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IKG
(Ind. 85th Regt
Brant

**From Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument,
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.**

TROOPS OF ALL ARMS.

125 Regiments of Infantry.....	175,772
13 Regiments of Cavalry.....	21,805
1 Regiment of Artillery.....	3,838
25 Companies of Artillery.....	7,151
Navy.....	2,130
	<hr/>
Total.....	210,487
Killed and died.....	24,416

Percentage of loss of Indiana Troops over 11 per cent.

Percentage of loss in the 85th Ind. over 18 per cent, showing that our loss was away over the average.



REV. J. E. BRANT.
Major Brev. Lt. Col. Bloomington, Ind.

HISTORY

OF THE

EIGHTY-FIFTH

Indiana Volunteer Infantry,

ITS

ORGANIZATION,
CAMPAIGNS AND BATTLES.

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF THE MEMBERS

BY

REV. J. E. BRANT

Late Major and Lieutenant Colonel.

BLOOMINGTON, IND.

CRAVENS BROS., PRINTERS AND BINDERS.

1902.



PREFACE.

At our reunion in camp Logan, Terre Haute in 1888, Samuel R. White of Co. "D", Regimental Clerk, was appointed to write a history of the "85th" but failed to do so by reason of poor health.

While at the reunion at Sullivan, July 20, 1900, after consultation with several comrades, I consented to undertake the task. Having One Hundred and Seventy-One letters written to my wife, and my Diary with Sherman's army on our march to the sea and through the Carolinas, I have at odd times during the last year, worked at this largely self-imposed labor of love.

I now present you this small volume, a slight contribution to the History of the War for the Union from '61 to '65.

J. E. B.

TO MY
COMRADES
LIVING AND DEAD
AND THEIR
DESCENDANTS
THIS LITTLE VOLUME
IS RESPECTFULLY
DEDICATED.

INTRODUCTION.

My apology for this little book—The History of the 85th Ind.”—is presented in the Preface. In olden time it was said “Oh that mine enemy would write a book”, but I write this conscious, if I am an enemy to any one of my old comrades, I do not know it.

For nearly three years we trudged along and slept and bunked together, and fought side by side on more than a dozen battle fields. Sometimes, growing out of our discomforts and common weaknesses we had our friction and slight alienations; but intervening years and new conditions have somehow thrown a mantle of oblivion over those little matters of difference and we have come to say of each other as comrades, “with all your faults I love you still.” “Forgetting and forgiving the things that are behind we press toward the things that are before.”

It is becoming a custom now for every regiment to have a history, and the 85th must keep in line. Ours was only an average regiment, but in our term of service occurred many incidents—common, tragic, pathetic and ridiculous that ought to be preserved for the generations following. In this volume some of these things are set forth, but my com-

rades will remember many more things than are written in this book. I tried to enlist a few of our number to write on the striking incidents occurring under their observation, and succeeded in getting a few to do so. I am especially indebted to Col. A. B. Crane, Major W. T. Crawford and Captain Frank C. Crawford our Regimental Secretary, Abner Howard and others.

As you read these pages you will observe I sometimes write in the present tense, from letters home and diary quotations, then in the past tense from memory and other data. Many pages are details of daily life and marches; but the aim has been to present a picture of army life true to the facts. The story that relates to a thousand or more men who gave the most virile and best service of their lives for their country's life, is no mean and little *story*, but enlarges in the details until it becomes "History".

So I present you this little book and trust that every one into whose hands it may come will read it and take note of the fact "that by a great price obtained we this freedom", and now that our years are drawing to an end; that we may all lead a larger and better life than hitherto. The writer has enjoyed his task and looks back upon the many pleasant hours passed in collecting these things, and trusts that each one who reads this book may enjoy the reading thereof as much as the author its writing.

J. E. BRANT.

ORGANIZATION.

Company "A" came from Park County about Rockville; Company "B" from Terre Haute and vicinity; Company "C", Terre Haute, from South-east part of Vigo County and a few from Clay County; Company "D" from Vermillion County and West part of Park County; Company "E" from South part of Vigo, and a few from about Darwin, Illinois and some from Clay County; Company "F" from Southern part of Vigo about Middleton and a few from North part of Sullivan County; Company "G" from Southern Park and Northern Vigo; Company "H" from Sullivan County; Company "I" from Clay County; Company "K" from about Jasonville, some from Clay County and part from Greene County.

Unlike the men who had enlisted in 1861 in that they were of maturer years. Many of them leaving young families behind. Nearly everyone of them "to the Manor born". A few born "down East" in "York State and *New Hampshire*". We had hardly enough from Erin to afford us Irish wit and a rare Dutchman to give us variety. The 85th could about all sing "This is my own, my Native Land". The Regiment rendezvoused in Camp Dick Thompson named after Col. R. W. Thompson who commanded the Camp and had much to do in the appointment of our field officers. Col. Dick, as we called him, was just the man for Provost Mar-

shal of the 7th Congressional District made up of Vigo, Vermillion, Park, Clay, Putnam, Owen, Greene and Sullivan Counties. Our stay in Camp so near our homes was a mixed sort of a picnic: organizing, some drilling but more eating of picnic dinners furnished by home folks and dear ones from whom we were soon to part. We took our number "85th Indiana" as a Regiment and was mustered into the United States service September 2, 1862. The commissions of the officers dating from the 15th of August to September 2nd.

Those who went out in 1861 were under the impression that the war would soon end, but we who answered to the call of '62, faced an era of dread that the struggle would be long and fearful. So the separation from loved ones in Camp was one fraught with dire forebodings.

CHAPTER II.

LEAVING HOME.

On the 3rd of September we went to Indianapolis where we were equipped and armed with the out of date Belgian Muskets,—Sword Bayonets.

We arrived at Cincinnati on the 7th, where we were fed royally by the good women of that City and bidding good-bye to such dinners we crossed into Kentucky and went into Camp South of Covington. We were without tents and had a rough introduction to soldier-life sleeping on the ground, answering nearly every night to the long roll. Many of these calls were ruses to prepare for the actual long roll.

The change in the habits of life were such as to cause sickness and by the 8th of October when we camped at Falmouth River over 100 men of the Regiment were in hospitals.

By this time we had tents, and by constant drilling and marching and picket duty we were in some ways prepared to do our part if called to repel "Bragg's and Kirby Smith's invasion of Kentucky".

As a picture of soldier life I excerpt from a letter written from Camp near Paris, Ky., Oct. 28th: "We awoke in the morning to see what we had never seen in Kentucky in October the whole face of nature around us veiled in the snows of the approaching winter. We shivered around our Camp-fire until about 9 o'clock when we struck tents and started through snows and wind and spent a Sabbath as we had never spent it before.

We marched 14 miles before night, trudging through mud most of the way nearly shoe mouth deep.

Last night was the coldest since we left home. The ground was frozen hard this morning when we started on our march but the sun came out and the snow melted in a hurry.

CHAPTER III.

IN KENTUCKY.

FIRST EXPERIENCES WITH SLAVERY.

About this time we were returning the run-away slaves. A negro called "Coon" had become the body servant of Col. Baird, but under the laws of Kentucky, Coon was taken and put in jail at Paris. Col. Baird in his anxiety

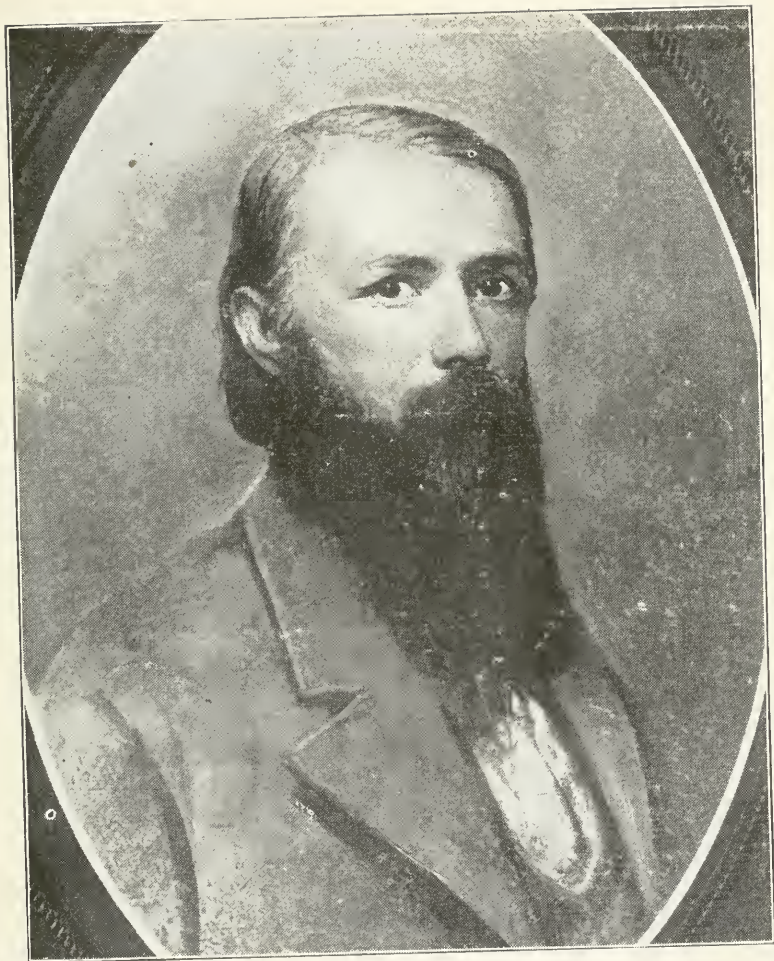
to recover Coon called out the Regiment and prepared to go to Paris and release Coon by force but Gen. A. Baird prevented this move.

Coon's master claimed him and took him. Col. Baird then sent Capt. W. T. Crawford after him and on the ground of the disloyalty of his owner brought Coon back and he was serving the Colonel as before without let or hinderance. This "nigger" boy was of little account but Col. Baird was persistent and got him out of Kentucky into Indiana in a few weeks after this. Coon's master was notoriously disloyal.

Col. Utley was not so fortunate with his "contraband" that he had as a body servant about this time. The owner brought suit against Col. Utley and obtained judgment for the value of the slave which Utley was compelled to pay. After the war he was reimbursed by a special act of Congress.

At that time it was a common sight to see the negroes big and little, grinning at us through the fences, windows and half open doors and shouting "neber mind after January we be free". The colored folks had heard of "Massa Linkum" and emancipation.

After our stay in the beautiful country about Lexington in the blue grass region we moved to Nicholasville. At that time the terminis of the Cincinnati & Southern R. R. Here Lieut. Col. Crane acting as Provost Marshal, forbid anybody going out of the town. We had about 200 negroes inside of our lines. The owner of "Coon" sued Col. Baird but the Colonel employed a lawyer and won the suit. In this case Col. Crane played a most successful part. On the



COL. JOHN P. BAIRD, Deceased, Terre Haute, Indiana.



COL. A. B. CRANE, Att'y at Law, Wall St., N. Y. Residence, Scarsdale.

first of December the ladies of Terre Haute through the wife of Adjutant Crawford presented us with a most beautiful Regimental flag.

We were now brigaded with the 33rd Indiana, 19th Michigan and 22nd Wisconsin under command of Col. John Coburn. In a reference in a letter of the flag presentation I note the following reference to our first grand review. "There were four Regiments of Infantry and two Batteries and a part of a Cavalry Regiment reviewed by Generals Wright and Baird, on last Saturday. It was a grand thing to see the maneuverings of the Infantry and hear the rattle of the cannons and hear the tramp of the Cavalry. Some of the jingle of war"— Yesterday I saw about 70 of the rebels, that were wounded and taken prisoners at the Battle of Perryville—some of them had legs shot off, some without arms and some were crippled and deformed. One poor fellow had his face covered whose nose was shot off. It was a sad sight indeed.

Yet strange to say they seemed to be jolly. They said they were determined to fight to the last for what they say are their rights."

Here we have a picture of the outward glory and glamour of war and a view of the awful suffering that follows.

CHAPTER IV.

DANVILLE, KY.

From Nicholasville we moved to Danville where we remained until Jan. 26th.

During our four months in Kentucky, the Regiment

passed through an epidemic of measles, and the severity of the winter and exposure resulted fatally to many. Some of our strongest and most vigorous men succumbed to the effects of this disease that was the cause of the death of more of our men than from any other source.

During our nearly five months stay in Kentucky we were engaged in drilling almost daily and becoming acquainted and assimilated. We had learned the art of cooking and Camp sanitation so that we were fairly good soldiers.

On the 20th of January we started on our march to Louisville. During that march it snowed and sleeted so that we tramped through slush and mud, reminding us of the march of the French army under Napoleon from Moscow. While here we had a severe experience on a march out from Danville some twelve miles and back in one day, that severely tested the endurance of our strongest men.

About this time a contraband was shot at by a Kentuckian near Gen. A. Baird's Head Quarters out of which a trial occurred in which Col. A. B. Craine was Judge Advocate, and in this trial it was decided that a negro had the right to testify,—a right not granted by the courts in Kentucky. Col. Craine's legal and general ability as a scholar led up to his appointment on the commission to examine applicants for positions in the organization of colored troops. On this commission he was employed for several months in Nashville in the fall and winter of 1863 and '64.

At Louisville the only incidents we can vividly remember were those of assisting "Mother Coburn", as we called her, in getting some of our contrabands across the Ohio to Indi-

ana. Sambo, the innocent sufferer in that war was beginning to play quite a part. Feb. 1st, at Louisville we embarked as a part of Gen. Gordon Grangers Army Corps, and had our first experience on steam boats. It was a sight never to be forgotten to see our forty vessels loaded to the guards—and observing distances—carrying our Army to Nashville. The music of so many bands gave zest to that trip of 340 miles to the mouth of the Cumberland river and then over 200 miles up to Nashville.

Our transfer was without especial incident except that Gen. Forest had made a dash to capture Fort Donaldson but met with a bloody repulse from the gallant 83rd Illinois, commanded by the brave Col. Harding. Forest left over 200 dead on the ground and doubtless suffered a loss of over 400 more in wounded. Harding had only 850 all told, Forest 4000.

Had Forest succeeded, our gunboats carrying us would have had something to do. Considering the heated passions that existed then, it is a wonder that many of our soldiers on the boats were not shot from ambush, as we passed up this narrow river. To the credit of the rebels, be it said, they very seldom resorted to such cold blooded methods of warfare.

As boat after boat pulled up to the wharves at Nashville, Feb. 8th, and the bands were playing "Yankee Doodle", "The Star Spangled Banner" and "Dixie" we took our stand in Dixie sure enough, and many to die in Dixie Land.

Nashville at that time showed the rough usage of war and the beautiful country about the City was being desolated.

After camping at Brentwood and points on the way,

drilling nearly every day on the beautiful grounds adjoining our camp we pulled into camp on Harpeth Heights, March 2nd. Up to this date we had lost by death from sickness, 60 men.

CHAPTER V.

BATTLE OF THOMPSON STATION.

A General Gilbert (do not care to remember his first name) was in command of our forces at Franklin and on the forenoon of March 3rd, issued the following order:

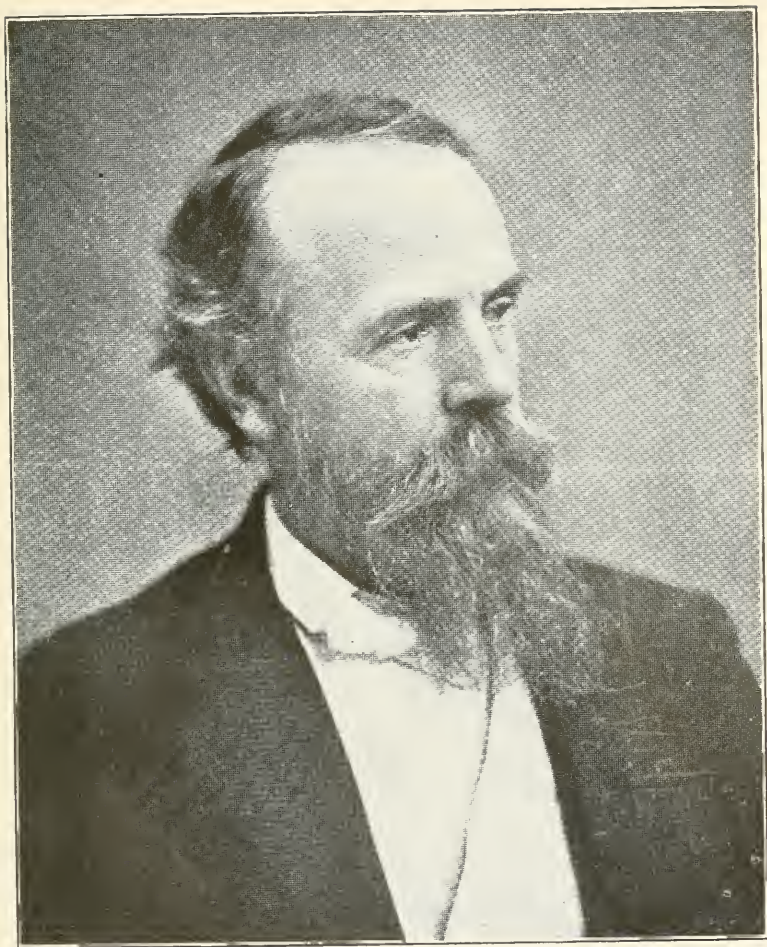
Head Quarters United States' Forces,
In Camp near Franklin Tenn.,
Nov. 3, 1863.

SPECIAL ORDER NO. 151.

