc in the ranks of gray. But nothing

daunted those charging lines, led by that best of fighting generals, Pat Cleburne, came on until they reached a point within two hundred yards of our works, when our infantry opened such a murderous fire over that level field that no valor could stand before its destructive torrent. The assaulting column broke, and the personal presence of Hood and his daring lieutenant could not rally them until they were behind the sheltering protection of the hills where they were first formed. The assault was repeated time after time, until nine o'clock that night. In one of these assaults the rebels charged to our works and drove our first line out of them for a short distance; but Colonel Opdyke's brigade, lying close in the rear, at once charged, restoring the line and capturing over a thousand prisoners. The rebels were taken entirely unawares by the charge made by Opdyke's brigade. When they captured that portion of the line they seemed to think our forces had left, for Opdyke found them sitting down on the top of the works; some of them, having laid their guns aside and lighted their pipes, were enjoying the *solace of the soldier*.

Our field artillery did most magnificent work, but suffered heavily. One battery of the Ohio regiment of artillery lost all the men it had at one gun, save a sergeant, and he loaded and

gave the charging column one dose of canister after his left arm had been blown off.

This battle of Franklin was one of the most sanguinary, and to the rebel army one of the most disastrous, of the war. Hood lost four general officers, among them was the celebrated Pat Cleburne, that our division had been opposed to so many times on the Atlanta campaign. He fell in one of the many charges that afternoon, his horse's fore legs resting on our works. As soon as it was certain that the enemy did not intend to renew the conflict that night, our troops began to retire to the south side of the river. The bridge across the stream was covered with blankets to a depth of six or eight inches, and the artillery was moved across without noise; and by two o'clock a. m. of the thirty-first of October the last regiment was on the south side of the river and on the march for Nashville. Our wounded were left in the village, those that could not be moved, and surgeons to take care of them.

About two o'clock that morning Colonel Pickands came to our company and said "he had orders to leave one company in the position our regiment had occupied during the battle, and concluded that company B must be the one." The order was, "that we stay at the ford until orders were received to abandon it;" said,

“he would send back an orderly to notify us when we could leave;” said, “we might all be captured,” and he bade me an affectionate farewell when he rode away. If any one doubts that this was an anxious hour for us, he does not duly appreciate the situation. It would have been nothing for mounted men, but we were footmen and expected the enemy would send out a squadron of cavalry at daybreak to ascertain what had become of those that had punished them so the day before. We listened to the last footfall until it died away up the stone pike toward Nashville, then all was still. I then went along the line and told each one of the boys that when we were relieved, or if attacked before the order came, we would about-face and move back in our present order, deployed as skirmishers. About three-fourths of a mile to the south on a gentle elevation was a poplar grove, and I insisted to the boys that if we could maintain our line, in case of an attack, either before or after the order of relief came, we could make a splendid fight even against cavalry in those woods. I knew I could rely upon the boys. I knew any 124th man could be relied upon during the war—and since. Then we had nothing to do but wait. Not a sound was heard across the river in Franklin, in the direction of the enemy. Sodom and Gomorrah were not stiller

after they received the sulphurous shower, than was that intensely rebel village and their friends near the hills beyond. The day-god began to streak the east with his golden rays, and still no order came. No cheerful cockcrowing was heard as a harbinger of the dawning day. The last rooster in the confederacy had been eliminated long years before. Day began to break, and we strained our eyes up and down the river and in the direction of Franklin, to see the approaching foe, but all was still as death. Had we been forgotten? Had something happened to the orderly? What good could we do by staying? But the order was imperative, "stay until ordered away," and orders must be obeyed, even if the brave men on this severe duty were relegated to captivity. It was now broad daylight, and no orderly in sight. But no rebel cavalry in sight either. The situation was strangely interesting in the extreme. All at once we heard the ringing clatter of a horse's hoofs, and looking up the pike—coming down the hill at breakneck pace—*came the orderly at last.* Talk about sweet strains of music—not Theodore Thomas' orchestra, rendering one of Beethoven's symphonies, could ever sound as sweetly as the ringing of those hoof-beats on that lime-stone pike that October morning. Riding up to me he said: "Captain, remove

your men," and turning his steed toward Nashville was soon out of sight over the hill. We immediately began to *remove*. The order was obeyed, not only with willingness, but with wonderful alacrity. We double-quickened in line until we came to the poplar grove, when we, seeing no signs of pursuit, came into column on the pike, and with a long step toward the front, and a sharp lookout toward the rear, we rapidly measured off the miles in the direction of Nashville. About eight o'clock that morning we came up with the rear guard, and soon the balance of the regiment, making coffee and breakfasting by the road side. We were greeted by the colonel and the regiment with exclamations of joy. I told the colonel I was afraid he had forgotten us, but he insisted we had not been out of his mind a minute since he left us, which I have no doubt was true. But when the facts came to be known, we were not in the least danger. Had we known at that time that old Corporal Hood had so kindly sent all of his cavalry away to Murfreesborough, where they could do him no good, and us no possible harm, we would have stayed, made coffee, and eaten breakfast before starting. In fact, I have no doubt some of the boys would have been over in the village looking for "Robinson County," where they used to find it while on picket

months before. But, all in all, a portion of the old 124th were the last union soldiers to leave Franklin, after the bloody battle of the thirtieth of October, 1864.

But war has its sad features, even for an enemy as dishonorable and as thoroughly hated as were the rebels. The beautiful village of Franklin was riddled with shot and shell. The great cotton field to the south was thickly covered with the graves of the confederate soldiers. The two brothers of the sweet singer of rebel songs were both killed within a few rods of their dear old home. But on the other hand, Miss Sally Atkinson, after the war, *became the kind and loving wife of an officer on General Thomas' staff, emblematical of the restored Union.*

The thirty-first we marched to Nashville, and the first of December took our position on the line extending around the city, from the Tennessee above to the river below. The line was a long one and necessarily thin. Everything was in a bustle of excitement in the city. Hood was expected to arrive and invest the city every hour. The gunboats were busy puffing up and down the river looking after the flanks of our lines and the various fords above and below. Every soldier in the hospitals that could possibly perform duty was sent to the front. All the

laborers that were enlisted as such, and everyone that could use a pick and shovel, was pressed into the service and set at work on the intrenchments. Every private horse in the city was taken for the cavalry or artillery. The right of ownership of private property, as applied to horseflesh, was in no sense respected. Dan Castello's circus was performing at Nashville at the time, and every horse was confiscated. Mrs. Lake's celebrated trick horse, Czar, was the only one left, and that was undoubtedly owing to the feeling of chivalry every true soldier has for a lady. We had been in Nashville two days, I think, when Hood came up very leisurely and formed his lines well out from ours. He did not act like business, and evidently had not recovered from the terrible drubbing he had received at Franklin. It was now midwinter in the climate of Tennessee, the mud was deep, and it rained and sleeted almost every day. Hood did not even ask for a skirmish, and his was the saddest army of investment that ever encompassed a city. General Thomas was busy issuing clothing to his army, and especially shoes, as our foot gear had been sadly demoralized by the long march over stony roads and railway tracks back from Atlanta. Our portion of the line ran in front of the Acklin Place, a charming villa residence, built at an expense of

a million and a half of dollars. The owner was a Mr. Acklin, a wealthy Englishman, who, at his own expense, fully armed and equipped a regiment of confederate infantry, named for him "The Acklin Rifles." This Mr. Acklin *was not at home*, so General Thomas took his spacious mansion for corps and division headquarters. I am satisfied that never before was army headquarters so ornamented with such paintings and marbles. We, on the outside, were equally well off, for the spacious grounds were surrounded by nicely built stone walls that were worked into chimneys noiselessly as was the building of Solomon's Temple, and though not quite as ornamental, were quite as useful, as that fabled temple of the olden time. The ornamental trees did not make first-rate firewood on account of being green, but we had not time for them to dry, and had to get along with them as best we could. Here we had plenty of rations; and vegetables of all kinds were issued to us in great abundance. The greatest evil we were compelled to suffer, while here, was the sale of intoxicating liquor to the soldiers in the city. The large majority of our regiment were reasonably temperate men; but, I am sorry to be compelled to say that there was a large amount of drunkenness in the army that made the men difficult to control, and caused very many to

lose their lives. Drunken officers in command was a terrible evil.

I suppose no city in the United States ever had so bad a population as the city of Nashville during the winter of 1864-5. The thieves, gamblers and disreputable of both sexes, swarmed in from all over the country, and at one time the demimonde became such a plague that General Thomas loaded a steamboat with them and sent them to Louisville, but the authorities there refused to let them land, and what became of them I never knew; it may be they were destroyed for the good of the service. It was no uncommon thing to find two or more dead soldiers, murdered in an unsavory locality known as Smoky Row, every morning, and the original inhabitants of the city were none too good to murder a union soldier if they found him in a condition not to be able to take care of himself. If there ever was a city that should have been disposed of as Atlanta and Columbia were, that city was Nashville. But things were getting ripe for action. Every day troops in squads, detachments and regiments, were coming in by river and by rail. The 17th Army Corps, commanded by that gray-headed old hero (noted for his choice (?) English), General A. J. Smith, came up and took position at the right of our corps. General Stedman, that did such good

work with the reserve corps at Chickamauga, commanded a division of colored troops on the extreme left, while more artillery than was ever before made ready for battle, was being put into position. There were grave apprehensions that Hood would cross the river and move into Kentucky, as Bragg had done in 1862. The government at Washington became alarmed, and sent General John A. Logan to relieve General Thomas. It did seem that the General was terribly slow, but he was preparing to give the rebel army such a crushing blow that when he did strike no second blow would be necessary. General Logan came as far as Louisville, and learning how General Thomas was situated and what he was doing, refused to supersede him though he had the orders in his pocket to that effect. *Was there a regular officer in the union service that would have been that magnanimous?*

The morning of the fifteenth of December opened with everything about our lines and camps veiled in an impenetrable fog. One could not see a man ten feet away. Under the cover of this fog General Thomas opened a demonstration on the enemy's right that caused Hood to weaken his left to support his right. About ten o'clock a. m., as soon as the fog had lifted a little, Thomas sent the dashing Kilpat-

rick in on Hood's extreme left, followed by a charge from General A. J. Smith's entire corps. General Smith's men simply ran over the rebels. When the rebel left had been badly shattered by the charge made by Smith, and when the firing showed the rebel line was crumbling, the 4th Corps in the center was ordered in, and away we all went across an open field toward the rebel works. The rebels in our front occupied a strong position behind a stone wall that they had materially strengthened, but seemed to be dazed by the impetuosity of the charge on the left and center, and hardly fired a shot. I think in this charge our brigade captured more of the enemy than we had men in line. When we passed the stone wall there was not an armed rebel in front of us that we could discover. The firing was over along the entire length of the line, and some of us thought that we had taken all the rebels there were out there. I am of the opinion of all the artillery firing we ever experienced, that of the battle of Nashville was the most intense. When the cavalry commenced the charge on the right, every gun in Fort Negley commenced firing, as well as all the other forts and all the field and reserve artillery about Nashville. Of all the pandemonian scenes we ever witnessed, this was the climax. The firing was so intense and ceaseless that not an individual gun could

be distinguished, but there was one dreadful roar of shot and shell, and all along the rebel lines and beyond, the bursting missiles filled the air with clouds of smoke. I do not believe its equal was ever before witnessed on the American continent, if in the world.

We pushed on to the front and found no enemy, and for some unexplained reason did nothing more that day. If we had advanced in line of battle immediately after the charge in the morning, I am firmly in the belief that there would have been no second day's battle. On the second day we moved to the front early in the morning, and found that the enemy had gathered his scattered ranks, and had taken and fortified a position, his line running across the Franklin pike. Our regiment was at the left of the pike in an open wood. Our regiment was also at the left of the brigade, and joined the right of Stedman's division of colored troops. Colonel Post, by reason of seniority of rank, had command of our brigade, and had been in command since the 89th Ill. had been added to us at Atlanta. It seemed the same tactics were resorted to the second day as the first, and at four o'clock p. m. we could distinctly hear Smith's infantry hammering away directly in the rear of the rebel line. All the afternoon Colonel Post had been soliciting General Wood

to order our brigade to charge the rebel position on the Franklin pike, but could not obtain the consent of the old general, as he (Wood) said the charge would result in driving the rebels away, while by waiting we could get all of them without any trouble or loss. This was great big sense, and there was not an officer or man in the brigade, save Colonel Post, that did not realize the fact. But our brigade commander was anxious for a star, and as old Tommy became more *spiritually-minded*, he consented to let the old second brigade charge. The rebels had good rifle pits, but nothing so strong as on the Atlanta campaign; but near the pike they had a battery of field artillery, some of the guns of which had been disabled early in the day. At the order to charge we moved on in fine form until we came near the works, when the rebels opened on us with canister that momentarily checked our advance. The colored infantry on our left seemed to receive the most of the rebel fire, as Stedman's division was in such a position that as soon as they came in range they were enfiladed for more than three hundred yards of their line, and consequently they suffered much more severely than our brigade. I never saw more heroic conduct shown on the field of battle than was exhibited by this body of men *so recently slaves*. I saw a color-bearer of one of

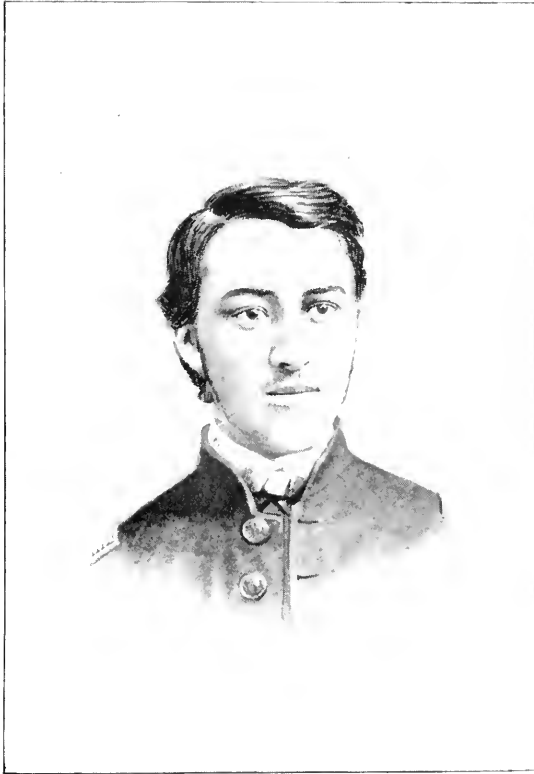
these regiments stand on the top of the rebel parapet and shake the flag he bore in the faces of the confederate infantry until he fell, riddled with bullets. Soon after this, owing to a slight accident of war, your humble servant was compelled to go to the rear. But I remember (while lying on a stretcher) I heard the shout of the old regiment (that I could tell as I could my mother's voice), as they carried the rebel works.

What I know about the remainder of the battle of Nashville, and the pursuit of Hood, you of the old regiment and brigade know better than I. The rebel infantry ran away, just as old Tommy had said they would. This charge was a terribly severe and useless mistake. We had two brave young officers, Payne* and Dempsey, killed, and many noble men killed and wounded. And all for what? To gratify the ambition of an officer that desired promotion. "What is ambition? 'Tis a glorious cheat."

Colonel Post was badly punished for this foolish and needless charge he had gotten us into. He received a canister shot through his right thigh that nearly cost him his life, and in addition to that suffering *he was elected to Congress from one of the districts of Illinois.*

Hood's army was completely destroyed. When the second day of the battle of Nashville

*An own cousin of our colonel.



LIEUTENANT SAMUEL B. PAYNE.

Killed at the battle of Nashville Dec. 16th, 1864.

was over, Hood had not a single infantry regiment in organization. Forrest's cavalry was all the soldiers on which he could rely. He lost every piece of artillery, every wagon. Many of his men were recruited in Tennessee and Kentucky, and after the battle was over they threw away their arms and accouterments and went to their homes, never to enter the service again. The war in the west was substantially over. Our regiment never fired another shot after the charge on Overton Heights. They did some marching and quite a considerable traveling, going as far on one occasion as Warm Springs, N. Car. But their fighting service was over, and I believe we never lost a man after Nashville. Corporal Hood, of the confederate army, was never heard from again, and between Nashville and Atlanta there were not troops enough wearing the gray to hinder General Thomas' army for one hour.

While the campaign from Atlanta to Nashville closed with the battle, before ending this very imperfect sketch suffer me to refer to the last scene at Nashville. The spring of 1865 had come. The long bloody, cruel war was over. The wounds had healed. We were in camp in the vicinity of Nashville, knowing we would soon be discharged and go to our own loved Ohio. A grand review of all the troops about

Nashville was ordered. It was to be the last good-bye of "Old Pap Thomas" to the brave men he had led so long. Never before was such preparation made for a review. Every piece of leather, every piece of brass and steel, was burnished as bright as time could make it. Never saw I the old regiment turn out in such fine shape. All the remnants of the old bands we had were revived, as far as possible. New sheepskin was in great demand. I cannot now tell whether the wheezy old band that General Hazen had at Manchester was in existence at that time, or whether it had been sacrificed for the good of the service *and given harps*, as it should have been, long before. The column for review was formed in divisions of regiments, that is, two companies to the division. General Thomas and staff were stationed on a gentle eminence, the bands playing, the old tattered colors flying, and as each regiment came opposite the "Rock of Chickamauga," every hat came off, and such cheers went up as had not greeted the old general since the storming of Missionary Ridge. Just a little drawing about the mouth was all the expression one could discover in the iron face of the grand old Virginian.

A few years afterward I stood by the last resting place of General George H. Thomas in the beautiful cemetery at Troy, N. Y., and while

standing there I thought, "here lies the remains of a proud southerner, that 'faithful among the faithless stood,' that loved his native state as well as any, but loved his country better, and few, if any, in life did more to keep the flag of our Union waiving over a free and united country."

124th Regiment Ohio Volunteer Infantry.

THREE YEARS' SERVICE.

THIS Regiment was organized at Camp Cleveland, O., from August to September, 1862, to serve three years. It was mustered out of service July 9, 1865, in accordance with orders from the War Department.

The official list of battles in which this Regiment bore an honorable part is not yet published by the War Department, but the following list has been compiled after careful research during the preparation of this work:

THOMPSON'S STATION, TENN., .	MARCH 4-5, 1863.
CHICKAMAUGA, GA.,	SEPTEMBER 19-20, 1863.
LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN, TENN., .	NOVEMBER 24, 1863.
MISSION RIDGE, TENN., . . .	NOVEMBER 25, 1863.
ROCKY FACE RIDGE, GA., . . .	MAY 5-9, 1864.
RESACA, GA.,	MAY 13-16, 1863.
PICKETT'S MILLS, GA.,	MAY 27, 1864.
BROWN'S FERRY, TENN., . . .	OCTOBER 27, 1864.
FRANKLIN, TENN.,	NOVEMBER 30, 1864.
NASHVILLE, TENN.,	DECEMBER 15-16, 1864.

ROSTER

OF THE

124th Regiment, Ohio Volunteer Infantry.

FIELD AND STAFF.

Mustered in from Aug. 20, 1862, to Feb. 28, 1864, at Cleveland, O., by J. R. Paxton, Captain 15th Infantry; Charles C. Goddard, Captain 17th Infantry; C. O. Howard, Captain 18th Infantry, U. S. A., and other Mustering Officers.

Mustered out July 9, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn., by Phillip Reefy, Captain 19th Ohio Veteran Volunteer Infantry and A. C. M. 3d Division, 4th Army Corps.

Names.	Rank.	Age.	Date of Entering the Service.	Period of Service.	Remarks.
Oliver H. Payne.....	Col.	23	Sept. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Lieut. Colonel Oct. 22, 1862; promoted to Colonel Jan. 1, 1863; resigned Nov. 2, 1864.
James Pickands.....	Lt. Col.	23	Oct. 25, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted from Major Jan. 1, 1863; to Colonel June 20, 1865, but not mustered; mustered out with regiment July 9, 1865.
James B. Hampson...	Major	24	Aug. 17, 1861	3 yrs.	Promoted from Captain Co. D, 1st Regiment O. V. I., Jan. 1, 1863; killed May 27, 1864, in action at Pickett's Mills, Ga.
George W. Lewis.....	do...	25	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted from Captain Co. B Jan. 18, 1865; to Lieut. Colonel June 20, 1865, but not mustered; mustered out with regiment July 9, 1865; lost left arm at the battle of Nashville Dec. 16, 1864.
James W. Smith.....	Surg.	Aug. 20, 1862	3 yrs.	Resigned Jan. 31, 1863.
Dewitt C. Patterson...	do...	30	Aug. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted from Asst. Surgeon May 4, 1863; mustered out with regiment July 9, 1865.
David A. Morse.....	As.Sur.	22	Mar. 11, 1863	3 yrs.	Resigned Aug. 12, 1863.
Theodore S. Bidwell...	do...	25	April 21, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered out with regiment July 9, 1865.

Names.	Rank.	Age.	Date of Entering the Service.	Period of Service.	Remarks.
Sherburn B. Eaton....	Adjt.	23	Oct. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted to Captain Co. F May 23, 1863.
Charles D. Hammer.....do...	do.	18	Aug. 4, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted from private Co. A May 23, 1863; to Captain Jan. 18, 1865, but declined promotion; transferred as 1st Lieutenant to Co. G Feb. 26, 1865.
Haskell F. Proctor.....do...	do.	20	July 26, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed from 1st Lieutenant Co. G Feb. 26, 1865; promoted to Captain Co. A March 29, 1865.
Charles E. Warren.....do...	do.	38	Aug. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed from 1st Lieutenant Co. K April 10, 1865; mustered out with regiment July 9, 1865.
Albert H. Lewis.....	R.Q. M.	20	Dec. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	Commissioned 1st Lieutenant and appointed Regimental Quartermaster to date Dec. 1, 1862; resigned Sept. 3, 1863. See Co. I.
William Treat.....do...	do.	34	Aug. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted to Q. M. Sergeant from Sergeant Co. A —; to 2d Lieutenant Co. A June 13, 1863; appointed Regimental Quartermaster from 1st Lieutenant Co. K Feb. 5, 1864; promoted to Capt. Feb. 23, 1865, but declined promotion; mustered out with regiment July 9, 1865.
Seth D. Bowker.....	Chap.	35	Jan. 1, 1863	3 yrs.	Resigned Sept. 9, 1863.
John S. Nimmons.....	Sr.Maj.	23	Oct. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted from private Co. E Jan. 1, 1863; to 2d Lieutenant Co. A Nov. 1, 1863.
Alexander C. Caskey.....do...	do.	18	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted from Sergeant Co. A May 1, 1864; to 1st Lieutenant Co. A Oct. 13, 1864.
Alfred Wilson.....do...	do.	24	Aug. 30, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted from private Co. K March 1, 1865; to 1st Lieut. June 12, 1865, but not mustered; mustered out with regiment July 9, 1865.
William Nicholson... Q. M. S.	Q. M. S.	29	Sept. 17, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted from Corporal Co. H —; reduced to ranks Co. H April 8, 1864.
Charles C. Leonard.....do...	do.	18	Aug. 10, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted from Corporal Co. A May 1, 1864; mustered out June 9, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn., by order of War Department.
Enos Halsey.....do..	do.	40	Oct. 7, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted from 1st Sergeant Co. I June 10, 1865; mustered out with regiment July 9, 1865.
James Powell.....	Com. Ser.	41	Sept. 16, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted from Corporal Co. H Dec. 1, 1862; discharged Sept. 25, 1863, at Louisville, Ky., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
William A. Reed.....do...	do.	18	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted from private Co. A Oct. 1, 1863; mustered out June 9, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn., by order of War Department.



CAPTAIN WILLIAM WILSON.

Names.	Rank.	Age.	Date of Entering the Service.	Period of Service.	Remarks.
Charles C. Collins....	Com. Ser.	19	Oct. 7, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted from 1st Sergeant Co. H June 9, 1865; mustered out with regiment July 9, 1865.
Peter R. Granel	Hos. S'td.	41	Sept. 13, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted from private Co. H Nov. 19, 1862; mustered out with regiment July 9, 1865.
Eugene W. Striker....	Prin. Mus.	18	Aug. 8, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted from Musician Co. A July 1, 1863; mustered out June 9, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn., by order of War Department.
George Foster.....	...do...	18	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted from Musician Co. A July 1, 1863; mustered out June 9, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn., by order of War Department.
James C. Whitedo...	37	Nov. 18, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted from Musician Co. I June 9, 1865; mustered out with regiment July 9, 1865.
Clark A. Fish.....	...do...	19	Feb. 28, 1864	3 yrs.	Promoted from Musician Co. C June 9, 1865; mustered out with regiment July 9, 1865.

COMPANY A.

Mustered in Sept. 12, 1862, at Camp Cleveland, O., by J. R. Paxton, Captain 15th Infantry, U. S. A. Mustered out June 9, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn., by Philip Reefy, Captain 19th Ohio Veteran Volunteer Infantry and A. C. M. 3d Division, 4th Army Corps.

William Wilson	Capt.	42	July 25, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Feb. 18, 1865.
Haskell F. Proctor....	...do...	20	July 26, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted from 1st Lieutenant and Adjutant March 29, 1865; mustered out with company June 9, 1865.
Cleveland Van Dorn.	1st Lt.	27	July 26, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted to Captain Co. D July 27, 1864.
Alexander C. Caskey.	...do...	18	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Sergeant from Corporal March 16, 1863; promoted to Sergt. Major May 1, 1864; 1st Lieutenant Oct. 13, 1864; mustered out with company June 9, 1865.
George Doubleday...	2d Lt.	32	July 26, 1862	3 yrs.	Resigned June 13, 1863.
William Treat.....	...do...	34	Aug. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Sergeant from private Aug. 19, 1862; promoted to Q. M. Sergeant —; to 2d Lieutenant June 13, 1863; to 1st Lieutenant Co. K Sept. 3, 1863.
John S. Nimmons....	...do...	23	Oct. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted from Sergt. Major Nov. 1, 1863; to 1st Lieutenant Co. F Sept. 8, 1864.