VI. Col. Coburn with his Brigade and Battery and six hundred Cavalry will to-morrow morning at eight o'clock proceed along the Columbia Pike as far as Spring Hill, and a party out from there toward Columbia and one through to Raleigh Springs on the Lewisburg Pike, where a Cavalry force from Murfreesboro will communicate with it on the following day.

VII. Col. (A. P.) Campbell will furnish the Cavalry from the three regiments. Col. (C. H.) Payne, One hundred and twenty-fourth Ohio with his regiment will report to Col. Coburn to accompany this command. Four days rations will be taken, two in the haversacks and two in the wagons.

A forage train of eighty wagons will accompany the expedition.



JOHN COBURN, Brev. Brig. Gen'l. Attorney at Law, Indianapolis, Ind.



Only four wagons' to the regiment and two to the battery will be allowed.

By order of Brig. Gen. Gilbert,

GEORGE R. SPEED,

Lieut. and Acting A. A. General

Company D, of our regiment (85th), was left to guard the Camp and so escaped what followed.

"On the morning of the 4th, 2837 men from the commands indicated in the above order marched out in light marching order, cheery and happy, thinking we were on a foraging expedition. The weather was cool and favorable and the road being turn pike, the movement was made with great facility. After advancing about four miles they were confronted by a considerable force of the enemy with two pieces of artillery." At this time the 85th Ind. was in the rear one half mile with the train. For about an hour an artillery duel was kept up and one gun of the Eighteenth Ohio Battery was dismounted.

"It was soon discovered that the force of the enemy was greater than supposed, when Colonel Coburn ordered his forces back to his first position, where they remained about three hours, awaiting orders, General Gilbert, in the meantime, having been informed of the forces seen in front and flank and their movements. During this time the cavalry, by direction were examining the strength of the enemy, and in the skirmishing which ensued two men were slightly wounded. An advance of about two miles was then made when the troops went into Camp for the night, the men being ordered to sleep on their arms.

"During the night the front was strongly picketed. Capt.

Day, 33rd Ind., Officer of the day. Two negro boys came into the lines and fairly reporting the strength of the enemy, Capt. Day at once sent them to (These boys were sent to Col. Baird's Head Quarters) Col. Coburn, who in turn sent them to General Gilbert on the morning of the 5th, which was the last communication Coburn had with Gilbert.

The troops were under arms at 4 o'clock A. M. and in excellent spirits. At 7:30 A. M. the brigade moved out with a detachment of the Ninth Pennsylvania Cavalry in advance. The brigade was inspired with the idea that they were equal to the emergency, confident of success, they felt that the enemy would run the same as the day previous. At about 10:30 A. M. the Thirty Third and Eighty-Fifth Indiana were posted on a high piece of ground North of Thompson Station, supporting two pieces of the Eighteenth Ohio battery, and the 19th Michigan and one wing of the Twenty-Second Wisconsin, and three guns of the battery on the left, the cavalry on the flanks, the other wing of the 22nd Wisconsin in reserve, and the One Hundred and Twenty Fourth Ohio guarding the train.

The enemy now opened up on the brigade with their artillery and with this exception there was very little firing until 11 o'clock A. M.

The enemy having stationed his sharpshooters in the buildings about the depot, and a line of skirmishers along the railroad, Col. Coburn ordered the Thirty Third and Eighty Fifth Indiana, under command of Col. Baird, to the station under cover of the buildings with a view of charging the battery, if the outlook was favorable. The movement was made with the utmost precision and confi-

dence until they were met by a rattling and disastrous fire from behind the stone wall by two brigades of dismounted cavalry. They were compelled to seek shelter and protection behind the railroad embankment without firing a shot.

It being ascertained that the enemy showed too many in numbers, Col. Baird was ordered back to his original position on the hill. The return movement was made in open order.

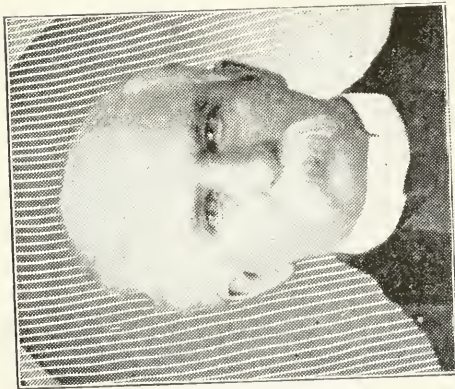
The enemy at once took advantage of their exposed position and opened on them with musketry and two pieces of artillery, Jackson's division following in hot pursuit. The regiments, however, reached the crest of the hill in time to enable them to form in line of battle, the Eighty Fifth to the right of the Thirty Third Indiana, the left of the latter regiment resting near the section of the Eighteenth Ohio battery, when they repulsed the enemy's charge with ease. The enemy then prepared for their second attack and moved forward with apparent confidence, affording a splendid opportunity for effective work by the Federal battery, but just at that supreme moment the men were informed that it had just left the field. The enemy advanced in an irregular line through the woods from tree to tree. Our troops sought like protection, and in many instances the conflict became hand to hand. Coburn's brigade held the position firmly and with determination, a second time repulsed the enemy with great slaughter."

The positions of the 85th Indiana were held with great tenacity and repelled three distinct charges made by the enemy. After this we changed front to the right and also

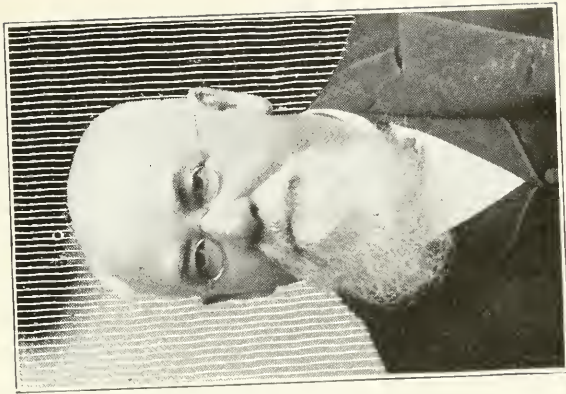
to the left of the 33rd in splendid order. The men behaved like veterans, never better in any subsequent battle. Col. Baird and Lieut. Col. Crane elicited praise from every man of the regiment, for their coolness and courage and won the confidence of the 85th as the very officers to lead us in all conditions. We lost 13 killed and 21 severely and 16 slightly wounded. Among the killed were Capt. Floyd of Co. "A", who had won the admiration of all, and Corporal Lusk and Sergeant Conaway of Company "I", three of our best men. In killed and wounded we lost about sixteen per cent. Much is said about the losses of the 82nd Ind. at Chickamauga.

In that battle they had a larger number of men engaged than we had at Thompson Station. They lost killed 19, wounded 67. We lost 13 killed and 21 severely wounded, and 16 slightly. The losses in the brigade were killed 60, mortally wounded 28. Severely wounded 120, slightly wounded 84. Died of exposure 85, making a total loss of 378. The per cent of our losses in this unfortunate engagement fall only a little short of the Union losses at Gettysburg or at Chickamauga.

When we consider that we only had about 1700 actually engaged our losses were fearful. Yet but little is said about this insignificant battle. Harper's pictorial History of the war gives about five or six lines to this matter and says nothing about losses of killed and wounded but says 1,329 men were captured when the facts are that 1,221 is the exact number. This was the first baptism of the 85th but not a man of the regiment need be ashamed of our record.



W. T. CRAWFORD.
Capt. Co. "H." Brev. Major. Pension
Agent, Sullivan, Ind.



DR. WILSON HOBBS.
1st Surgeon. Knightstown, Ind. De-
ceased.



DR. WM. V. WILES.
1st. Asst. Surgeon. Deceased. Spencer,
Ind.



FRANK C. CRAWFORD.
Capt. Co. "C." A. A. G. Brev. Major.
Paymaster Vandalia Line, Terre Haute.

THE BLAME.

was clearly upon Gilbert. After he knew of the forces on our front he ought to have changed the orders to Coburn. The idea of sending a large wagon train with such an expedition was absurd. Col. Coburn and every officer of his gallant command did their part nobly. Coburn deserved a star for fighting his men so skillfully in the face of five times his number, but Gilbert lost his star as he deserved, for sending this command to inevitable destruction.

Gilbert was a captain in the Regulars and by mistake was given a brigadier's commission, but after this affair was sent back to his command and so far we have never heard of him.

He had a long rest in the pages of subsequent history.

Col. Coburn in summing up the closing scenes of the battle in his report says: (History 33rd. Ind. P. 76) "In the meantime, while the enemy were pressing with great violence our right, they bore down with Forest's division and Armstrong's brigade on our left. The dismounted cavalry on the hills to our left fell back and the rebels planted two pieces of artillery in this position; its fire enfiladed the Nineteenth Michigan, which was directed to change front to left. This was followed by a furious assault of dismounted men on our whole left. They were repulsed and the attack was repeated. The Nineteenth Michigan fell back to the rear of the Twenty Second Wisconsin.

The rebels were again repulsed. Then they charged up the road to gain the space between the Thirty Third Indiana and Twenty Second Wisconsin. The two companies (A and F) on the extreme right were brought over and drove

back the enemy from the left of the Thirty Third Indiana.

The Nineteenth Michigan was ordered across the road and placed to the left. The Eighty Fifth Indiana had already been brought from its position on the right of the Thirty Third Indiana and placed to the left of the position accompanied by the Nineteenth Michigan. The Twenty Second Wisconsin now fell back to the left of the Eighty Fifth Indiana and retired.

The enemy here again made successive assaults along the line but were repelled and driven off, and several prisoners taken.

The battle flag of Armstrong's brigade was taken by the Nineteenth Michigan, and the enemy were completely routed although our own men were under not only the fire of the musketry, but their artillery now posted near us, where our left lately stood. During the attack on our left Whitefield and Starnes renewed the attack on our right (the 33rd Indiana) but were again repulsed.

As the right was being attacked, and before a serious assault had been made on our left the cavalry had disappeared. The artillery under Captain Ayleshire followed hastily, although Lieutenants Adams and Backman of my staff attempted to rally them and put them in position and thus assist in covering our retreat.

The force thus following back took with them the 124th Ohio, the ambulance train and with it all hope of an orderly retreat or a continued successful resistance or a confused flight, resulting in the utter rout and destruction of the entire command.

As I was convinced that a massacre would ensue to

little purpose; that a few might escape; but that many would fall in a vain struggle for life with unequal weapons, I ordered a surrender."

CHAPTER VI.

TRIP TO LIBBY PRISON.

After the surrender, Gen. Forest, one of the handsomest soldiers I ever looked at—excepting Gen. Hooker—rode up among us on a horse that was worthy the rider. We had a good look at him while we were suffering the humiliation of surrendering our swords and arms to the rebels.

Gen. Sherman said that Forest was one of the best cavalry officers in either army. After the details of the surrender, Van Dorn and Forest had a bitter altercation in the presence of Col. Coburn and several confederate officers. Forest claimed that Van Dorn had grossly insulted him and the difference between them was never reconciled.

In a few days after this quarrel, Van Dorn was killed by Dr. Peters of Spring Hill, who claimed that Van Dorn had grossly insulted his wife.

Van Dorn was disappointed in not getting possession of Franklin, and in the less number of prisoners he had taken than he expected, and in the losses he had sustained in the battle. After all the battle of Thompson Station was not in vain. The detention of the rebel forces gave time for reinforcements to save Franklin.

TO COLUMBIA.

Twenty miles we marched that evening and at near mid-

night we crossed on ferries to Columbia, and were put under shelter of some covered cattle and hog pens.

On the morning of March 6th we had our first confederate rations, corn bread, baked on the outside enough to hold the meal inside, and some fat bacon. Toward noon under guard of a half regiment of the Fourth Mississippi cavalry we started on our march via Shelbyville to Tullahoma. During the five days while on the march, the cold drizzling, March rain continued almost day and night. Going into camp at night with clothes wet through and through and no covering, our suffering was intense. The streams were so swollen that we waded in water to our waists. Our rations of corn meal in the form of bread and fat meat (not a half ration) added to our miseries. We were coralled for a few hours at Shelbyville in the circular court house yard, and many Johnnies guyed us about being in favor of miscegenation and amalgamation &c., but our boys were equal to the occasion and pointed out the motley colors of the crowd, of all ranks and races, that had turned out to see the show of 1200 Yankee prisoners of war. In that crowd were many loyalists who showed us favors in the way of something to eat, handed by them through the iron palings of that fence. But the climax of our misery was reached at Tullahoma when in a cold soaking rain the enlisted men were turned out into a low flat commons on which were found some brush and a few logs. The officers were given quarters in an old frame house and fared some better. Some of the sick laid on the brush that kept them at least out of the mud and water. The horrors of that night can never be effaced.

In the morning we were ordered to pile our overcoats, haversacks, canteens and blankets. Gen. Bragg's excuse for this order was that of retaliation for some indignities that he claimed were put upon some rebel prisoners.

We were put into box cars—some old delapidated passenger coaches were reserved for the officers—and shipped like so many cattle to Richmond. With the recollection of miserable nights spent in some old rookerys at Chattanooga, Knoxville and Lynchburg and two days and nights of awful suffering while our train was snowed in, and curses on Bragg for his brutality in depriving us of our blankets and overcoats. We pulled into Richmond, Tuesday March 16, in the early daylight and saw the grim old walls of Libby as it was covered and surrounded by snow. It looked funeral.

Quite a number had been left behind at Lynchburg and elsewhere, were put in the hospitals, many of them to die. Among the number at Lynchburg was Sergeant Remington of Company "D", who lingered for many weeks. In his dying moments he shouted until he could only whisper and told his comrade John Singhorse to tell his wife and six children at home that he died as he lived, a christian. Died a thousand miles from home. Died for his country.

The enlisted men were only prisoners twenty to twenty-five days, but over ten per cent died from the effects of exposure and many more were never fit for duty afterwards.

The records show that out of 189,000 held as prisoners by the Confederates, during the war, 49,000 died. Twenty-six per cent. A soldier in battle stood three chances in a hundred of being killed, if a prisoner he stood twenty-six

chances in a hundred of dying from the effects of prison life.

What a black page of war is opened to us from Libby to Andersonville and in other prison pens. Would for the sake of our fair name as Americans those awful pages could be blotted out.

The enlisted men were crowded into rooms with scarce enough space for all to lie down at the same time. The rations of miserable corned beef and poor rations of bread, were barely sufficient to sustain life. About 400 were exchanged at City Point, April 1st, and the rest in the following two weeks.

LIFE IN LIBBY PRISON.

On our passing in to this free Hotel we were all registered and all amounts, of over \$5.00 possessed by each one were taken in charge by Capt. Dick Turner who was in charge at that time, and any side arms or tools by which we might effect an escape were searched for, and taken from us.

Of all ranks there were sixty (60) officers in our detachment. We were at once organized into messes. The officers on the brigade and regimental staffs constituted a mess and the line of officers of each regiment separately the other messes. The officers of the 85th—fifteen—made one mess. We were put in the 3rd story, south room, with 150 other officers in all 212 in that room. We were in that room for two miserable weeks and in that time we were without water for two days. Our condition was fearful. The stench of the vaults were sickening and many were sick from camp diarrhea.

Our rations consisted of about one half ration of bread

of indifferent kind and of about one fourth ration of corned beef. When the beef barrels were opened the perfumery emitted from each barrel was sufficient to cover acres if the wind was favorable. Before we could cook it, it was par-boiled until the substance was about out of it. When the soup was dished it was about the thinnest stuff we had ever tasted. To our 85th mess eight loaves of bread were issued. Giving each man one half loaf and leaving one half loaf to put in the soup. When the soup was dished each man watched with jealous eyes lest he should fail to get his exact share. We were ravenous. In that crowd of 212 was Gen. Willick of the 32nd. Ind. He had been there for nearly six months. With his worn out threadbare clothes and haggard appearance he looked very little like a general. Starved and worn out he was cross and fretful beyond endurance at times. He had right of way in one corner to himself where he paced back and forth at times like a caged lion. Crowded together as we were there, all the animal in the man came out. After two weeks sixty-six captains were taken out of that room and put in a room just above the basement. In the east end of this room was the guard room, separated from us by a board partition. In that room our condition was improved some little. But the grey-backs were just as numerous and lively. They were heedless of rank, age or clothes. They were more numerous than Lee's army. One right we enjoyed and exercised, that of scratching. Adjutant Frank Crawford in the upper room used to doff his silk shirt and go for them. When he captured one he nailed him and tallied when he killed ten, and scored when he reached fifty. Frank enjoy-

ed that kind of a battle less than he did when "cannon to the right of him, cannon to the left of him and cannon to front of him volleyed and thundered."

We may grow poetic now but it was not poetic then to suffer the filth and vermin of Libby.

The monotony of our life was broken there by the sawing, filing and whittling of beef bones into crochet needles, Odd Fellow and Masonic emblems, finger rings, etc. Some played at games; many were mechanical; some were studious; some debated and wrangled; some sang songs and at times would march in double file round and round our room. A veritable University. To graduate there entitled one to rank high in the school of *versatility of suffering*.

Every morning the dead cart would back up to the door on the water street front and from the basement room our dead were piled in almost nude and coffinless, and carried away to be buried. One half of them in graves marked unknown. Ned McGabee and Tyra Hunt of Co. "E" were so carried away and buried with many others of our 85th boys.

Every morning the "Doctor"—an old colored man formerly body servant of Gen. Black of Penn.—would come in with amonia burning on a tin can, crying "Here's your good smoke,—here's your good smoke." The old Doctor would give us all the news he had gathered, making often this kind of a speech: "'The good Lawd' will come down some of dese days and take dis poor old nigger out of dis, shur—shure". Sure enough after two years or more he was released in some way and afterwards ran a Barber Shop for many years in Pittsburg.

Then another brother of color, not so black, used to bring us the morning papers. As soon as he struck the first floor he could be heard crying out "Here's de morning papers!" "Here's de morning papers!". If the news were bad for us his voice was on a falling inflection, if good news his voice was on the rising scale. The morning after Grant's Gun Boats had run the batteries at Vicksburg, April 1863, he could be heard all over prison shouting in a glory key papers "Great news in de mornin' papers!" "Great news inde mornin' papers!". "Grant's Gun Boats run de batteries at Vicksburg!" That morning he waked us all up and the cheering echoed through every room of that old tobacco warehouse. Then the singing—"My Country 'tis of Thee.,—The Battle Cry of Freedom", and "John Brown" were sung as never before by the thousands there.

PREACHING IN LIBBY.

In the lower room our numbers were increased by the addition of other officers of different ranks from Colonels down until we had about one hundred present for duty. Every Sunday morning decks were cleared and the writer conducted the service and preached while Capt. Buckley of Pittsburg led the singing out of some old books we found there. Many listened and participated while others whittled and others played cards. A cosmopolitan congregation from Maine to Oregon. *Orthodox*—*Heterodox* and no *dox*. One thing we can say they were all present, and there was no running in or out. Among the most devout was Capt. O'Kane, an irishman from Baltimore who, when I bade him good-bye at Annapolis, said: "God bless yez

Captain, yez can say what few preachers in this Country can say that yez preached to the spirits, which were in prison." He meant in purgatory which is next door to hell.

Another devout brother from Pennsylvania was Capt. Blood of a Cavalry regiment,—a lawyer—always attentive. When at the Hotel in Annapolis Md. he got most gloriously drunk and insisted that I should drink with him. On being refused and then insisting again I begged to be excused when he broke out almost as follows: "Come and drink, a fellow has a right to get drunk after he has been in hell as long as we have been. I'm a sort of a Christian when at home, member of the Episcopal Church, I honor a man who stands by his integrity, but this service has sort of warped me." Unfortunately the service had "warped" a good many in the same way.

But we have long since forgiven the old Captain and others for like failings.

I hope to meet the old Captain on the other shore.

Our prison life after all had its compensations and bright side. Our common sufferings made us wondrous kind. On our way there Col. Baird sold his gold watch for several hundred dollars in Confederate money. He loaned much of it to those who were most in need. Handing me twenty dollars, he said: "If we ever get out, Captain, you can pay me back its equivalent in Greenbacks,—if we don't—d---it,—beg your pardon-- we can settle it up on the other side."

That was Baird,—blessings on his memory.

While in Libby, Capt. Nash of Co. "I" became scurvied

and after three or four weeks he was put in the hospital. He was an object of pity. Confinement, the poor fare and the conditions produced this dreadful disease in its worst form. His flesh became lifeless, so that when you pressed your finger upon it a dent would remain, showing that there was little life left. The flesh was cleaving from the bones and the teeth loosened in the sockets. When we left Libby we carried Capt. Nash to the cars in our arms. The hopes of getting home revived him some little; but after a week in a hospital at Annapolis Md. he died, leaving a wife and some small children to mourn his loss. Capt. Caleb Nash was a modest and unassuming man, a faithful and brave officer. His memory will abide.

GETTING OUT.

About midnight preceding May 5th, just two months after our capture, the prison Adjutant came in and called "Attention!" We were soon all awake, and then he said: "All whose names are called will be ready to come out in the morning." While that roll was being called, the handshaking, congratulations and exhibitions of joy exceeded that of any religious revival I ever witnessed. Strong men wept for joy and shook hands round and round.

As the day dawned we were on a train of flat cars crossing long bridge and were soon in the green woods and scenting the flowers as the dew drops sparkled on the grass in the early sunlight. Out of the dingy windows of old Libby we had looked across James River upon the fields and woodlands and longed to be free. Now it was becoming a reality. At Petersburg we were switched onto

the Appomatox R. R. and rounding the curve at City Point we came in sight of "Old Glory", as she waved over the flag of truce boat that was to carry us home. Many of our number had not seen the old flag for many months, and the sight caused a sensation like an electrical shock, beginning at the crown of the head and going out at the toes and finger tips. Such cheering we never expect to hear again. As we were going on the boat, Gen. Willich took off his old hat and saluted the flag of his adopted Country, pausing a few moments gazing upon the old flag, he saluted more gracefully than the first time. Moving up a few steps he stopped and doffing his old hat again he bowed lower than ever as in adoration, and then I forgave him for all his fretfulness and profanity while in prison.

Soon we were enjoying Uncle Sam's full rations of bread, boiled ham and coffee. Steaming out of Hampton Roads into the Chesapeake Bay we were singing "Out on the Ocean all boundless we ride", "Homeward Bound", etc. Before the gangway plank had touched the wharf at Annapolis Md. it was crowded with men who springing ashore, planting both feet on the ground, shouted "In God's Country once more"!

We were marched up to the Quarter Master's Office where we doffed our tattered and old worn out *inhabited clothes*. As they were put in a common heap we felt like saying: "Good-bye My Lover Good-bye". Putting on the new clothes in exchange we were as happy as so many bridegrooms.

All who desired it had a few days leave of absence and

went home on a visit. "Home, Home, Sweet Home" was never before so appreciated.

In the battle of Thompson Station, Lieut. Col. Bloodgood of the 22nd Wisconsin somehow got back with four companies of his regiment. But in a week or two afterward he was captured at Brentwood without firing a gun, by Forests Command.

As Bloodgood was getting away at Thompson Station the 124 Ohio with the wagon train escaped to Franklin. Col. Jordan commanding the cavalry in some unaccountable way also drew back from our flanks and Ayleshires Battery limbered up and deserted us when we were most in need of them. Gen. Van Dorn in his report says:

"The Federal Cavalry with one regiment of infantry after offering some resistance to General Forest, taking their battery and baggage precipitately left the field."

After the infantry were thus left to fight it out, Van Dorn says: "Forest and Armstrong and Gen. Jackson with his entire division charged in the most gallant manner upon the enemy who were strongly posted on the hill from which they had formerly repulsed the Texas Brigade.

After a fierce struggle for the crest of the hill our troops were again driven down it, and with considerable loss.

Here the enemy's successful advance was checked by King's Battery, which with grape and canister drove them back with great slaughter over the hills." "Once more and for the last time, our brave troops, under command of Generals Jackson and Armstrong and Colonel Whitfield, rushed up the now blood-stained eminence, which had been so long and so obstinately contested, and at this time the enemy retired before them,

King's Battery was advanced to the top and opened fire upon the retreating line. General Forest had now gained the enemy's rear and charged when after firing a few volleys, they threw down their arms and surrendered."

Our ammunition was all gone and surrounded as we were, there was no other alternative, so ended our first battle. We append below a report of losses.

CONFEDERATES.

	KILLED		WOUNDED		MISS- ING	TOTAL
	Offic- ers	Enlisted men	Offic- ers	Enlisted men		
Forest's Brigade	1	8	5	53	2	69
Martin's First Division				3		3
Jackson's Second Division	4	20	8	83		115
Whitfield's Brigade	4	19	14	123	9	170
	—	—	—	—	—	—
Grand Total	9	47	27	262	11	337

FEDERALS.

	KILLED			WOUNDED		MISS- ING	TOTAL DIED OF	TO- TAL
	Mort.	Sev.	Slight					
33rd Indiana	17	14	32	37		100	9	109
22nd Wisconsin	7		19			26	16	42
19th Michigan	20	13	42	37	1	113	30	143
85th Indiana	13	6	21	16		56	30	86
9th Penn. Cavalry	1	1		5		7		7
22nd Mich. Cavalry	2		6	5		13		13
	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Total	60	34	120	100	1	315	85	400

The above figures show that this battle was one of the severest of its kind during the war. Leaving out those who died of exposure after the capture, the total casualties on both sides were 672. Of which 116 were killed on the field.

As already noted Franklin was the extreme right of Rosecrans' Army. After the battle of Thompson Station our forces were strengthened and Gen. Granger so posted his troops that when Van Dorn attacked Franklin's on the 10th of April with a force estimated at from ten to eighteen thousand he was repulsed on every side. "Some of the enemy forced themselves through our lines and into Franklin, but they never returned, all being either killed or captured.

Van Dorn had the mistaken idea that the infantry had been removed to Nashville, and that the only force left at Franklin was a small body of cavalry guarding a large collection of commissary and quartermaster stores, that had not at that time been removed. A number of houses in Franklin had been used by the Union Forces as hospitals, and many of the sick who were convalescent barely had time to reach the north side of Harpeth River.

CAPT. WM. T. CRAWFORD'S SICKNESS AND CAPTURE AND
NARROW ESCAPE AT FRANKLIN, TENN. APRIL 7, 1863.

Before our Regiment reached Franklin, Tenn. Capt. Crawford was so sick with typhoid pneumonia that he was unable to walk and Dr. Wilson Hobbs made the Capt. get on his horse and ride until we reached Franklin, Tenn. March 4, 1863. The next day the regiment was ordered to the front and Capt. Crawford got out of his bed and started

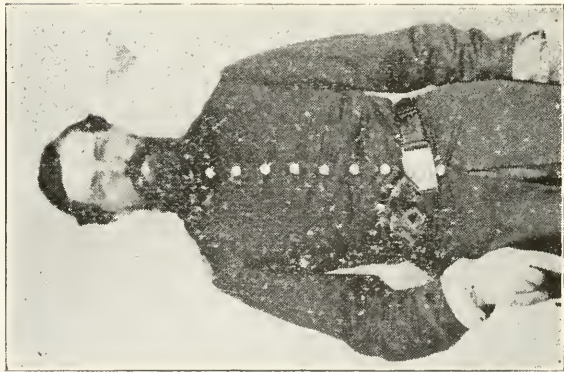
for the regiment but being so sick he could not stand on his feet, he took his bed where he remained until in April 1863. The Doctors despaired of his recovery. And after doing all they could to keep him alive finally Hobbs said to him. "Capt., we have done all we can do for you, and if you have any special word to send back to your wife, we will gladly inform her." Capt. Crawford felt that he was born to see the end of the rebellion and said, "write to my wife, that I am very sick, but will get well and will live to see this rebellion wiped out". Dr. Cliff who had been a physician in the Rebel Army lived in Franklin Tenn. and came to the home of Mrs. Hoffman where the Captain was being treated for the typhoid pneumonia fever and becoming interested in the wellfare of Capt. Crawford gave him some medicine after the other Doctors gave him up, and in a few days the Captain took a turn for the better and was able to get to the fireplace by the aid of a hickory cane which Dr. Cliff had presented him. The next day after the Captain had walked from his bed to the fire-place, Van Dorn's forces made an attack on the Union Forces, then defending the town of Franklin. When the attack began the Captain resolved to get to his command, which was at Fort Granger just east of the town, about one-half mile. He buckled on his sword and started for his command; as the house where he was sick was about half the way between the Union Picket lines, and Fort Granger. When he was about half-way between the town and Fort Granger, about three hundred cavalry horses came dashing through the town towards the Union Fort, about every tenth horse had a rider. In the rear of all these horses, five rebels rode up to Capt.



H. L. TILLOTSON.
Adjutant. Ex.-P. M. Nevada, Mo.
Deceased.



GEO. E. FARRINGTON.
Lt. and Q. M. Secretary Vandahia Line,
Terre Haute.



ABNER FLOYD,
Capt. C. "A." Killed at Thompson's
Station, Marshall, Ind.



WM. S. HERBERT,
Lt. Co. "C." Com. Reg. Chicago.

Crawford and demanded his sword, and with oaths said they would blow out his d---n brains if he did not surrender his sword at once. The Captain said, "Boys, you have got the drop on me and if you must have my sword I will unbuckle it." "Be quick", was the response, and get up behind me", said the leader, "I'll not do it", said the Captain, and with another oath the leader said, "I'll leave you here" —bringing his revolver down to shoot the Captain in the head. That hickory cane given by Dr. Cliff the day before, served as a good protector to Capt. Crawford, for with it he knocked the revolver out of that Rebel leader's hand and at the same instant the Union boys on the other side of Harpeth River, which flows at the base of the hill at Fort Granger, fired a volley at the five Rebels who had surrounded the Captain, shooting the leader through his jaw, and he fell off his horse at the Captain's feet. Another who had his carbine pointed at the Captain's head was shot through his right arm; a third man was shot through the side; a fourth man had his horse shot from under him; and the fifth man threw up his hands and begged our men not to kill him. They hallowed to him to hurry over the pontoon bridge to where the Union men were stationed or they would shoot h——l out of him.

He ran across to the Union forces, and Capt. Caleb Bales ran across the pontoon bridge where Capt. Crawford was, and helped him over to where the Union forces were stationed; as he only weighed 98 lbs., four weeks after this, although improving every day.

He always believed he would live to see the Rebellion crushed out and our National integrity and union of States preserved.

Capt. Crawford is a good Presbyterian and believes in foreordination.

Again on the 4th of June the enemy under Gen. Forest attacked Franklin, but they found the garrison too strong and the fighting was principally skirmishing.

COMPANY D'S RUNNING FIGHT.

Company D with the convalescents were left at Franklin to guard our regimental stores and camp.

Capt. Bales then a Lieutenant was sent up to Brentwood for a few days after Bloodgoods' fiasco. Getting information that he was about to be surrounded by the enemy he started back to Franklin. On the way he was overtaken by the cavalry but he fired into the advance guard and held them in check. But coming up in greater numbers he divided his little force and kept on the inside of the fences on either side of the road. In this way a running fight was kept up until the company was back inside our lines at Franklin.

Capt. Bales deserves great credit for the good sense and pluck with which he managed this little affair. Inflicting a loss upon the enemy he escaped without losing a man. Some three weeks before the other officers were exchanged, Col. Baird in a way peculiar to himself, was exchanged and when we returned he was in command at Franklin.

By the 10th of June the 85th was again back and in line for duty, after being scattered for over three months.

CHAPTER VII.

THE EXECUTION OF WILLIAMS AND PETERS.

(Harpers Weekly, July 4, 1863.)

“We are indebted to Mr. James R. Magie of the 78th Indiana Regiment for the sketch of the execution of the two rebel spies,—Williams and Peters, who were hanged by order of General Rosecrans on the 9th inst. The following account of the affair is from a letter written by Dr. Wilson Hobbs, Senior Surgeon of the 85th Indiana :

Head Quarters Post,

Franklin Tennessee, June 9, 1863.

Last evening about sun-down two strangers, who presented unusual appearances, rode into camp and called at Colonel Baird's Head Quarters. They had on citizen's overcoats, Federal regulation pants and caps. The caps were covered with white flannel havelocks. They wore side arms, and showed high intelligence. One claimed to be a colonel in the United States Army, and called himself Colonel Austin ; the other called himself Major Dunlap, and both representing themselves as Inspector Generals of the United States Army. They represented that they were out on an expedition in this department, inspecting the outposts and defenses, and that day before yesterday they had been overhauled by the enemy and lost their coats and purses. They exhibited official papers from General Rosecrans, and also from the War Department at Washington, confirming their rank and business. These were all right to Colonel Baird, and at first satisfied him of their honesty. They asked the Colonel

to loan them \$50., as they had no coats and no money to buy them. Colonel Baird loaned them the money and took Colonel Austin's note for it. Just at dark they started, saying they were going to Nashville, and took that way. Just as soon as their horse's heads were turned, the thought of their being spies struck Colonel Baird, he says, like a thunderbolt, and he ordered Colonel Watkins of the 6th Kentucky Cavalry, (who was standing by) to arrest them immediately. But they were going at lightning speed. Colonel Watkins had no time to call a guard, and only with his orderly he set out on the chase. He ordered the orderly to unsling his carbine, and if, when he (the Colonel) halted them they showed any suspicious motions, to fire on them without waiting for an order.

They were overtaken about one-third of a mile from here. Colonel Watkins told them that Colonel Baird wanted to make some further inquiries of them, and asked them to return. This they politely consented to do, after some remonstrances on account of the lateness of the hour and the distance they had to travel, and Colonel Watkins led them to his tent, where he placed a strong guard over them. It was not until one of them attempted to pass the guard at the door that they ever suspected they were prisoners. Colonel Watkins immediately brought them to Colonel Baird under strong guard. They at once manifested great uneasiness, and pretended great indignation at being thus treated. Colonel Baird frankly told them that he had his suspicions of their true character and that they should not, if loyal, object to necessary caution. They were very hard to satisfy, and were in a great hurry to get off. Col. Baird

told them that they were under arrest, and he should hold them as prisoners until he was fully satisfied that they were what they purported to be. He immediately telegraphed to General Rosecrans and received the answer that he knew nothing of any such men; that there were no such men in his employ or had his pass. Long before this dispatch was received however every one who had an opportunity of hearing their conversation were well satisfied that they were spies, smart as they were they gave frequent, and distinct evidence of duplicity. After this dispatch came to hand, which it did about 12 o'clock midnight, a search of their persons was ordered, to this the Major consented without opposition, but the Colonel protested against it and even put his hand to his arms, but resistance was useless, and both submitted, when the Major's sword was drawn from the scabbard they found etched upon it these words: "Lieutenant W. G. Peters C. S. A." At this discovery Colonel Baird remarked: "gentlemen, you have played this d----d----well. "Yes", said Lieutenant Peters, and it came near being a perfect success". They then confessed the whole matter and upon further search various papers, showing their guilt, were discovered upon their persons. Lieutenant Peters was found to have on a rebel cap secreted by the white flannel havelock. Colonel Baird immediately telegraphed the facts to General Rosecrans and asked what he should do, in a short time received an order to try them by a drum head Court Martial and if found guilty to hang them immediately.