Names.	Rank.	Age.	Date of Entering the Service.	Period of Service.	Remarks.
John P. Lamb.....	1st Ser.	30	July 30, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted to 2d Lieutenant Co. C May 19, 1863.
Harrison F. Henry.....	do.	22	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Corporal; appointed 1st Sergeant —; killed Sept. 19, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
Elam A. Smith.....	do.	19	July 30, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Corporal; appointed 1st Sergeant —; killed May 27, 1864, in action at Pickett's Mills, Ga.
Eugene W. Elliott.....	do.	22	Oct. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred from Co. F Nov. 1, 1862; appointed Corporal Dec. 20, 1862; Sergeant Nov. 5, 1863; 1st Sergeant Aug. 1, 1864; mustered out with company June 9, 1865.
William H. Selover...	Sergt.	23	July 31, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Sept. 25, 1863, at Chickamauga Hospital, of wounds received in battle at same place.
George D. Wing.....	do.	23	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Oct. 1, 1863, at Chickamauga, Ga., of wounds received in action.
George E. Goodrich.....	do.	27	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps Nov. 21, 1864.
Gilbert C. Porter.....	do.	22	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged May 28, 1865, at Chattanooga, Tenn., by order of War Department.
Oliver E. Ellsworth.....	do.	28	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Corporal Aug. 10, 1863; Sergeant May 1, 1864; mustered out with company June 9, 1865.
John H. Zerly.....	do.	22	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred from Co. F Nov. 1, 1862; appointed Corporal March 16, 1863; Sergeant March 1, 1864; mustered out with company June 9, 1865.
Andrew K. Rose.....	do.	18	Aug. 13, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Corporal May 1, 1864; Sergeant Aug. 1, 1864; mustered out with company June 9, 1865.
William Schubert.....	do.	19	Aug. 13, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Corporal March 1, 1864; Sergeant June 3, 1865; mustered out with company June 9, 1865.
Eben W. Garzee.....	Corp.	29	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Nov. 12, 1863, at Chattanooga, Tenn., of wounds received in action.
Charles C. Leonard.....	do.	18	Aug. 10, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted to Q. M. Sergeant May 1, 1864.
George F. Parsons.....	do.	22	Aug. 10, 1862	3 yrs.	Killed May 27, 1864, in action at Pickett's Mills, Ga.
Edward G. Bartlett.....	do.	23	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Aug. 5, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., of wounds received in action.
George H. Foster.....	do.	22	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Dec. 18, 1863, at Madison, Ind., for wounds received in action.
George N. Miner.....	do.	22	Sept. 5, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Jan. 19, 1865, at Cleveland, O., for wounds received in action.
Andrew Crittenden.....	do.	18	Aug. 7, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed March 1, 1864; captured Jan. 19, 1865, in action. No further record found.

Ohio Volunteer Infantry.

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Names.	Rank.	Age.	Date of Entering the Service.	Period of Service.	Remarks.
John E. Duncan.....	Corp.	18	July 27, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed May 1, 1864; mustered out with company June 9, 1865.
Zara Ellsworth.....	do.	23	July 30, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Aug. 1, 1864; mustered out with company June 9, 1865.
Adrian C. Stone.....	do.	18	Aug. 10, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Aug. 1, 1864; mustered out with company June 9, 1865.
Gotlieb Reuss.....	do.	20	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed April 1, 1865; mustered out with company June 9, 1865.
Franklin Fuller.....	do.	19	July 31, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed April 1, 1865; mustered out with company June 9, 1865.
Thomas Hammond.....	do.	18	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed June 3, 1865; mustered out with company June 9, 1865.
George Foster.....	Mus.	18	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted to Principal Musician July 1, 1863.
Eugene W. Striker.....	do.	17	Aug. 8, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted to Principal Musician July 1, 1863.
George H. Gates.....	Wag.	27	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged July 23, 1863, at Manchester, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
John Lovejoy.....	do.	21	Aug. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed —; mustered out with company June 9, 1865.
Ames, Samuel H.....	Priv.	31	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 9, 1865.
Austin, Charles E.....	do.	24	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged June 1, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
Austin, Orlando.....	do.	27	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Sept. 9, 1863, at Louisville, Ky., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
Barberic, William.....	do.	38	Oct. 30, 1863	3 yrs.	Discharged Aug. 2, 1864.
Bartlett, Frederick J.....	do.	30	Aug. 30, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged to accept promotion in 27th Regiment, U. S. Colored Troops, from which mustered out Sept. 21, 1865, as Captain.
Bartlett, John H.....	do.	22	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Died March 10, 1863, at Franklin, Tenn.
Bates, Samuel.....	do.	17	Nov. 14, 1863	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. D June 5, 1865.
Beck, Michael.....	do.	34	Nov. 17, 1863	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. D June 5, 1865.
Beckwith, Franklin.....	do.	18	Jan. 20, 1864	3 yrs.	
Brainard, Edward.....	do.	28	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Sept. 12, 1864, at Cleveland, O.
Brainard, Sanford R.....	do.	20	Aug. 5, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to 151st Co., 2d Battalion, Veteran Reserve Corps; mustered out June 30, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
Brown, George W.....	do.	20	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. H, 5th Regiment, Veteran Reserve Corps; mustered out July 5, 1865, at Indianapolis, Ind., by order of War Department.

Names.	Rank.	Age.	Date of Entering the Service.	Period of Service.	Remarks.
Bryan, William.....	Priv.	30	Aug. 4, 1862	3 yrs.	Wounded Sept. 19, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; discharged June 8, 1865, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Carpenter, Samuel.....do...do...	18	Feb. 15, 1864	3 yrs.	Discharged Aug. 29, 1864, at Cleveland, O., for wounds received in action.
Church, Orlando H.....do...do...	24	Aug. 7, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Dec. 9, 1863, at Madison, Ind., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Clague, William.....do...do...	24	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. I, 1st Regiment, U. S. Veteran Volunteer Engineers—; mustered out June 27, 1865, at Chattanooga, Tenn.
Cornwall, Willis.....do...do...	20	Aug. 13, 1862	3 yrs.	Killed May 15, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.
Cowley, Thomas.....do...do...	20	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. I, 1st Regiment, U. S. Veteran Volunteer Engineers, Aug. 15, 1864; mustered out June 27, 1865, at Chattanooga, Tenn.
Duncan, George J.....do...do...	21	July 27, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged July 13, 1863.
Durlan, John C.....do...do...	21	Aug. 8, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Sept. 3, 1863, at Louisville, Ky.
Empson, William.....do...do...	21	Aug. 13, 1862	3 yrs.	Captured Sept. 19, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; paroled May 22, 1865; mustered out June 23, 1865, at Camp Chase, O., by order of War Department.
Ex, Nicholas.....do...do...	40	Nov. 1, 1863	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. D June 8, 1865.
Finney, William O.....do...do...	18	Nov. 14, 1863	3 yrs.	Died Feb. 1, 1864, at Clinton Cross Roads, Tenn.
Foote, Edwin.....do...do...	27	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps Feb. 20, 1864.
Fritz, Jacob.....do...do...	21	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Died July 18, 1864, of wounds received near Resaca, Ga.
Gates, Edwin N.....do...do...	20	Aug. 3, 1862	3 yrs.	Wounded Sept. 19, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; mustered out June 12, 1865, at Columbus, O., by order of War Department.
Gibbs, Charles.....do...do...	23	Aug. 10, 1862	3 yrs.	Wounded Sept. 19, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; transferred to 120th Co., 2d Battalion, Veteran Reserve Corps, March 2, 1864; mustered out June 29, 1865, at Evansville, Ind., by order of War Department.
Gifford, Thomas S.....do...do...	24	Aug. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Killed May 27, 1864, in action at Pickett's Mills, Ga.
Gould, Isaac H.....do...do...	29	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 9, 1865.
Gould, John W.....do...do...	23	Aug. 5, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Sept. 12, 1864, in Rebel Prison at Andersonville, Georgia.
Graves, Lewis.....do...do...	24	July 30, 1862	3 yrs.	
Green, Herbert T.....do...do...	20	Aug. 5, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 9, 1865.

Names.	Rank.	Age.	Date of Entering the Service.	Period of Service.	Remarks.
Hall, Chauncy D.....	Priv.	21	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Aug. 10, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Hamlin, Job.....	do...	43	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. C, 12th Regiment, Veteran Reserve Corps, Nov. 21, 1864; mustered out June 28, 1865, at Washington, D. C., by order of War Department.
Hammer, Charles D.....	do...	18	Aug. 4, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Sergeant; reduced to ranks Nov. —, 1862; promoted to 1st Lieut. and Adjutant May 23, 1863.
Hardy, Isaac.....	do...	19	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged May 18, 1865, at Cleveland, O., for wounds received in action.
Haskins, Lyman.....	do...	20	Dec. 28, 1863	3 yrs.	Died Jan. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn.
Herr, Benjamin.....	do...	23	Aug. 7, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Aug. 12, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn.
Herr, Daniel.....	do...	22	Aug. 7, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. G, 7th Regiment, Veteran Reserve Corps, —; mustered out June 28, 1865, at Washington, D. C., by order of War Department.
Herr, David Z.....	do...	19	Aug. 7, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 9, 1865.
Hodgeman, David P.....	do...	23	Oct. 30, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred from Co. F Nov. 1, 1862; died March 17, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn.
Hodgeman, John.....	do...	33	Aug. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 9, 1865.
Holden, Elisha M.....	do...	22	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Wounded May 15, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.; mustered out May 15, 1865, at Louisville, Ky., by order of War Department.
Hudden, William.....	do...	44	Nov. 13, 1863	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. D June 8, 1865.
Hudson, Richard.....	do...	30	Nov. 9, 1863	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. D June 8, 1865.
Jewett, William.....	do...	33	Nov. 22, 1863	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. D June 8, 1865.
Kenfield, Henry.....	do...	19	Aug. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Killed Sept. 19, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
Kent, Edwin A.....	do...	26	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged April 11, 1863, at Louisville, Ky., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
King, Franklin.....	do...	22	Sept. 23, 1863	3 yrs.	
Kyser, Peter.....	do...	18	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 9, 1865.
Larwin, Robert.....	do...	21	Nov. 17, 1863	3 yrs.	
Lingle, Christian.....	do...	18	Aug. 3, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out May 11, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn., by order of War Department.
Litchfield, John.....	do...	31	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Killed Nov. 25, 1863, in battle of Mission Ridge, Tenn.
Losey, William F.....	do...	19	July 27, 1862	3 yrs.	Captured Sept. 19, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Camp Chase, O., by order of War Department.

Roster of the 124th Regiment,

Names.	Rank.	Age.	Date of Entering the Service.	Period of Service.	Remarks.
McGarvey, Robert....	Priv.	43	Jau. 10. 1864	3 yrs.	Mustered out May 18, 1865, at Camp Dennison, O., by order of War Department.
McGirk, John.....	do.	36	Nov. 13. 1863	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. D June 8, 1865.
Maskall, Thomas.....	do.	42	Nov. 9. 1863	3 yrs.	Died June 27, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn.
Mathews, Isaac.....	do.	23	Nov. 24. 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered out May 17, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn., by order of War Department.
Meheo, Edward.....	do.	40	Nov. 4. 1863	3 yrs.	Killed May 27, 1864, in action at Pickett's Mills, Ga.
Murry, Michael.....	do.	17	Nov. 9. 1863	3 yrs.	Killed May 27, 1864, in action at Pickett's Mills, Ga.
O'Brien, Andrew.....	do.	18	Nov. 18. 1863	3 yrs.	
Offolderf, Durs.....	do.	42	Nov. 17. 1863	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. D June 8, 1865.
Page, Edwin S.....	do.	17	Nov. 17. 1863	3 yrs.	Transferred to 155th Co., 2d Battalion, Veteran Reserve Corps, Oct. 7, 1864; mustered out Aug. 1, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
Quayle, Samuel H.....	do.	18	Aug. 6. 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps —.
Reed, William A.....	do.	18	Aug. 12. 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted to Com. Sergeant Oct. 1, 1863.
Russell, Wilbur F.....	do.	25	Aug. 9. 1862	3 yrs.	Died March 17, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn.
Schneerer, Henry.....	do.	22	Aug. 7. 1862	3 yrs.	Captured Sept. 19, 1863, at battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Camp Dennison, O., by order of War Department.
Segmire, Jacob.....	do.	19	Oct. 20. 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred from Co. F —; died July 31, 1863, at Manchester, Tenn.
Selover, Theodore A.....	do.	18	July 27. 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Feb. 10, 1863, at Cleveland, O., by order of War Department.
Shepard, Elvert M.....	do.	25	Aug. 14. 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. C, 17th Regiment, Veteran Reserve Corps, —; mustered out June 30, 1865, at Indianapolis, Ind., by order of War Department.
Shepard, Ralph H.....	do.	18	Aug. 14. 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps —.
Shutliff, Gordon.....	do.	30	Sept. 18. 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred from Co. F Nov. 1, 1862; mustered out with company June 9, 1865.
Sipe, Adam.....	do.	25	Aug. 14. 1862	3 yrs.	Killed Sept. 19, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
Smith, Osias C.....	do.	19	Aug. 11. 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Aug. 15, 1863.
Stevenson, Thomas.....	do.	28	Aug. 12. 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 9, 1865.
Swarts, Gottlieb.....	do.	18	Aug. 9. 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 9, 1865.
Sweeny, Edward.....	do.	17	Dec. 2. 1863	3 yrs.	Died Oct. 25, 1864, in Rebel Prison at Andersonville, Georgia.
Sweeny, John.....	do.	34	Dec. 4. 1863	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. D June 8, 1865.
Thompson, Hiram.....	do.	19	Aug. 11. 1862	3 yrs.	Died Nov. 18, 1863, at Chattanooga, Tenn.



CAPTAIN GEORGE W. LEWIS.

Names.	Rank.	Age.	Date of Entering the Service.	Period of Service.	Remarks.
Trow, Elijah.....	Priv.	21	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Died March 9, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn.
Vanavery, Oscar.....do...	do.	25	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 9, 1865.
Vosler, Jacob.....do...	do.	20	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Died March 4, 1864, at Knoxville, Tenn.
Wallace, Henry B.....do...	do.	18	Aug. 3, 1862	3 yrs.	Prisoner of war —; exchanged —; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Camp Chase, O., by order of War Department.
Watkins, Lewis M.....do...	do.	18	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 9, 1865.
Webster, Arthur.....do...	do.	18	Nov. 19, 1863	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. D June 8, 1865.
White, John.....do...	do.	25	Aug. 13, 1862	3 yrs.	
Williams, James.....do...	do.	29	Oct. 29, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred from Co. F Nov. 1, 1862; killed May 27, 1864, in action at Pickett's Mills, Georgia.
Wing, Adelbert L.....do...	do.	18	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 9, 1865.
Wing, Stephen P.....do...	do.	44	Aug. 10, 1862	3 yrs.	Paroled prisoner; died Jan. 6, 1865, at Middleburg, O.
Wyeth, Jonathan.....do...	do.	19	Aug. 4, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Dec. 2, 1863, at Annapolis, Md.
Wykes, Richard.....do...	do.	22	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 9, 1865.
Yost, David.....do...	do.	21	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Died April 11, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn.

COMPANY B.

Mustered in Sept. 16, 1862, at Camp Cleveland, O., by J. R. Paxton, Captain 15th Infantry, U. S. A. Mustered out June 9, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn., by Philip Reefy, Captain 19th Ohio Veteran Volunteer Infantry and A. C. M. 3d Division, 4th Army Corps.

George W. Lewis.....	Capt.	25	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted to Major Jan. 18, 1865.
William Hannon.....do...	do.	41	Oct. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted from 1st Lieutenant Co. H Jan. 18, 1865; mustered out with company June 9, 1865.
John Raidaie.....	1st Lt.	28	July 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Aug. 23, 1862; promoted to Captain Co. G July 27, 1864.
John Stevens.....do...	do.	34	Aug. 18, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted from 2d Lieutenant Co. H Sept. 8, 1864; to Capt. Co. H March 29, 1865.
Charles D. Hammer...do...	do.	18	Aug. 4, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred from Co. G June 3, 1865; mustered out with company June 9, 1865.
Charles M. Steadman	2d Lt.	25	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Aug. 23, 1862; promoted to 1st Lieutenant Co. D March 2, 1864; killed at Pickett's Mills, Ga., May 27, 1864.

Names.	Rank.	Age.	Date of Entering the Service.	Period of Service.	Remarks.
Cyrus C. Inman.....	1st Ser.	23	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Corporal Sept. 16, 1862; Sergeant Jan. 26, 1863; wounded Nov. —, 1863, in action at Mission Ridge, Tenn.; appointed 1st Sergeant Aug. 8, 1864; mustered out June 9, 1865, at Columbus, O., by order of War Department.
Japheth S. Sevoy.....	Sergt.	30	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Died July 16, 1864, at Chattanooga, Tenn.
Orson Vanderhoff.....	do.	24	Aug. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed from private Sept. 16, 1862; mustered out with company June 9, 1865.
Lloyd A. Marsh.....	do.	21	Aug. 13, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed from private May 21, 1863; mustered out with company June 9, 1865.
William P. Williard.....	do.	20	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Corporal Sept. 16, 1862; Sergeant Aug. 8, 1864; mustered out with company June 9, 1865.
Elias Freman.....	do.	18	Aug. 18, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Corporal May —, 1863; Sergeant Aug. 8, 1864; mustered out with company June 9, 1865.
William Wheeler.....	Corp.	38	Oct. 17, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred from Co. E Jan. 1, 1863; appointed Corporal —; discharged April 10, 1863, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Williard C. Starr.....	do.	20	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. G, 21st Regiment, Veteran Reserve Corps, Jan. 14, 1864; mustered out July 6, 1865, at Trenton, N. J., by order of War Department.
Nathan G. Sutliff.....	do.	28	Aug. 19, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. K Feb. 2, 1864.
Frank Bruce.....	do.	20	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	
Moses Fuller.....	do.	28	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred from Co. E Jan. 1, 1863; discharged April 28, 1864, by order of War Department.
Lewis Peters.....	do.	20	Aug. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Killed May 31, 1864, while on picket duty, near Dallas, Georgia.
William Atkins.....	do.	19	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Killed Sept. 19, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
Frank Ware.....	do.	23	Aug. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out May 30, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn., by order of War Department.
Franklin Monosmith.....	do.	25	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed August 8, 1864; wounded Dec. 16, 1864, in battle at Nashville, Tenn.; mustered out May 16, 1865, at Cincinnati, O., by order of War Department.
Stephen Kemmery.....	do.	23	Aug. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Jan. 27, 1864; mustered out with company June 9, 1865; mustered as Stephen Kensey.
Larett Spring.....	do.	20	Aug. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Jan. 27, 1864; mustered out with company June 9, 1865.

Names.	Rank.	Age.	Date of Entering the Service.	Period of Service.	Remarks.
Simeon V. Seeley.....	Corp.	20	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Aug. 8, 1864; mustered out with company June 9, 1865.
Arthur W. Bullong....	do...	18	Aug. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Aug. 8, 1864; mustered out with company June 9, 1865.
John W. Weaver.....	do...	24	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Aug. 8, 1864; mustered out with company June 9, 1865.
Jared F. Maynes.....	Mus.	35	Oct. 21, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred from Co. E Jan. 1, 1863; discharged April 12, 1863, on Surgeon's certificate of disability; also borne on rolls as Franklin Main.
Chester Perkins	Wag.	30	Aug. 18, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed—; mustered out with company June 9, 1865.
Andreas, Israel.....	Priv.	19	Aug. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	
Andreas, William....	do...	23	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged April 24, 1863, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Benton, George.....	do...	23	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Lost Sept. 19, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
Bowman, Alfred.....	do...	18	Oct. 20, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred from Co. E Jan. 1, 1863; mustered out with company June 9, 1865.
Bowman, John M.....	do...	18	Oct. 20, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. E —.
Chapman, George O....	do...	18	Aug. 18, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Aug. 8, 1864, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Chapman, Lucius H....	do...	26	Aug. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Died April 16, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn.
Chase, George.....	do...	27	Aug. 10, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 9, 1865.
Colburn, Nathan K....	do...	21	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Sept. 14, 1863, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Crow, John.....	do...	23	Aug. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Jan. 13, 1864, at Homer, O.
Curtice, David A.....	do...	17	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged March 10, 1863, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Damon, James.....	do...	28	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Died March 26, 1863, at Franklin, Tenn.
Daugherty, Lyman F....	do...	18	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Killed Sept. 19, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
Dennis, John L.....	do...	29	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 9, 1865.
Ensign, Calvin.....	do...	21	Aug. 13, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 9, 1865.
Everett, Ambrose M....	do...	18	Aug. 13, 1862	3 yrs.	Died June 8, 1864, at Chattanooga, Tenn., of wounds received at Resaca, Ga.
Flickinger, Morris....	do...	18	Aug. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Killed Nov. 25, 1863, in battle of Mission Ridge, Tenn.
French, Lorenzo G....	do...	18	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Died April 14, 1863, at Franklin, Tenn.
Freyman, Ezra.....	do...	27	Aug. 18, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged April 21, 1863, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Fritz, Dexter.....	do...	24	Aug. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Died June 5, 1864, at Dallas, Ga., of wounds received in battle at Pickett's Mills.
Gardner, Stephen A....	do...	20	Aug. 18, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged March 27, 1863, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.

Roster of the 12th Regiment,

Names.	Rank.	Age.	Date of Entering the Service.	Period of Service.	Remarks.
Haines, David B.....	Priv.	18	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Died April 5, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn.
Haines, Elias.....	do..	19	Aug. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Feb. 25, 1864, at Cleveland, O., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Haines, Jacob.....	do..	37	Oct. 16, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred from Co. E Jan. 1, 1863; discharged Aug. 6, 1864, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Haines, Philip.....	do..	18	Aug. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged May 29, 1863, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Haines, William.....	do..	18	Aug. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 9, 1865.
Hause, George A.....	do..	24	Aug. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 9, 1865.
Hendee, Nelson S.....	do..	18	Aug. 13, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 9, 1865.
Hull, David.....	do..	22	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Corporal; mustered out with company June 9, 1865.
Hull, Franklin.....	do..	20	Aug. 13, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Sept. 5, 1864, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Hunt, William H.....	do..	19	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 9, 1865.
Huntington, Charles.....	do..	24	Aug. 18, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged May 23, 1863, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Inman, Alonzo W.....	do..	27	Aug. 13, 1862	3 yrs.	Wounded May 27, 1864, at Pickett's Mills, Ga.; discharged June 15, 1865, at Camp Dennison, O., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Jeffries, George C.....	do..	25	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Sergeant; transferred to Co. B, 18th Regiment, Veteran Reserve Corps, Nov. 21, 1864; mustered out June —, 1865, at Washington, D. C., by order of War Department.
Kemmerly, William H.....	do..	26	Aug. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 9, 1865; mustered as William H. Kensey.
Kinney, Russell.....	do..	22	Aug. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. F, 7th Regiment, Veteran Reserve Corps, Feb. 1, 1864; mustered out June 28, 1865, at Washington, D. C., by order of War Department.
Koons, Washington.....	do..	21	Aug. 18, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 9, 1865.
Keyser, David A.....	do..	26	Aug. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to 139th Co., 2d Battalion, Veteran Reserve Corps, Nov. 6, 1864; mustered out June 30, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn., by order of War Department.
Liby, Gideon.....	do..	23	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Sept. 14, 1863, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Long, Jacob.....	do..	28	Aug. 20, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 9, 1865.
Lowe, Alexander B.....	do..	21	Aug. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Musician; died July 13, 1863, at Nashville, Tennessee.