The Court was convened and before daylight the case

was decided, and the prisoners informed that they must prepare for immediate death by hanging. At daylight men were detailed to make a scaffold. The prisoners were visited by the Chaplain of the 78th Illinois, who upon their request administered the sacrament to them. They also wrote some letters to their friends, and deposited their jewelry, silver cups and other valuables for transmission to their friends. The gallows were constructed by a wild cherry tree not far from the depot, and in a very public place. Two ropes were hung dangling from the beam reaching within 8 ft. of the ground. A little after 9 o'clock A. M. the whole garrison was marshaled around the place of execution in solemn sadness. Two poplar coffins were lying a few feet away. Twenty minutes past nine the guards conducted the prisoners to the scaffold. They walked firm and steadily as if unmindful of the fearful precipice which they were approaching. Guards did them honor to march with arms reversed. Arriving at the place of execution they stepped upon the platform of the cart and took their respective places. The Provost Marshal then tied a new handkerchief over the face of each, and adjusted the ropes. They then asked the privilege of bidding a last farewell, which being granted, they tenderly embraced each other. This being over, the cart moved from under them and they hung in the air. What a fearful penalty! They swung off at 9:30,—in two minutes the Lieutenant ceased to struggle. The Colonel caught hold of the rope with both hands and raised himself up at 3 minutes, and ceased to struggle at five minutes. At six minutes Dr. Forester, surgeon of the 6th Kentucky Cavalry, and Dr. Moss of the 78th Illinois Infantry, and

myself, who had been detailed to examine the bodies approached them, and found the pulse full and strong. At 7 minutes the Colonel shrugged his shoulders. The pulse of each continued to beat 17 minutes, and at 20 minutes all signs of life had ceased. The bodies were cut down at 30 minutes and encoffined in full dress. The Colonel was buried with a gold locket and chain on his neck. The locket contained the protrait and braid of hair of his intendend wife—her protrait was also in his vest pocket—these were buried with him. Both men were buried in the same grave—companions, in life, misfortune, and crime, companions in infamy, and now companions in the grave. I should have stated in another place that the prisoners did not want their punishment delayed; but well-knowing the consequences of their acts, even before their trial, asked to have the sentence, be it by hanging or shooting, quickly decided and executed. But they deprecated the idea of death by hanging, and asked for a commutation of the sentence to shooting.

The elder and leader of these unfortunate men was Lawrence Williams of Georgetown D. C. He was as fine a looking man as I have ever seen, about six feet high, and perhaps 30 yrs. old. He was a son of Captain Williams who was killed at Monterey. He was one of the most intellectual and accomplished men I have ever known. I have never known any one who excelled him as a talker. He was a member of the regular army, with the rank of Captain of Cavalry, when the rebellion broke out, and at that time aid-de-camp and Private Secretary to General Winfield Scott. From this confidence and respect shown him by so disting-

ished a man he owed his education and accomplishments. He was a first cousin of General Lee, commanding the Confederate Army on the Rappahannoc. Soon after the war began he was frank enough to inform General Scott, that all his sympathies were with the South, as his friends and interests were there and that he could not fight against them. As he was privy to all General Scott's plans for the Campaign, it was not thought proper to turn him loose; hence he was sent to Governors Island where he remained three months.

After the first Bull Run battle he was allowed to go South where he joined the Confederate Army, and his subsequent history I have not been able to learn much about. He was awhile on General Bragg's staff as chief of artillery; but at the time of his death was his Inspector General. When he joined the Confederate Army he altered his name and now signs thus "Lawrence W. Orton, Colonel Cavalry P. A. C. S. A." (Provisional Army Confederate States of America). Sometimes he writes his name "Ortan" and sometimes "Anton" according to the object which he had in view.

This we learned from the papers found on him. These facts in relation to the personal history of "Col. Orton" I have gathered from the Colonel himself and from Colonel Watkins who knows him well, they having belonged to the same regiment of the Regular Army, Second U. S. Cavalry.

Colonel Watkins, however, did not recognize Colonel Orton until after he had made himself known and now mourns his apostasy and tragic fate.

The other victim of this delusive and reckless daring was Walter J. Peters, Lieutenant in the Rebel Army and Colonel

Orton's Adjutant. He was a tall handsome young man of about 25 years, that gave many signs of education and refinement. Of his history I have been able to learn nothing. He played but a second part. Colonel Orton was the leader, and did all the talking. Such is a succinct account of one of the most daring enterprises that men ever engaged in. Such were the characters and the men who played the awful tragedy.

History will hardly furnish its parallel in the character and standing of the parties, the boldness and daring of the enterprise and the swiftness with which discovery and punishment were visited upon them. They came into our camp and went all through it, minutely inspecting our position, works, and forces with a portion of their traitorous insignia upon them, and the boldness of their conduct made their flimsy subterfuges almost successful."

COLONEL BAIRD'S ACCOUNT OF THE AFFAIR.

"Brigadier General Garfield: The officers I executed this morning, in my opinion were not ordinary spies and had some mission more important than finding out my situation.

They came near dark, asked no questions about forces, and did not attempt to inspect works and after they confessed, insisted they were not spies in the ordinary sense and that they wanted no information about this place. Said they were going to Canada and something about Europe—not clear. We found upon them a memorandum of commanding officers, and their assistant adjutant generals in Northern States. Though they admitted the justice of the sentence and died like soldiers, they would not disclose their true object.

Their conduct was very singular indeed. I can make nothing out of it."

I am General, &c.,

J. P. BAIRD,

Colonel commanding.

There are some things that cannot be explained between this report and the Harpers Weekly report written by Dr. Wilson Hobbs.

The reader can draw his own conclusions.

CHAPTER VIII.

LAST DAYS AT FRANKLIN.

Our last days at Franklin were spent in daily drills and in strict observance of Revelle, Taps, and routine duties. Our experience in the past three months was not conducive to the best discipline.

One of the peculiar features of our camp life there was the great number of contrabands—all sexes and colors. We had no difficulty in securing servants. The old conditions of slavery were breaking up and a new order of things developing. Our picket duty was heavy. We had to picket the line from the Harpeth River on the North-west, around Franklin on the South to the river on the South-east. And as our force there was small it required heavy details to cover that line of over three miles.

I copy here from a letter home June 22, 1863.

"We are having pretty heavy picketing to do. Ten men from my Company are out today". Again "watching on

picket amid the sparkling lightening bugs and screams of numberless frogs during the doleful nights make one think of home as a paradise." About this time came a heavy rain causing a flood that washed away both bridges across the river, cutting off our Camp from Franklin until a foot bridge was improvised, but our days there were ended.

AT MURFREESBORO.

On Friday afternoon while the battle of Gettysburg was raging and the whole Country was in awful anxiety we marched out of Fort Granger north of Franklin and on Sunday forenoon we went into camp on the South side of Murfreesboro. A large part of "Rosy's" army had been there for months. Not a fence was left in all that region. Everywhere evidences of "wars wide desolation". The stench of old camps, and as we imagined from the old Stone River battle field was almost unendurable. The other regiments of brigade were soon brought together and we spent two months in regimental and brigade drills that proved to be of great benefit. The familiar face and voice of our commander, Colonel Coburn was an inspiration. The officers of the brigade had an opportunity of acquaintance with each other as never before. We were preparing for the future.

CHAPTER IX.

THE TRAGIC TAKING OFF OF CAPT. DILLE 33RD. IND.

From a letter home July 23, 1863. "Since my last the 33rd Ind. has lost one of their Captains in a most tragic manner. While at Guys Gap (15 miles South of here.) the evening before they left for this place he took one of the privates and started for a house about $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile from camp. In a short time after he started they heard the

crack of several fire arms from that direction, but thought nothing of it until late in the night when their suspicions were aroused by neither Captain Dille or private Jones not returning. In the morning they searched for them and found where blood was spattered on the ground not far from the house, they started for, but found nothing of them.

Since the 33rd has come here they have sent one of their Lieutenants to search farther for them. He doffed a rebel suit and feigned himself a rebel officer and passed from one rebel house to another ail over the country and other cavalry took him prisoner but he got away from them. In this manner he succeeded in finding out what they did with the Captain and private. They were both shot and from what I can learn when the lieutenant had found this out he revealed their true character, and some of the guilty parties have 'ere this been hung without judge or jury and several more of those citizen rebels who are charged with complicity with the crime are arrested and will be tried. Thus ends one of the dark deeds of the traitors. Failing to beat our armies they resort to Guerrilla warfare. They waylay and assassinate Union men and soldiers. Yet swift and certain justice will ere long overtake them and they will receive the reward of their fiendish crimes".

I give this incident here to show not only the spirit of rebellion but how closely the 85th and 33rd Indiana were in sympathy.

I copy from history of 33rd Indiana, page 101, the following account of this tragic event.

"The day previous to leaving Guys Gap, Captain Dille and Private L. C. Jones, both of Co. "G", took some chickens

to a house outside of the lines to have them cooked for the next day's march. They did not return. The following day after the regiment moved out, Lieutenant Maze dressed in citizens clothes, with Lieutenant Hollingsworth, and a detail of about forty men in hailing distance, went to the house and pretended to the woman who was the only person about, that he was making his way to the rebel lines and through her learned that Dille and James were killed by a Captain and another man. At first Maze discredited the story. To prove this, she showed him the blood where they had been lying, and then modified the statement by saying that her two sons and a neighbor had killed them. Lieutenant Maze then said "I have got you now" and at a signal the detachment under Hollingsworth rode up.

They then took charge of the woman and all the negroes about the house and in the neighborhood and also the old man who did the shooting. They urged him to tell what they did with Captains Dille and Jones; but they would not. They then hung him up with gun straps, but he would not speak.

They then received orders to go to Murfreesboro where the entire party was placed in jail.

Shortly after the woman took sick and believing that she would die, sent for Maze and Hollingsworth and repeated her statement.

In a short time the regiment moved again to the front, and the disappearance of the two men remained a mystery thereafter, but it was believed that the first statement made by the woman was correct."

CHAPTER X.

GUARDING THE RAIL ROAD.

For many months to follow, the 85th Ind. was kept guarding the Rail Road from Christiana ten miles South of Murfreesboro to Wartrace.

COMPANY "E"

Captain J. E. Brant at Christiana had three episodes worthy of noting. From an old letter Sept. 15, 1863, we excerpt the following:

"Yesterday morning we had some visible evidence of the inhumanity of slavery. A mulatto woman came to us about daylight with a pair of handcuffs on, and her head was cut and the blood had run down her neck besides her face and one eye was terribly burned and bruised and all this because she wanted to go to a Union man's house to work to get money to buy her some clothes. We sent for the key and took off the handcuffs, and her Mistress who gave up the key, confessed that her husband in a rage had done as stated. And had locked her up. She managed to escape by a window and after wandering over rocks and in the woods over night reported to us. In accordance with the Mosaic Scriptures we unloosed the shackles and let her go free. Then sent her to where she wanted to go. This is one among the many, many like inhumanities toward the slaves. But the days of this 'sum of all villianies are about ended'".

THE HANGING OF THREE GUERRILLAS.

On the evening of Sept. 23rd. Lt. Col. Thornburg with about 200 East Tennessee Cavalry came into our picket

lines to Camp. They had four prisoners, one of whom they turned over to the Corporal of the Guard. On the morning when they left they had no prisoners. About 9 o'clock a little girl came to our Quarters and reported three men hanging in the woods near by. Following the child we found the three men hanging by halter straps with their toes touching the ground—dead. We cut them down and layed them in a fence corner, and in the evening some of their friends from six miles East came and claimed their bodies. The prisoner in our hands was grateful for our protection for during the night some of the Cavalry came and wanted to take him out of the Stockade but the Corporal of the Guard refused to give him up without orders. He was sent to Col. Baird at Wartrace and paroled.

CAPTURE OF CO. "E", AT CHRISTIANA.

During the first week at Christiana under direction of Captain Brant a star-shaped wooden stockade was built as a protection against assaults of guerrilla bands. There was a water tank and telegraph office here and just North of the stockade the country road leading down West to the Shelbyville Pike, $\frac{3}{4}$ mile away, crossed the rail road. The ground was flat, and about the little town of a dozen houses were woods excepting to the North and West.

For several days the colored people had been reporting to the Captain that the country was full of guerrillas. Gen. Wheeler had made his celebrated raid; burning up a wagon train in Sequatchie Valley; captured a regiment of our troops at McMinnville; and on the morning of Oct. 5th made a feint on Murfreesboro. We could hear the cannonading. All these facts were reported to Col. Baird and Col. Coburn

and by them to General Granger who ordered Captain Brant to wait until the train from the South would take him off.

In the meantime the rail road to the South was pried up so as to throw the train off the track and in a little while after the telegraph wires were cut.

About that time the rebel Cavalry had made their appearance on the road leading to the Shelbyville Pike. The Captain ordered his men into the stockade and stationed a man near the rail road to watch for artillery. When they were deploying around us, a Lieutenant and a Sergeant were sent in under flag of truce demanding a surrender. The Captain refused saying "we will fight and see about that." About the time we were well surrounded and the firing was going on from the port holes from the inside and rebel bullets were rattling against the stockade outside; the guard came in reporting that they were bringing up artillery. The Captain at once waved a white handkerchief and taking sergeant Gunn met the same Lieutenant and Sergeant and asked if they had Artillery. On being answered they had, the Captain then asked to see the guns, fearing a bluff. Following the Lieutenant to where the country road crossed the rail road he met General Harrison who was commanding this Texan Brigade who saluted him calling him "Captain Brant". The Captain said "I came to ask if you have artillery," and he replied "we have". Then pointing down the road within 200 yards of the stockade to where two twelve pound parrots glistened in the sun-light, but out of sight from the stockade, General Harrison said "do you see them?", and laughed as though he enjoyed what was no joke to us. The Captain said "I hope you will treat my men

as well as possible". The General said "March your men out, Captain,—March your men out". We marched the fifty men out and stacked arms. Had they been without artillery we could have whipped their whole brigade of fifteen hundred. That evening they threatened to hang three of our number in retaliation for the three hung near the stockade and doubtless would have done so had it not been for the man who escaped by the vigilance of our Corporal of the Guard, and who was seen among the rebel forces that evening. A threat being made by some of Harrison's Cavalry, Captain Brant at once sent word to General Wheeler protesting and demanding a Court Martial. Nothing was done. We were marched to Guys Gap some eight miles and after going into Camp about 11 o'clock some Texas officers sent for Capt. Brant, Lieutenants Anderson and Gunn and had them to eat with them out of our own mess kit and our own hard tack, meat and coffee they had taken from us. That was a joke that we enjoyed, for we were very hungry. On the next morning we were paroled and sent back, and only two miles behind them we met the 2nd Ind. Cavalry in hot pursuit, leading the advance of a large force of Cavalry.

In this affair the enemy lost one man mortally and another slightly wounded. We lost our Stockade and Telegraph station and water tank destroyed, and some commissary stores and ammunition. The Lieutenants lost their side arms and overcoats and blankets; the enlisted men their knapsacks, overcoats and blankets. Captain Brant was permitted to keep his pay rolls, sword and side arms for some reason unaccountable.

The Captain was commended by Colonels Baird and Coburn for his courage and good sense in this unfortunate affair.

After being sent back to Murfreesboro then to Louisville, then back to Nashville, the parole was finally decided not to be in accord with the cartel between our Federal and Confederate governments and so we were ordered back to duty, and obeyed save that two men Marvin B. Harris and James E. Railsback deserted on account of this order.

AT FOSTERVILLE.

About Nov. 6th or 7th excepting Co. "B", the 85th was again brought together at Fosterville, where we built very comfortable winter quarters and spent our time drilling and guarding the rail road for two or three miles north and south. The 33rd Ind. being at Christiana where they built quite a strong earthwork. During our stay here we fitted up an old store-room for Church services out of materials taken from an M. E. Church South, in the neighborhood. In this we held a revival that continued for about five weeks resulting in a hundred or more conversions and the organization of a Regimental Church, an organization that resulted in great good morally. Quite a number of the converts were killed or wounded on the Atlanta Campaign.

Lt. Col. Crane having been absent for many weeks on the examining board, for commissions as officers in the colored regiments then being organized,—and Col. Baird having obtained leave of absence about the 16 th of January 1864. Captain Brant was placed in command of the regiment.

CHAPTER XI.

LAVERGNE, TENNESSEE, AND TO THE FRONT.

After enjoying our fine camp at Fosterville nearly two months the regiment moved to Lavergne, Tenn. about Feb. 1st. Here we were refitted with arms and clothing and received a good many recruits.

About April 5th, Col. Baird returned and took command again and on the 20th we started on our long march to the front. We reached Fosterville April 22, Tullahoma the 25th. Crossing the mountains, which is described in the following home letter:

"We left the rail road at Cowen and crossed the mountains by way of University place. We camped one night on the mountains.

The ascent was no small undertaking, being by the windings nearly three miles. The road, rocky and rough. We followed the mountain tableland for nearly twenty miles. There are but few houses, the land is covered with timber, mostly chestnut. The descent was as difficult as the ascent—yesterday, and the day before the road winding and rough. Some places very steep. We camped last night in Sweeden's cave or valley near to the greatest spring I ever saw. Rising up at the mountain base as clear as crystal in a basin some forty or fifty feet across, and runs down the valley in a large stream or creek. Our Camp near this spring was one of the finest we ever had. The scenery was grand."