Names.	Rank.	Age.	Date of Entering the Service.	Period of Service.	Remarks.
Lowe, James.....	Priv.	20	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 9, 1865.
Lowe, Robert.....	do...	20	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Nov. 30, 1863, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
McCoy, Thomas N.....	do...	25	Aug. 13, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 9, 1865.
Mahan, Patrick.....	do...	19	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Sept. 14, 1863, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Martin, John.....	do...	20	Aug. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Died June 3, 1864, at Dallas, Ga., of wounds received at Pickett's Mills, Ga., May 27, 1864.
Miller, Nathan.....	do...	44	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 9, 1865.
Mills, Nathan W.....	do...	28	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Wounded Sept. 19, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; transferred to 43d Co., 2d Battalion, Veteran Reserve Corps, —; mustered out as Corporal Sept. 12, 1865, at Camp Dennison, O., by order of War Dept.
Mouosmith, Benton.....	do...	18	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 9, 1865.
Morrison, Daniel.....	do...	18	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 9, 1865.
Moyer, Israel.....	do...	25	Aug. 20, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 9, 1865.
Oakley, Seth D.....	do...	19	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out June 7, 1865, at Columbus, O., by order of War Department.
Obendorf, William.....	do...	19	Aug. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 9, 1865.
Palmer, William L.....	do...	18	Aug. 18, 1862	3 yrs.	Died March 8, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn.
Pierson, Isaac.....	do...	18	Aug. 18, 1862	3 yrs.	Died March 23, 1863.
Powers, Al Seeley.....	do...	33	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 9, 1865.
Powers, Timothy.....	do...	20	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Died July 26, 1864, at Chattanooga, Tenn.
Rearich, Edward.....	do...	18	Aug. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. D, 8th Regiment, Veteran Reserve Corps, Dec. 3, 1864.
Rice, Frank H.....	do...	28	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Wagoner; mustered out with company June 9, 1865.
Robb, John M.....	do...	23	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged May 30, 1863, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Shelhart, Charles.....	do...	18	Aug. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged June 20, 1863, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Smith, Crawford.....	do...	25	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged April 12, 1863, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Smith, Hamilton.....	do...	18	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Nov. 19, 1863, at Chattanooga, Tenn., of wounds received at Chickamauga.
Sooy, Andrew J.....	do...	26	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. I, 12th Regiment, Veteran Reserve Corps, Dec. 30, 1864; mustered out June 28, 1865, at Washington, D. C., by order of War Department.
Stevenson, Richard J.....	do...	37	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	

Roster of the 12th Regiment,

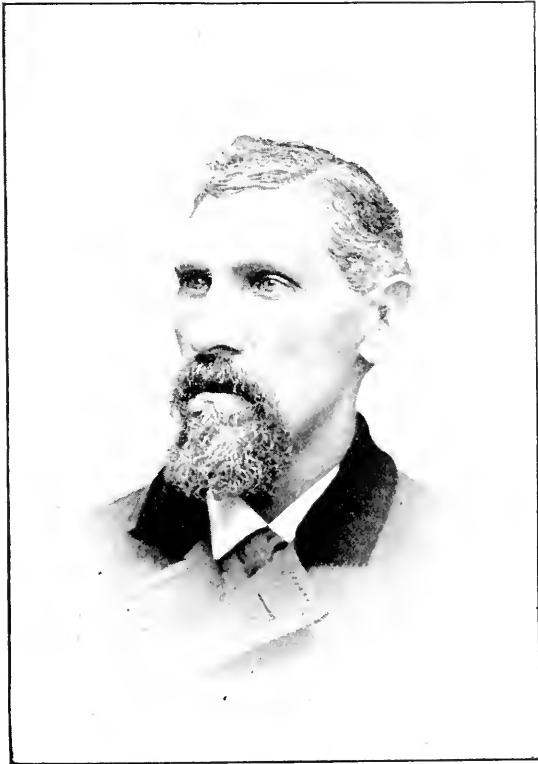
Names.	Rank.	Age.	Date of Entering the Service.	Period of Service.	Remarks.
Stone, Decoss S.....	Priv.	30	Aug. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Sergeant; discharged May 1, 1863, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Tilly, William T.....	...do...	18	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Dec. 3, 1863, at Chattanooga, Tenn.
Vandemark, Alex'd'r.....	...do...	20	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred from Co. G Jan. 1, 1863; killed Nov. 25, 1863, in battle of Mission Ridge, Tennessee.
Vandemark, Joseph.....	...do...	20	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred from Co. G Jan. 1, 1863; to Co. A, 15th Regiment, Veteran Reserve Corps, Nov. 24, 1864; mustered out June 28, 1865, at Washington, D. C., by order of War Department.
Walters, Adam.....	...do...	26	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Corporal; killed May 27, 1864, in action at Pickett's Mills, Ga.
Weaver, Henry D.....	...do...	23	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as 1st Sergeant; discharged Feb. 1, 1864, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Winters, William.....	...do...	27	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. I, 1st U. S. Veteran Volunteer Engineers; mustered out June 27, 1865, at Chattanooga, Tenn., by order of War Department.
Woodworth, Watson M.....	...do...	18	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Jan. 27, 1864, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Young, Jackson.....	...do...	21	Aug. 18, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 9, 1865.

COMPANY C.

Mustered in from Oct. 31 to Dec. 31, 1862, at Camp Cleveland, O., by Charles C. Goddard, Captain 17th Infantry, and C. O. Howard, Captain 18th Infantry, U. S. A.

Mustered out July 9, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn., by Philip Reefy, Captain 19th Ohio Veteran Volunteer Infantry and A. C. M. 3d Division, 4th Army Corps.

Robert Wallace.....	Capt.	34	Oct. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Resigned May 22, 1863.
Daniel Stratton.....	...do...	28	Oct. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted from 1st Lieutenant Feb. 6, 1863; commission returned; recommissioned to date May 20, 1863; resigned Oct. 18, 1863.
John B. Irwin.....	...do...	21	Nov. 13, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted from 1st Lieutenant Co. G to date Sept. 10, 1863; died June 24, 1864, of wounds received in action.



CAPTAIN ROBERT WALLACE.

Roster of the 124th Regiment,

Names.	Rank.	Age.	Date of Entering the Service.	Period of Service.	Remarks.
Joseph Montgomery..	Sergt.	18	Sept. 30, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed from Corporal June 1, 1865; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
James Walch.....	Corp.	27	Sept. 20, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to 148th Co., 2d Battalion, Veteran Reserve Corps, April 28, 1864; mustered out Aug. 1, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn., by order of War Department.
John R. Tudor.....	do..	28	Oct. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Aug. 1, 1862, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
John Lynch.....	do..	30	Sept. 17, 1862	3 yrs.	Died June 26, 1864, in Rebel Prison at Atlanta, Ga., of wounds received in action.
Reuben L. Abby.....	do..	31	Sept. 30, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed —; died Feb. 16, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn.
William Manning.....	do..	40	Oct. 10, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Feb. 1, 1865; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Edward Murphy.....	do..	19	Sept. 27, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Feb. 1, 1865; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
James Roche.....	do..	18	Dec. 29, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Feb. 1, 1865; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Charles Vernon.....	do..	17	Dec. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Feb. 1, 1865; mustered out July 4, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn., by order of War Department.
Melvin L. Shepard.....	do..	25	Sept. 30, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed June 1, 1865; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Isaac Taylor.....	do..	36	Sept. 25, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed June 1, 1865; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Wesley I. Emmons.....	do..	18	Dec. 21, 1863	3 yrs.	Appointed June 1, 1865; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Joseph Benson.....	do..	20	Feb. 10, 1864	3 yrs.	Appointed June 1, 1865; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Trace L. Barues.....	Mus.	33	Nov. 17, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred from Co. H Jan. 1, 1863; captured —; died Oct. 27, 1863, in Rebel Prison at Richmond, Va.
Clark A. Fish.....	do..	19	Feb. 28, 1864	3 yrs.	Promoted to Principal Musician June 9, 1865.
Samuel J. Brown.....	do..	33	Sept. 30, 1864	3 yrs.	Appointed —; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
William Lathrop.....	do..	16	Feb. 8, 1864	3 yrs.	Appointed —; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
John Misner.....	Wag.	35	Sept. 30, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to 20th Co., 2d Battalion, Veteran Reserve Corps, —, from which transferred to Navy May 25, 1864.
Allen, William G.....	Priv.	33	Oct. 16, 1862	3 yrs.	
Anderson, John.....	do..	35	Dec. 7, 1863	3 yrs.	Died Aug. 3, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn.
Andrews, George W.....	do..	18	Feb. 26, 1864	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.



CAPTAIN JAMES T. MCGINNIS.

Names.	Rank.	Age.	Date of Entering the Service.	Period of Service.	Remarks.
Ault, Thomas C.....	Priv.	40	Sept. 30, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged June 10, 1865, at Louisville, Ky., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Best, Hugh.....	do...	22	Oct. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps —.
Brown, George W.....	do...	18	Dec. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	
Brown, Hugh.....	do...	29	Sept. 30, —	3 yrs.	Transferred from Co. G Jan. 1, 1863.
Buckmaster, Marion.....	do...	22	Nov. 10, 1862	3 yrs.	
Bushon, Orange C.....	do...	18	Feb. 13, 1864	3 yrs.	Killed May 27, 1864, in action at Pickett's Mills, Ga.
Casey, John.....	do...	19	Dec. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Killed Nov. 25, 1863, in battle of Missionary Ridge, Tenn.
Cole, James D.....	do...	24	Dec. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Feb. 7, 1863, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Cole, John D.....	do...	22	Dec. 22, 1863	3 yrs.	Discharged March 3, 1865, at Cleveland, O., for wounds received in action.
Connors, William.....	do...	27	Sept. 17, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Jan. 19, 1864, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Craddock, Prestwood.....	do...	26	Sept. 27, 1862	3 yrs.	
Culliton, James.....	do...	40	Oct. 16, 1862	3 yrs.	
Cushing, William W.....	do...	24	Sept. 30, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted to 1st Lieutenant Co. G, 125th O. V. I., Nov. 12, 1862.
Davis, John.....	do...	18	Nov. 20, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out May 30, 1865, at Cleveland, O., by order of War Department.
Dodson, John A.....	do...	44	Nov. 20, 1863	3 yrs.	Discharged May 16, 1865, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Ducey, Michael.....	do...	20	Jan. 16, 1864	3 yrs.	Killed May 27, 1864, in action at Pickett's Mills, Ga.
Ellemwood, Andrew.....	do...	24	Aug. 7, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. G Jan. 1, 1863.
Engleson, Henry L.....	do...	28	Jan. 28, 1864	3 yrs.	Mustered out May 13, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn., by order of War Department.
Fallen, Owen.....	do...	24	Sept. 10, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. G Jan. 1, 1863.
Farnsworth, Civillian O.....	do...	35	Oct. 29, 1862	3 yrs.	Died May 31, 1864, at Jeffersonville, Ind.
Ferguson, Samuel.....	do...	35	Feb. 2, 1864	3 yrs.	
Fisher, John C.....	do...	26	Sept. 23, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Corporal; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps —.
Fisk, Alfred.....	do...	42	Dec. 15, 1863	3 yrs.	
Fitch, Loren.....	do...	19	Sept. 30, 1862	3 yrs.	
Flanigan, John.....	do...	40	Oct. 18, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Flynn, Andrew.....	do...	20	Oct. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	
Forsyth, James W.....	do...	25	Oct. 18, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Nov. 25, 1862, at Cleveland, O.
Fox, George.....	do...	44	Sept. 30, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps —.
Fritz, John.....	do...	25	Oct. 13, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Nov. 28, 1863, at Chattanooga, Tenn., of wounds received Nov. —, 1863, in action near same place.

Roster of the 124th Regiment,

Names.	Rank.	Age.	Date of Entering Service.	Period of Service.	Remarks.
Fuller, Luman.....	Priv.	18	Dec. 17, 1863	3 yrs.	Wounded May 15, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.; mustered out July 10, 1865, at Louisville, Ky., by order of War Department.
Gallagher, Thomas.....	do...	25	Dec. 29, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Feb. 6, 1864, at Columbus, O., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Gardner, Thomas B.....	do...	18	Jan. 8, 1863	3 yrs.	
Gillison, Allison S.....	do...	19	Oct. 8, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to 165th Co., 2d Battalion, Veteran Reserve Corps, —; mustered out July 29, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn., by order of War Department.
Goode, Frederick.....	do...	31	Feb. 20, 1864	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Green, Luke.....	do...	37	Jan. 4, 1864	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Groochee, Joseph.....	do...	26	Nov. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred from Co. C Jan. 1, 1863, to Veteran Reserve Corps —.
Halterman, Matthias.....	do...	19	Oct. 8, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Dec. 26, 1862, at Cleveland, O.
Harrington, Edward.....	do...	17	Sept. 29, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Musician.
Hasson, John.....	do...	25	Oct. 8, 1862	3 yrs.	
Hicks, Egbert.....	do...	29	Dec. 21, 1863	3 yrs.	Died Nov. 22, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn.
Hopwood, John.....	do...	42	Oct. 17, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Aug. 7, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., of wounds received in action.
Hunt, Samuel.....	do...	38	Sept. 30, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. H, 16th Regiment, Veteran Reserve Corps, —; mustered out July 5, 1865, at Harrisburg, Pa., by order of War Department.
Iles, John.....	do...	40	Sept. 30, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps —.
Isbel, Frederick.....	do...	38	Oct. 8, 1862	3 yrs.	
Jago, Alfred L.....	do...	20	Sept. 30, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged March 10, 1864, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Jennings, John H.....	do...	19	Sept. 30, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Nov. 22, 1862, by civil authority.
Jewett, Edward E.....	do...	33	Oct. 28, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. F, 15th Regiment, Veteran Reserve Corps, —; mustered out Aug. 1, 1865, at Cairo, Ill., by order of War Department.
Johnson, Thomas.....	do...	40	Sept. 17, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Feb. 28, 1864, at Chattanooga, Tenn.
Jones, Edward E.....	do...	25	Nov. 25, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Joyce, John.....	do...	19	Dec. 3, 1863	3 yrs.	
Joyce, Patrick.....	do...	18	Dec. 3, 1863	3 yrs.	Wounded —, in action; mustered out May 24, 1865, at Louisville, Ky., by order of War Department.
Kanala, Thomas.....	do...	30	Oct. 8, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged March 25, 1863, at Quincy, Ill., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Kidney, Nathan.....	do...	40	Sept. 30, 1862	3 yrs.	

Names.	Rank.	Age.	Date of Entering the Service.	Period of Service.	Remarks.
Lee, Richard.....	Priv.	25	Oct. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Linder, Edward.....	do...	26	Jan. 6, 1864	3 yrs.	Wounded —; discharged July 19, 1865, at Cleveland, O., on Surgeon's certificate of disability; also borne on rolls as Edward Sinder.
Linge, George.....	do...	42	Jan. 27, 1864	3 yrs.	Mustered out June 24, 1865, at Louisville, Ky., by order of War Department.
Lowrie, William A.....	do...	18	Feb. 22, 1864	3 yrs.	Mustered out April 15, 1865, by order of War Dept.
McBane, Charles A.....	do...	44	Sept. 30, 1862	3 yrs.	Died May 10, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn.
McCort, James.....	do...	27	Sept. 30, 1862	3 yrs.	Died June 29, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., of wounds received in action.
McDonald, James.....	do...	27	Sept. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Captured Sept. 19, 1863, at battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; exchanged May 3, 1865; mustered out July 8, 1865, at Camp Chase, O., by order of War Department.
McGuckin, Hugh.....	do...	27	Sept. 16, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Corporal; discharged April 17, 1865, at Camp Dennison, O., for wounds received in action.
McIntosh, James.....	do...	22	Dec. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Nov. 20, 1863, at Chattanooga, Tenn.
McWilliams, John.....	do...	33	Jan. 12, 1864	3 yrs.	Discharged Sept. 17, 1864, at Camp Dennison, O., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Madison, James.....	do...	24	Dec. 11, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Mahoney, Timothy.....	do...	33	Dec. 3, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered as Corporal.
Mallo, George.....	do...	25	Oct. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Killed Sept. 19, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
Matthews, Henry.....	do...	18	Dec. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps —.
Money, Jacob.....	do...	32	Sept. 30, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Mosier, John M.....	do...	26	Jan. 4, 1864	3 yrs.	Captured —; died April 14, 1865, in Rebel Prison at Andersonville, Ga.
Murphy, Patrick.....	do...	30	May 17, 1864	3 yrs.	Transferred from Co. G Jan. 1, 1863.
Myron, John.....	do...	40	Nov. 19, 1862	3 yrs.	Wounded —; mustered out June 5, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn., by order of War Department.
Newnham, Charles.....	do...	24	Nov. 29, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. G Jan. 1, 1863.
Obenour, Frederick.....	do...	26	Oct. 23, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out May 28, 1865, at Chattanooga, Tenn., by order of War Department.
Parker, Charles A.....	do...	41	Sept. 30, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged —, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Patton, John R.....	do...	20	Dec. 30, 1862	3 yrs.	Wounded —; discharged May 27, 1865, at Columbus, O., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Peake, George.....	do...	27	Oct. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	
Preston, Martin L.....	do...	37	Oct. 13, 1862	3 yrs.	
Putt, Richard.....	do...	18	Sept. 26, 1862	3 yrs.	

Roster of the 124th Regiment,

Names.	Rank.	Age.	Date of Entering the Service.	Period of Service.	Remarks.
Quigley, William.....	Priv.	18	Sept. 30, 1862	3 yrs.	Captured Jan. 19, 1864, in action near Dandridge, Tenn.; exchanged Dec. 1, 1864; mustered out May 29, 1865, at Columbus, O., by order of War Department.
Quinn, Arthur.....	do.	44	Sept. 30, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Feb. 5, 1863, on board transport at Dover, Tenn.
Ray, John.....	do.	25	Aug. 1, 1863	3 yrs.	Killed Dec. 16, 1864, in battle of Nashville, Tenn.
Rayon, William.....	do.	33	Oct. 30, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as William Rager; discharged April 10, 1863, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Reiger, George.....	do.	31	Aug. 20, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. G Jan. 1, 1863.
Ritter, Reuben.....	do.	32	Sept. 30, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged —, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Roden, Peter.....	do.	44	Oct. 23, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Peter Rodam; discharged April 29, 1865, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Rogers, George.....	do.	30	Sept. 27, 1862	3 yrs.	
Rood, Riley L.....	do.	30	Feb. 20, 1864	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Ryde, Jacob.....	do.	35	Sept. 30, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Sexton, Amos C.....	do.	42	Oct. 16, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Shanley, William.....	do.	28	Jan. 14, 1864	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Sheltz, John Marion.....	do.	21	Nov. 10, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred from Co. G Jan. 1, 1865; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Shepard, John.....	do.	20	Oct. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	
Sherman, Joseph.....	do.	27	Aug. 20, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. G Jan. 1, 1863.
Slack, Henry.....	do.	21	Mar. 1, 1864	3 yrs.	Discharged Sept. 8, 1864, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Smith, James.....	do.	21	Oct. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	
Smith, Martin.....	do.	19	Sept. 27, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Smith, William.....	do.	30	Oct. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	
Spooner, Henry B.....	do.	32	Sept. 30, 1862	3 yrs.	Rejected Oct. 31, 1862, by Examining Surgeon.
Stillson, Franklin.....	do.	26	Sept. 30, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Nov. 16, 1863, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Styre, Charles E.....	do.	18	Dec. 26, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865; also borne on rolls as Charles Styne.
Thompson, James.....	do.	29	Sept. 30, 1862	3 yrs.	
Tice, John.....	do.	19	Dec. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	
Todd, George.....	do.	24	Sept. 29, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to 4th Regiment, U. S. Cavalry, Nov. 25, 1862.
Waltz, Frank.....	do.	23	Aug. 20, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. G Jan. 1, 1863.
Walworth, Wallace.....	do.	20	Dec. 30, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered out May 28, 1865, by order of War Department.
Welsh, Patrick.....	do.	18	Nov. 10, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred from Co. G Jan. 1, 1863; mustered out May 30, 1865, at Cleveland, O., by order of War Department.



CAPTAIN GEORGE W. AMEND.

Names.	Rank.	Age.	Date of Entering the Service.	Period of Service.	Remarks.
Westerman, Jacob....	Priv.	24	Aug. 20, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. G Jan. 1, 1863.
Wilde, Robert K....	...do...	32	Sept. 30, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Wylie, Thomas.....	...do...	40	Nov. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Dec. 10, 1863, of wounds received in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
Young, Marshall D....	...do...	25	Nov. 19, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred from Co. G Jan. 1, 1863; discharged Jan. 12, 1863, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.

COMPANY D.

Mustered in Oct. 30, 1862, at Camp Cleveland, O., by Charles C. Goddard, Captain 17th Infantry, U. S. A. Mustered out July 9, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn., by Philip Reefy, Captain 19th Ohio Veteran Volunteer Infantry and A. C. M. 3d Division, 4th Army Corps.

George W. Aumend....	Capt.	25	Aug. 26, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Oct. 26, 1862; died May —, 1864, at Plymouth, O.
Clevalaud Van Dorn....	...do...	27	July 26, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted from 1st Lieutenant Co. A July 27, 1864; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
William C. Travis....	1st Lt.	31	Aug. 26, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Oct. 26, 1862; discharged March 22, 1863.
Hiram H. Manning....	...do...	21	Dec. 2, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted from 2d Lieutenant March 22, 1863; to Captain Co. K Nov. 10, 1863.
Charles M. Stedman....	...do...	25	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted from 2d Lieutenant Co. B March 2, 1864; killed May 27, 1864, in action at Pickett's Mills, Ga.
George Daum.....	...do...	38	Oct. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Sergeant; appointed 1st Sergeant —; promoted to 2d Lieutenant Nov. 12, 1863; to 1st Lieutenant Sept. 8, 1864; to Captain July 5, 1865, but not mustered; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Terence A. Dempsey..	2d Lt.	25	Sept. 19, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted from 1st Sergeant Co. H May 22, 1863; to 1st Lieutenant Co. E March 2, 1864.
Frank W. Smith.....	1st Ser.	20	Jan. 4, 1864	3 yrs.	Appointed Corporal —; 1st Sergeant May 1, 1864; captured May 27, 1864, in action at Pickett's Mills, Ga.; mustered out June 7, 1865, at Camp Chase, O., by order of War Department.
Henry Daniels.....	...do...	19	Aug. 21, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Sergeant May 1, 1864; 1st Sergeant June 28, 1865; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.

Roster of the 124th Regiment,

Names.	Rank.	Age.	Date of Entering the Service.	Period of Service.	Remarks.
Isaac L. Stout.....	Sergt.	25	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Died May 9, 1863, at Franklin, Tenn.
Joshua Norcross.....	..do...	36	Aug. 21, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Nov. 18, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
William Dauson.....	..do...	18	Oct. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	Died March 10, 1864, at Franklin, Tenn.
Philip Wolf.....	..do...	21	Aug. 21, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. E, 5th Regiment, Veteran Reserve Corps, —; mustered out July 5, 1865, at Indianapolis, Ind., by order of War Department.
Isaac T. Slough.....	..do...	21	Aug. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Sergeant; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
John T. Bercan.....	..do...	23	Aug. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Corporal Jan. 20, 1863; Sergeant March 20, 1864; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Isaiah Bales.....	..do...	23	Aug. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed March 20, 1864; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Frank Carr.....	..do...	18	Aug. 16, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Corporal —; appointed Sergeant Jan. 28, 1865; awarded medal of honor by Secretary of War, Feb. 22, 1865, for bravery in battle of Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 16, 1864; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
James O. Hutchinson	Corp.	18	Oct. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	Died April 8, 1864, at Knoxville, Tenn.
Matthew Moarn.....	..do...	20	Oct. 21, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out June 16, 1865, at Camp Chase, O., by order of War Department.
George Derr.....	..do...	22	Aug. 19, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed April 1, 1863; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Frank Neff.....	..do...	19	Oct. 7, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred from Co. G Jan. 1, 1863; appointed May 26, 1863; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Mark F. Bercan.....	..do...	19	Aug. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed April 1, 1864; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Fredrich Gindling....	..do...	22	Oct. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Jan. 1, 1865; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Edward Wilhelm.....	..do...	22	Oct. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Jan. 1, 1865; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Joseph Steward.....	..do...	20	Oct. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Jan. 1, 1865; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Hiram H. Bowman.....	..do...	18	Dec. 24, 1863	3 yrs.	Appointed Jan. 1, 1865; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
John G. Louby.....	..do...	22	Oct. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Nov. 1, 1862; reduced at his own request —; reappointed June 28, 1865; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.

Names.	Rank.	Age.	Date of Entering the Service.	Period of Service.	Remarks.
William L. Duncan...	Mus.	40	Oct. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Jan. 15, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Joseph P. Robinson...	Wag.	42	Aug. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Nov. 15, 1864, at Pulaski, Tenn., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Anderson, —	Priv.	3 yrs.	
Anson, Alphonso	...	18	Oct. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	
Ashford, Herbert W.	...	18	Dec. 17, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Bates, Samuel	...	18	Nov. 14, 1863	3 yrs.	Transferred from Co. A June 8, 1865; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Baumgardner, Frank	...	19	Oct. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	Died July 6, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn.
Beck, Michael	...	34	Nov. 18, 1863	3 yrs.	Transferred from Co. A June 8, 1865; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Beckwith, Herman	...	25	Jan. 4, 1864	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Bickford, Reuben	...	25	Aug. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Both, Jacob	...	20	Aug. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Both, Nicholas	...	23	Aug. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Corporal; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Bower, Peter	...	35	Aug. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	
Brown, Kemp P	...	43	Aug. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged May 2, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Buhler, George F	...	26	Dec. 29, 1863	3 yrs.	
Cahal, Peter F	...	19	Oct. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred from Co. F June 1, 1863; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Clark, James	...	22	Oct. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	
Collins, James	...	18	Oct. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Cooper, Amos G	...	18	Oct. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Covert, Edward C	...	40	Oct. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	
Daub, Peter	...	18	Oct. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred from Co. F —; died Oct. 10, 1863, at Chattanooga, Tenn., of wounds received in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
Day, Henry	...	18	Aug. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Dec. 29, 1862, by civil authority.
Donley, Sylvester	...	23	Aug. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Corporal; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Driscall, Daniel	...	30	Dec. 11, 1863	3 yrs.	Discharged March 29, 1865, at Washington, D. C., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Edwards, Joel A	...	21	Aug. 18, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged June 8, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Evans, Theodore R	...	18	Dec. 29, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered out June 23, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn., by order of War Department.

Names.	Rank.	Age	Date of Entering the Service.	Period of service	Remarks.
Everett, Edson S.....	Priv.	33	Sept. 28, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged July 6, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Ex, Nicholas.....do.....	40	Oct. 28, 1863	3 yrs.	Transferred from Co. A June 8, 1865; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Fields, Joseph.....do.....	31	Oct. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Dec. 30, 1862, at Cleveland, O., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Fleming, Sidney A.....do.....	24	Oct. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	
Fulk, Peter.....do.....	23	Oct. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps Feb. 18, 1864; discharged Aug. 2, 1865, at St. Louis, Mo., for wounds received in battle.
Gore, George W.....do.....	19	Oct. 19, 1862	3 yrs.	Died July 9, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn.
Haley, Joseph J.....do.....	31	Aug. 21, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Corporal; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Harrison, John Q.....do.....	24	Oct. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	Died April 14, 1863, at Franklin, Tenn.
Homan, Edward.....do.....	40	Oct. 23, 1863	3 yrs.	Died April 23, 1865, at Bull's Gap, Tenn.
Hoover, John.....do.....	18	Oct. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	Died March 10, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn.
Hornung, Henry.....do.....	19	Aug. 18, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Hudden, William.....do.....	44	Nov. 13, 1863	3 yrs.	Transferred from Co. A June 8, 1865; on duty at Tod Barracks, Columbus, O. No further record found.
Hudson, Albert E.....do.....	18	Feb. 16, 1864	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Hudson, James.....do.....	19	Dec. 11, 1863	3 yrs.	Killed May 27, 1864, in action at Pickett's Mills, Ga.
Hudson, Richard.....do.....	30	Nov. 5, 1863	3 yrs.	Transferred from Co. A June 8, 1865; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Hurd, Sherman C.....do.....	40	Oct. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Oct. 2, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Jewett, William.....do.....	33	Nov. 22, 1863	3 yrs.	Transferred from Co. A June 8, 1865; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Johnson, George.....do.....	19	Dec. 22, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Jones, George N.....do.....	42	Jan. 4, 1864	3 yrs.	Mustered out May 18, 1865, at Cleveland, O., by order of War Department.
Kenney, William.....do.....	23	Aug. 19, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Kenstill, Wendel.....do.....	38	Aug. 19, 1862	3 yrs.	Wounded —; transferred to 87th Co., 2d Battalion, Veteran Reserve Corps, March 24, 1864.
King, John.....do.....	18	Jan. 23, 1864	3 yrs.	Discharged May 16, 1865, for wounds received Dec. —, 1864, in battle of Nashville, Tennessee.
Lamb, James.....do.....	20	Oct. 20, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.

Names.	Rank.	Age.	Date of Entering the Service.	Period of Service.	Remarks.
Leary, Perry.....	Priv.	24	Aug. 16, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out June 13, 1865, at Louisville, Ky., by order of War Department.
Lewis, Bennazette.....	do...	27	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged May 11, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Lingo, Calvin.....	do...	23	Oct. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Lisch, Joseph.....	do...	20	Oct. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	
Luce, Christopher.....	do...	19	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Died March 17, 1865, at Annapolis, Md.
McCormick, John J.....	do...	35	Aug. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred from Co. G Jan. 1, 1863; died May 8, 1865, at Louisville, Ky.
McCormick, Thomas.....	do...	22	Aug. 20, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Dec. 12, 1862, at Camp Cleveland, O., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
McDonnan, Frank.....	do...	20	Oct. 20, 1862	3 yrs.	
McGirk, John.....	do...	36	Nov. 16, 1863	3 yrs.	Transferred from Co. A June 8, 1865; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
McGuire, Thomas.....	do...	30	Oct. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred from Co. F — ; discharged May 20, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
McKay, Florentine.....	do...	24	Oct. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred from Co. F — ; discharged Oct. 8, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
McKenzie, Bates.....	do...	20	Oct. 24, 1862	3 yrs.	
McKenzie, Tracy.....	do...	24	Oct. 16, 1862	3 yrs.	
Mansfield, Peter.....	do...	29	Aug. 16, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Corporal; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
March, Frederick.....	do...	28	Aug. 21, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out May 31, 1865, at Cleveland, O., by order of War Department.
March, George.....	do...	19	Aug. 21, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Markley, Abraham.....	do...	19	Aug. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Mess, Peter.....	do...	19	Aug. 20, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Nov. 8, 1864, at Camp Dennison, O., for wounds received May 27, 1864, in action at Pickett's Mills, Ga.
Middleton, James.....	do...	40	Aug. 16, 1862	3 yrs.	
Miller, Henry.....	do...	18	Aug. 18, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred from Co. E Jan. 1, 1863; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Morse, Sylvester.....	do...	19	Aug. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Died June 5, 1864.
Mossier, Ananias.....	do...	18	Jan. 4, 1864	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Mossier, Josiah.....	do...	20	Jan. 8, 1864	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Murphy, Arthur.....	do...	19	Dec. 28, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Myrise, Thomas.....	do...	35	Aug. 21, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out July 3, 1865, at Columbus, O., by order of War Department.

Names.	Rank.	Age.	Date of Entering the Service.	Period of Service.	Remarks.
Myers, Franklin.....	Priv.	18	Dec. 2, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Null, Henry.....	do.	23	Oct. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Oakley, Joseph.....	do.	38	Aug. 24, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged April 22, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
O'Donneau, Michael.....	do.	30	Dec. 14, 1863	3 yrs.	Discharged Dec. 27, 1864, at Cleveland, O., on Surgeon's certificate of disability; also borne on rolls as Michael O'Donohue.
Offolderf, Durs.....	do.	42	Nov. 17, 1863	3 yrs.	Transferred from Co. A June 8, 1865; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Ordway, Thomas.....	do.	27	Aug. 21, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps Sept. 3, 1863; mustered out July 5, 1865, at Detroit, Mich., by order of War Department.
Parmer, Jefferson.....	do.	22	Oct. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged April 8, 1863, at Franklin, Tenn., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Partel, George W.....	do.	33	Oct. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. I, 1st U. S. Veteran Volunteer Engineers, Sept. 1, 1864; mustered out Sept. 26, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn., by order of War Department.
Partel, John E.....	do.	31	Oct. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	
Penny, Christopher.....	do.	18	Aug. 24, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred from Co. E Jan. 1, 1863; died Jan. 23, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn., of wounds received Dec. 16, 1864, in battle of same place.
Piester, Conrad.....	do.	25	Aug. 21, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. I, 1st U. S. Veteran Volunteer Engineers, Sept. 1, 1864; mustered out Sept. 26, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn., by order of War Department.
Polock, Robert L.....	do.	24	Oct. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Porter, Orlando.....	do.	18	Dec. 19, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Rasor, Augustus.....	do.	18	Dec. 24, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Ridicar, Henry.....	do.	43	Jan. 4, 1864	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Rohn, Henry.....	do.	31	Oct. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Dec. 14, 1863.
Schaffer, Christian.....	do.	27	Oct. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	Killed May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.
Schoenholtz, Henry.....	do.	36	Dec. 11, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Shelt, John.....	do.	34	Aug. 21 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as 1st Sergeant; reduced to ranks Nov. 1, 1862; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Smith, Canada.....	do.	27	Oct. 16, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Snyder, William.....	do.	18	Oct. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred from Co. F —; died Oct. 15, 1863, at Chattanooga, Tenn.



CAPTAIN CLEVELAND VAN DORN.

Names.	Rank.	Age.	Date of Entering the Service.	Period of Service.	Remarks.
Snyder, George.....	Priv.	19	Aug. 25, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged April 20, 1864, at Louisville, Ky., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Steinberg, Morris.....do...		19	Oct. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Steward, Frederick.....do...		18	Feb. 24, 1864	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Sturdevant, James.....do...		19	Oct. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Sweeny, John.....do...		34	Dec. 4, 1863	3 yrs.	Transferred from Co. A June 8, 1865; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Thatcher, John H.....do...		20	Oct. 26, 1862	3 yrs.	
Vond, Nelson.....do...		26	Dec. 21, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Wagner, John.....do...		28	Jan. 8, 1864	3 yrs.	Mustered out July 11, 1865, at Jeffersonville, Ind., by order of War Department.
Watkins, Charles.....do...		18	Jan. 23, 1864	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Watson, Andrew.....do...		26	Oct. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred from Co. G Jan. 1, 1863; discharged Feb. 12, 1863, at Franklin, Tenn., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Webster, Arthur.....do...		18	Nov. 19, 1863	3 yrs.	Transferred from Co. A June 8, 1865; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Werline, John P.....do...		21	Aug. 21, 1862	3 yrs.	Died June 1, 1863, at Franklin, Tenn.
Wilhelm, Leo.....do...		18	Oct. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged May 11, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Williams, Charles.....do...		33	Aug. 21, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Williamson, John A.....do...		20	Oct. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged June 22, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Wirts, Samuel.....do...		23	Aug. 21, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Corporal; discharged Feb. 17, 1863, at Washington, D. C., for wounds received May 27, 1864, in action at Pickett's Mills, Ga.
Wolf, John.....do...		22	Aug. 21, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged May 11, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Wood, William A.....do...		20	Oct. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. F, 7th Regiment, Veteran Reserve Corps, Aug. 17, 1863.

COMPANY E.

Mustered in Oct. 31, 1862, at Camp Cleveland, O., by Charles C. Goddard, Captain 17th Infantry, U. S. A. Mustered out July 9, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn., by Philip Reefy, Captain 19th Ohio Veteran Volunteer Infantry and A. C. M. 3d Division, 4th Army Corps.

Names.	Rank.	AGE.	Date of Entering the Service.	Period of Service.	Remarks.
John W. Bullock.....	Capt.	39	Oct. 29, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted to Major June 20, 1865, but not mustered; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Thomas J. Carran.....	1st Lt.	21	Oct. 29, 1862	3 yrs.	Resigned Jan. 10, 1864.
Terence A. Dempsey.....do...	do...	25	Sept. 19, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted from 2d Lieutenant Co. D March 2, 1864; killed Dec. 16, 1864, in battle of Nashville, Tenn.
Orrin Story.....	2d Lt.	28	Sept. 30, 1862	3 yrs.	Resigned Aug. 1, 1863.
Charles E. Wyman.....	1st Ser.	19	Sept. 3, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted to 2d Lieutenant May 17, 1864, but not mustered; to 1st Lieutenant Co. I Sept. 8, 1864.
Herbert A. Smith.....do...	do...	18	Aug. 29, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Corporal; appointed Sergeant July 1, 1863; 1st Sergeant Nov. 1, 1864; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Josiah Flick.....	Ser.	20	Oct. 8, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged May 8, 1863, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
William Carran.....do...	do...	18	Sept. 20, 1862	3 yrs.	Died June 23, 1863.
Frederick L. Smith.....do...	do...	20	Aug. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Feb. 6, 1865, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Edward M. Hayhurst.....do...	do...	20	Oct. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out May 18, 1865, at Camp Dennison, O., by order of War Department.
Thomas G. Hayhurst.....do...	do...	18	Sept. 8, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Corporal July 1, 1863; Sergeant Nov. 1, 1864; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Hartsel Herriff.....do...	do...	18	Sept. 30, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Corporal July 1, 1863; Sergeant Nov. 1, 1864; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Nathan R. Parmaly.....do...	do...	22	Aug. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Reduced to ranks from 1st Sergeant —; appointed Corporal July 1, 1863; Sergeant Feb. 1, 1865; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Jas. B. Hardenburgh.....	Sergt.	23	Sept. 28, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Corporal Nov. 1, 1864; Sergeant Feb. 6, 1865; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
George F. Hill.....	Corp.	18	Oct. 20, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged June 13, 1863, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.



CAPTAIN JOHN W. BU LOCK.

Names.	Rank.	Age.	Date of Entering the Service.	Period of Service.	Remarks.
James Larkin.....	Corp.	19	Oct. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged June 20, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn., by order of War Department.
Matthew J. Plunkett.....	do.	21	Sept. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed July 1, 1863; died Aug. 29, 1864, in Rebel Prison at Andersonville, Ga.
Ira Wade.....	do.	21	April 25, 1863	3 yrs.	Appointed July 1, 1863; killed Sept. 19, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
Chester D. Springer.....	do.	28	Aug. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Nov. 1, 1864; died Dec. 19, 1864, of wounds received in battle.
Peter Parsch.....	do.	20	Oct. 10, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed July 1, 1863.
Isaac Warren.....	do.	30	Aug. 20, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Nov. 1, 1864; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Marion Shepherd.....	do.	18	Sept. 16, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Nov. 1, 1864; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Harold A. Cores.....	do.	18	April 20, 1863	3 yrs.	Appointed Feb. 6, 1865; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Jacob Sholl.....	do.	18	May 15, 1863	3 yrs.	Appointed Feb. 6, 1865; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Mengo H. Diefendorff.....	do.	18	Dec. 3, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed June 1, 1865; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Henry Hozhaner.....	do.	20	Oct. 21, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed June 1, 1865; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Alexander Herbret.....	do.	18	Jan. 2, 1864	3 yrs.	Appointed June 1, 1865; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
John C. Kollman.....	do.	27	Sept. 10, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed June 1, 1865; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Frank Hartman.....	Mus.	18	Oct. 13, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out June 12, 1865, at Louisville, Ky., by order of War Department.
Henry J. Wilber.....	do.	32	Sept. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
William Andres.....	Wag.	21	Oct. 27, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Allaman, Albert.....	Priv.	18	Oct. 10, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Alway, Henry.....	do.	19	Nov. 10, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred from Co. G Jan. 1, 1863; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Anderson, James.....	do.	42	Sept. 8, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Atkinson, William.....	do.	39	Oct. 16, 1862	3 yrs.	
Austin, Richard.....	do.	20	Sept. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps April 21, 1865.
Baker, Thomas.....	do.	19	Oct. 16, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged July 6, 1864, at Cleveland, O., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Bennett, William.....	do.	29	Sept. 24, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Sergeant; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Benson, James.....	do.	32	Oct. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Bowman, Alfred.....	do.	18	Oct. 20, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. B Jan. 1, 1863.

Roster of the 124th Regiment,

Names.	Rank.	Age.	Date of Entering the Service.	Period of Service.	Remarks.
Bowman, John M.....	Priv.	18	Oct. 20, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred from Co. B —; mustered out June 30, 1865, at Chattanooga, Tenn., by order of War Department.
Brandt, William.....	do.	18	May 23, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered as Corporal; discharged Feb. 13, 1865, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Burell, Duff G.....	do.	28	Oct. 16, 1862	3 yrs.	
Burket, Peter.....	do.	44	Oct. 16, 1862	3 yrs.	
Butler, John.....	do.	18	May 16, 1863	3 yrs.	Captured Jan. 18, 1864, in action near Dandridge, Tenn.; exchanged —
Cain, Edwin C.....	do.	34	Sept. 20, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Jan. 5, 1863, at Louisville, Ky.
Cender, Andrew.....	do.	22	May 22, 1863	3 yrs.	Died Aug. 14, 1864, in Rebel Prison at Andersonville, Georgia.
Chandler, Matthew T.....	do.	18	Oct. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	
Chappel, James, Sr.....	do.	45	Oct. 16, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Chappel, James, Jr.....	do.	21	Oct. 16, 1862	3 yrs.	Killed June 23, 1864, at Kennesaw Mountain, Ga., while on picket duty.
Clark, Jewitt.....	do.	45	Oct. 16, 1862	3 yrs.	Died July 26, 1863, at Tallahoma, Tenn.
Clark, Legrand P.....	do.	21	Oct. 16, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Nov. 18, 1864, at Cleveland, O.
Clark, Major E.....	do.	45	Oct. 16, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out May 22, 1865, at Murfreesboro, Tenn., by order of War Department.
Cole, Lucius E.....	do.	22	Oct. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Corporal; reduced to ranks April 12, 1864; killed May 27, 1864, in action at Pickett's Mills, Georgia.
Crew, John.....	do.	20	Nov. 5, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred from Co. G Jan. 1, 1863; mustered out May 18, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn., by order of War Department.
Crocker, Myron.....	do.	45	Oct. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Died March 30, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn.
Dahlem, Lucius.....	do.	19	Oct. 16, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Darron, Alexander.....	do.	45	Sept. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred from Co. H Jan. 1, 1863.
Elsner, Martin.....	do.	26	Dec. 23, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred from Co. I Jan. 1, 1863; discharged Aug. 24, 1864, by order of War Department.
Emmons, Alouzo J.....	do.	24	Sept. 30, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Corporal. Captured May 27, 1864, in action at Pickett's Mills, Ga.; died Dec. 9, 1864, in Rebel Prison at Andersonville, Georgia.
Ernst, George.....	do.	18	Sept. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	
Estell, Ambrose.....	do.	38	Oct. 10, 1862	3 yrs.	
Eukers, Samuel.....	do.	18	May 12, 1863	3 yrs.	
Farnsworth, Civilian O.....	do.	35	Oct. 29, 1862	3 yrs.	See Co. C.
Fields, Adam.....	do.	18	Oct. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Sept. 26, 1864, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.

Names.	Rank.	Age.	Date of Entering the Service.	Period of Service.	Remarks.
Fisher, Silas.....	Priv.	27	Oct. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged May 25, 1863, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Fuller, Moses.....	do.	38	Aug. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. B Jan. 1, 1863.
Garrett, Erastus.....	do.	34	Oct. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged June 4, 1863, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Haines, Jacob.....	do.	27	Oct. 16, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. B Jan. 1, 1863.
Harpon, John W.....	do.	18	Feb. 14, 1863	3 yrs.	Discharged June 25, 1865, at Louisville, Ky., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Hoffer, Charles.....	do.	35	Dec. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	
Hollingsworth, John.....	do.	20	Dec. 16, 1862	3 yrs.	
Houghton, Christop'r.....	do.	34	Oct. 4, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Jameson, John.....	do.	35	Oct. 17, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred from Co. H Jan. 1, 1863.
Johnson, Nathan F.....	do.	33	Oct. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	
Knerim, Oswelt.....	do.	19	Oct. 28, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Aug. 18, 1864, at Chattanooga, Tenn., of accidental wounds.
Lawless, William.....	do.	21	July 6, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Leonard, Ryal W.....	do.	28	Oct. 28, 1862	3 yrs.	
Lewis, Hiram.....	do.	21	May 25, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered out May 15, 1865, at Fort Independence, Boston Harbor, Mass.
Lucas, Johnson.....	do.	35	Sept. 8, 1862	3 yrs.	Missing Sept. 19, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; supposed to have been killed.
McDowell, William T.....	do.	45	Sept. 30, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged March 25, 1865, at Cleveland, O.
McGuire, James.....	do.	25	Oct. 19, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps —.
Maynes, Jared F.....	do.	35	Oct. 21, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. B Jan. 1, 1863.
Miller, John.....	do.	30	Nov. 10, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred from Co. G Jan. 1, 1863; wounded Oct. 25, 1863, in action; mustered out June 26, 1865, at Camp Chase, O., by order of War Department.
Miller, Henry.....	do.	18	Aug. 18, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. D Jan. 1, 1863.
Miller, Silas F.....	do.	22	Aug. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Died April 8, 1863, at Franklin, Tenn.
Mogler, Louis.....	do.	24	May 22, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Moon, Charles E.....	do.	18	Oct. 21, 1862	3 yrs.	Died July 7, 1864, of wounds received in action.
Moore, Henry.....	do.	18	Sept. 24, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged May 14, 1863, on Surgeon's certificate of disability; on muster-in rolls as Henry Moon.
Naracong, Riley.....	do.	35	Sept. 30, 1862	3 yrs.	
Nimmons, John S.....	do.	23	Oct. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted to Sergt. Major Jan. 1, 1863.
Parker, Zenas D.....	do.	18	April 18, 1863	3 yrs.	Died Sept. 14, 1864, in Rebel Prison at Andersonville, Georgia.
Penny, Christopher.....	do.	18	Oct. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. D Jan. 1, 1863.

Names.	Rank.	Age.	Date of Entering the Service.	Period of Service.	Remarks.
Reed, Richard.....	Priv.	18	Oct. 21, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. E, 12th Regiment, Veteran Reserve Corps. —; mustered out July 21, 1865, at Washington, D. C., by order of War Department.
Remengoburg, Carrollton.....	do...	19	May 19, 1863	3 yrs.	Killed May 27, 1864, in action at Pickett's Mills, Ga.
Roper, Orlando S.....	do...	20	Oct. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	Captured March 28, 1865, at Lancaster, S. C.; paroled —; mustered out June 24, 1865, at Camp Chase, O., by order of War Department.
Rourke, Michael.....	do...	38	Sept. 30, 1862	3 yrs.	
Ryan, John.....	do...	24	Nov. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred from Co. G Jan. 1, 1863; to Co. B, 22d Regiment, Veteran Reserve Corps, April 11, 1865; mustered out July 17, 1865, at Cleveland, O., by order of War Department.
Shamburger, Jacob.....	do...	21	May 22, 1863	3 yrs.	
Shay, William.....	do...	18	Nov. 10, 1862	3 yrs.	
Smith, Alvarado.....	do...	18	Sept. 27, 1862	3 yrs.	Died March 25, 1863, at Franklin, Tenn.
Snow, Edwin W.....	do...	18	Dec. 8, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps —.
Spangler, Peter.....	do...	34	Oct. 10, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Stagmire, John.....	do...	33	May 18, 1863	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. B, 23d Regiment, Veteran Reserve Corps. —; mustered out July 19, 1865, at Clinton, Iowa.
Stoner, William.....	do...	27	Oct. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Dec. 26, 1862, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Sullivan, James.....	do...	18	April 21, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Sutton, Jacob.....	do...	18	April 24, 1863	3 yrs.	
Swartwood, DeWitt.....	do...	23	Oct. 10, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Feb. 14, 1863, at Franklin, Tenn.
Sweeny, James.....	do...	18	May 11, 1863	3 yrs.	Discharged July 30, 1864, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Thayer, James K.....	do...	22	Oct. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Thomas, James.....	do...	18	May 9, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Tousley, Charles W.....	do...	19	Sept. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Sept. 25, 1863, at Chattanooga, Tenn.
Turner, George.....	do...	18	April 23, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Van Osdal, James.....	do...	18	Nov. 25, 1862	3 yrs.	See Co. G.
Waters, Henry F.....	do...	28	Oct. 29, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. I, 6th Regiment, Veteran Reserve Corps —; mustered out July 22, 1865, at Johnson's Island, O., by order of War Department.
Wetzell, Anthony H.....	do...	24	Sept. 13, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Corporal; discharged Dec. 8, 1864, by order of War Department.
Wheeler, William.....	do...	28	Oct. 17, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. B Jan. 1, 1863.



CAPTAIN JOHN C. SMITH.

Names.	Rank.	Age.	Date of Entering the Service.	Period of Service.	Remarks.
Williams, Cyrns W...	Priv.	42	Oct. 16, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps —.
Wilson, Frank W.....	do...	45	Oct. 24, 1862	3 yrs.	
Winklepleck, Jas. W....	do...	18	Oct. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	

COMPANY F.

Mustered in Oct. 31, 1862, at Camp Cleveland, O., by Charles C. Goddard, Captain 17th Infantry, U. S. A. Mustered out July 9, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn., by Philip Reefy, Captain 19th Ohio Veteran Volunteer Infantry and A. C. M. 3d Division, 4th Army Corps.

Horace E. Dakin.....	Capt.	31	Oct. 30, 1862	3 yrs.	Resigned March 1, 1863, because of physical disability.
Sherburn B. Eaton....	do...	23	Oct. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted from 1st Lieutenant and Adjutant May 23, 1863; resigned Nov. 4, 1864.
John C. Smith.....	do...	33	Mch. 13, 1863	3 yrs.	Promoted from 1st Lieutenant Co. K Feb. 23, 1865; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Andrew J. Moulton...	1st Lt.	33	Oct. 30, 1862	3 yrs.	Resigned March 4, 1863.
James T. McGinnis....	do...	18	Sept. 29, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted from 2d Lieutenant Co. H March 2, 1863; to Captain Co. C July 27, 1864.
John S. Nimmous.....	do...	23	Oct. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted from 2d Lieutenant Co. A Sept. 8, 1864; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Oliver P. McIlrath...	2d Lt.	21	Sept. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	Resigned June 27, 1863.
Denton J. Snider.....	do...	22	Feb. 28, 1863	3 yrs.	Resigned Sept. 9, 1863; also borne on rolls as Andrew J. Snyder.
Haskell F. Proctor...	1st Ser.	20	July 26, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted to 2d Lieutenant Co. G April 28, 1863.
David B. Long.....	do...	23	Aug. 30, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged March 14, 1865, at Cleveland, O., by order of War Department.
John E. Crandal.....	do...	35	Aug. 30, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed from Sergeant April 1, 1865; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
John W. Crapser.....	Sergt.	19	Aug. 8, 1862	3 yrs.	Killed Sept. 19, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
Jacob Hinebaugh.....	do...	30	Sept. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Corporal; appointed Sergeant —; mustered out May 29, 1865, by order of War Department.
Charles Hammond....	do...	18	Sept. 25, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Corporal —; Sergeant Jan. 1, 1865; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Enoch P. Teachout....	do...	41	Sept. 29, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Corporal —; Sergeant Jan. 27, 1865; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.

Roster of the 124th Regiment,

Names.	Rank.	Age.	Date of Entering the Service.	Period of Service.	Remarks.
Albert Bliss.....	Sergt.	20	Aug. 30, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Corporal—; Sergeant March 1, 1865; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
George Butters.....	do...	21	April 29, 1863	3 yrs.	Appointed Corporal—; Sergeant March 1, 1865; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
George S. Dell.....	Corp.	24	Sept. 2, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Sept. 24, 1863, at Camp Dennison, O., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Marquis L. Sage.....	do...	20	Aug. 31, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Sept. 17, 1863, at Louisville, Ky., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Henry B. Lang.....	do...	18	Sept. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Died May 14, 1864, of wounds received in action.
James V. Smith.....	do...	32	Sept. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed—; mustered out May 25, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn., by order of War Department.
Henry Williams.....	do...	18	May 5, 1863	3 yrs.	Appointed—; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Sylvester Adams.....	do...	18	Oct. 13, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed—; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
John Bartley.....	do...	34	Dec. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Corporal May 30, 1865; mustered out with company July 9, 1865; also borne on rolls as John Bastley.
Mason Ketchum.....	do...	18	Sept. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed May 30, 1865; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
James A. Bowers.....	do...	18	May 2, 1863	3 yrs.	Appointed June 12, 1865; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
James Cisco.....	do...	19	May 6, 1863	3 yrs.	Appointed June 12, 1865; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
James Lennon.....	do...	18	Feb. 4, 1864	3 yrs.	Appointed June 12, 1865; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Alfred Curtis.....	do...	21	May 1, 1863	3 yrs.	Appointed June 12, 1865; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Charles Miller.....	Mus.	18	Nov. 20, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred from Co. G Jan. 1, 1863.
Samuel Chapman.....	do...	16	Sept. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Almond Aiken.....	Wag.	29	Oct. 5, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed—; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Adams, Harry F.....	Priv.	30	Oct. 7, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Dec. 29, 1862, at Cleveland, O., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Allen, Ethan.....	do...	18	Sept. 13, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Babb, Adam.....	do...	28	Nov. 21, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Baird, John W.....	do...	18	Feb. 17, 1863	3 yrs.	Discharged July 28, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn.
Batley, George.....	do...	27	Sept. 21, 1863	3 yrs.	
Beach, Joseph.....	do...	32	Aug. 29, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.