Our men stood the march well, only one in the ambulance. The mountain air was exhilarating. We reached Bridgeport Alabama April 29th. On the 2nd of May we reached Look-out Valley, having marched twelve days without intermission. I excerpt again from a letter home:

"We are only allowed three teams for the regiment, one hand trunk for the officers, two blankets apiece, one shelter tent apiece and a few cooking utensils". From here we shipped all our surplus baggage home and in a few weeks we had but one wagon to the regiment and had dispensed or thrown away our overcoats and extra blankets. We are in the war and in first class fighting trim."

CHAPTER XII.

ATLANTA CAMPAIGN.

May 4th we are $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles south of Ringold, Ga. and amid the evidences of that most terrific and awful battle in the "valley and shadow of death", Chickamauga. Trees torn and scarred in every direction by cannon and musket shot. Trees $1\frac{1}{2}$ feet in diameter shot clear off. The dead had been covered so thinly that the rains had washed the dirt away until hands and feet were exposed in ghastly manner. Little did we anticipate then what was in store for us.

BATTLE OF RESACA.

Sunday, May 15th, we were in the battle of Resaca, where in the massing of so many troops we were very much divided as a regiment, in having to cross so many lines of battle to get into position. Only a few were in the charge on the fort in a depression of the ground.

Wm. Richardson of Co. "D" was bayoneted inside the rebel works and killed.

The regiment lost one killed and thirty wounded, several mortally.

But Gen. Joe Johnson who commanded the rebels in front of us was outflanked and fell back across the Oustenoula River. At that time we were assured that the enemy had only one "hole" to get out, and that we were stopping that "hole". But Joe Johnson always found the "hole" out.

AT CASSVILLE.

On May 19th the 85th was in line of battle in full expectation of a fearful struggle. I can never forget the peculiar feelings with which we were possessed as we lay in the woods that day. But as we moved out into the open and saw the long lines of battle extending for miles, what a change came over our feelings as we saw that we were but a small part of a mighty army. We were invincible. Gen. Ben. Harrison used this incident in his addresses since the war to illustrate his faith in a providence that permits us to see only a part of God's ways. The God of battles sees all the forces and rules and over-rules them all for his great purposes.

Here Gen. Johnson had his army in line of battle and fully expected to make a stand but Gen. Sherman in his memoirs says that he was over-ruled by Gens. Polk and Hood expressing themselves that their lines of battle were enfiladed by our artillery, and so Joe Johnson hesitated and moved on, and took up his third line beyond the Etowah river and behind the Allatoona hills.

CAPT. FRANK CRAWFORD'S EXPERIENCE AT CASSVILLE.

"Of the many situations that confront the soldier on an active campaign, I think that of advancing under the enemy's picket-fire with the uncertainty of there being any force

behind them, and the probability of any moment being drawn into a general engagement, is the most trying to the individual.

Of such was the situation that confronted our brigade of Sherman's Army in advancing on the little town of Cassville during the Atlanta campaign. The country over which we were to advance was a dry table-land (designated in orders as "The Gravely-Plateau"). It was covered with a scattering growth of timber with very little under-brush to obstruct the view. The trees were hardly enough in growth to cover a skirmisher and I know to a man on horse-back they appeared mere saplings. The advance during the whole day was spasmodic, a hundred yards at a time, one fourth of a mile—and one half of a mile and between long waits without the relief of a place to rest. The incessant pop, pop of the skirmishers, sometimes in sight, and then far in advance, would be occasionally varied by a sharp rattle of infantry-fire, either to our right or left and then the boom of a field-gun at still farther distance kept ones nerves on a constant strain, that fatigued, not only the mind, but every muscle of the body.

Late in the afternoon, we had halted on a ridge which we called Seminary Ridge, on account of a brick school house which stood on the road. In advance one half or three quarters of a mile was another ridge and in the valley between them was the village of Cassville. Considerable firing was being kept up by our skirmishers and the enemy, who seemed to have made a stand on the ridge beyond the town, but at long range and harmless.

It was here that an incident occurred which illustrates the mental strain we had been under all day. While riding up the road to the school house, I met a man of my own regiment, whom I knew to be a good soldier, and a brave man, and whom I had seen active on the skirmish-line all day. He was coming back from the Front and shaking all over like a person with the ague. I called him by name and asked him, "why, have you been hit?" He put his hand on the shoulder of my horse and looked up with tears in his eyes and said, "no, but I'm just scared to death, can't I go back?" I gave him some message as an excuse back to the wagon-train. Next day he was in front and all right, as ever.

Just at dusk an order came for us to occupy the town and there being no troops of ours in sight on either flank, our Brigade Commander decided to push forward two regiments, and hold the other two on the ridge, which was done, by a dash across the open space and into the shelter of the houses of the town calling out a few ineffectual shots from the enemy on the hill beyond. The village was rather a long town, built on three streets running parallel with the ridges and in the centre was a stone Court-house the only stone or brick building there. Behind this the General and his Staff took quarters and so close were we to the enemy that we could hear them digging and throwing up intrenchments, hear them placing cannon in position, and an occasional command given. To caution our men to keep silence was unnecessary. They knew the situation: that we were far in advance of our right and left connections, if indeed we had any; that we were within 150 or 100 yards of the enemy's entrenched line of artillery, with no protection

save small wooden buildings, more dangerous, perhaps, than the open field. And thus the suspense of the day was being prolonged into the night and intensified.

Along about midnight or after, all sounds ceased and darkness and the most absolute silence hung like an inevitable pall over us. About 3 A. M. I went under orders to find Division Head Quarters or some one to whom to report the situation, and fortunately struck General Thomas' Head Quarters, who informed me that if they had not gone they would before morning or if not, the flanking Corps "would have them in a tight place". He then gave me orders to General Coburn to have the town searched and ascertain what troops had been there or had passed through. On getting back to the Court-house I was instructed to search the houses for any one who could give information. Up to this time not a man, woman or child had been seen, nor a dog, not even a cat. So calling a couple of men I set out on a tour of Burglary, and indeed, I did feel something like a burglar as we went prowling through rooms and climbing stairs, by the light of a match shaded in the hand. Some of the houses we found unlocked and all showed signs of hasty departure. Some had evidently made hasty selections of articles to be carried away, indicated by open drawers and things scattered about on the floors. Others had fled evidently upon the first alarm, as in one house we found a full coffee pot and only part of the cups filled, some plates filled and others empty, a few chairs overturned and the door open, showing how the horrors of war had come like an earthquake shock.

Our search through the town was fruitless, and having reached the last house on the south end and found nothing in it, we were about to give up the search, when one of my men called to me that he had heard voices. Going around we found a slanting door covering the entrance to a cellar, I believe the only one in the town) throwing this open, I demanded if there was any one there, whereupon there was some exclamations of either terror or relief with one or two cries from children, and then there came pouring up into the gray of morning (which by this time was quite visible) some 15 or 20 women, girls and children who had spent the long and miserable night cooped up in this small space, dreading the coming of day, for they knew the "Rebs" intended to fight here. They all looked wan, terror stricken and speechless, until one elderly woman asked me if they would be harmed and began begging protection. Just then I heard a shout from the front and then another followed by a general cheer and I at once knew that another last ditch had been abandoned. I assured them that there would be no battle over the town and that the safest place would be at their homes, upon which they all began to talk at once and shake off the evidences of their long vigil in the cellar."

CHAPTER XIII.

FORWARD TO DALLAS.

On the 24th of May we crossed the Etowah River and were prepared for twenty days more of rapid campaigning.

On Wednesday morning May 25th, we moved on over hills and hollows and in thick woods, and by four or five o'clock we came to the scene of the cannonading and musketry. One hundred had been killed and wounded in the first division.

"Our division, the 3rd, was immediately placed in position and moved on through the dense woods, in line of battle. About sun-down we encountered the enemy, who poured deadly volleys into the regiment in advance. Our boys, however, moved on and gave volley for volley, driving the enemy before them. The fighting was as fierce as any we have been in hearing of during this campaign.

Night ended the conflict, leaving us the vantage ground. Our losses were severe, as the enemy lay in the brush until our columns were well up. They used their artillery with deadly effect. Our regiment was in the third line, but we lost six wounded. Night set in and it commenced raining and the thick darkness of that quiet but doleful night, in Dallas woods, will not soon be forgotten.

About three o'clock we moved up to the front line and relieved a regiment that during the night had thrown up some breastworks within two or three hundred yards of the enemy."

During the next day the skirmishing went on almost continuously. Our regiment lost one killed and ten wounded, Corporal Tom Files among the number. On Thursday night we were relieved and moved farther to the right.

During Wednesday night, Col. Baird started in the darkness to find a way out. He was halted by a rebel picket. Col. Baird asked "who are you?," and the Johnny replied—

"Mississippi Regiment". Col. Baird coolly said in reply, "I am officer of the guard", and not waiting any longer made his way back to the regiment. A narrow escape.

On the night of June 1st, we rested out of range of bullets, the first time for over a week. Yet strange to say we had only lost 17 killed and wounded in our regiment.

We were becoming skilled in the art of building breast-works. Since leaving Lookout Valley we had lost in all 48 killed and wounded. Many, however, had fallen sick. In Co. "E" out of 76 on our roll, 49 were in line for duty and in the same proportion we ought to have had in the regiment about 490 men in line.

CHAPTER XIV.

LOOK OUT MOUNTAIN HOSPITAL.

On June 6th, the writer who had been suffering with camp diarrhea for four weeks, was sent to Third Division field hospital near Ackworth and then to Look Out Mountain so had but little personal knowledge of the regiment until his return five weeks afterward.

A FALSE REPORT.

While on Look Out mountain, I heard that Lt. Col. Crane was killed and in a letter made this entry: "but I think it is not so. I pray not for our regiment could ill-afford to lose so good an officer as Col. Crane. He has few equals anywhere, I think, in this army. "Here in the hospital on every side are wounded in every conceivable way, some with

limbs off. Just across the hall is a young Lieutenant with his right hand off and with his left he is nursing the stump very good naturedly. In the next room is an old Kentucky Captain badly wounded in the leg, sitting up in bed. Looks badly but is cheerful, and reads his testament. It is wonderful how patient these wounded heroes bear their sufferings."

However, the most tiresome and monotonous place in the army is a hospital and I was happy to give place to another, July 4th, and after 6 days reached the regiment near Big Shanty, having missed the Kenisaw Mountain Campaign and the *Battle at Culps Farm*. Here on the 22nd of June the 85th was under an enfilading fire from artillery, but the men behaved in a cool and heroic manner. Suffering a loss of quite a number severely and slightly wounded. On the evening of the 29th, the regiment was again engaged in a sharp skirmish losing quite a number. Here under the shadow of Kenisaw Mountain, Lieutenant Mortimer Denny of Co. "G" was mortally wounded. In him we lost one of our most gentlemanly and bravest officers. He dreams of battle fields no more.

Outflanked again, Gen. Joe Johnson has fallen back from his strong position about Marietta and is now across the Chatahoochee River, and on the 13th of July we are encamped on the north bank of the river.

Here our boys are hailing the enemy—"Hello Johnnie, how are you?" and the answer, "Hello Yank, how are you?" A truce is agreed upon and "Yank" and "Johnnie" go in swimming on opposite sides of the river. They exchange coffee for tobacco and have free trade at least. This busi-



HENRY R. INGRAHAM.
1st Lt. Co. "A," Deceased. Tuscola,
Ills.



ANDREW M. McCLURE.
Lt. C. "A." Deceased. Annapolis, Ind.



W. T. PATTON.

Co. "A." Sergt.-Major. Rockville, Ind.



DAVID W. FINNEY.
Co. "A." Ex.-Lieut. Gov., Kansas.
Neosho Falls, Kas.

ness was of short duration as officers in both armies forbade it.

RESIGNATION OF COL. BAIRD AND CAPT. DAVIS.

JUNE 16th, Col. Baird and Capt. Davis resigned and we regretfully parted with them.

Col. John P. Baird had his besetting sins but aside from these he was much admired by the regiment. Exceedingly shrewd and tactful, brave and generous to a fault. We were proud of him. He was one of the handsomest officers in our army, in every way, and brilliant. He might have been a Major General. The last time I saw him he was in the Insane Asylum at Indianapolis. His raven black hair and beard had turned white. He explained to me his mental trouble. His memory was gone. He could not call up the past at the bidding of his will. In a few months after this in the fall of 1875 he joined the silent majority. General Cruft his old law partner told me that the hanging of the spies at Franklin preyed upon his mind and probably accounted in part for his mental trouble.

CHAPTER XV.

ACROSS THE CHATAHOOCHEE.

Sunday July 17th, we crossed the Chatahoochee River and during the 18th and 19th we camped in the woods or moved through the woods, in part, we think to conceal our movements.

BATTLE OF PEACH TREE CREEK.

The following is Col. Crane's official report from July 17th covering the part the 85th took in that battle.

REPORT OF ACTION AND CASUALTIES OF 85TH INDIANA
INFANTRY, FROM JULY 17TH, TO 27TH, 1864.

The regiment on the afternoon of July 17th, 1864, with balance of brigade broke camp on the North side of the Chatahoochee and marched to River and crossed at Pace's Ferry; went into Camp with brigade about eleven P. M. that night. The next morning it moved with the brigade about 11 A. M. slowly, sometimes marching by the flank and sometimes in mass through the wood, thus pushing on until about 7 o'clock P. M., when, upon the right of the Buckhead road in the woods, it was placed in line to the right of and retired from the 19th Michigan. We remained there with the brigade during all of July 19th. Had orders to March at day break, July 20th, but marched with brigade about 7 A. M. After marching forward through the woods with delays, the regiment with the brigade massed in a cornfield near Peach Tree Creek about 11 A. M.; remained there until about 12 M, when the brigade moved to the right through the cornfield under rebel skirmish fires, and formed to the right of 3rd brigade in line of battle, the 85th being on the right of the 33rd Indiana, with the 129th Illinois of the 1st Brigade upon its right. The line remained thus until about 3 P. M. The line being on the south side of an open piece of level ground and in front of the 85th Indiana, was a small rise covered with undergrowth of pines, and then another similar slope; then a deep ravine full of tangled woods and brush; this ravine was some 350 yards from

where the line was formed. There was a steep bank of about 30 feet to the ravine; then beyond the bank of the ravine, rising ground for some 200 yards, to a road running East and West nearly; this ground being covered in part with sassafras brush and partly open. About 3 o'clock, the pickets being fired upon sharply, and a report that the enemy were charging us, Col. Coburn, commanding brigade, ordered the brigade to fall in and move forward to the top of first slope and halt, which was done; and just as it halted, Lt. Crawford, A. A. A. G. of the brigade, who was near the left of the regiment, motioned me to go forward. I moved the regiment to the next slope, halted again, from a command from the left, a moment; Lt. Crawford again motioned me forward, he being where he could see the 33rd Indiana, which was in the woods and covered from my view. I moved forward, and just as the regiment was descending the ravine, the enemy could be seen upon the slope beyond at the road. The enemy's fire at this point became very severe. I urged the regiment through the ravine, which was difficult to pass, and up the opposite bank. The regiment reached the position just in time to meet the enemy. Here the regiment entered the fight in earnest and, under cover of the bank, poured a deadly fire into the enemy, who had charged to within fifty feet of the regiment. The enemy seemed to be in a large unorganized mass pushing forward, and were evidently surprised to find our line at that point.

The fight continued about twenty minutes at this point, when the enemy broke and fled.

The regiment then charged up the road and there it remained fighting until dark; mingled with it was the 19th

Michigan which, being in the rear of my regiment, had joined in with it; and also, as the lines shortened with the 33rd Indiana. The enemy charged once or twice, or attempted to, after we reached the road. The loss of the enemy was very great in front of the 85th. At dark I drew the regiment back and built breastworks upon the second line, some forty feet behind the first line. My line officers all did their whole duty and acted with bravery. I cannot mention any by name without complimenting all. The men all stood to the work, shot coolly and effectively, and fought with unyielding stubbornness and courage. Adj. Tillotson, by his coolness and earnestness, assisted me very much, and I am under great obligations to him. I also take pleasure in thus openly speaking of Lt. F. C. Crawford, A. A. A. G. of the brigade for his assistance. He saw fit to fight with my regiment and by his gallantry, coolness and judgment, rendered me great aid, especially in urging forward the regiment to the bank of the ravine where we met the enemy and were so well covered as to lose but very few men, yet poured a deadly fire into them at less than fifty feet.

Thomas J. Williamson, private Co. A. picked up a rebel flag about 100 yards in front of where the regiment fought, when charging with his Company and regiment towards the road. He waived it over his head, threw it down, and went on with his Company and when asked why he did not keep it, said he could not fire his gun and hold it, and thought it more necessary to shoot. The flag was secured by a member of some other regiment, perhaps a straggler.

July 21st the regiment remained in the same position; 22nd July, moved forward with brigade on road towards

Atlanta until about 10 A. M., when the regiment was placed in line upon the hill to left of first brigade, and the right of 22nd Wisconsin, and built works under shelling fire at intervals from the enemy. The regiment remained there until the evening of the 26th July, when it moved with the brigade in rear of the 2nd Division, 20th Corps, where it now is.

I append a list of casualties during the time covered, being

July 20,	3 killed.
19,	1 wounded.
" 20,	32 "
" 22,	2 "
" 20,	3 missing.

Respectfully etc.,

(Signed) A. B. CRANE,

Lt. Col. Commanding, etc.