Names.	Rank.	Age	Date of Entering the Service.	Period of Service	Remarks.
Beechan, Joseph A...	Priv.	19	Jan. 27, 1864	3 yrs.	Died July 5, 1864, of wounds received in action.
Belden, John.....	do...	19	Mch. 24, 1863	3 yrs.	Captured Sept. 9, 1863, in action; died March 6, 1864, in Rebel Prison at Richmond, Virginia.
Bennett, Robert.....	do...	20	Oct. 7, 1862	3 yrs.	
Briggs, Stephen S.....	do...	42	April 28, 1863	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. G Nov. 1, 1862.
Bromley, David.....	do...	22	Oct. 27, 1862	3 yrs.	
Buckhart, Samuel.....	do...	23	Oct. 5, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Nov. 10, 1862.
Buckley, Hugh.....	do...	40	Sept. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Burnett, Isaac.....	do...	24	Oct. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Nov. 19, 1863, at Louisville, Ky., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Cahil, Peter F.....	do...	19	Oct. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. D June 1, 1863.
Chapman, Henry.....	do...	40	Sept. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out May 22, 1865, at Chattanooga, Tenn., by order of War Department.
Chapman, Henry L.....	do...	18	Dec. 24, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered out May 31, 1865, at Camp Dennison, O., by order of War Department.
Clark, Thomas.....	do...	18	Aug. 18, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. G Nov. 1, 1862.
Coats, Charles.....	do...	19	Dec. 17, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered out June 8, 1865, at Cleveland, O., by order of War Department.
Cooley, George.....	do...	35	Sept. 29, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Corporal; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Coramy, Joseph.....	do...	18	Oct. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Killed Sept. 19, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
Crosby, William.....	do...	23	April 29, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Crossland, Leonidas N.....	do...	25	Mch. 5, 1864	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Daub, Peter.....	do...	19	Oct. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. D —.
Dinges, Adam.....	do...	29	April 29, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Elliott, Eugene W.....	do...	22	Oct. 5, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. A Nov. 1, 1862.
Etter, James.....	do...	18	Mch. 24, 1863	3 yrs.	Discharged to date Nov. 29, 1864, by order of War Department.
Forsythe, Levi.....	do...	23	Sept. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	
Goodrich, James.....	do...	19	Oct. 3, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged July 12, 1864, at Camp Dennison, O., by order of War Department.
Graham, Elijah G.....	do...	23	Oct. 30, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Dec. 9, 1863, at Chattanooga, Tenn.
Grobe, Christian.....	do...	18	Sept. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	
Hardy, John.....	do...	19	Mch. 24, 1863	3 yrs.	Died Nov. 2, 1863, in Rebel Prison at Richmond, Va.
Hart, Jehu.....	do...	41	Oct. 18, 1862	3 yrs.	
Hathaway, Baldwin B.....	do...	35	Sept. 29, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Hedgeman, David.....	do...	22	Sept. 13, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. A Nov. 1, 1862.
Hennesy, Henry.....	do...	18	Mch. 1, 1863	3 yrs.	
Hert, Joseph.....	do...	28	Nov. 3, 1863	3 yrs.	

Names.	Rank.	Age.	Date of Entering the Service.	Period of Service.	Remarks.
Hill, Hiram B.....	Priv.	34	Sept. 28, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. I, 1st U. S. Veteran Volunteer Engineers, Sept. 12, 1864; mustered out Sept. 26, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn., by order of War Department.
Holden, Joseph.....	..do..	18	Dec. 19, 1863	3 yrs.	Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps May 1, 1864. Discharged June 29, 1863.
Holden, Thomas H.....	..do..	18	Sept. 28, 1862	3 yrs.	
Hollahan, John.....	..do..	25	Sept. 13, 1862	3 yrs.	
Hufton, William.....	..do..	18	Sept. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	
Hunter, Adolphus.....	..do..	18	Sept. 20, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Aug. 10, 1863. Mustered as Corporal; discharged April 2, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn., by order of War Department.
James, Francis.....	..do..	20	Sept. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Dec. 10, 1862, at Cleveland, O., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Jones, Alexander K.....	..do..	23	Feb. 24, 1863	3 yrs.	Absent. No further record found.
Jones, Carlos D.....	..do..	18	Jan. 15, 1863	3 yrs.	Discharged June 1, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn., by order of War Department.
Jones, Edward.....	..do..	18	Feb. 24, 1863	3 yrs.	Discharged May 2, 1863.
Jones, Franklin.....	..do..	18	Oct. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged July 18, 1863.
Konzen, Henry.....	..do..	20	Oct. 25, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. G Nov. 1, 1862.
Lashels, George L.....	..do..	22	Sept. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged March 20, 1863, at Louisville, Ky., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Lewis, Richard.....	..do..	28	April 29, 1863	3 yrs.	
Litchfield, Francis.....	..do..	35	Aug. 5, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Aug. 5, 1863, at Louisville, Ky., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
McGuire, Thomas.....	..do..	30	Oct. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. D —.
McKay, Florentine.....	..do..	24	Oct. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. D —.
Mahannah, Morris.....	..do..	18	Feb. 24, 1863	3 yrs.	
Matthews, Frank L.....	..do..	25	Jan. 10, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered out Aug. 5, 1865, at Springfield, Ill., by order of War Department.
Meredith, Anthony.....	..do..	26	Sept. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Dec. 10, 1862, at Cleveland, O., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Miller, John.....	..do..	45	Sept. 25, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Wagoner; discharged April 22, 1863.
Miller, Tyler R.....	..do..	21	Feb. 24, 1863	3 yrs.	
Mitchell, John.....	..do..	22	Feb. 20, 1863	3 yrs.	Captured Jan. 30, 1864, in action near Blaine's Cross Roads, Tenn. No further record found.
Moller, Frank.....	..do..	23	Sept. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged June 22, 1863, at Louisville, Ky., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Mooney, Daniel.....	..do..	25	Sept. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	
Myer, William.....	..do..	29	Sept. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	
Nicholas, Peter.....	..do..	18	Feb. 27, 1864	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
O'Mara, John.....	..do..	43	Sept. 25, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged April 18, 1863.
Ranney, Charles H.....	..do..	23	July 26, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Sergeant; discharged Oct. 10, 1863, at Louisville, Ky., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.

Names.	Rank.	Age.	Date of Entering the Service.	Period of Service.	Remarks.
Rexinger, Joseph.....	Priv.	44	Oct. 30, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Joseph Reisinger; transferred to Co. G Nov. 1, 1862.
Riggor, Philip.....	do...	39	Aug. 20, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Philip Regor; transferred to Co. G Nov. 1, 1862.
Ross, John.....	do...	28	Mch. 24, 1863	3 yrs.	
Rowe, Amandus.....	do...	19	Sept. 26, 1862	3 yrs.	Died June 6, 1864, in Rebel Prison at Andersonville, Georgia.
Ryan, Michael.....	do...	18	May 15, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Sabin, Byron N.....	do...	20	Oct. 4, 1862	3 yrs.	
Schmidt, Christopher.....	do...	31	Oct. 19, 1863	3 yrs.	Wounded May 27, 1864, in battle of Pickett's Mills, Ga.; mustered out May 13, 1865, at Cincinnati, O.
Seaber, Alfred N.....	do...	18	Sept. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out May 18, 1865, at Camp Dennison, O., by order of War Department.
Segmire, Jacob.....	do...	18	Oct. 20, 1863	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. A —.
Sherman, Daniel.....	do...	24	Sept. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Jan. 10, 1863.
Shutliff, Gordon.....	do...	29	Oct. 2, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. A Nov. 1, 1862.
Snider, William.....	do...	19	Oct. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. D —.
Spellman, Henry.....	do...	22	Sept. 30, 1862	3 yrs.	
Sperry, Sherman.....	do...	18	Sept. 29, 1862	3 yrs.	
Stabler, Christian.....	do...	44	Feb. 22, 1864	3 yrs.	Mustered as Musician; died April 14, 1863.
Stark, James.....	do...	29	Aug. 30, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Stellar, Christian.....	do...	18	Oct. 7, 1862	3 yrs.	Killed Sept. 19, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
Stewart, James.....	do...	36	Aug. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged April 20, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn., by order of War Department.
Stone, George.....	do...	29	Sept. 29, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. G —.
Thoma, John.....	do...	18	Oct. 3, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Corporal; died Feb. 1, 1864, at Knoxville, Tennessee.
Thomas, Peter.....	do...	19	Oct. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	Killed May 10, 1864, in action near Rocky Face Ridge, Georgia.
Waltham, Thomas.....	do...	32	Sept. 16, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps Nov. 1, 1863; discharged July 28, 1865, at Washington, D. C.
Warner, Marshall C.....	do...	21	Sept. 29, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Dec. 15, 1862, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Weiddart, Frederick.....	do...	35	Oct. 20, 1862	3 yrs.	
Westerman, Joseph.....	do...	23	Aug. 20, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. G Nov. 1, 1862.
Wheeler, Lucius.....	do...	27	Sept. 10, 1862	3 yrs.	Captured —; died Nov. 1, 1863, in Rebel Prison at Belle Isle, Va.
Wheeler, Matthew B.....	do...	27	Oct. 8, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Corporal.
Whitney, Nathan.....	do...	18	Sept. 24, 1862	3 yrs.	See Co. G.
Williams, George H.....	do...	33	Nov. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	
Williams, James.....	do...	29	Oct. 29, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. A Nov. 1, 1862.
Young, John.....	do...	22	Mch. 24, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered out June 16, 1865, at Camp Chase, O., by order of War Department.
Zerly, John H.....	do...	22	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. A Nov. 1, 1862.

COMPANY G.

Mustered in from Nov. 20 to Dec. 31, 1862, at Camp Cleveland, O., by Charles C. Goddard,
 Captain 17th Infantry, and C. O. Howard, Captain 18th Infantry, U. S. A.

Mustered out July 9, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn., by Philip Reefy,

Captain 19th Ohio Veteran Volunteer Infantry and

A. C. M. 3d Division, 4th Army Corps.

Names.	Rank.	Age.	Date of Entering the Service.	Period of Service.	Remarks.
William A. Powell.....	Capt.	28	Nov. 13, 1862	3 yrs.	Resigned April 23, 1864.
John Raldaie.....	...do...	28	July 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted from 1st Lieutenant Co. B July 27, 1864; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
James Brennan.....	1st Lt.	30	Nov. 13, 1862	3 yrs.	Resigned May 1, 1863.
John B. Irwin.....	...do...	21	Nov. 13, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted to 1st Lieutenant from 2d Lieutenant to date April 28, 1863; to Captain Co. C to date Sept. 10, 1863.
Hashell F. Proctor....	...do...	20	July 26, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted to 2d Lieutenant from 1st Sergeant Co. F April 28, 1863; to 1st Lieutenant Sept. 8, 1864; appointed Adjutant Feb. 26, 1865.
Charles D. Hammer....	...do...	18	Aug. 4, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred from 1st Lieutenant and Adjutant Feb. 26, 1865; transferred to Co. B June 3, 1865.
Alvan S. Galbraith....	1st Ser.	22	Sept. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted to 1st Lieutenant Co. I March 19, 1863.
John R. Lemou.....	...do...	24	Oct. 16, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed from Corporal Nov. 1, 1863; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
John K. Batchelder..	Sergt.	25	Sept. 25, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed 1st Sergeant Co. C Sept. 3, 1863.
Thomas Burke.....	...do...	27	Oct. 20, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged June 7, 1863.
John Boyle.....	...do...	44	Mch. 28, 1863	3 yrs.	Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps May 23, 1864.
Joseph Sherman.....	...do...	21	Aug. 20, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed from private Co. C Jan. 1, 1863; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Frank Waltz.....	...do...	23	Aug. 20, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Corporal from private Co. C Jan. 1, 1863; Sergeant Jan. 1, 1864; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Carsena Cutler.....	...do...	32	Oct. 4, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Corporal April 6, 1863; Sergeant Oct. 1, 1864; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Frank Sanders.....	...do...	18	Oct. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed from private Oct. 1, 1864; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
William Cutler.....	Corp.	19	Oct. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Aug. 17, 1863.
William Couch.....	...do...	23	Oct. 3, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps May 1, 1864.
James Condon.....	...do...	27	Oct. 17, 1862	3 yrs.	



CAPTAIN JOHN RAIDAIE.

Names.	Rank.	Age.	Date of Entering the Service.	Period of Service.	Remarks.
Archibald J. Remington	Corp.	35	Oct. 24, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out May 29, 1865, at Louisville, Ky., by order of War Department.
William L. Reed.....	do...	24	April 10, 1863	3 yrs.	Appointed July 25, 1863; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
George Reichart.....	do...	21	Aug. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred from Co. I Jan. 1, 1863; appointed Corporal Jan. 1, 1864; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
David Bromley.....	do...	22	Oct. 27, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred from Co. F Nov. 1, 1862; appointed Corporal Jan. 1, 1864; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
William Collins.....	do...	19	Nov. 10, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Oct. 1, 1864; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Boston Gilson.....	do...	21	Nov. 10, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Oct. 1, 1864; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Joseph Westerman.....	do...	23	Aug. 20, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred from Co. F Nov. 1, 1862; appointed Corporal Oct. 1, 1864; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Christopher Herwig.....	do...	18	Oct. 24, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed June 1, 1865; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Henry Kouzer.....	do...	20	Oct. 25, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred from Co. F Nov. 1, 1862; appointed Corporal June 1, 1865; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Jacob Westerman.....	Wag.	24	Aug. 20, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred from Co. C Jan. 1, 1863; appointed Wagoner —; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Allinger, John.....	Priv.	18	Oct. 17, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Dec. 3, 1863, at Chattanooga, Tenn., of wounds received Nov. 25, 1863, in battle of Mission Ridge, Tennessee.
Alway, Henry.....	do...	19	Oct. 5, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. E Jan. 1, 1863.
Baird, Alexander.....	do...	30	April 10, 1863	3 yrs.	Killed Sept. 19, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
Ball, William.....	do...	21	Mch. 28, 1863	3 yrs.	Died Aug. 13, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn.
Blecker, John.....	do...	22	Oct. 24, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Corporal; also borne on rolls as John N. Becker.
Bonney, William.....	do...	44	Nov. 10, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged March 23, 1863.
Bray, Richard G.....	do...	44	Oct. 13, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Oct. 12, 1863.
Buckmaster, Marion.....	do...	22	Oct. 13, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. C Jan. 1, 1863.
Burgess, William.....	do...	24	Oct. 5, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Corporal.
Camp, William.....	do...	20	Nov. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	
Cheney, Leander.....	do...	20	Nov. 10, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Nov. 3, 1863, at Chattanooga, Tenn.
Clark, Thomas.....	do...	18	Aug. 18, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred from Co. F Nov. 1, 1862; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Crew, John.....	do...	20	Nov. 5, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to company E Jan. 1, 1863.

Names.	Rank.	Age.	Date of Entering the Service.	Period of Service.	Remarks.
Cushing, Hamilton...	Priv.	30	Nov. 24, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. I —.
Davis, John I.....do...	18	Nov. 25, 1862	3 yrs.		
Davis, William.....do...	30	Nov. 10, 1862	3 yrs.		Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Decker, Samuel.....do...	43	Oct. 4, 1862	3 yrs.		Transferred to Co. I —.
Desmon, Timothy.....do...	21	Nov. 11, 1862	3 yrs.		
Ellenwood, Andrew.....do...	24	Aug. 7, 1862	3 yrs.		Transferred from Co. C Jan. 1, 1863; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Evans, George.....do...	27	Oct. 10, 1862	3 yrs.		Discharged Dec. 5, 1863.
Fairbanks, Samuel.....do...	30	Oct. 18, 1862	3 yrs.		Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Fallen, Owen.....do...	24	Sept. 1, 1862	3 yrs.		Transferred from Co. C Jan. 1, 1863; died March 12, 1863, at Franklin, Tenn.
Fiinnigan, James.....do...	27	Nov. 7, 1862	3 yrs.		Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Fisher, George W.....do...	25	Sept. 17, 1862	3 yrs.		
Fox, John.....do...	24	Oct. 24, 1862	3 yrs.		Mustered as Wagoner.
Fudrow, Christopher.....do...	18	April 17, 1863	3 yrs.		Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Gaffney, James.....do...	21	Oct. 30, 1862	3 yrs.		
Goodman, William.....do...	31	Oct. 25, 1862	3 yrs.		Transferred to —, 23d Regiment Kentucky Infantry Volunteers, Nov. 11, 1863.
Groochee, Joseph.....do...	26	Nov. 9, 1862	3 yrs.		Transferred to Co. C Jan. 1, 1863.
Hatfield, James.....do...	28	Oct. 17, 1862	3 yrs.		Mustered as Sergeant.
Hayes, Burton.....do...	29	April 16, 1863	3 yrs.		Discharged Nov. 10, 1863.
Hennessey, James.....do...	18	Oct. 20, 1862	3 yrs.		Transferred to Co. H Jan. 1, 1863.
Horsley, Charles.....do...	25	Oct. 15, 1862	3 yrs.		
King, Robert.....do...	23	Nov. 10, 1862	3 yrs.		Discharged Oct. 29, 1864, at Camp Dennison, O.
Konzen, George.....do...	26	Aug. 22, 1862	3 yrs.		Transferred from Co. I Jan. 1, 1863; died April 23, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn.
Kullmer, Charles J.....do...	22	Sept. 30, 1862	3 yrs.		Mustered as Sergeant; captured Sept. 19, 1863, at battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Camp Chase, O., by order of War Department; also borne on rolls as Charles J. Kullick.
Lalumiere, Alphonse.....do...	18	Oct. 11, 1862	3 yrs.		Died Aug. 28, 1863, at Manchester, Tenn.; also borne on rolls as Alphonse Lallamire.
Lloyd, James L.....do...	22	Mch. 27, 1863	3 yrs.		Discharged Nov. 21, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Lyndou, John.....do...	43	Oct. 10, 1862	3 yrs.		Died June 10, 1863, at Louisville, Ky.
McCConnell, John.....do...	18	Oct. 7, 1862	3 yrs.		Mustered as Sergeant; wounded May 9, 1864, in action; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
McCormick, John.....do...	22	Aug. 22, 1862	3 yrs.		Transferred to Co. D Jan. 1, 1863.
Mace, George L.....do...	22	Oct. 13, 1862	3 yrs.		Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Mangouse, Felix.....do...	19	Oct. 11, 1862	3 yrs.		

Names.	Rank.	Age.	Date of Entering the Service.	Period of Service.	Remarks.
Mentzer, Nelson.....	Priv.	18	Oct. 24, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Miller, Charles B.....	do...	18	Nov. 20, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to company F Jan. 1, 1863.
Miller, Hugh.....	do...	20	Oct. 20, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. E Jan. 1, 1863.
Miller, John.....	do...	20	Nov. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	
Mitchell, Raven R.....	do...	21	Oct. 10, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Corporal; discharged April 4, 1863.
Moyer, Jacob.....	do...	33	Oct. 3, 1862	3 yrs.	Detailed as teamster from June 1, 1863, to June 10, 1865; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Moyer, John.....	do...	22	Nov. 18, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. C Jan. 1, 1863.
Myron, John.....	do...	40	Nov. 19, 1862	3 yrs.	
Neff, Frank.....	do...	18	Oct. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. D Jan. 1, 1863.
Nelson, Francis.....	do...	18	Oct. 16, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Oct. 6, 1863, at Chattanooga, Tenn., of wounds received Sept. 19, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
Obernour, Frederick.....	do...	26	Oct. 23, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred from Co. C Jan. 1, 1863; died April 16, 1863, at Franklin, Tenn.
Parker, William M.....	do...	19	Sept. 17, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. H Jan. 1, 1863.
Peacock, Charles.....	do...	44	Oct. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged July 6, 1864.
Peron, Francis.....	do...	22	Oct. 18, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Aug. 12, 1863.
Phalen, James.....	do...	34	Aug. 20, 1862	3 yrs.	
Phelps, John.....	do...	25	Nov. 29, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. H Jan. 1, 1863.
Pierre, Eugene.....	do...	22	Oct. 31, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Musician; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Pollock, William.....	do...	15	Oct. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	
Rauch, George.....	do...	18	April 14, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Reiger, George.....	do...	31	Aug. 20, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred from Co. C Jan. 1, 1865; detailed as teamster from Aug. 8, 1864, to June 10, 1865; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Rexinger, Joseph.....	do...	44	Oct. 30, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred from Co. F Nov. 1, 1862; to Co. G, 5th Regiment, Veteran Reserve Corps —; mustered out July 18, 1865, at Indianapolis, Ind.
Rigger, Philip.....	do...	39	Aug. 20, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred from Co. F Nov. 1, 1862; discharged May 30, 1864.
Riley, James.....	do...	19	Nov. 24, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. E Jan. 1, 1863.
Shay, William.....	do...	18	Nov. 10, 1862	3 yrs.	
Sheltz, John Marion.....	do...	21	Nov. 10, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. E Jan. 1, 1863.
Shine, Thomas.....	do...	23	Aug. 20, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps —.
Shirkley, Matthew.....	do...	28	Oct. 25, 1862	3 yrs.	Killed Sept. 19, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
Shook, John.....	do...	18	Dec. 17, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred from Co. I Jan. 1, 1863; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Shurtlif, Nelson.....	do...	40	Nov. 10, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged May 1, 1863.

Names.	Rank.	Age.	Date of Entering the Service.	Period of Service.	Remarks.
Sinclair, John W.....	Priv.	27	Oct. 31, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Corporal.
Smith, Frank.....	do..	21	Dec. 19, 1862	3 yrs.	
Stevens, Hiram B.....	do..	43	April 17, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Stewart, James.....	do..	36	Aug. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred from Co. F —.
Stewart, John.....	do..	25	Dec. 19, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred from Co. I Jan. 1, 1863.
Sullivan, Cornelius.....	do..	32	Oct. 25, 1862	3 yrs.	
Terry, John.....	do..	28	Oct. 25, 1862	3 yrs.	Killed Nov. 22, 1863, in action near Mission Ridge, Tenn.
Tomkins, Judson.....	do..	18	Sept. 27, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Musician.
Vandemark, Alex'd'r.....	do..	20	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. B Jan 1, 1863.
Vanorsdal, James.....	do..	19	Nov. 25, 1862	3 yrs.	
Wade, Thomas.....	do..	25	April 14, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Watson, Andrew.....	do..	26	Oct. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. D Jan. 1, 1863.
Welsh, Patrick.....	do..	28	Nov. 10, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. C Jan. 1, 1863.
Weston, Charles.....	do..	25	Dec. 30, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred from Co. I Jan. 1, 1863.
Whiting, Nathau.....	do..	18	Sept. 24, 1862	3 yrs.	
Wideman, Charles.....	do..	19	Oct. 2, 1862	3 yrs.	
Wiseman, Levi.....	do..	22	Aug. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	
Young, George.....	do..	25	Oct. 23, 1862	3 yrs.	
Young, Marshall.....	do..	35	Nov. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. C Jan. 1, 1863.

COMPANY H.

Mustered in Nov. 18, 1862, at Camp Cleveland, O., by Charles C. Goddard, Captain 17th Infantry, U. S. A. Mustered out July 9, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn., by Philip Reefy, Captain 19th Ohio Veteran Volunteer Infantry and A. C. M. 3d Division, 4th Army Corps.

Eben S. Coe.....	Capt.	27	Nov. 17, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted to Lieut. Colonel 196th Regiment, O. V. I., March 26, 1865.
John Stevens.....	do..	34	Aug. 18, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted to 2d Lieutenant from 1st Sergeant Co. C May 20, 1863; to 1st Lieutenant Co. B Sept. 8, 1864; to Captain March 29, 1865; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Barrett W. Kerfoot....	1st Lt.	23	Nov. 17, 1862	3 yrs.	Resigned June 11, 1863, at Franklin, Tenn
William Hannon.....	do..	41	Oct. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as private; appointed 1st Sergeant Nov. 21, 1862; promoted to 2d Lieutenant March 2, 1863; to 1st Lieutenant June 7, 1863; to Captain Co. B Jan. 18, 1865.



CAPTAIN EBEN S. COE.

Names.	Rank.	Age.	Date of Entering the Service.	Period of Service.	Remarks.
James T. McGinnis...	2d Lt.	18	Sept. 29, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted to 1st Lieutenant Co. F March 2, 1863.
Samuel B. Payne.....do...		21	June 7, 1863	3 yrs.	Promoted to 1st Lieutenant Co. C Sept. 8, 1864.
Arthur D. Bailey.....	1st Ser.	23	Sept. 10, 1862	3 yrs.	
Terence Dempsey.....do...		25	Sept. 19, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Sergeant; appointed 1st Sergeant —; promoted to 2d Lieutenant Co. D May 22, 1863.
Thomas J. Crooks.....do...		18	Oct. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Corporal; appointed 1st Sergeant —; wounded Sept. 19, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; transferred to 152d Co., 2d Battalion, Veteran Reserve Corps, March 5, 1864; mustered out July 26, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn., by order of War Department.
Samuel P. Fulton.....do...		24	Oct. 17, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as private; appointed 1st Sergeant —; promoted to 1st Lieutenant Co. C Feb. 23, 1865.
Andrew Holt.....do...		33	Oct. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as private; appointed 1st Sergeant —; mustered out May 18, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
Charles D. Collins.....do...		19	Oct. 7, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Corporal Oct. 8, 1862; Sergeant Nov. 1, 1863; 1st Sergeant —; promoted to Com. Sergeant June 9, 1865.
Wm. B. Dodsworth.....do...		20	Oct. 30, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Corporal March 2, 1864; Sergeant March 9, 1865; 1st Sergeant June 10, 1865; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
George S. Greene.....	Sergt.	23	Sept. 25, 1862	3 yrs.	
Henry E. Lowry.....do...		18	Oct. 7, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Corporal; appointed Sergt. —; killed Sept. 19, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
Nelson Lent.....do...		25	Sept. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Corporal; appointed Sergt. —; killed Sept. 19, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
John Doyle.....do...		22	Oct. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed —; died Oct. 10, 1863, at Chattanooga, Tenn., of wounds received Sept. 19, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
Isaac S. Moore.....do...		20	Oct. 5, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Corporal Aug. 1, 1863; Sergeant Nov. 1, 1863; mustered out July 14, 1865, at Columbus, O., by order of War Department.
George Labaree.....do...		33	Oct. 16, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Corporal Aug. 1, 1863; Sergeant March 2, 1864; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
David Quick.....do...		20	Oct. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Corporal March 2, 1864; Sergeant May 19, 1865; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.

Names.	Rank.	Age.	Date of Entering the Service.	Period of Service.	Remarks.
James Dillon.....	Sergt.	32	Oct. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Corporal March 2, 1864; Sergeant June 10, 1865; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
James Powell.....	Corp.	41	Sept. 16, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed —; promoted to Com. Sergeant Dec. 1, 1862.
Lyman H. Batz.....	do...	22	Oct. 3, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed —; discharged March 12, 1863, at Louisville, Ky.; also on roll as Lyman H. Bates.
Samuel H. Harrison...do...	do...	21	Oct. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed —; died July 24, 1863, at Manchester, Tenn.
Lawson Lambert.....do...	do...	35	Oct. 8, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed —; died Aug. 14, 1863, at Manchester, Tenn.
William M. Parker...do...	do...	19	Sept. 17, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred from Co. G Jan. 1, 1863; appointed —; captured Sept. 19, 1863, at battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; died Aug. 11, 1864, in Rebel Prison at Andersonville, Georgia.
William Caldwell...do...	do...	25	Oct. 19, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed —; captured Sept. 19, 1863, at battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; died Sept. 18, 1864, in Rebel Prison at Andersonville, Ga.
William H. Smith...do...	do...	21	Oct. 18, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed —; transferred to Co. H, 11th Regiment, Veteran Reserve Corps, April 23, 1864; mustered out as Sergeant July 19, 1865, at Albany, N. Y.
Thomas McHoes.....do...	do...	24	Oct. 4, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed March 2, 1864; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Allen Blothen.....do...	do...	22	Sept. 23, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed March 9, 1865; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Robert N. Denham...do...	do...	18	Oct. 7, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed March 9, 1865; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Eugene M. Coudry...do...	do...	19	Oct. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed March 9, 1865; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Horace A. Whitney...do...	do...	22	Oct. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed March 9, 1865; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
James M. Painter...do...	do...	18	Oct. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed March 9, 1865; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
John A. Kingman...do...	do...	18	Oct. 29, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed May 19, 1865; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
William M. Connolly...do...	do...	18	Oct. 15, 1863	3 yrs.	Appointed June 10, 1865; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Henry McKinnon....	Mus.	19	Sept. 23, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to 7th Regiment, Veteran Reserve Corps, Aug. 17, 1863; mustered out June 28, 1865, at Washington, D. C., by order of War Department.
Major Amy.....do...	do...	15	Sept. 19, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged July 18, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn.
Jonathan Wright....	Wag.	45	Sept. 19, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Oct. 10, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn.

Names.	Rank.	Age.	Date of Entering the Service.	Period of Service.	Remarks.
Joel Brooks.....	Wag.	28	Oct. 20, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Barber, Gardner.....	Priv.	45	Oct. 8, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Feb. 20, 1863, at Louisville, Ky.
Barnes, Trace L.....	do...	33	Nov. 17, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. C Jan. 1, 1863.
Bartlett, Joseph.....	do...	18	Sept. 29, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Bear, Heury.....	do...	42	Oct. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Dec. 8, 1864, at Covington, Ky.
Berger, Louis.....	do...	21	Oct. 20, 1862	3 yrs.	
Brooks, George W.....	do...	25	Oct. 18, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. I, 1st Regiment, U. S. Veteran Volunteer Engineers, Aug. 24, 1864; mustered out Sept. 26, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn., by order of War Department.
Burns, William.....	do...	34	Oct. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	
Bushnell, Jason.....	do...	35	Sept. 26, 1863	3 yrs.	
Caldwell, Adam.....	do...	21	Nov. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Camp, Charles D.....	do...	18	Oct. 10, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Sept. 10, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn.
Carr, Robert.....	do...	18	May 25, 1863	3 yrs.	
Clark, Samuel.....	do...	30	Oct. 8, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Sept. 26, 1864, in Rebel Prison at Andersonville, Georgia.
Dangerfield, Edward.....	do...	20	Oct. 27, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Jan. 4, 1863, at Cleveland, O.
Darron, Alexander.....	do...	45	Sept. 26, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. E Jan. 1, 1863.
Deitz, William.....	do...	20	Oct. 28, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. F, 7th Regiment, Veteran Reserve Corps, Aug. 17, 1863; mustered out July 26, 1865, at Washington, D. C., by order of War Department.
Devan, Charles A.....	do...	35	Sept. 18, 1862	3 yrs.	Died March 9, 1863, at Franklin, Tenn.
Drake, Frank.....	do...	23	Feb. 29, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Duffey, John.....	do...	25	Oct. 13, 1862	3 yrs.	
Dufour, Napoleon.....	do...	18	Dec. 5, 1863	3 yrs.	
Dunning, Daniel N.....	do...	43	Nov. 30, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Earl, Henry.....	do...	25	Oct. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	
Ellsner, Henry.....	do...	26	Dec. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	
Ewing, Markal.....	do...	40	Oct. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Foht, Emil.....	do...	31	Dec. 2, 1862	3 yrs.	
Fisher, John.....	do...	40	Oct. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	
Foot, John A.....	do...	19	Oct. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged March 7, 1864, at Cleveland, O.
Francis, Julius.....	do...	28	Dec. 2, 1862	3 yrs.	
Fridley, Andrew.....	do...	44	May 25, 1863	3 yrs.	Discharged Oct. 10, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn.
Goble, Darwin S.....	do...	23	Oct. 7, 1862	3 yrs.	Died March 5, 1863, at Franklin, Tenn.
Granel, Peter R.....	do...	41	Sept. 13, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted to Hospital Steward Nov. 19, 1862.
Green, John.....	do...	28	Sept. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Corporal; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Gregory, Charles A.....	do...	18	Dec. 16, 1863	3 yrs.	Killed May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.

Roster of the 124th Regiment,

Names.	Rank.	Age.	Date of Entering the Service.	Period of Service.	Remarks.
Hamilton, William B	Priv.	33	Dec. 25, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered out July 2, 1865, at Louisville, Ky., by order of War Department.
Harvey, Jacob R.....do...	do.	23	Oct. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	
Hays, James.....do...	do.	27	Nov. 26, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Hennessey, James.....do...	do.	18	Oct. 20, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred from Co. G Jan. 1, 1863; discharged June 10, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn.
Herrick, Leo.....do...	do.	20	Sept. 30, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Hewey, Peter.....do...	do.	21	Oct. 20, 1862	3 yrs.	Captured May 27, 1864, in action at Pickett's Mills, Ga.; died Sept. 1, 1864, in Rebel Prison at Andersonville, Georgia.
Hurly, John C.....do...	do.	30	Sept. 24, 1863	3 yrs.	
Hyland, James.....do...	do.	18	Dec. 18, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Jamison, John.....do...	do.	35	Oct. 16, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. E Jan. 1, 1863.
Johnson, James M.....do...	do.	40	Sept. 29, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Johnston, Thomas A.....do...	do.	26	Oct. 30, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. F, 7th Regiment, Veteran Reserve Corps, Aug. 17, 1863; mustered out July 26, 1865, at Washington, D. C., by order of War Department.
Jones, Thomas H.....do...	do.	18	Oct. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Kamp, Samuel.....do...	do.	33	Oct. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Oct. 10, 1863, at Chattanooga, Tenn., of wounds received Sept. 19, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
Kane, John.....do...	do.	33	Oct. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Jacob H. Barker; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Karker, Jacob H.....do...	do.	20	Dec. 1, 1863	3 yrs.	
Koll, Andrew.....do...	do.	37	Sept. 29, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered out June 28, 1865, at Camp Dennison, O., by order of War Department.
La Fayette, Felix.....do...	do.	24	Sept. 24, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Lally, Michael.....do...	do.	43	Nov. 14, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Lucas, Reeves.....do...	do.	18	Oct. 30, 1863	3 yrs.	
McBain, Bruce D.....do...	do.	20	Nov. 25, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered out May 17, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn., by order of War Department.
McCabe, James.....do...	do.	28	Sept. 10, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
McCafferty, William.....do...	do.	19	Dec. 4, 1863	3 yrs.	
McCarty, Patrick.....do...	do.	18	Dec. 28, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
McCluskey, John.....do...	do.	28	Dec. 16, 1863	3 yrs.	Died Jan. 1, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
McDermot, John.....do...	do.	35	Oct. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	
Mahanna, Thomas.....do...	do.	19	Oct. 16, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. B, 1st Regiment, U. S. Veteran Volunteer Engineers, Aug. 16, 1864; mustered out Sept. 26, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn., by order of War Department.
Matterson, Andy.....do...	do.	22	Oct. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	

Names.	Rank.	Age.	Date of Entering the Service.	Period of Service.	Remarks.
Mitchell, Joseph	Priv.	20	Dec. 11, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Mooney, John	do.	44	Sept. 3, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps Dec. 11, 1863.
Moore, Franklin.....	do.	25	April 4, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Moore, Peter.....	do.	20	Nov. 7, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Murray, Patrick.....	do.	36	Oct. 29, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered out July 18, 1865, at Louisville, Ky., by order of War Department.
Nagle, John.....	do.	44	Oct. 25, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out May 23, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn., by order of War Department.
Neice, Boltin.....	do.	24	Oct. 28, 1862	3 yrs.	
Nicholson, William.....	do.	29	Sept. 17, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Corporal Sept. 17, 1862; promoted to Q. M. Sergeant —; reduced to ranks Co. H April 8, 1864; killed May 27, 1864, in action at Pickett's Mills, Ga.; borne on muster-in roll as William Nicholson.
Noel, Philip.....	do.	18	Dec. 5, 1863	3 yrs.	Killed May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.
O'Donnell, Patrick.....	do.	35	Oct. 16, 1862	3 yrs.	
Ohl, Casper.....	do.	28	Oct. 7, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Pelkey, John.....	do.	32	Oct. 20, 1862	3 yrs.	
Pendegrass, James.....	do.	19	Sept. 23, 1862	3 yrs.	
Pepperday, William H.....	do.	27	Oct. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Sergeant; discharged as private Sept. 15, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn.
Phelps, John.....	do.	25	Nov. 29, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred from Co. G Jan. 1, 1863; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Price, Peter.....	do.	18	Oct. 8, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Reed, John H.....	do.	44	Oct. 11, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Roberts, John.....	do.	41	June 1, 1863	3 yrs.	
Roberts, Richard A.....	do.	32	Sept. 26, 1862	3 yrs.	
Rogers, William B.....	do.	19	Oct. 29, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Rouch, Matthias.....	do.	31	Nov. 17, 1862	3 yrs.	
Ryan, James.....	do.	38	Nov. 2, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Ryan, John.....	do.	22	Oct. 7, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged June 9, 1865, at Madison, Ind., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Ryer, Edward C.....	do.	25	Dec. 1, 1863	3 yrs.	
Schmith, August.....	do.	23	Dec. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	
Seritchfield, Daniel.....	do.	19	Dec. 11, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Sellers, David.....	do.	20	Dec. 20, 1863	3 yrs.	Died June 2, 1864, at Chattanooga, Tenn., of wounds received May 9, 1864, in action.
Shampeaux, Nelson.....	do.	26	April 6, 1863	3 yrs.	
Shewark, Joseph E.....	do.	18	Oct. 20, 1862	3 yrs.	Captured Sept. 1, 1863, near Poe's Tavern, Tenn.; died Nov. 1, 1863, in Rebel Prison at Richmond, Va.
Smith, Charles	do.	28	Sept. 21, 1863	3 yrs.	

Names.	Rank.	Age.	Date of Entering the Service.	Period of Service.	Remarks.
Smith, Samuel B.....	Priv.	25	Oct. 10, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out May 19, 1865, at Cincinnati, O., by order of War Department.
Spangler, Basil L.....	do...	20	Oct. 19, 1863	3 yrs.	Promoted to 1st Lieutenant 5th Regiment, U. S. Colored Infantry, Nov. 17, 1863, from which mustered out Sept. 20, 1865, as Adjutant.
Spencer, Jonathan L.....	do...	31	May 21, 1863	3 yrs.	Discharged May 23, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn.
Staples, Ephraim G.....	do...	20	April 6, 1863	3 yrs.	Killed Sept. 19, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
Stringer, Samuel.....	do...	28	Sept. 8, 1862	3 yrs.	
Sturgis, David W.....	do...	42	Sept. 10, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged July 18, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn.
Suitor, Jacob.....	do...	34	April 4, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Thomas, Isaac B.....	do...	19	Oct. 3, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged July 1, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn.
Thompson, John.....	do...	37	Nov. 28, 1862	3 yrs.	
Thompson, Robert.....	do...	33	Sept. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Sept. 2, 1863, at Cleveland, O., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Webster, William W.....	do...	42	Oct. 27, 1863	3 yrs.	Discharged Dec. 31, 1864, at Camp Dennison, O.
Wilcox, William W.....	do...	35	Mch. 22, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Wilkeson, George.....	do...	40	May 27, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Wolf, Michael.....	do...	20	Dec. 23, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.

COMPANY I.

Mustered in Dec. 30, 1862, at Camp Cleveland, O., by C. O. Howard, Captain 18th Infantry, U. S. A. Mustered out July 9, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn., by Philip Reefy, Captain 19th Ohio Veteran Volunteer Infantry and A. C. M. 3d Division, 4th Army Corps.

James H. Frost.....	Capt.	29	Sept. 29, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Dec. 2, 1862; killed Nov. 25, 1863, in battle of Mission Ridge, Tenn.
Alvan S. Galbraith.....	do...	22	Sept. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted to 1st Lieutenant from 1st Sergeant Co. G March 19, 1863; to Captain July 27, 1864; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Anthony Caldwell....	1st Lt.	32	Sept. 18, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Dec. 2, 1862; resigned March 19, 1863.
Charles E. Wyman....	do...	19	Sept. 3, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted from 1st Sergeant Co. E Sept. 8, 1864; commanded Co. K from Sept. 17 to 30, 1864, and Co. E from Oct. 1, 1864, to April 11, 1865; also Co. K from June 4 to July 10, 1865; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.



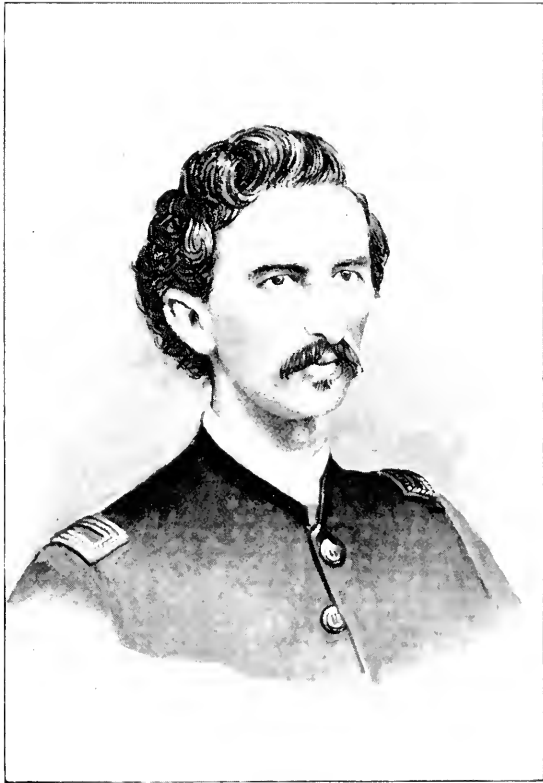
CAPTAIN ALVIN S. GALBRAITH.

Names.	Rank.	Age.	Date of Entering the Service.	Period of Service.	Remarks.
Albert H. Lewis	2d Lt.	20	Dec. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	Resigned March 13, 1863; re-commissioned 1st Lieutenant and appointed Regt. Quartermaster to date Dec. 1, 1862. See Field and Staff.
John C. Smith.....	do.	33	Feb. 13, 1863	3 yrs.	Promoted to 1st Lieutenant Co. K March 2, 1864.
Jackson V. Phillips..	1st Ser.	24	Oct. 7, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as private; appointed —; killed Sept. 19, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
Enos Halsey.....	do.	40	Oct. 7, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Corporal Jan. 20, 1863; Sergeant Aug. 8, 1864; promoted to Q. M. Sergeant June 10, 1865.
Charles E. Warren.....	do.	38	Aug. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Corporal April —, 1863; Sergeant June 5, 1863; 1st Sergeant —; promoted to 1st Lieutenant Co. K Feb. 23, 1865.
James M. Laird.....	do.	28	Aug. 18, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Sergeant Dec. 30, 1862; 1st Sergeant May 1, 1865; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Thomas Dickson.....	Ser.	40	Nov. 19, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed from private Dec. 30, 1862; discharged Feb. 1, 1863, by order of War Dept.
Samuel H. Gagus.....	do.	20	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Dec. 30, 1862; discharged Aug. 3, 1864, by order of War Department.
James Cannell.....	do.	27	Aug. 8, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Corporal; appointed Sergeant —; died Oct. 4, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., of wounds received in action at Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.
Albert Witherel.....	do.	33	Aug. 18, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed 1st Sergeant Dec. 30, 1862; reduced to ranks —; appointed Corporal —; Sergeant Jan. 10, 1864; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
John G. Rappe.....	do.	36	Oct. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Corporal —; Sergeant Aug. 8, 1864; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
George W. Johns.....	do.	18	Aug. 10, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Corporal —; Sergeant May 1, 1865; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Samuel B. Johns.....	do.	19	Oct. 2, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Corporal —; Sergeant June 10, 1865; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
John E. Murphy.....	Corp.	24	Aug. 18, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Oct. 14, 1863, at Chattanooga, Tenn.
John McCune.....	do.	19	Oct. 28, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed —; killed May 27, 1864, in action at Pickett's Mills, Ga.
Nicholas Wolfe.....	do.	22	Oct. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. I, 1st Regiment, U. S. Veteran Volunteer Engineers, Sept. 11, 1864; mustered out Sept. 26, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn., by order of War Dept.

Names.	Rank.	Age.	Date of Entering the Service.	Period of Service.	Remarks.
John Coyle.....	Priv.	24	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed from teamster —; discharged May 18, 1865, by order of War Department.
Valentiuc Weber.....do...	do...	21	Oct. 13, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Oct. 17, 1863; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
George Trehara.....do...	do...	22	Sept. 30, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed June 5, 1863; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
John P. Butts.....do...	do...	27	Oct. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Sergeant Dec. 30, 1862; reduced to ranks —; appointed Corporal March 1, 1864; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Oscar Meade.....do...	do...	40	Aug. 8, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Aug. 8, 1864; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Hamilton Cushing.....do...	do...	30	Nov. 24, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred from Co. G —; appointed Corporal March 1, 1865; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
William Calvert.....do...	do...	21	Oct. 13, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed May 1, 1865; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
George P. Stafford.....do...	do...	24	Oct. 2, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed June 10, 1865; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
James C. White.....	Mus.	37	Nov. 18, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted to Principal Musician June 9, 1865.
Battle, Barney.....	Priv.	22	Sept. 30, 1862	3 yrs.	
Beecher, Charles.....do...	do...	21	Oct. 2, 1862	3 yrs.	
Boone, William.....do...	do...	17	Oct. 30, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. E, 7th Regiment, Veteran Reserve Corps, —; mustered out July 26, 1865, at Washington, D. C., by order of War Department.
Bowlby, Samuel.....do...	do...	26	Dec. 19, 1862	3 yrs.	
Byrne, John.....do...	do...	32	Oct. 16, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Cahn, Jacob.....do...	do...	21	Aug. 18, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Jacob Kahu; discharged Sept. 27, 1864, by order of War Department.
Cavenaugh, Patrick.....do...	do...	28	Nov. 17, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps —.
Chrippendale, Chas.....do...	do...	18	Sept. 20, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Musician; transferred to 1st Kentucky Infantry June 25, 1863.
Chrisman, John.....do...	do...	17	Aug. 17, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged June 9, 1863, by order of War Department.
Cline, John.....do...	do...	18	Oct. 17, 1862	3 yrs.	
Coney, Michael.....do...	do...	40	Dec. 10, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Connelly, James.....do...	do...	21	Sept. 30, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged to date July 9, 1865, by order of War Department.
Corcoran, William J.....do...	do...	18	Oct. 2, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Cordry, John J.....do...	do...	33	Aug. 16, 1862	3 yrs.	
Daily, John.....do...	do...	30	Aug. 18, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps April 1, 1865.
Dale, Columbus.....do...	do...	17	Aug. 20, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.

Names.	Rank.	Age.	Date of Entering the Service.	Period of Service.	Remarks.
Decker, Samuel	Priv.	43	Oct. 4, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred from Co. G —; discharged July 18, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Dempsey, Dennis.....	do...	45	Aug. 16, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. F, 15th Regiment, Veteran Reserve Corps. —; mustered out Aug. 1, 1865, at Cairo, Ill., by order of War Department.
Dickey, William H.....	do...	29	Sept. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Aug. 30, 1864, in Rebel Prison at Andersonville, Georgia.
Edwards, William.....	do...	19	Oct. 21, 1862	3 yrs.	
Elsner, Martin.....	do...	26	Dec. 23, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. E Jan. 1, 1863; also borne on rolls as Martin Ellstner.
Ervin, John.....	do...	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Fiscus, Thomas.....	do...	32	Aug. 18, 1862	3 yrs.	
Fouts, David.....	do...	17	Oct. 10, 1862	3 yrs.	Wounded Dec. 16, 1864, in battle of Nashville, Tenn.; discharged June 27, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Frasier, Robert A.....	do...	30	Oct. 17, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out May 8, 1865, by order of War Department.
Gunnison, James.....	do...	33	Oct. 29, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Corporal; discharged July 18, 1863, by order of War Department.
Hall, John.....	do...	23	Nov. 18, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged April 18, 1863, by order of War Department.
Hannen, James.....	do...	26	Oct. 29, 1862	3 yrs.	
Hannen, John.....	do...	19	Nov. 24, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Hedges, James.....	do...	26	Sept. 30, 1862	3 yrs.	
Hoffer, George.....	do...	40	Aug. 18, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Howard, Henry.....	do...	18	Nov. 24, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to 152d Co., 2d Battalion, Veteran Reserve Corps, Jan. 1, 1865; mustered out July 21, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn., by order of War Department.
Jenkins, William H.....	do...	23	Sept. 20, 1862	3 yrs.	
Johnson, Enoch	do...	18	Oct. 16, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Aug. 30, 1864, in Rebel Prison at Andersonville, Georgia.
Johnson, Henry.....	do...	28	Aug. 18, 1862	3 yrs.	Absent —. No further record found.
Johnson, Solomon	do...	41	Aug. 16, 1862	3 yrs.	Died June 28, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn.
Jones, John W.....	do...	19	Oct. 21, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps —.
Jones, William.....	do...	21	Oct. 31, 1862	3 yrs.	
Jones, William H.....	do...	21	Oct. 31, 1862	3 yrs.	
Kelly, James.....	do...	40	Oct. 2, 1862	3 yrs.	
Konzen, George.....	do...	26	Aug. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. G Jan. 1, 1863.
Leisure, James.....	do...	20	Oct. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out May 30, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn., by order of War Department.
Long, Wesley W.....	do...	29	Aug. 13, 1862	3 yrs.	

Names.	Rank.	Age.	Date of Entering the Service.	Period of Service.	Remarks.
McDonal, Granville M	Priv.	19	Aug. 10, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Granville M. McDonald; sent to Nashville, Tenn. No further record found.
McLaughlin, Patrick	do.	29	Nov. 10, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out May 15, 1865, by order of War Department.
McMahan, Philip	do.	45	Nov. 10, 1862	3 yrs.	
Mills, George W.	do.	18	Nov. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Montgomery, William	do.	24	Oct. 31, 1862	3 yrs.	
Morton, Henry	do.	21	Oct. 18, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Henry Mertius; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Murphy, Henry	do.	21	Oct. 7, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out May 18, 1865, at Camp Dennison, O., by order of War Department.
Myers, Peter	do.	45	Sept. 4, 1862	3 yrs.	Absent, sick July 1, 1863. No further record found.
Neeley, David	do.	31	Sept. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Nov. 24, 1863, by order of War Department.
O'Brien, Thomas	do.	31	Oct. 4, 1862	3 yrs.	
Price, Joseph R.	do.	31	Oct. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	
Quigley, John	do.	18	Sept. 29, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Reichert, George	do.	21	Aug. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. G Jan. 1, 1863.
Riley, Michael	do.	22	Dec. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged May 11, 1863, by order of War Department; also borne on rolls as Michael Reily.
Roberts, Erasmus	do.	37	Aug. 18, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps May 15, 1865.
Ryan, Jacob	do.	25	Sept. 30, 1862	3 yrs.	
Ryan, James	do.	18	Aug. 18, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out to date July 9, 1865, by order of War Department.
Ryan, Michael	do.	16	Aug. 18, 1862	3 yrs.	
Schock, Samuel	do.	34	Oct. 7, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Corporal; died Nov. 3, 1863, at Chattanooga, Tenn.
Scott, Joseph	do.	28	Nov. 19, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Jan. 20, 1863, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Shaw, Samuel	do.	35	Sept. 8, 1862	3 yrs.	Died July 30, 1864, in Rebel Prison at Andersonville, Georgia.
Shook, John	do.	18	Dec. 17, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. G Jan. 1, 1863.
Simpson, Edward	do.	21	Nov. 19, 1862	3 yrs.	Absent —, at Columbus, O. No further record found.
Sprague, George A.	do.	20	Oct. 2, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Stanley, Henry	do.	38	Aug. 8, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. G Jan. 1, 1863.
Stewart, John	do.	25	Dec. 19, 1862	3 yrs.	
Stiger, Charles	do.	45	Oct. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged July 11, 1863, by order of War Department.
Stocton, James	do.	18	Oct. 20, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps Oct. 29, 1864.
Sutler, John	do.	35	Nov. 17, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out June 1, 1865, by order of War Department.
Terry, James	do.	25	Nov. 13, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Aug. 5, 1863, at Tullahoma, Tenn.
Teveling, William	do.	24	Oct. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	



CAPTAIN HIRAM H. MANNING.