In this movement on Atlanta the 4th Corps, General Howard commanding, had taken position to the right of General Scofield, and the 14th Corps, General Palmer commanding, had got into position further to the right. Peach Tree Creek was a deep creek with steep banks and the 20th Corps had great difficulty in crossing. General Hood observing this gap in our line moved Stewart's and Hardie's Corps, aiming to divide our army and beat us in detail. And as it happened, our 3rd Division (General Ward's) played an important part in preventing this movement on the part of the enemy.

Col. Coburn always wide awake was as usual alert. The 22 Wisconsin was picketing for the 2nd Brigade. Private Henry Crist of the 33rd Ind. was out on the front picking

blackberries and seeing the enemy coming in overwhelming force reported to Colonel Coburn, who reported to General Ward and asked permission to move his brigade forward to a better position. Colonel Ben Harrison was also urged by Coburn to move his first brigade forward. I never shall forget Colonel Coburn's voice as it rang out "forward 2nd Brigade". The 85th was then in the open moving by the right flank. Colonel Crane called 85th "halt, "front" and "forward march". In the niche of time we were in our place under cover of a small ridge and just as the enemy ascended the ridge beyond us we opened upon them in easy range. Soon their line began to waver. They were in confusion. Then our line charged as if moved by a common impulse. Some of the Confederates rushed right through our charging lines and surrendered. Others were overtaken. Many swords and arms were captured. We remembered Thompson's Station and were even. The 85th, lost 40 killed and wounded. Among the number were two of our best men, Sergeant Purcell, Co. C., and Sergeant, Ault, Co. K. Our loss according to Sherman's memoirs was 1500 killed and wounded. The enemy lost over 4000. Four hundred were left dead on the field. On our 2nd Brigade front we buried 53 in one trench.

As ever Col. Crane won laurels by his calm manner and undaunted courage. The same may be said of the whole regiment. Much is said now of members of that grand army saving our Country. And if the 85th or any company had been false there, our army might have been beaten and our long dreadful struggle would have failed. So it may be it said by each one *that fateful day*, "I saved the day".

Too much credit cannot be given to Col. Coburn foremost of all; that day and next to him, Col. Harrison. By their gallant conduct there, they each won a star, and a Brigadier's Commission.

On that evening we built breast-works on the ridge in zigzag form like a worm fence so as to give us an enfilading fire in case of attack. Thirty-six years after this, July 20, 1900, Col. Crane and myself stood in those old trenches. Time had not erased them, although pine trees a foot in diameter had grown up on that open field since that battle. We could scarcely have recognized the place had it not been for some Confederate soldiers who pointed out to us the lines of battle.

Gen. A. P. Stewart who commanded the left wing of the Confederate forces that day, said "I cant tell anything about it, after so many years".

CHAPTER XVI.

LAST DAYS OF ATLANTA CAMPAIGN AND DARK DAYS.

From July 20th up to the capture of Atlanta we occupied different positions on the line as we moved nearer the City. About this time we were passing through the darkest period of the war. The copperheads at home were rampant. The Democratic Convention had met in Chicago and declared the war a failure, and nominated Gen. McClellan for President. While our "cracker line" as we called it was well up and we had plenty to eat, yet we were far from Nāshville. Gens. Forest and Wheeler were busy raiding our rear, de-

stroying our lines of railroad, etc. The prospect was not cheering. Enemies fortified on our front and attacked in rear and mutterings of discontent everywhere. Those days were dark and dreary and into our soldier life more than our share of rain was falling. But we fought on in good cheer. The prize was in sight. We could climb the trees and look into the City of Atlanta. Sharp shooters plied their fiendish work. Miles Radcliff of Co. "A" Aug. 15, was killed by one while cooking his dinner and a few days afterward Wesley Brown of Co. "D" was killed while carrying coffee from the rear to the front. There was scarcely room for a skirmish line between the breastworks of our own and that of the enemy.

CAPTAIN BRANT IN COMMAND.

On the 9th of August, Col. Crane left on leave of absence and Captain Brant was again put in command of the 85th. Aug. 24th, writing home I quote "We are still here in the trenches and all quiet on the front, but this is not the case all along the line. Just up yonder on the railroad to our left Sherman's clock as the boys call it keeps its regular time of throwing 32 pound shells into Atlanta. About every twenty minutes it makes the ground tremble by its terrible click, and away goes a shell hissing and whizzing through the air like a locomotive letting off steam. While I write, that clock keeps striking, and my nerves quake although I have heard it for two weeks. This is what we call 'all quiet on the front'. Down yonder about one-half mile to the right is another irregular clock that throws either 40 or 64 pound balls, sending terrific and thunderous messages.

Then away off almost out of hearing are other guns of various caliber that mingle in the dim, and occasionally varies the 'Quiet on the front'. Then just wait awhile and the rebs with their big guns from their forts over yonder let in, and show us that we havn't all the cannon on our side. As yet they have not favored us with their 'Camp Kettles' as the boys call them; but I can hear them as far as they go to the right of us plunging ahead at a 'yelling and demon-like rate'. Such were the conditions as we were engaged in that death struggle, when the Union hung in a doubtful scale.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

"I must not omit to tell you of my narrow escape. The rebs were shelling us yesterday and a piece of shell passed into our tent, tearing a hole through an oil blanket and passing clear through the tent. If I had been sitting where I was before going out it would have no doubt hit me. I think about it and wonder why I was prompted to leave that spot when I did. Was it a providence or a coincidence? Tillotson, Miles and old Sergeant Major Wells were in the tent at the time".

CHAPTER XVII.

SURRENDER OF ATLANTA.

On the night of the 24th of August the 20th Corps, Gen. Slocumb commanding, quietly drew out of our line of works, doing so, so noiselessly that the enemy did not discover our absence until after daylight the next day. Our third divis-

ion fell back to Turler's Ferry where the enemy followed us the next day and skirmished with us to find out our position. According to habit we had laid off a line of works and were well entrenched. In the meantime all the other Corps of Sherman's army moved also, throwing themselves across the Macon R. R. at Lovejoy and Jonesboro, where the last struggle for the possession of Atlanta took place. The enemy was defeated at every point and had no other alternative only to evacuate the City. During the night we heard the explosions in the direction of Atlanta which proved to be the blowing up of magazines and machine shops and forts about the City.

On the morning of Sept. 1st, Colonel Coburn with about nine hundred men moved up into the City, receiving the surrender from the Mayor. Lieut. Gunn Co. "E" 85th, was among the first to get into the City. In the excitement incident to the march and in the intense heat he was overcome and suffered a sun-stroke.

Just two years after our muster in at Camp Dick Thompson, Atlanta fell. On the 19th of April we left Lavergne, Tenn. and on May 4th we left Ringold, Ga. for the campaign. For 120 days we were on the fighting line and 96 days of that time we were either under fire or within hearing of the boom of cannon or rattle of musketry. Not a day without rations. General Hooker sustained his reputation as a good feeder and a good fighter.

The 85th left Lavergne with 650 men and got into Atlanta with 318. We lost in killed and wounded 127. Colonel Coburn in his report puts our loss at 11 killed and 108 wounded. It is enough to know that our regiment suffered her

share of losses in this long and bloody campaign. The regiment never failed to do her part or to obey orders a single time and never gave back an inch in any emergency. Other regiments suffered greater losses but it must be considered that they outnumbered the 85th in number of men.

"Atlanta was ours and fairly won", and every man in the regiment felt taller and prouder on the 3rd of September when we marched into the City as an organization. "All hail to all the heroes of Sherman!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE OCCUPATION OF ATLANTA.

After several changes the 85th finally settled down into good quarters about one half mile South-east of the City and behind the old Hood breastworks. Here we were re-equipped and re clothed for the greater things in store for us.

On the 20th of September by reason of expiration of term of service, Col. John Coburn, who had commanded our brigade for nearly two years bade us good-bye. In his farewell address he said: "We have been associated as a brigade almost two years. We have borne in that time all the burdens and endured all the trials and hardships of war together. This experience has made us friends—such friends as only suffering and toil together can make. In that time you have shared an eventful part in the great struggle of the age. In Kentucky, Tennessee and Georgia you have nobly illustrated the history of your own states of Indiana, Michigan, and Wisconsin. That history cannot be

written without a record of your calm patience disciplined courage, and heroic daring. The bloody and desperate battle at Thompson Station and the successful fights at Franklin in Tennessee gave early proof of your valor. While in the past campaign at Resaca, Cassville, New Hope Church, Culps Farm, Peach Tree Creek and Atlanta you have in the front of the fight, borne straight onward your victorious banner. At Resaca your flags were the first to wave over the enemy's ramparts, at New Hope Church the fury of your onset redeemed the day's disaster, at Peach Tree Creek your charge rivaled the most famous feats of arms in the annals of war, and at Atlanta your ranks were the first to climb the works of the enemy and take possession of that renowned City."

During the reading of these words of farewell many were the tears shed by the brave men who had been so long together and who parted never to meet again. Of our brigade commander it can be truly said "well done good and faithful servant".

On the 24th of August the resignation of Lieut. Hoke of Co. "H" was accepted on account of the affliction of his wife. We regretted to part with Lieut. Hoke very much for he was one of our best line officers.

Oct. 16 to 18 the regiment was on a foraging expedition east of the City about twenty miles, securing a good supply of corn and roughness for the horses and some sweet potatoes for the men.

Again on the 24th to 26th about 900 men from the brigade under Major J. E. Brant, with brigade Head Quarters, was sent out with Gen. Geary in command of about 3000

men and 900 wagons. After scouring the country about Stone Mountain thoroughly we secured a pretty good supply for the command without losing a man. In this expedition the brigade had charge of 250 wagons and did her full share of the work of the expedition. The 85th as usual doing her part faithfully, Capt. Sherman of Co. "A" being in command of the regiment.

On the night of the 5th of November some bushwackers attacked our brigade pickets killing one man of the 33rd Ind. and scaring all out of bed and into line. Again on the morning of Nov. 10th about dawn of day, a small command of Georgia Militia with some four pound guns pushed up to a little beyond the picket line and threw some shells over and into the regiment doing no damage except causing considerable direct swearing and some by proxy. Ask the acting chaplain and he can tell how that came about.

It was said that the Major's darky ran in utter dismay from one stump to another every time a shell would whistle by: and finally he broke out "My lawd I believe dey knows whar I is!".

Nov. 10th, Col. Crane who had been promoted to full Colonel returned after an absence of three months.

In the meantime Hood had been driven from our cracker line and had gone glimmering away off into Northern Alabama, and out of our way with General Thomas to take care of him. General H. B. Slocum has been put in command of our Army of Georgia. Gen. A. S. Williams has come to command the 20th A. C. and Col. Daniel Dustin of the 105th Ill. takes command of our 2nd Brigade. The grape vine telegraph is busy. We are going somewhere and the grape-vine whispers "probably to Savannah".

CHAPTER XIV.

In the history of wars there is not a parallel given of an Army 65,000 strong cutting loose from all communications and going through an enemy's country for nearly 300 miles: as did this army. For three days prior to our starting we were practically out of the world so far as mail facilities were concerned. Everywhere we were busy getting ready and gossiping as to our destination. Of one thing we were all sure that "Uncle Billy" knew what he was about. Every man had sublime confidence in General Sherman. On Tuesday November 15th, at noon, the 85th pulled out to take her part in the great march. We left Atlanta largely in flames, and long into the night the heavens reflected the glare of the consuming fires. Our object in this was to so destroy the City that it would or could not be restored as a center of supplies to the Confederates for many months. The work was effectually done.

The sickly monotony of camp life was broken, all the sick ones had been sent back and the 85th went out of Atlanta with a few more men than we had when we went in. But every man was in a state of exhilaration. We started with four men in the ambulance. In four days every man was marching. On the second day we were getting forage and fresh meats but the third day out we were in a country where the "sweet potatoes even started from the ground."

"Thursday, Nov. 17th, weather pleasant, march very tedious. Did not get into camp until 3 o'clock in the night. Slept about two hours. On the 18th we passed through Social Circle and Rutledge. Fine country. Helped destroy Augusta R. R. Forage abundant. Thousands of bushels of sweet potatoes passed by untouched. Many of the citizens seemed glad to see the Yankees.

On the 19th, we marched through the beautiful town of Madison, bands playing Hail Columbia. Private property was respected but the depot and all R. R. property destroyed. Moved South on the Milledgeville road four miles and went into camp. Four days out and we are 80 miles from Atlanta, 100 miles from Augusta and 40 miles from Milledgeville. Men had plenty of sweet potatoes, fresh pork, mutton, ducks, chickens and sorghum molasses for supper. All in fine humor at the expense of the Confederacy.

We had good wagon trains, loaded with ammunition and supplies. Twenty days rations of hard tack. Forty days of coffee and sugar. A double portion of salt for forty days. Beef cattle for as long, and three days of forage. We were now adding to our ample supplies and were doing the most humane work of the war. Killing no body, but an occasional cavalryman and eating out the very foundations of the Confederacy. Sherman writing to Q. M. Gen. Mergs at the beginning of the Atlanta Campaign had said—"Soldiering, as we have done for the past two years with such trains and impediments is a farce, and nothing but absolute poverty will cure it. I will be glad to hear Uncle Sam say, "We cannot afford to do this, and that—you must gather your own grub and wagons, and bivouac and fight, not for pay, but for existence." I think that period is not far distant." As we see the fine carriages as well as farm wagons driven into our camp loaded down, we are doing that thing now.

This is a fine country and our old broken down mules are given a rest and many an old 'Confed' could hear the cry 'Here's your mule' but he was not allowed to take him back. Among the inhabitants of Georgia none were so happy over

our coming as the negroes. As they crowded upon our way and looked up and down the long lines of marching soldiers. They could be heard 'My Lawd whar do you all come from? Upon being told that we were only a very small part of the great numbers in the North, their astonishment would give way in the expression 'My Lawd neber seed de like before!'

On Sunday 20th, regiment guarding 50 wagons. Country hilly. Had to push wagons in order to get them up. Marching tedious. Made 15 miles, got into camp at dusk. Monday passed through Edenton, a lovely little town. Weather cold and chilly.

Tuesday, Nov. 22nd, ice half an inch thick, wind blowing a gale from the North. Did not leave camp until sundown. passed the day around camp fires. Delayed by the corps and train crossing Little River on a pontoon. Brigade in rear of the Corps and after crossing had to wait until pontoon was taken up. Got into Milledgeville about 3 o'clock in the morning. Some of the men did not get in until morning, but all were in a happy mood over the occupancy of the capital of Georgia.

The 23rd of November we spent in the town. Enough Yanks to run a mock session of the Legislature, organized a session that day. Elected a speaker of the House, Col. Robinscn, and a President of the Senate and passed an act repealing the ordinance of secession.

Poor old Governor Brown of Pike and Pitchfork fame had run away nor paused at the order of his going; the day before Sherman's bummers entered the City. I got Gibbon's famous fifth volume of the History of the "Decline and fall of the Roman Empire" from the books thrown out of the Library. That book, especially the 15th chapter afforded Col. Crane and myself ground for debate the rest of that famous march. Here the Colonel got his fine negro servant, "John", who by our help at Head Quarters learned to spell and read as he lay by the log fires by night and while resting on the way. John was one among a thousand who made good use of his time and freedom. Here also came to us "Byron Ross" another mulatto fellow who proved himself a good man, and came home with us and afterward married in the colored settlement about Cloverland; Clay County, Indiana. In this section of country in Georgia we also secured many fine mules and blooded horses. These people had a taste of war in the worst form. We were not only a conquering but a consuming army.

Thursday Nov. 24th, moved on. Men and animals well rested. The roads were horrible.

A YANKEE'S OPINION.

"This is the darndest country I have ever seen—there is treason in the people and treachery in the soil," said a comrade of the 22nd Wisconsin.

After we had worked on roads and marched all day and made 8 miles, we stopped for supper. Moved on about dusk and were so delayed by swamps that we did not get into camp until 3:30 o'clock in the morning. Many of the men went to sleep by the way. Distance covered about 13 miles. Weather clear and nights frosty.

Nov. 25th, marched at 7:30 A. M. We went 9 miles and then into camp near Buffalo Creek, at 2 P. M. A small part of the enemy having burned the bridge across this creek we had to wait until a Pontoon bridge was laid. Soil sandy and marshy. Forage plenty and men and animals faring sumptuously. We are now in 'Peanut land' and we not only had them by the peck but by the bushels.

The roads were good and we made the distance to Sandersville, 10 miles, in 3 hours, only resting once. Here we threw out heavy pickets and in the morning skirmished with Wheeler's Cavalry, driving them through the town.

Sunday, Nov. 27th, weather delightful. Our foragers or "Sherman's Bummers" were becoming adepts in the art of foraging. They were on every road all over the country and enveloped the main army like a curtain and it could not be told in which direction we were moving, whether on to Macon, Augusta or Savannah. We were living off the fat of the land. Here we moved South and crossed the Macon and Savannah R. R., made 16 miles that day. All in fine health and spirits. It was somewhere along here that an old Southern lady made the remark: "The Almighty must be

on your's side for I never seed such weather in this month in thirty year, since I have lived heal."

Monday, Nov. 28th, weather delightful. Roads best traveled over. Moved 10 to 12 miles and went into camp about noon, on the banks of the Ogeechee River, where we saw for the first time palm leaves and cypress trees. We had an impression that here the enemy would make a stand, but the 3rd. Div. 14th A. C., came down on the opposite bank in time to set them going before we could come up. Here we stayed all day and after about all our Corps had crossed the Ogeechee River we crossed at 9 in the night and went into camp. We think of it now in wonder how thoroughly we were equipped for that march. Burning only delayed us a few hours. Our Pontoons were soon laid and on our floating bridge we soon crossed over. The facility in crossing this country of many rivers and insufficient roads was one of the hardest blows inflicted on the Confederates. If Sherman's Army could march through the heart of Georgia so readily; that Army could go almost anywhere in Dixie. "Resistance was in vain as we went marching through Georgia."