Names.	Rank.	Age.	Date of Entering the Service.	Period of Service.	Remarks.
Toohy, Thomas.....	Priv.	18	Oct. 10, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Tower, Edgar M.....	..do..	21	Nov. 27, 1863	3 yrs.	Discharged Nov. 1, 1864, by order of War Department.
Weber, August.....	..do..	19	Aug. 25, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Weeks, Lewis R.....	..do..	45	Oct. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Died April 2, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn.
Welch, Patrick.....	..do..	32	Oct. 8, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Corporal; mustered out May 2, 1865, by order of War Department.
Weston, Charles.....	..do..	25	Dec. 30, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. G Jan. 1, 1863.
White, Sylvester.....	..do..	26	Oct. 8, 1862	3 yrs.	Returned to Co. G, 59th O. V. I., July 8, 1863, where he had previously enlisted.
Williams, Peter B.....	..do..	21	Nov. 21, 1862	3 yrs.	
Wilson, Albert A.....	..do..	31	Dec. 15, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Woodworth, Spencer R.....	..do..	24	Dec. 19, 1862	3 yrs.	
Wren, Edward.....	..do..	27	Nov. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out May 18, 1865, at Louisville, Ky., by order of War Department.
Wykoff, James.....	..do..	19	Oct. 18, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Corporal; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Young, Leonidas.....	..do..	18	Aug. 17, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. E, 7th Regiment, Veteran Reserve Corps, Sept. 16, 1863; mustered out July 26, 1865, at Washington, D. C., by order of War Department.

COMPANY K.

Mustered in from June to September, 1863, at Columbus, O., by A. F. Bond, Captain 2d Infantry, U. S. A. Mustered out July 9, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn., by Philip Reefy, Captain 19th Ohio Veteran Volunteer Infantry and A. C. M. 3d Division, 4th Army Corps.

Hiram H. Manning...	Capt.	21	Dec. 2, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted from 1st Lieutenant Co. D Nov. 10, 1863; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
William Treat.....	1st Lt.	34	Aug. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted from 2d Lieutenant Co. A Sept. 3, 1863; appointed Regt. Quartermaster Feb. 5, 1864.
John C. Smith.....	..do..	33	Mch. 13, 1863	3 yrs.	Promoted from 2d Lieutenant Co. I March 2, 1864; to Captain Co. F Feb. 23, 1865.
Charles E. Warren....	..do..	38	Aug. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted from 1st Sergeant Co. I Feb. 23, 1865; commanded Co. I from March 9, to April 10, 1865; appointed Adjutant April 10, 1865.

Names.	Rank.	Age.	Date of Entering the Service.	Period of Service.	Remarks.
Frederick Hagando- bler	2d Lt.	28	Dec. 30, 1861	3 yrs.	Promoted from Corporal Co. A, 128th O. V. I., Feb. 6, 1863; commission returned; recommissioned May 1, 1863; resigned March 10, 1864.
Nathan G. Sutliff.....	1st Ser.	28	Aug. 19, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred as Corporal from Co. B Feb. 2, 1864; appointed 1st Sergeant April 22, 1864; mustered out June 9, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn., by order of War Department.
Samuel Shahr.....do...do...	19	June 15, 1863	3 yrs.	Appointed Corporal March 1, 1864; Sergeant March 1, 1865; 1st Sergeant June 10, 1865; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Daniel M. Kurtz	Sergt.	18	June 16, 1863	3 yrs.	Died Feb. 20, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
James McDowd.....do...do...	27	Sept. 1, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered out May 18, 1865, at Camp Dennison, O., by order of War Department.
Charles W. Everett.....do...do...	20	Aug. 12, 1863	3 yrs.	Appointed March 1, 1864; mustered out July 13, 1865.
William Clark.....do...do...	24	June 11, 1863	3 yrs.	Appointed Corporal March 1, 1865; Sergeant June 10, 1865; mustered out July 9, 1865, at Philadelphia, Pa., by order of War Department.
John Walsh.....do...	Corp.	41	July 7, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered out May 18, 1865, at Camp Dennison, O., by order of War Department.
Oliver Caslin.....do...do...	18	Sept. 3, 1863	3 yrs.	Appointed June 1, 1865; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
John Gibsondo...	28	Aug. 12, 1863	3 yrs.	Appointed June 1, 1865; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
John J. Delahunty.....do...do...	32	Aug. 1, 1863	3 yrs.	Appointed June 1, 1865; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Orrin Marvin.do...do...	18	Aug. 31, 1863	3 yrs.	Appointed June 1, 1865; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Frederick Fowser.....do...do...	23	July 11, 1863	3 yrs.	Appointed June 1, 1865; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Charles Brainard.....do...	Mus.	25	Aug. 19, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Loren Brainard.....do...do...	20	July 30, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Andrews, John.....do...	Priv.	20	Aug. 10, 1863	3 yrs.	
Arn, Nicholasdo...	22	Aug. 24, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Avery, George.....do...do...	22	June 15, 1863	3 yrs.	
Baxter, Hugh.....do...do...	29	July 13, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Birch, William.....do...do...	28	July 11, 1863	3 yrs.	Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps —.
Brown, James.....do...do...	21	June 14, 1863	3 yrs.	
Campbell, William.....do...do...	24	July 21, 1863	3 yrs.	
Clark, James.....do...do...	20	July 11, 1863	3 yrs.	Killed May 9, 1864, in battle of Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.

Names.	Rank.	Age.	Date of Entering the Service.	Period of Service.	Remarks.
Clark, John.....	Priv.	18	June 19, 1863	3 yrs.	Died March 21, 1864, in Rebel Prison at Richmond, Va.
Clark, William C.....	do...	43	July 1, 1863	3 yrs.	Absent, sick May 18, 1864. No further record found.
Click, George.....	do...	19	July 15, 1863	3 yrs.	Discharged Aug. 28, 1864, at Columbus, O., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Connel, John.....	do...	32	Aug. 31, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered out May 18, 1865, at Camp Dennison, O., by order of War Department.
Cotter, William.....	do...	27	June 12, 1863	3 yrs.	
Coyne, Thomas.....	do...	19	June 14, 1863	3 yrs.	
Doru, John.....	do...	18	Sept. 12, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Dorn, Peter.....	do...	19	Sept. 12, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Dusenberry, John.....	do...	19	3 yrs.	Returned to Co. K, 32d Regiment O. V. I., where he had previously enlisted.
Emerick, Charles.....	do...	19	Sept. 2, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Ford, John.....	do...	34	July 20, 1863	3 yrs.	Discharged Sept. 12, 1864, at Washington, D. C., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Fox, John.....	do...	22	June 14, 1863	3 yrs.	
Gauntly, Hugh.....	do...	23	Aug. 31, 1863	3 yrs.	Died Nov. 6, 1864, at New Albany, Ind.
Gibson, George.....	do...	21	May 18, 1863	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. K, 5th Regiment, Veteran Reserve Corps, —; mustered out July 19, 1865, at Indianapolis, Ind., by order of War Department.
Gillet, James.....	do...	43	June 11, 1863	3 yrs.	
Gunshorn, William.....	do...	18	Sept. 12, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Hanan, David.....	do...	24	Sept. 14, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered as David Hanan.
Hamil, Owen.....	do...	31	Sept. 10, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered as Orrin Hummel.
Hennie, John W.....	do...	43	Aug. 12, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered out May 31, 1865, at Chattanooga, Tenn., by order of War Department.
Holshocker, Lewis.....	do...	18	Aug. 26, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Jumont, George R.....	do...	17	Aug. 31, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865; also borne on rolls as Andrew G. Jumout.
Kearns, William.....	do...	18	June 1, 1863	3 yrs.	Discharged Nov. 7, 1863, at Chattanooga, Tenn., for minority.
Lewis, Frank.....	do...	21	July 23, 1863	3 yrs.	
Lloyd, John.....	do...	40	July 20, 1863	3 yrs.	Discharged Aug. 18, 1864, at Columbus, O., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Lytle, James W.....	do...	44	Aug. 10, 1863	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. B, 5th Regiment, Veteran Reserve Corps, —; mustered out July 17, 1865, at Indianapolis, Ind., by order of War Department.
McDonald, John.....	do...	32	Aug. 31, 1863	3 yrs.	
Martin, Joseph.....	do...	18	July 12, 1863	3 yrs.	Died March 21, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
Martin, William.....	do...	35	June 4, 1863	3 yrs.	Killed Sept. 19, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.

Names.	Rank.	Age.	Date of Entering the Service.	Period of Service.	Remarks.
Mayberry, John.....	Priv.	17	Aug. 27, 1863	3 yrs.	Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps Oct. 7, 1864.
Mesmer, Andrew.....	do...	19	Aug. 26, 1863	3 yrs.	Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps Sept. 20, 1864.
Miller, George.....	do...	25	June 11, 1863	3 yrs.	Captured Jan. 18, 1864, in action near Dandridge, Tenn. No further record found.
Miller, John.....	do...	18	June 11, 1863	3 yrs.	
Moreland, William.....	do...	41	July 22, 1863	3 yrs.	Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps —; mustered out July 25, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn., by order of War Department.
Morris, William.....	do...	19	Aug. 25, 1863	3 yrs.	
Morrison, George.....	do...	18	Sept. 2, 1864	3 yrs.	
Munson, George.....	do...	19	Aug. 4, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Murphy, John.....	do...	30	June 2, 1863	3 yrs.	
Naigle, Jacob.....	do...	41	Jan. 9, 1864	3 yrs.	
Nieharsen, Sage.....	do...	18	July 19, 1863	3 yrs.	Discharged Nov. 7, 1863, at Chattanooga, Tenn., for minority.
O'Brien, Martin.....	do...	28	June 6, 1863	3 yrs.	Died June 24, 1864, of wounds received in action.
O'Neil, Edward.....	do...	19	Aug. 18, 1863	3 yrs.	
Quin, Martin.....	do...	36	Sept. 12, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Quinlan, James.....	do...	30	Aug. 24, 1863	3 yrs.	Wounded Dec. 16, 1864, in battle of Nashville, Tenn.; mustered out June 27, 1865, at Louisville, Ky., by order of War Department.
Randall, William.....	do...	33	July 1, 1863	3 yrs.	Died June 9, 1864, in Rebel Prison at Andersonville, Georgia.
Rei, John.....	do...	21	Aug. 1, 1863	3 yrs.	
Rutledge, John.....	do...	20	July 21, 1863	3 yrs.	Discharged Nov. 7, 1863, at Chattanooga, Tenn., for minority.
Santeman, William.....	do...	19	July 19, 1863	3 yrs.	
Saunders, George.....	do...	19	Aug. 15, 1863	3 yrs.	Died Dec. 9, 1863, at Chattanooga, Tenn.
Shaub, Jacob.....	do...	44	July 23, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered out June 28, 1865, at Camp Chase, O., by order of War Department.
Sims, Joseph.....	do...	30	Aug. 1, 1863	3 yrs.	Died Nov. 5, 1863, of wounds received in action at Chattanooga, Tenn.
Skill, Charles.....	do...	22	June 18, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered as Charles Still.
Snyder, Jacob.....	do...	44	Jan. 14, 1864	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Spencer, Reuben.....	do...	19	Aug. 18, 1863	3 yrs.	Appointed Corporal March 1, 1865; reduced July 1, 1865; mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Stewart, Alexander.....	do...	40	July 7, 1863	3 yrs.	Killed May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.
Sutton, William.....	do...	44	June 16, 1863	3 yrs.	Discharged Sept. 24, 1864, at Cleveland, O., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Teel, Melancthon.....	do...	40	Aug. 24, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Tefft, William.....	do...	18	June 3, 1863	3 yrs.	Killed Sept. 19, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
Thompson, Thomas.....	do...	38	July 3, 1863	3 yrs.	

Names	Rank.	Age.	Date of Entering the Service.	Period of Service.	Remarks.
Thompson, William B	Priv.	18	July 3, 1863	3 yrs.	Died Feb. 2, 1865, of wounds received in action.
Veness, William....	do...	44	July 11, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered as William Van Ness; transferred to Co. C, 4th Regiment, Veteran Reserve Corps. —; mustered out July 31, 1865, at Springfield, Ill., by order of War Department.
Waggoner, Frederick....	do...	24	June 11, 1863	3 yrs.	Discharged March 10, 1865, at Cleveland, O., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Wallace, Thomas	do...	30	Sept. 5, 1863	3 yrs.	Absent, sick since May 3, 1864. No further record found.
Waterman, John.....	do...	22	June 7, 1863	3 yrs.	
Weber, John.....	do...	34	July 4, 1863	3 yrs.	
Williams, Henry.....	do...	18	July 24, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Williams, John.....	do...	22	July 24, 1863	3 yrs.	
Wilson, Alfred.....	do...	24	Aug. 30, 1863	3 yrs.	Promoted to Sergt. Major March 1, 1865.
Writee, John.....	do...	22	Sept. 1, 1863	3 yrs.	
Young, David.....	do...	43	June 11, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company July 9, 1865.
Young, George.....	do...	18	Sept. 10, 1863	3 yrs.	
Zeigler, Adam.....	do...	18	July 10, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered out May 30, 1865, at Camp Dennison, O., by order of War Department.

UNASSIGNED RECRUITS.

Armstrong, Henry....	Priv.	24	Feb. 23, 1864	3 yrs.	No record subsequent to Feb. 26, 1864.
Armstrong, Henry A....	do...	39	Nov. 24, 1863	3 yrs.	No record subsequent to Dec. 11, 1863.
Bell, William.....	do...	29	Oct. 27, 1863	3 yrs.	No record subsequent to Nov. 3, 1863.
Bradley, Bernard.....	do...	25	Oct. 20, 1864	3 yrs.	No record subsequent to Oct. 22, 1864.
Brinnen, Henry C....	do...	19	Nov. 20, 1863	3 yrs.	No record subsequent to Nov. 27, 1863.
Byer, George.....	do...	22	Sept. 22, 1863	3 yrs.	No record subsequent to Oct. 19, 1863.
Cuttings, Purtran W....	do...	20	May 28, 1863	3 yrs.	No record subsequent to June 3, 1863.
Duval, William.....	do...	21	April 25, 1863	3 yrs.	No record subsequent to April 30, 1863.
Eletson, Charles.....	do...	21	Dec. 15, 1863	3 yrs.	No record subsequent to Jan. 6, 1864.
Forall, Michael.....	do...	21	April 25, 1863	3 yrs.	No record subsequent to April 30, 1863.
Forest, John.....	do...	39	Sept. 28, 1863	3 yrs.	Died Oct. 28, 1863, at Louisville, Ky.
Forrest, William.....	do...	21	April 29, 1863	3 yrs.	No record subsequent to May 11, 1863.
Foster, Hiram.....	do...	39	Jan. 27, 1864	3 yrs.	No record subsequent to Feb. 11, 1864.

Names.	Rank.	Age.	Date of Entering the Service.	Period of Service.	Remarks.
Gates, Charles A.....	Priv.	21	Feb. 22, 1864	3 yrs.	No record subsequent to March 5, 1864.
Gere, Elmore.....	do...	23	Dec. 19, 1863	3 yrs.	Died Jan. 29, 1864, in field hospital near Chattanooga, Tennessee.
Hart, Larius.....	do...	36	Dec. 19, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered as Darius Hart. No record subsequent to Jan. 11, 1864.
Hucke, George V.....	do...	35	Dec. 17, 1863	3 yrs.	No record subsequent to Dec. 28, 1863.
Kiney, Robert.....	do...	20	Feb. 23, 1864	3 yrs.	No record subsequent to March 15, 1864.
Lapin, Arthur.....	do...	33	Nov. 21, 1863	3 yrs.	Died Jan. 14, 1864, at Chattanooga, Tenn.
McCabe, Michael.....	do...	25	Sept. 5, 1863	3 yrs.	
McForley, John.....	do...	20	Jan. 22, 1864	3 yrs.	No record subsequent to Jan. 25, 1864.
Murphy, Michael.....	do...	30	Oct. 16, 1863	3 yrs.	No record subsequent to Oct. 21, 1863.
Neff, John.....	do...	26	Mch. 30, 1864	3 yrs.	Died June 17, 1864, at Louisville, Ky.
Pollard, John J.....	do...	18	Feb. 20, 1864	3 yrs.	Died May 24, 1864, at Chattanooga, Tenn.
Rennick, Thomas.....	do...	38	Nov. 30, 1863	3 yrs.	No record subsequent to Dec. 16, 1863.
Riel, August.....	do...	18	April 21, 1863	3 yrs.	No record subsequent to April 30, 1863.
Rose, Patrick.....	do...	35	Dec. 10, 1863	3 yrs.	
Ross, John M.....	do...	26	April 25, 1863	3 yrs.	No record subsequent to April 30, 1863.
Sartis, Joseph.....	do...	32	Dec. 22, 1863	3 yrs.	No record subsequent to Jan. 6, 1864.
Shea, John.....	do...	25	Jan. 22, 1864	3 yrs.	No record subsequent to Jan. 25, 1864.
Smith, Henry I.....	do...	26	May 30, 1863	3 yrs.	No record subsequent to June 25, 1863.
Tacy, Peter.....	do...	29	Dec. 16, 1863	3 yrs.	No record subsequent to Jan. 6, 1864.
Tilley, William.....	do...	43	April 21, 1863	3 yrs.	No record subsequent to April 30, 1863.
Wagner, Frank.....	do...	22	Dec. 2, 1863	3 yrs.	No record subsequent to Jan. 6, 1864.
Walter, George.....	do...	18	Nov. 18, 1863	3 yrs.	No record subsequent to Nov. 21, 1863.
Wilson, Thomas.....	do...	18	Jan. 4, 1864	3 yrs.	Discharged Feb. 27, 1864, at Columbus, O., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Wood, Charles.....	do...	21	April 24, 1863	3 yrs.	No record subsequent to April 30, 1863.
Wright, George.....	do...	23	Feb. 19, 1864	3 yrs.	

ROLL OF HONOR

OF THE

124th Regiment, Ohio Volunteer Infantry.

*Compiled from Publications of the U. S. War Department and
Other Official Sources.*

Names.	Co.	Rank.	Died.	Buried.	Remarks.
Abby, Reuben L.....	C	Corp.	Feb. 16, 1864	Nashville, Tenn.....	Died of wounds received Nov. 25, 1863, in battle of Mission Ridge, Tenn. Interred in sec. D, grave 144.
Allinger, John.....	G	Priv.	Dec. 3, 1863	Chattanooga, Tenn.	
Anderson, John.....	C	Priv.	Aug. 3, 1864	Chattanooga, Tenn.	Interred in section F, grave 279.
Atkins, William.....	B	Corp.	Sept. 19, 1863	Killed in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
Anmend, George W..	D	Capt.	May —, 1864	Died at Plymouth, Ashtabula County, Ohio.
Baird, Alexander.....	G	Priv.	Sept. 19, 1863	Killed in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
Ball, William.....	G	Priv.	Aug. 13, 1863	Nashville, Tenn.....	Interred in section E, grave 404.
Barnes, Trace L.....	C	Mus.	Oct. 27, 1863	Richmond, Va.....	Died in Rebel Prison.
Bartlett, Edward G..	A	Corp.	Aug. 5, 1864	Nashville, Tenn.....	Died of wounds received in action.
Bartlett, John H.....	A	Priv.	Mch. 10, 1863	Murfreesboro, Tenn.	Died at Franklin, Tenn. Interred in Stone River Cemetery.
Baumgardner, Frank.	D	Priv.	July 6, 1863	Nashville, Tenn.....	Interred in section D, grave 86.
Beechan, Joseph A....	F	Priv.	July 5, 1864	Died of wounds received in action.

Names.	Co.	Rank.	Died.	Buried.	Remarks.
Bennett, Robert.....	F	Priv.	Mch. 6, 1864	Richmond, Va.....	Died in Rebel Prison.
Benton, George.....	B	Priv.	Sept. 19, 1863	Killed in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
Buckhart, Samuel....	F	Priv.	Nov. 10, 1862
Bushon, Orange C....	C	Priv.	May 27, 1864	Marietta, Ga.....	Killed in action at Pickett's Mills, Ga.
Cain, Edwin C.....	E	Priv.	Jan. 5, 1863	Louisville, Ky.....	Interred in Cave Hill Cemetery.
Caldwell, William....	H	Corp.	Sept. 18, 1864	Andersonville, Ga..	Died in Rebel Prison.
Cannell, James.....	I	Sergt.	Oct. 4, 1864	Nashville, Tenn. ...	Died of wounds received in action at Rocky Face Ridge, Georgia.
Carran, William.....	E	Sergt.	June 23, 1863
Casey, John.....	C	Priv.	Nov. 25, 1863	Chattanooga, Tenn.	Killed in battle of Mission Ridge, Tenn.
Chandler, Matthew T.	E	Priv.	Aug. 14, 1864	Andersonville, Ga..	Died in Rebel Prison. Interred in grave 5548.
Chapman, Lucius H..	B	Priv.	April 16, 1863	Nashville, Tenn.....
Chappel, James, Jr..	E	Priv.	June 23, 1864	Marietta, Ga.....	Killed in action at Kenesaw Mountain, Ga.
Cheney, Leander.....	G	Priv.	Nov. 3, 1863	Chattanooga, Tenn.	Interred in section A, grave 331.
Clark, James.....	K	Priv.	May 9, 1864	Chattanooga, Tenn.	Killed in battle of Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.
Clark, Jewett.....	E	Priv.	July 26, 1863	Murfreesboro, Tenn.	Died at Tullahoma, Tenn. Interred in sec. K, grave 51, Stone River Cemetery.
Clark, John.....	K	Priv.	Mch. 21, 1864	Richmond, Va.....	Died in Rebel Prison.
Clark, Legrand P....	E	Priv.	Nov. 18, 1864	Cleveland, O.....
Clark, Samuel.....	H	Priv.	Sept. 26, 1864	Andersonville, Ga..	Died in Rebel Prison. Interred in grave 9772.
Cole, Lucius E.....	E	Priv.	May 27, 1864	Marietta, Ga.....	Killed in action at Pickett's Mills, Ga.
Coramy, Joseph.....	F	Priv.	Sept. 19, 1863	Killed in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
Cornwall, Willis.....	A	Priv.	May 15, 1864	Chattanooga, Tenn.	Killed in battle of Resaca, Ga.
Crapser, John W....	F	Sergt.	Sept. 19, 1863	Killed in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
Crocker, Myron.....	E	Priv.	Mch. 30, 1863	Nashville, Tenn.....	Interred in section E, grave 654.
Crow, John.....	B	Priv.	Jan. 13, 1864	Died at Homer, Medina County, O.

Names.	Co.	Rank.	Died.	Buried.	Remarks.
Cutler, William	G	Corp.	Aug. 17, 1863	Murfreesboro.Tenn.	Interred in section J, grave 287, Stone River Cemetery.
Damon, James.....	B	Priv.	Mch. 26, 1863	Murfreesboro.Tenn.	Died at Franklin, Tenn. Interred in Stone River Cemetery.
Dangerfield, Edward	H	Priv.	Jan. 4, 1863	Cleveland, O.....	
Daub, Peter.....	D	Priv.	Oct. 10, 1863	Chattanooga, Tenn.	Died of wounds received Sept. 19, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
Daugherty, Lyman F	B	Priv.	Sept. 19, 1863	Killed in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
Dauson, William.....	D	Sergt.	Mch. 10, 1864	Murfreesboro.Tenn.	Died at Franklin, Tenn. Interred in Stone River Cemetery.
Dempsey, Terrence A.	E	1st Lt.	Dec. 16, 1864	Nashville, Tenn.....	Killed in battle. Interred in sec. G, grave 403.
Devan, Charles A.....	H	Priv.	Mch. 9, 1863	Murfreesboro.Tenn.	Died at Franklin, Tenn. Interred in Stone River Cemetery.
Doyle, John.....	H	Sergt.	Oct. 10, 1863	Chattanooga, Tenn.	Died of wounds received Sept. 19, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga. Interred in section A, grave 296.
Ducey, Michael.....	C	Priv.	May 27, 1864	Marietta, Ga.	Killed in action at Pickett's Mills, Ga.
Edwards, William....	I	Priv.	Aug. 30, 1864	Andersonville, Ga.	Died in Rebel Prison.
Eukers, Samuel.....	E	Priv.	Dec. 9, 1864	Andersonville, Ga.	Died in Rebel Prison.
Everett, Ambrose M..	B	Priv.	June 8, 1864	Chattanooga, Tenn.	Died of wounds received in action.
Fallen, Owen.....	G	Priv.	Mch. 12, 1863	Murfreesboro.Tenn.	Died at Franklin, Tenn. Interred in Franklin section, grave 52, Stone River Cemetery.
Ferguson, Samuel ...	C	Priv.	May 31, 1864	New Albany, Ind....	Died at Jeffersonville, Ind. Interred in sec. B, grave 547.
Finney, William O....	A	Priv.	Feb. 1, 1864	Died at Clinton Cross Roads, Tennessee.
Flickinger, Morris....	B	Priv.	Nov. 25, 1863	Chattanooga, Tenn.	Killed in battle of Mission Ridge, Tenn.