Nov. 30th, weather pleasant. Heat oppressive. Remained in camp all day. Moved at 8 P. M. Crossed Rocky Comfort Creek, and passed through Louisville. Two hours were occupied in crossing the swamp, of Dry Creek. The fog was so dense that fire could not be seen further than ten rods. It was here that we fished poor Greenburg of Co. "I" out of the bog into which he had fallen and would have died in a little while had he not been helped out. Poor fellow, our only Jew, I can see him now as he lay help-

less, appealing for help in that awful deep gully. Men waded that night in mud knee deep. We moved in single file. This place reminded me of Bunyan's picture of the Valley and Shadow of Death. We got into camp at 1 P. M.

Such were the vicissitudes of one day with Sherman's Army. It sounds poetic now to sing:

"Bring the good old bugle boys,
And sing another song,
Sing it as we used to sing it,
Sixty thousand strong.

As we went marching through Georgia."

But such days or rather nights of marching in the swamps of Georgia were not very poetic.

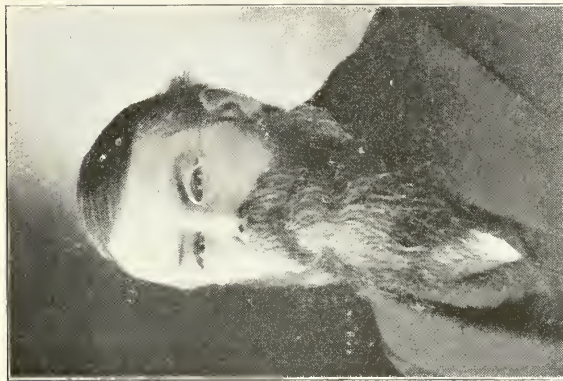
Dec. 1st, Thursday. Staid in camp until 3:30 P. M. Rested after going four miles until 9 P. M., then marched 4 miles farther and went into camp at midnight.

Dec. 2nd, marched 13 miles and went into camp not far from Buckhead Creek. Weather clear and pleasant. Crossed the creek and passed by an old Baptist Church, the seats of which had been broken up by rebels and our men, to make the bridge. Such is war! And we are often asked now, "how did you feel about it then?" I answer, feel about as I do now, that "War was Hell", as Sherman said. Yet while we were doing this we were destroying fewer lives of men on either side, and yet in the most effectual way were breaking down the rebellion.

Take our foragers as a class, they were men who were honest and enterprising men, who would not steal on private account; but in obeying orders of the Government and General Sherman were not thieves, no more than the sheriff and



M. D. MARSHALL,
Act. Com. Sergt. Ex.-P., M. Rockville,
Ind.



ELWOOD HUNT.
Co. "A." Atty. at Law, Rockville, Ind.



ROBERT CLARK.

Capt. Co. "B." New Harmony, Ind.



THOMAS GRIMES.

Capt. Co. "C." Deceased. Lewis, Ind.

his posse are thieves who take away the weapons and means of support of those who resist legal authority.

MILLEN PRISON PEN.

Here we passed near Millen Prison where but a few days before were held 10,000 of our prisoners, but before we could get there, they had been removed. We saw the dug-outs on the hill-side where our boys had sheltered themselves and in one of them we found one dead, who had been left behind too sick to be moved. There were no marks on his person to indicate who he was. He sleeps in a grave marked "unknown". A little north of Millen we crossed the Augusta & Savannah R. R., moving east until midnight when we went into camp, having marched 13 miles since leaving camp.

Sunday Dec. 4th, sky clear; weather cooler; country flat and swampy, covered with pine timber; thinly settled; roads little traveled.

During Dec. 5, 6, 7 & 8th, we find the road obstructed by the enemy cutting timber to hinder our march. But this did not hinder us, as much as the corduroying we had to do in order to get our train and artillery along.

OLD SHAKY—AN EPISODE.

It was somewhere in this vicinity that Captain Frank Rude with his company "F" was busy corduroying the road when General Ward commanding our Division rode up, and as was his habit he was under the influence of some "Commissary" that made him a little shaky. Speaking to Captain Rude he said—"Captain, corduroy it good, its shaky down

here. Corduroy it good, its shaky. The first wagon will go down, down, and the next wagon will go clear to the hub, and the next wagon will go down to H—l. I tell you Captain, its shaky."

After that in our regiment the boys called General Ward "Old Shaky". But with all his failings General Ward was a brave soldier. I am glad to record it—that after the war he reformed his life and joined the Methodist Church. He rests in peace with the silent majority.

Dec. 9th, Friday; East wind and we scent the sea breezes; marched at 9 A. M. For the first time we note, men hungry and without rations. Busy on roads but marched 13 miles and went into camp 15 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Savannah. At intervals heard cannonading toward Savannah. The right wing of the Army of Tennessee was in advance of us and were in contact with the enemy. During the day our advance skirmished with the enemy and drove them out of some small forts and rifle pits on the right and left of the main road.

Dec. 10th, Friday cloudy; marched at 8 P. M., moved over an unobstructed good road for 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles; crossed the Charleston and Savannah R. R. and passed down between the R. R. and river and halted 5 miles from the City. Brisk cannonading all along our lines of investment.

Sunday Dec. 11th; moved up $\frac{3}{4}$ mile and took position to left of Rail Road.

Dec. 12th, clear and frosty; batteries on the river engaged the enemy's gunboats and two armed transports. One transport was disabled and captured with 30 officers and men; cannonading continued through Dec. 13th. At this time our rations were getting short, about one third average ration a

day but we were happy that our hunger would be of short duration. We had captured a number of rice mills on Hutchersons Island; and with their force of laborers, white and black, and mills all in good running order. Our Quartermaster Lieut. Harbert took charge of these mills and transports, so that we were soon eating rice fresh from the mills. The best we had ever tasted. It is a wonder that the enemy did not destroy these mills since they served us so well. But suppose that they could not afford to throw so many of their own people out of supplies and employment.

Our cattle supplies were running short and it was said we were killing the poorest, so as to prolong the life of the other cattle as long as possible. It was now said that we were short—except in salt—and that we were—living on rice and *dried beef on foot*.

Dec. 14th, weather pleasant, and the 85th & 19th Michigan went out about 9 miles foraging for staves and rails,—staves for rice barrels and rails for fuel for engines in rice mills. We marched 18 miles and got back with our supplies before night. We were equal to any emergency. This army could not only burn rails but could furnish men to manufacture and run a steam engine as well.

In the evening we heard of the capture of Fort McAllister with over 300 men and 19 guns with a loss on our side of 8 killed and 70 wounded. On our rice and beef rations we slept well that night.

Dec. 15th, stood on the banks of the river and saw the City in the distance and witnessed the firing of a rebel gunboat and the replying of our shore batteries. Some shots fell near the shore where we were standing.

Dec. 16th, foggy; moved at daylight and took position on front line midway between the river and main road. Today was issued to us the last half ration of hard tack that we had when we left Atlanta. Skirmishing on picket line.

Dec. 17th, received first letters from home and wrote home for the first time since leaving Atlanta; a joyful day, and to enhance our joy, the new cracker line was open by way of Fort McAllister.

Dec. 19th, Monday. Our skirmishers are closing in on the enemy's works. Positions selected for 16 pieces of artillery,—6 of which are 30 pounders,—and works thrown up to protect them within $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile of the enemy's forts.

Deserters report the rebels are evacuating.

Dec. 20th, Tuesday clear and pleasant. Work continues. During the afternoon a position for a new line of works within one third mile of the enemy's was selected and the men set about the work with the will of veterans, digging very quietly until midnight. The line selected was near a marsh, beyond which were the enemy's forts and rifle pits. In this marsh was a rice canal across which we had to pass in a charge. We had prepared fascines—bunches of cane—and had men drilled so that with these and long poles as stringers, to make a foot bridge over this rice canal. Beyond this canal the enemy had cut and slashed down the timber and brush so as to render our approach impossible. At dusk we had crawled up near enough, so as to look into the mouths of the enemy's cannon, and took in the situation. Until midnight the enemy kept up a furious cannonading but did not discover our working parties. During the night our artillery was put in position to rake the enemy's works, and all lay down to rest in expectation of hearing such thunder

the next day as we had never heard before. That swamp as it lay before us gave us many anxious forebodings "as we bitterly thought of the morrow". A charge was to have been made and many a prayer went up to heaven for a blessing "upon me and mine".

A few hours of sleep and according to orders the 85th was in line ready for the charge, by dawn of day. The sun came up, no orders yet. Then came Captain Bales, ever alert, who was on picket line and who had been in the enemy's works, reporting "no enemy there." Savannah was ours. The City had surrendered to General Geary, 2nd. Div. 20th A. C. at 6 o'clock. The enemy had fled in seemingly great haste, leaving their artillery on our front standing in the forts; camp kettles hanging over burned-out fires. Their tents pitched but unoccupied. We soon cleared the road on our front, and entered Savannah with colors flying.

Thirty-six days after leaving Atlanta we had marched over 300 miles, besieged for 10 days the City of Savannah and now this important seaport was ours. Most victories follow in the track of blood and carnage but this was a bloodless one.

In the olden time, the conquering army of Xerxes had shouted "The Sea, the Sea!" Now the hosts of Sherman could shout about the same—"The Sea, the Sea!"

"All hail to the heroes of Sherman,

The bonny blue boys of the West,

The bravest, the truest the best,

'Twas these that gallantly bo'er them,

The grand old flag of the free,

And swept all opposers before them,

When Sherman marched down to the Sea."

CHAPTER XX.

OCCUPYING SAVANNAH.

During our short stay there, we were refitted for a greater march than the one we had finished. A pontoon bridge made of barges and some pontoons was made from the Savannah shore to Hutchisons Island, and from the Island to the South Carolina shore, in all one and one half mile in length. The longest floating bridge constructed during the war.

AT THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

It was reported that the Bishop of this church had asked General Sherman if he could pray for Jeff. Davis and the Confederate Government, and that the General had replied "Yes, that Jeff. Davis and the Confederate Government needed praying for."

On Christmas Sunday morning, George Farrington and the writer heard the Episcopal service read but no reference to either President or Government. That Bishop was not certain whose hands he would fall into. The sermon was dry but the singing excellent. The aristocracy of the City were there. General Sherman was there and a large number of the elite of the army in full uniforms,—shoulder strapped gentlemen of every grade from two stars to second Lieutenants. But above all a host of the truly noble of the army,—the private soldiers. The basket collection beat anything I ever witnessed. I saw one hundred dollar Confederate bills spread out on the basket; that kind of money was cheap;

but I saw many greenbacks in that basket. We felt grateful that we could attend church, and that collection was an expression of gratitude.

I believe the people there were really glad they were getting back into the Union.

We had a grand review of the whole army under the shadow of the Pulaski monument, and marched before General Sherman on Water Street where we could look out upon the ocean.

Our short stay in that City, eating oysters and sleeping on beds of Spanish moss was a luxury. While in Savannah Adjutant H. S. Tillotson resigned, and in him we lost a most faithful and efficient officer.

CHAPTER XXI.

IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

We were longing to give South Carolina a taste of the war she had inaugurated by the firing on Fort Sumpter. It was a current report that General Sherman had sent word to the people through the Governor of the State that he expected to play them a tune they had never heard before. That was the tune of H—L. That was a grape-vine report, for I am sure the General never said it. It was, however, in the minds of the rank and file to play that sort of a tune while in the State.

We crossed into South Carolina Jan. 2nd. We were carried over on the Planter, Capt. Small commanding. He was a smart negro, and afterward represented his district in

Congress. He had great influence with all classes at that time.

Jan. 4th, we moved out 6 miles and went into camp on the Hardee Plantation.

A RELIGIOUS FORAGER.

There were fifteen in the Hd. Qr. Mess to feed and the Major was caterer to the mess and appointed Miller of Co. "H", I think, as forager for Head Quarters. Miller was a man of some 40 years, too old to march; but on a mule he could make good time after hams, chickens, sweet potatoes, and flaps of saddles out of which he as a shoemaker, half-soled the boys shoes at a good price. Miller prayed and read his Testament every morning, and preyed and went after things with a good conscience, all day. Col. Crane used to say, "We are hard up today, Miller. We must have something to eat. And now I want you to read your Testament diligently and say your prayers very devoutly for I want you to do the best stealing today you have ever done. *We must have something good to eat.*" So Miller would buckle on his pistols and arms and strike out. He was a good success. We seldom went hungry. George Farrington used to tell Miller that he was the best authorized man in the army to forage; that he not only had the authority of General Sherman and the U. S. Government, but the authority of the Major, who as our acting chaplain, was the head of the Church; and that he could steal with impunity. A new impulse took possession of the army when we entered South Carolina. We were under the same kind of orders as in Georgia, but the feelings of resentment against South Carolina were different than those against Georgia.



CALEB BALES.
Capt. Co. "D." Deceased. Dana, Ind.



LAWRENCE BURGETT.
2nd. Lt. Co. "C." Pension Agent, Terre
Haute.



REV. CHARLES M. TAYLOR.,
Com. Sergt. Jamestown, N. D.



ABNER HOWARD,
Corp. Co. "D." Pension Agent, Eureka,
Kas.

Our religious forager had his full share of this feeling of resentment. So about the first evening we camped on the Hardee Plantation, in came Miller with his mule loaded with chickens, hams, sweet potatoes, &c., but over all strapped behind his saddle was an immense white feather bolster, half as big as a feather bed and embroidered beautifully. I protested that I could not tell what Miller would not take if he kept on. Miller dismounted in a great flurry and prancing round said, "these rebels kicked up this rebellion and he had to come down to help put it down, and he was going to have a soft place to lay his old head on, one night, yes he was. He put up his tent, spread down his blanket and laid his big soft pillow in its place, but about the time his back was turned, another comrade slipped up behind the tent, raised the wall and the pillow disappeared. When Miller returned, he nearly backslid over his loss. Such was the beginning of our army life in South Carolina, and a prophecy of what was to follow. Miller no doubt has long since gone to his long home. He was what we reckoned then, as soldiers, a good man. We have long since forgiven Miller. We ate the grub he foraged religiously. Our Heavenly Father has forgiven him and no comrade living can consistently cast the first stone at him. He sleeps where he needs no pillow. His "sabre has turned to rust; his soul rests with the just,— we trust."

PRURYSBURG, S. C.

After a few days we made an 18 mile march through Hardeeville up the east bank of the Savannah to Prurysburg. "We pitched our tents and put up bunks on stakes and lay down to sleep, but alas, there was a flood coming from up

the river and the sea tide from down the river, and about midnight our tents are six to eight inches deep in water. Our boots are afloat. We wade out. Not so the Colonel and Quarter Master, for they are deeper in the water than the rest. We had to send horses after them.

We move to high and dry ground and put up our tents in royal style. We find all but three of the twenty houses in Prurysburg deserted. We appropriate them. The lumber in them make walls for our dog tents, and the brick in their chimneys make good fireplaces, and we live at our ease for two weeks, in South Carolina. Transports land our supplies on the banks near us and a Lincoln Gun Boat anchors in the river near us. It was true there, where the "Linkum" gun boats lay, "De Massa run, ha, ha; de Darkeys stay ho, ho; It must be so de Kingdom's comin' and de year of Jubilo."

I quote from a letter home: "Our boys seem to think they have special privileges in South Carolina, to take what they want and to destroy the balance."

At Prurysburg we had floors in our tents and some chairs with rockers and we sat by our fireplace, smoked our pipes, read the dailys, wrote letters home and saw the end not far off.

On Jan. 29th, we marched 18 miles and the next day 9 miles to Robertsville. Here we lost Bradford Hale of Co. "E", who was captured while foraging. The first man we had lost since leaving Atlanta. Our foragers were getting too reckless and needed such a lesson. Brad Hale had a horrible taste of prison life and did not get back until the war ended.

Feb. 3rd. marched at 7 A. M. and launched out into the unknown dangers of a great campaign. We have 320 men in the 85th but they are worth more than 900 we we had when we left Covington, Ky. Then our boys were grumbling, now they fall into line cheerfully and march from 18 to 25 miles a day. Such are the men of this army and they are invincible. Our 14th and 20th Army Corps now constitute the left wing of the army, General W. H. Slocumb commanding.

The 15th and 17th Army Corps the right wing of the Army, General Howard, commanding.

LAWTONVILLE.

At 1:30 P. M. we had quite a skirmish with Wheeler's Cavalry. They were deployed on each side of the road about one mile from Lawtonville, behind some barricades. The regiment with Division was formed in line of battle and drove the enemy out of their position easily. In this engagement the 85th did not lose a man but the division lost two killed and twelve wounded. The enemy lost eight killed and thirty wounded. This was the first time we were in line of battle as a Regiment in South Carolina. We marched 14 miles today. We were now in that part of South Carolina where the ground was very treacherous. On the surface covered with pine feathers it looked solid enough but when we attempted to ride over it, the ground would give way and a horse would sink into the quick-sand. An object lesson was presented one day by an animal of the kind Baalaam rode, who was loaded down with a mess kit, the soldier leading him undertook to cross one of these boggy

places. In doing so the Jack began to go down rear end foremost, at every effort to get out he sank deeper, and the last I saw of that Jack his neck, head and ears were out and the leader trying to pull him out, presenting a most ludicrous appearance. As to the outcome I can't tell. Such was the kind of roads we had to corduroy in order to get our trains over. Our Pioneer Corps were insufficient for the work and so we had as a regiment to take our turns in that kind of work.