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Names.	Co.	Rank.	Died.	Buried.	Remarks.
Forest, John	*	Priv.	Oct. 28, 1863	Louisville, Ky.....	Interred in section B, row 16, grave 19, Cave Hill Cemetery.
Forsyth, James W....	C	Priv.	Nov. 25, 1862	Cleveland, O.....	Died at Franklin, Tenn. Interred in Stone River Cemetery.
French, Lorenzo G....	B	Priv.	April 14, 1863	Murfreesboro, Tenn.	
Fritz, Dexter.....	B	Priv.	June 5, 1864	Marietta, Ga.....	Died of wounds received in battle of Dallas, Ga. Interred in sec. G, grave 803.
Fritz, Jacob.....	A	Priv.	July 18, 1864	Chattanooga, Tenn.	Died of wounds received in action near Resaca, Ga. Interred in sec. F, grave 31.
Fritz, John.....	C	Priv.	Nov. 28, 1863	Chattanooga, Tenn.	Died of wounds received in action. Interred in section D, grave 174.
Frost, James H.	I	Capt.	Nov. 26, 1863	Chattanooga, Tenn.	Died of wounds received Nov. 25, 1863, in battle of Mission Ridge, Tenn.
Garzee, Eben W.	A	Corp.	Nov. 12, 1863	Chattanooga, Tenn.	Died of wounds received in action.
Gauntley, Hugh.....	K	Priv.	Nov. 6, 1864	New Albany, Ind..	Interred in section H, grave 310.
Gere, Elmore.....	*	Priv.	Jan. 29, 1864	Chattanooga, Tenn.	
Gifford, Thomas S....	A	Priv.	May 27, 1864	Marietta, Ga.....	Killed in action at Pickett's Mills, Ga.
Goble, Darwin S.	H	Priv.	Mch. 5, 1863	Murfreesboro, Tenn.	Died at Franklin, Tenn. Interred in Franklin section, grave 48, Stone River Cemetery.
Gore, George W.	D	Priv.	July 9, 1863	Nashville, Tenn....	Died in Rebel Prison. Interred in grave 9566.
Gould, John W.....	A	Priv.	Sept. 12, 1864	Andersonville, Ga.	
Gregory, Charles A....	H	Priv.	May 14, 1864	Chattanooga, Tenn.	Killed in battle of Resaca, Ga.
Grobe, Christian.....	F	Priv.	Dec. 9, 1863	Chattanooga, Tenn.	Interred in section D, grave 341.
Haines, David B.	B	Priv.	April 5, 1863	Nashville, Tenn....	Killed in action at Pickett's Mills, Ga. Interred in section A, grave A A.
Halterman, Matthias.	C	Priv.	Dec. 26, 1862	Cleveland, O.....	
Hampson, James B....	..	Major	May 27, 1864	Marietta, Ga.....	

* Unassigned.

Names.	Co.	Rank.	Died.	Buried.	Remarks.
Harrison, John Q.....	D	Priv.	April 14, 1863	Murfreesboro, Tenn.	Died at Franklin, Tenn. Interred in Franklin section, grave 10, Stone River Cemetery.
Harrison, Samuel H..	H	Corp.	July 24, 1863	Murfreesboro, Tenn.	Died at Manchester, Tenn. Interred in sec. K, grave 171, Stone River Cemetery.
Hart, Jehu.....	F	Priv.	Nov. 2, 1863	Richmond, Va.....	Died in Rebel Prison.
Haskins, Lyman G....	A	Priv.	Jan. 14, 1864	Nashville, Tenn.....	Interred in section E, grave 42.
Henry, Harrison F....	A	1st Ser.	Sept. 19, 1863	Killed in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
Herr, Benjamin.....	A	Priv.	Aug. 12, 1864	Nashville, Tenn. ...	Interred in section J, grave 525.
Hicks, Egbert.....	C	Priv.	Nov. 22, 1864	Nashville, Tenn.....	
Hodgeman, David P..	A	Priv.	Mch. 17, 1863	Nashville, Tenn.....	
Homan, Edward.....	D	Priv.	April 23, 1865	Knoxville, Tenn....	Died at Bull's Gap, Tenn.
Hoover, John.....	D	Priv.	Mch. 10, 1864	Nashville, Tenn....	Died of wounds received in action.
Hopwood, John.....	C	Priv.	Aug. 7, 1864	Nashville, Tenn....	
Hudson, James.....	D	Priv.	May 27, 1864	Marietta, Ga.....	Killed in action at Pickett's Mills, Ga.
Hufton, William.....	F	Priv.	Aug. 10, 1863	Murfreesboro, Tenn.	Interred in section K, grave 172, Stone River Cemetery.
Hurley, John C.....	H	Priv.	Sept. 1, 1861	Andersonville, Ga.	Died in Rebel Prison. Interred in grave 9622.
Hutchinson, James O.	D	Corp.	April 8, 1864	Knoxville, Tenn....	Interred in section G, grave 135.
Irwin, John B.....	C	Capt.	June 24, 1864	Died of wounds received in action.
Johnson, Enoch.....	I	Priv.	Aug. 30, 1864	Andersonville, Ga.	Died in Rebel Prison. Interred in grave 7308.
Johnson, Solomon....	I	Priv.	June 28, 1863	Nashville, Tenn. .	
Johnson, Thomas....	C	Priv.	Feb. 28, 1864	Chattanooga, Tenn	Interred in section A, grave 135.
Kamp, Samuel.....	H	Priv.	Oct. 10, 1863	Chattanooga, Tenn.	Died of wounds received Sept. 19, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
Kenfield, Henry.....	A	Priv.	Sept. 19, 1863	Killed in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
Knerim, Oswelt.....	E	Priv.	Aug. 18, 1864	Chattanooga, Tenn	Died of accidental wounds.

Names.	Co.	Rank.	Died.	Buried.	Remarks.
Konzen, George	G	Priv.	April 23, 1863	Nashville, Tenn.	Interred in section E, grave 1153.
Kurtz, Daniel M.	K	Sergt.	Feb. 20, 1865	Nashville, Tenn.	Interred in section H, grave 330.
Lalumiere, Alphonse.	G	Priv.	Aug. 28, 1863	Murfreesboro, Tenn.	Died at Manchester, Tenn. Interred in Stone River Cemetery.
Lambert, Lawson	H	Corp.	Aug. 14, 1863	Murfreesboro, Tenn.	Died at Manchester, Tenn. Interred in Stone River Cemetery.
Lang, Henry B.	F	Corp.	May 14, 1864	Chattanooga, Tenn.	Died of wounds received in action. Interred in section K, grave 231.
Lapin, Arthur	*	Priv.	Jan. 14, 1864	Chattanooga, Tenn.	Interred in section D, grave 48.
Lent, Nelson	H	Sergt.	Sept. 19, 1863		Killed in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
Litchfield, John	A	Priv.	Nov. 25, 1863	Chattanooga, Tenn.	Killed in battle of Mission Ridge, Tenn.
Lowe, Alexander B.	B	Priv.	July 13, 1863	Nashville, Tenn.	Interred in section E, grave 803.
Lowry, Henry E.	H	Sergt.	Sept. 19, 1863		Killed in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
Luce, Christopher	D	Priv.	Mch. 17, 1865	Annapolis, Md.	
Lynch, John	C	Corp.	June 26, 1864	Marietta, Ga.	Died in Rebel Prison at Atlanta, Ga.
Lyndon, John	G	Priv.	June 10, 1863	Louisville, Ky.	Interred in section B, row 3, grave 62, Cave Hill Cemetery.
McBane, Charles A.	C	Priv.	May 10, 1864	Nashville, Tenn.	
McCormick, John J.	D	Priv.	May 8, 1865	Louisville, Ky.	Interred in Cave Hill Cemetery.
McCort, James	C	Priv.	June 29, 1864	Nashville, Tenn.	Died of wounds received in action.
McCune, John	I	Corp.	May 27, 1864	Marietta, Ga.	Killed in action at Pickett's Mills, Ga.
McDermitt, John	H	Priv.	Jan. 1, 1865	Nashville, Tenn.	Interred in section G, grave 667.
McIntosh, James	C	Priv.	Nov. 20, 1863	Chattanooga, Tenn.	Interred in section A, grave 115.
Martin, John	B	Priv.	June 3, 1864	Marietta, Ga.	Died at Dallas, Ga., of wounds received in action.
Martin, Joseph	K	Priv.	Mch. 21, 1865	Nashville, Tenn.	Interred in section J, grave 1095.

* Unassigned.

Names.	Co.	Rank.	Died.	Buried.	Remarks.
Martin, William.....	K	Priv.	Sept. 19, 1863	Killed in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
Maskall, Thomas.....	A	Priv.	June 27, 1864	Nashville, Tenn.....	Interred in section H, grave 581.
Matthews, Henry.....	C	Priv.	Sept. 19, 1863	Killed in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
Meheo, Edward.....	A	Priv.	May 27, 1864	Marietta, Ga.....	Killed in battle of Pickett's Mills, Ga.
Miller, Silas F.....	E	Priv.	April 8, 1863	Murfreesboro, Tenn.	Died at Franklin, Tenn. Interred in Stone River Cemetery.
Moon, Charles E.....	E	Priv.	July 7, 1864	Died of wounds received in action.
Morse, Sylvester.....	D	Priv.	June 5, 1864	New Albany, Ind ..	Interred in section B, grave 736.
Murphy, John E.....	I	Corp.	Oct. 14, 1863	Chattanooga, Tenn.	Died in Rebel Prison.
Murphy, Patrick.....	C	Priv.	April 14, 1865	Andersonville, Ga..	
Neff, John.....	*	Priv.	June 17, 1864	Louisville, Ky.....	Interred in Cave Hill Cemetery.
Nelson, Francis.....	G	Priv.	Oct. 6, 1863	Chattanooga, Tenn.	Died of wounds received Sept. 19, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
Nicholson, William..	H	Priv.	May 27, 1864	Marietta, Ga.....	Killed in action at Pickett's Mills, Ga.
Noel, Philip.....	H	Priv.	May 14, 1864	Chattanooga, Tenn.	Killed in battle of Resaca, Ga.
Obernour, Frederick.	G	Priv.	April 16, 1863	Murfreesboro, Tenn.	Died at Franklin, Tenn. Interred in Franklin section, grave 19, Stone River Cemetery.
O'Brien, Andrew.....	A	Priv.	May 27, 1864	Marietta, Ga.....	Killed in action at Pickett's Mills, Ga.
O'Neil, Edward.....	K	Priv.	June 24, 1864	Chattanooga, Tenn.	Died of wounds received in action. Interred in section E, grave 104.
Palmer, William L....	B	Priv.	May 8, 1863	Nashville, Tenn.....	Died in Rebel Prison, interred in grave 5877.
Parker, William M....	H	Corp.	Aug. 11, 1864	Andersonville, Ga..	
Parker, Zenas D.....	E	Priv.	Sept. 14, 1864	Andersonville, Ga..	Died in Rebel Prison, interred in grave 8753.
Parsons, George F...	A	Corp.	May 27, 1864	Marietta, Ga.....	Killed in action at Pickett's Mills, Ga.
Payne, Samuel B.....	C	1st Lt.	Dec. 16, 1864	Nashville, Tenn.....	Killed in battle.

* Unassigned.

Names.	Co.	Rank.	Died.	Buried.	Remarks.
Penny, Christopher..	D	Priv.	Jan. 23, 1865	Nashville, Tenn.....	Died of wounds received Dec. 16, 1864, in battle. Interred in section H, grave 366.
Peters, Lewis.....	B	Corp.	May 31, 1864	Marietta, Ga.....	Killed while on picket duty. Interred in sec. A, grave 854.
Phillips, Jackson V..	I	1st Ser.	Sept. 19, 1863	Killed in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
Pierson, Isaac.....	B	Priv.	Mch. 23, 1863	Murfreesboro, Tenn.	Died at Franklin, Tenn. Interred in Franklin section, grave 5, Stone River Cemetery.
Plunkett, Matthew J.	E	Corp.	Aug. 29, 1864	Andersonville, Ga..	Interred in grave 7157.
Pollard, John J.	*	Priv.	May 24, 1864	Chattanooga, Tenn.	
Powers, Timothy.....	B	Priv.	July 26, 1864	Chattanooga, Tenn.	Interred in section F, grave 94.
Quinn, Arthur.....	C	Priv.	Feb. 5, 1863	Fort Donelson, Tenn.	Died at Dover, Tenn.
Ray, John.....	C	Priv.	Dec. 16, 1864	Nashville, Tenn.....	Killed in battle.
Rei, John.....	K	Priv.	June 9, 1864	Andersonville, Ga..	Died in Rebel Prison. Interred in grave 1763.
Remengobury, Car- rollton.....	E	Priv.	May 27, 1864	Marietta, Ga.....	Killed in action at Pickett's Mills, Ga.
Rohn, Henry.....	D	Priv.	Dec. 14, 1863	Chattanooga, Tenn.	Interred in section D, grave 489.
Rowe, Amandus.....	F	Priv.	June 6, 1864	Andersonville, Ga..	Died in Rebel Prison. Interred in grave 2410.
Russell, Wilbur F....	A	Priv.	Mch. 17, 1863	Nashville, Tenn.....	
Saunders, George....	K	Priv.	Dec. 9, 1863	Chattanooga, Tenn.	Interred in section D, grave 343.
Schaffer, Christian...	D	Priv.	May 14, 1864	Chattanooga, Tenn.	Killed in battle of Resaca, Ga.
Schock, Samuel.....	I	Priv.	Nov. 3, 1863	Chattanooga, Tenn.	Interred in section A, grave 428.
Segmire, Jacob.....	A	Priv.	July 31, 1863	Murfreesboro, Tenn.	Died at Manchester, Tenn. Interred in Stone River Cemetery.
Sellers, David.....	H	Priv.	June 2, 1864	Chattanooga, Tenn.	Died of wounds received May 9, 1864, in action. Interred in section D, grave 455.
Sevoy, Japheth S....	B	Sergt.	July 16, 1864	Chattanooga, Tenn.	Interred in section F, grave 144.

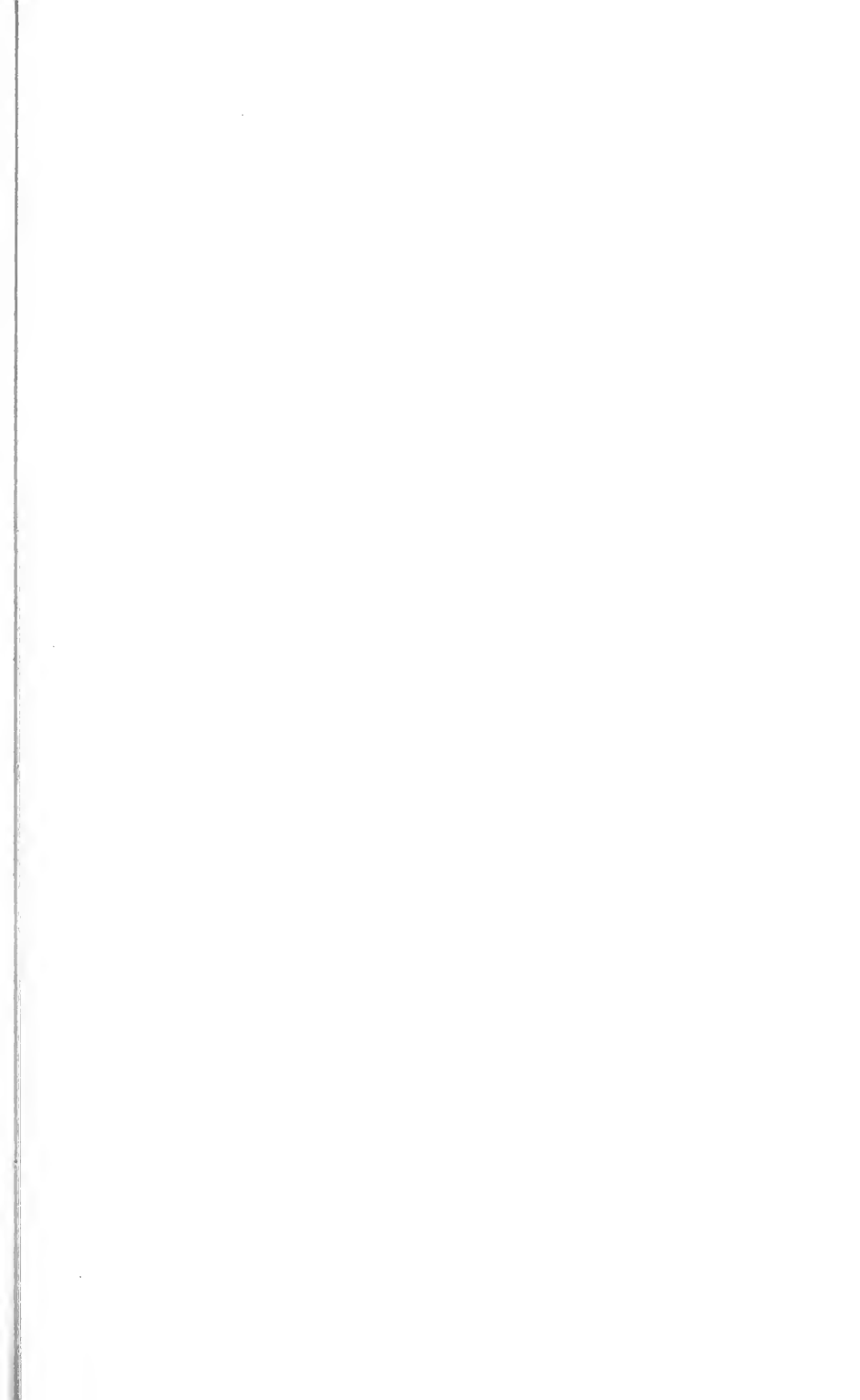
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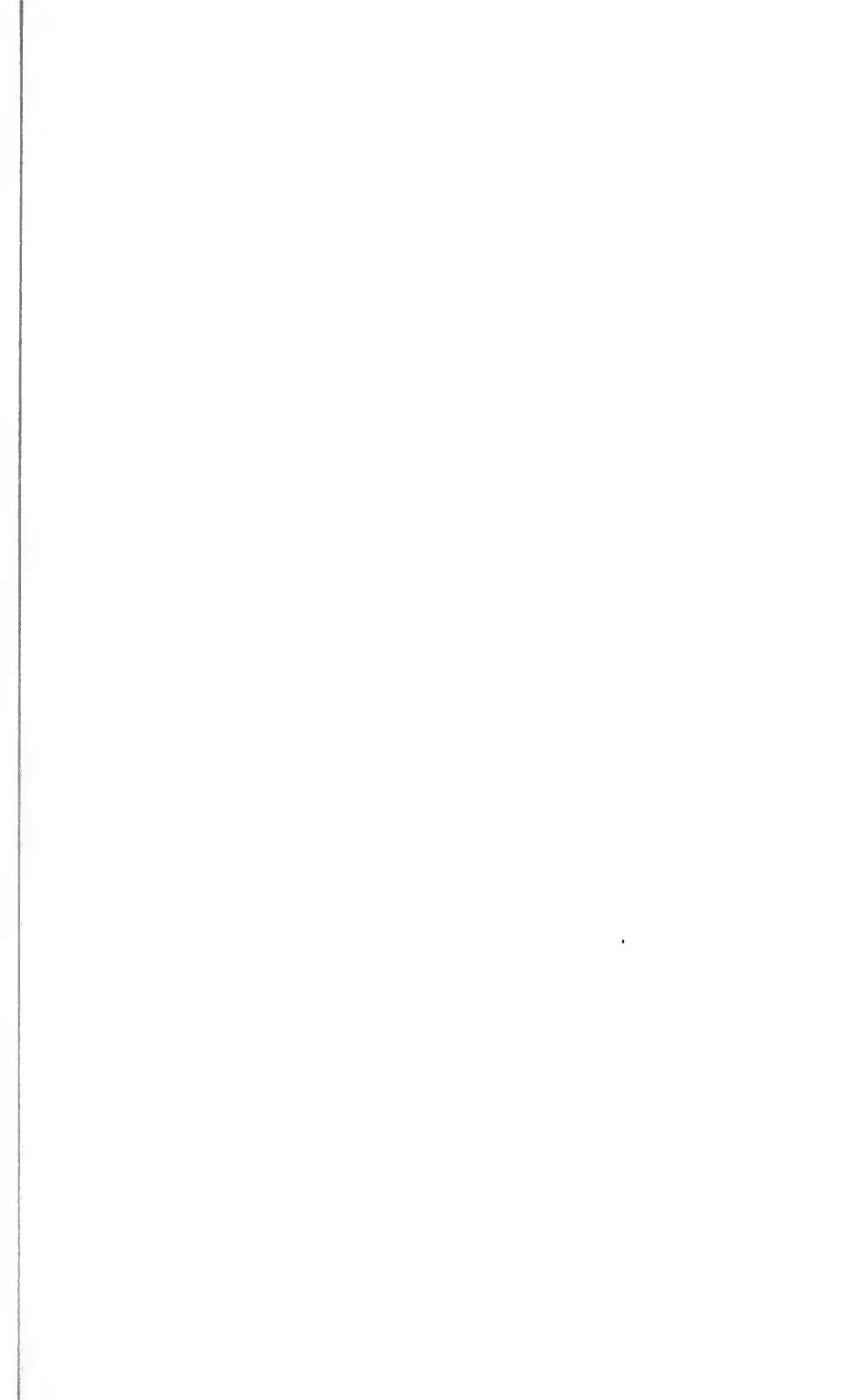
Names.	Co.	Rank.	Died.	Buried.	Remarks.
Shaw, Samuel	I	Priv.	July 30, 1864	Andersonville, Ga..	Died in Rebel Prison. Interred in grave 4354.
Sherman, Daniel.....	F	Priv.	Jan. 10, 1863
Shewark, Joseph E....	H	Priv.	Nov. 1, 1863	Richmond, Va.....	Died in Rebel Prison.
Shirkley, Matthew....	G	Priv.	Sept. 19, 1863	Killed in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
Sims, Joseph	K	Priv.	Nov. 5, 1863	Chattanooga, Tenn.	Died of wounds received in action. Interred in section A, grave 111.
Sipe, Adam.....	A	Priv.	Sept. 19, 1863	Killed in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
Smith, Alvarado.....	E	Priv.	Mch. 25, 1863	Murfreesboro, Tenn.	Died at Franklin, Tenn. Interred in Franklin section, grave 32, Stone River Cemetery.
Snyder, William.....	D	Priv.	Oct. 15, 1863	Chattanooga, Tenn.	Interred in sec. B, grave 168.
Sooy, Andrew J.....	B	Priv.	Nov. 19, 1863	Chattanooga, Tenn.	Died of wounds received in action. Interred in section A, grave 69.
Sperry, Sherman.....	F	Priv.	April 14, 1863
Springer, Chester D..	E	Corp.	Dec. 19, 1864	Nashville, Tenn.....	Died of wounds received in battle. Interred in section F, grave 244.
Staples, Ephraim G..	H	Priv.	Sept. 19, 1863	Killed in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
Stedman, Charles M..	D	1st Lt.	May 27, 1864	Marietta, Ga.....	Killed in action at Pickett's Mills, Ga.
Stewart, Alexander..	K	Priv.	May 14, 1864	Chattanooga, Tenn.	Killed in battle of Resaca, Ga. Interred in sec. K, grave 410.
Stone, George.....	F	Priv.	Feb. 1, 1864	Knoxville, Tenn....	Interred in section 5, grave 135.
Stout, Isaac L.....	D	Sergt.	May 9, 1863	Murfreesboro, Tenn.	Died at Franklin, Tenn. Interred in Stone River Cemetery.
Swartwood, DeWitt..	E	Priv.	Feb. 14, 1863	Murfreesboro, Tenn.	Died at Franklin, Tenn. Interred in Franklin section, grave 14, Stone River Cemetery.
Sweeny, Edward.....	A	Priv.	Oct. 25, 1864	Andersonville, Ga..	Died in Rebel Prison. Interred in grave 11,433.

Names.	Co.	Rank.	Died.	Buried.	Remarks.
Terry, John.....	G	Priv.	Nov. 22, 1863	Chattanooga, Tenn.	Killed in action at Mission Ridge, Tenn. Interred in sec. C, grave 88.
Teveling, William....	I	Priv.	Aug. 5, 1863	Murfreesboro, Tenn.	Died at Tullahoma, Tenn. Interred in sec. J, grave 205, Stone River Cemetery.
Thoma, John.....	F	Priv.	May 10, 1864	Chattanooga, Tenn.	Killed in action near Rocky Face Ridge, Ga. Interred in section L, grave 280.
Thompson, Hiram....	A	Priv.	Nov. 18, 1863	Chattanooga, Tenn.	Killed in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
Thompson, Thomas..	K	Priv.	Sept. 19, 1863	
Thompson, William B.	K	Priv.	Feb. 2, 1865	Nashville, Tenn.....	Died of wounds received in action.
Tilly, William T.....	B	Priv.	Dec. 3, 1863	Chattanooga, Tenn.	Interred in section D, grave 743.
Tousley, Charles W....	E	Priv.	Sept. 25, 1863	Chattanooga, Tenn.	Interred in section B, grave 77.
Trow, Elijah.....	A	Priv.	Mch. 9, 1863	Nashville, Tenn.....	Interred in section E, grave 4.
Vandermark, Alex'd'r	B	Priv.	Nov. 25, 1863	Chattanooga, Tenn.	Killed in battle of Mission Ridge, Tenn. Interred in sec. B, grave 255.
Vosler, Jacob.....	A	Priv.	Mch. 4, 1864	Knoxville, Tenn.....	Interred in section 5, grave 155.
Wade, Ira.....	E	Corp.	Sept. 19, 1863	Killed in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
Waldo, William R....	C	1st Lt.	July 5, 1864	Nashville, Tenn.....	Died of wounds received June 13, 1864, in action.
Walters, Adam.....	B	Priv.	May 27, 1864	Marietta, Ga.....	Killed in action at Pickett's Mills, Ga.
Weeks, Lewis R.....	I	Priv.	April 2, 1863	Nashville, Tenn.....	Died at Franklin, Tenn. Interred in section K, grave 256, Stone River Cemetery.
Werline, John P.....	D	Priv.	June 1, 1863	Murfreesboro, Tenn.	
Wheeler, Lucius.....	F	Priv.	Nov. 1, 1863	Richmond, Va.....	Died in Rebel Prison at Belle Isle, Va. Interred in section 1, row C, grave 193.
Williams, James.....	A	Priv.	May 27, 1864	Marietta, Ga.....	Killed in action at Pickett's Mills, Ga.

Names.	Co.	Rank.	Died.	Buried.	Remarks.
Wing, George D.....	A	Sergt.	Oct. 1, 1863	Chattanooga, Tenn.	Died of wounds received in action.
Wing, Stephen P.....	A	Priv.	Jan. 6, 1865	Died at Middleburg, Cuyahoga County, O.
Wyeth, Jonathan.....	A	Priv.	Dec. 2, 1863	Annapolis, Md.....	Died of wounds received Sept. 19, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga. Interred in sec. D, grave 736.
Wylie, Thomas.....	C	Priv.	Dec. 10, 1863	Chattanooga, Tenn.	
Yost, David.....	A	Priv.	April 11, 1863	Nashville, Tenn.....	

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