Saturday Feb 4th. Cloudy and damp, but cleared up and became pleasant. Roads swampy and bad in places. Passed some beautiful plantations and fine residences. Forage abundant. Camped near Allendale after marching 6 miles.

Feb. 5th Marched to Beaufort bridge 10 miles.

Feb. 6th, Raining and cold. Crossed Beaufort bridge or swamp, men wading in places. The 15th A. C. on our right and in sight. During day our scouts skirmished with the enemy, who fell back. Marched 10 miles.

CAPT. FRANK CRAWFORD'S REMINISCENCES.

"The Campaign through the Carolinas north from Savannah was one, full, more of the amusing, than the tragic incidents of war. We saw enough of the enemy, hovering on our flanks and in front to keep up the vigilance necessary to a march in an enemy's country and daily encounters were being had on some part of the line. One or two of these amounting almost to Pitched-battles. These conditions, therefore, led us to be always in readiness to engage the enemy.

One bright sunny morning, when our division was in the advance (The 2'd Brigade leading) word was brought to us

that the advance had met with opposition and had been fired upon from the woods, which lined one of those sluggish streams or Cypress swamps which we so often had to cross. We had for several days, been cautioned to keep a sharp lookout for the enemy's forces which had abanded Charlestown and were supposed to have thrown themselves across Sherman's advance so we at once jumped to the conclusion that "Here they are"

The column was halted, wagons parked, pack mules ordered out of the way, information sent to Corps Head Quarters, and all preparations made for a fight.

To the right and left of our front the country was perfectly level and clear, but to the front, the view was completely shut off by the swamps full of trees and under-brush, except the cutting made by the road, which gave a narrow vista of a half a mile or so beyond a slightly rising back-ground.

Orders soon came to make the crossing, and the division was at once thrown into battle-array, knapsacks were unslung and piled. Two Brigades (The 2nd, one of them) were deployed in double lines. Skirmishers detailed and thrown forward ready to advance. Musicians and hospital attendants together, behind their regiments. A Battery came up on the run and went into line. Regimental flags and "Old Glory" were unfurled in the light breeze. At the centre of each Regiment Division, Brigade and regimental commanders with their staffs, and signal flags all in their places and in full sight, presenting in the bright sunshine, a sight that one seldom witnesses in actual warfare.

The preparations had taken some half hour and when all were completed, I requested permission to join my old Bri-

gade in the assault and rode down toward the 85th. When in crossing the line of view of the vista through the swamp a most ludicrous scene was presented on the rising ground beyond, putting an end to all this "pomp and circumstance of glorious war".

On the rising ground beyond the swamp, very leisurely strolling along, was a squad of "Sherman's Bummers" who had crossed at some point on our left and as we afterwards learned, had exchanged shots with a few of the enemy's scouts, driving them off but not thinking enough of it to report to any one. As such occurrences frequently happened to these brave but rather disorderly advance guards.

Much disappointment was expressed at not having a chance to engage the enemy. But I think a feeling of relief was also felt. For notwithstanding how brave and heroic the soldier may be, he is always glad when it is over."

Feb. 7th. Rained all night and still raining. Broke camp at 10 A. M. Regiment was in rear of Corps. Was detained by train crossing swamp. Did not get into camp until 10 P. M., having marched only 6 miles. Passed by the house of a Union man whose barn was on fire but our boys put it out.

Feb. 8th. Dallied along only making about 4 miles, spent several hours on Rice's Plantation, where we fared sumptuously on fresh meat, sweet potatoes and molasses. Found one negro who could read his New Testament, something remarkable in South Carolina. Crossed the Charleston & Augusta R. R. found it well destroyed and still burning.

Feb. 9th. Sprinkled snow. Marched at 7 A. M. up the Railroad toward Augusta as far as Blackville and with the

Brigade commenced the work of destruction where Kilpatrick's Cavalry had left off. In two hours the 85th destroyed 1900 feet of road, bending the rails across the fires made of heaps of ties and twisting them when heated. Knowing that we were now on the last line of railroad connecting the East and West of the Confederacy we worked with a will and did our work well. It will be a long while before some of those rails wrapped around trees are straightened. In all we marched that day, 11 miles.

Feb. 10th. Marched through Williston, and Brigade in the afternoon destroyed the R. R. from the 101 to 103 mile posts, from Charleston. The 85th destroyed $\frac{1}{2}$ mile thoroughly in one hour and a quarter. Marched 11 miles and went into camp that evening satisfied over one day's work in fighting Railroads, faring well on sweet potatoes, fresh meats and honey etc.

Saturday Feb. 11th. Arrived at South Edisto River at 2:30 P. M. Bridge being down, troops went into camp, excepting our regiment which being in the advance waited until the bridge was built and passed over, camping on the North bank. Companies A, F. and D. were sent over first and took a position in the Rebel works. In crossing we waded in water for the river was overflowing, knee deep, and some got in neck deep. Water ice cold. Distance during day 12 miles.

Feb. 12th, marched 15 miles on the Columbia road. It was about this time I saw Captain Frank Crawford dancing a tune on the keys of a fine piano, but what does that amount to; that fine mansion was in flames in a little while afterward.

Feb. 13th. Monday. Broke camp at 7:30 A. M. Crossed

the North Edisto River where the evening before General Geary's Division had a skirmish with the enemy. Passed Geary and moved on rapidly and went into camp at 1 P. M. That afternoon we were engaged in washing our clothes for we had to keep clean.

Feb. 14th. Marched 6 miles crossing Congaree Creek, guarding 38 wagons of our train. Camped at the crossing of the Columbia, Lexington and Orangeburg roads.

Feb. 15th. Right wing of regiment in front of Brigade with left wing guarding 23 wagons. Road bad in three places, causing delay. Country broken and thinly settled. The sand hills of South Carolina. Enemy skirmished with an advanced guard. Camped at 8 P. M. within 2 miles of Lexington, having marched 9 miles.

COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA.

Feb. 16th, Wednesday. Marched at 7 A. M. on Columbia road, and about 2 P. M. came in sight of this beautiful city two and a half miles distant. Expected a battle but was happily disappointed. The city is situated on the north side of the Congaree and on the ground sloping southward to the river. Its broad streets, stately towers and proud capital loomed up grandly to the Army as it filed over the hills opposite.

The four army corps were all massed during the evening on the south side of the river within the space of four square miles; and to the people of Columbia must have presented a military display seldom witnessed. The meeting of the Army here was a master stroke of the great General who was at the head of this army. In the evening two pieces of artillery were planted in the open field, and threw shot and shells alternately at the few Rebels remaining there. In this

doomed city was passed the first ordinance of secession, and now the day of judgment had come. As the shots fell in their midst and our army cheered, the bands played "Hail Columbia" and the "Star Spangled Banner". Such a scene and such surroundings were enough to satisfy the most ambitious soldier. During the night the whole army camped opposite the city.

Feb. 17th. Marched 6 miles and camped near Saluda River.

Feb. 18th. Crossed the river on pontoon bridge and marched guarding train, 6 to 7 men to each wagon. Heard rumors of the surrender of Charleston and Wilmington.

Feb. 19th. Division moved west 3 miles and relieved first Division, 14th A. C. who were guarding a main road while troops and trains passed north. Camped near Broad river during night. Received General Sherman's orders announcing the probable continuance of the Campaign for 40 days longer, and to fill up wagons with forage. It was reported that we were coming to a country where the crows had to take three day's rations when they flew over.

Feb. 20th. In camp until after dinner when we marched 8 miles crossing Broad River, Abbeville R. R. and Little River, through a broken country. Went into camp at 10 P. M.

Feb. 21st. Paraded through Winnsborough, with bands playing and colors flying while some of the public buildings were on fire. Marched during the day 12 miles and through some of the finest country we had seen in the State. Forage of every kind abundant.

Feb. 22nd. Marched over a very hilly country 17 1/2 miles.

Reached Rocky Mount on the Catawba River at 3 P. M. Waited until about midnight when the 85th with the 19th Michigan crossed on the Pontoon bridge and were engaged until morning corduroying the road up the hill. Men all very much worn out and worried.

Feb. 23. After breakfast moved N. E. about 5 miles and went into camp tired and sleepy. Country hilly but filled our wagons, assigned us, with flour, meal and meat for nine days.

Feb. 24th. Still rainy. Marched only 2 miles, corduroying almost every foot of the road.

Feb. 25th. In camp all day.

Feb. 26th. Rainy. Morning foggy. Cleared up by noon. Marched at 6:30 A. M. Mud deep. Corduroying the road all the way. Made 8 miles and camped on Ingram plantation.

Feb. 27th. Remained in camp all day.

Feb. 28th. Marched seven miles. Roads awful.

March 1st. Marched at 6:30 A. M., crossed Little Lynch and Big Lynch Creeks. Roads good, made 15 miles. Country poor and thinly settled.

March 2nd. Marched rapidly 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Troops and trains closed up and bivouaced until dusk when we moved on 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles and went into camp at about midnight.

March 3rd. Marched 10 miles, crossing Thompson Creek at Chesterfield. Enemy reported in strong force at Cheraw, under General Joe Johnson. Our advance here on last evening had a skirmish with the enemy but drove them with little trouble, capturing some prisoners. March 4th. Broke camp at 6. Regiment moved back through Chesterfield and

took the road to Sneedsboro. Crossed into North Carolina. In the evening went out 6 miles with 6 men to secure a mill. On the way met five officers who were escaped prisoners from Charlotte. They had been concealed several days by a Union man living near the mill, our division was running. We captured the wheat and corn and ground it up into flour and meal for the use of our troops. We had soldiers who were competent not only to run a grist mill but a locomotive as well.

March 5th. Beautiful day. In the morning returned to camp leaving Captain Anderson with 20 bushels of wheat and 27 bushels of corn at the mill. Being Sunday, Chaplain McCrea of the 33rd Ind. preached to the largest audience ever assembled for worship in the Brigade. So much religious interest was manifested that after the prayer and speaking meeting led by Major Brant that evening, a brigade Christian Association was formed which continued until 321 members were enrolled before our final muster out the following June.

March 6th. Monday. Foragers returned from the mill with 27 bushels of corn meal and 700 lbs. of flour. Soon after the mill was recaptured by the enemy with several of our men of other regiments who had lagged behind.

AN INCIDENT.

As indicating the heartlessness of soldiers during that time on that Sunday morning of March 5th, I came up to a house and barn where a soldier was just making off with the last sack of flour, while the woman with her children clinging to her were in sore distress saying, "there goes the

last sack of flour we have', and the woman was wringing her hands saying, that 'she did not know where they were to look for anything to eat.. I ordered the soldier to leave that last sack of flour but suspected that some other forager carried it away. Such are the vicissitudes of war. The innocent suffer with the guilty.

March 7th. Day pleasant. Broke camp at 7 A. M. and passed through Cheraw. All the business houses in ashes and the railroad depot, cars and engines destroyed. Twenty pieces of artillery and a large amount of ammunition fell in our hands. The Rebels thinking that our objective point was Charlotte N. C. had made Cheraw the depot in which was stored shipments from Charleston after it was given up. While threatening Charlotte we suddenly turned East and captured Cheraw to the utter discomfiture of the Rebel forces. Crossing the Great Pedee River here on pontoons we moved out on the Fayetteville road. Country level and thinly settled. Timber principally Pitch Pine. During the day we had marched 19 miles and went into camp near the Wilmington R. R.

March 8th. Rained all day, making roads almost impassable. Made only 8 miles and passed but two houses. We are now in or near the country over which when the crows fly—it was reported—they had to take three day's rations.

March 9th. We passed but one house in the pine woods in 9 miles. The pitch on the trees and one the ground was aflame and the very heavens and the sun was obscured by reason of the dense smoke. The rain fell in torrents at times making our march through the slush and smoke very uncomfortable. The "smoke of their torment" was ours as

well. But we held on our conquering way. Camped that night within 3 miles of the historic Little Pee dee River. But before getting into camp many of our teams mired down and in mud and rain our men worked like beavers until about ten o'clock when wet and weary we finally went into camp.

March 10th. Broke camp at daylight and crossed Pee dee, passing through a mile and a half of swamp where our men waded nearly waist deep in water at times. Weather cold and rainy. Rested on the north side until 2 P. M. when the regiment was deployed on train (50 wagons) moving on slowly until 10 o'clock at night and on corduroyed roads for over one half the way. Covering 9 weary miles we went into camp 23 miles from Fayetteville. A poor barren country.

March 11th. Broke camp at 6, crossed Rocky Fish Creek on Pontoon, regiment in front of corps. Moved slowly corduroying the road which was swampy and miry in places. At noon the 3rd. and 1st. Divisions were ordered forward in expectation of a fight with the enemy. When within 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles of the City we struck the plank road over which the 14th corps had marched, moved on rapidly until within 8 miles of the City when we heard of its surrender to our foragers, who had concentrated in such numbers that they drove out the rear guard of the enemy and saved the pontoon bridge across the Cape Fear River. At 7 P. M. We marched 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles during the day.

March 12th. Day pleasant. Gunboat Pontiac arrived from Wilmington bringing us mail after weeks of isolation.

March 13th. Weather fine. Remained in camp until 3 P.

M., when the regiment in single file deployed on ammunition train and crossed on the pontoon, and marching in this formation $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Went into camp at 2 o'clock in the morning. During the day Generals Sherman and Slocum had a grand review as the troops passed down the main street of the City. The United States Arsenal that had been converted into a Confederates States' Arsenal was utterly destroyed as General Sherman had ordered, so that the City would never again be committed so great a charge.

March 14th. Remained in camp while our foragers skirmished with the enemy on our front.

March 15th. Cloudy and warm. Broke camp at 6:30 and moved out on the Raleigh plank road 11 miles.

CHAPTER XXII.

BATTLE OF AVERYSBORO.

March 16th. Weather fine. Broke camp at 6. Brigade in front of division and regiment second in Brigade. Marched about 3 miles, to where the cavalry were skirmishing with the enemy. Our brigade was massed on the right of the road, and moved up about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile where we were halted and subsequently moved by the left flank across the road, then forward across a ravine where the Brigade was deployed in line with right on the road.

The 85th. Ind. being in rear and supporting the first New York battery. Here the enemy threw some shells quite close. Our batteries were placed in position and the enemy for a while felt the fury of 8 guns. They were silenced At

about noon the order was given "Forward" and the regiment with brigade moved up and the enemy's works were soon in view, across an open field. The enemy could be seen running to and fro at which our boys raised the yell and were anxious "to go for them", but were held in check. When within musket range the enemy opened on us with musketry and artillery. The right wing of the regiment, being most exposed, suffered severely and doubled down on the left wing under cover of a small ravine and some negro huts. The fire was severe and after receiving several contradictory orders the brigade again moved forward on the double quick and in the charge were soon on the enemy's works capturing many prisoners and two pieces of artillery. The skirmishers were still busy pushing forward. After resting for a while the regiment by the flank again moved up through a swamp and halted. Here we staid during the evening. The enemy firing briskly with grape and canister. At dusk we moved up and filled a gap between the first and third brigades of our 3rd division. Hastily we threw up some works and went into camp. In this battle the 85th Ind. lost four killed and 21 wounded (one mortally) The 19th Michigan lost 4 killed and 17 wounded. The 33rd Ind. and 22nd Wisconsin losses were not nearly so great.

Sergeant Major Wm. Trice Patton was instantly killed while in the charge, by a shot through his brain. A noble boy! He fell "in the high tide and flush of life." He sleeps in an "unknown grave". In the evening after the tents were up the colonel said "poor Patton has gone up the spout". That was all the funeral he had. Sergeant Huffman of Co. "I"—noble fellow—was mortally wounded and died a few

days after the battle. We lost Win O. McCord and James H. Williamson of Co. "A" and Theodore Latten of Co. "F".

March 17th. Broke camp at 7 and followed the enemy as far as Averysboro where the Division remained during the afternoon and camped for the night. Estimated our losses in yesterday's battle at 500 in killed and wounded.

March 18th. Broke camp at 6 crossed Black River and Mingo Swamp. Country almost a continuous swamp. Troops waded in places in water nearly waist deep. Got along very slowly waiting for hours while the road was being corduroyed. Then all night we were engaged in getting wagons out of the mud. Men worn out got into camp at sunrise on the 19th. After a half hour nap and breakfast resumed our march.

CHAPTER XXIII.

BATTLE OF BENTONVILLE.

March 19th, moved at 8. Regiment deployed on train. Marched about 10 miles. At noon we were ordered to "push forward and let the wagon train go to hell"; that the fourteenth corps was engaged with the enemy, and was being pushed." We were soon in motion and double quick time. The sound of the battle took all weariness and want of sleep away. The time of our getting to the field seemed long as we neared the battle front but we were soon moving into position left in front and extended our line so as to prevent the 14th corps being flanked. Our troops had been driven back some distance and after some of the most

terrific fighting ever heard the ground was mostly regained, but with heavy loss on both sides.

The battle continued until after dark. Our brigade was put in position on the left flank near the woods, where we built strong works in an hour and camped for the night.

The losses of the enemy in killed, wounded and prisoners amounted to 2462. Our losses in all 1141.

As we came upon the battle field in the open, under the eyes of Generals Slocum and Williams and in plain view of both armies, Gen. Ward's 3rd. division presented a magnificent sight moving quickly and steadily as if going on parade. We moved forward to the left flank company after company, and regiment after regiment, brigade after brigade, until our line extended beyond the enemy's flank.

The constant roar of the artillery and the rattle of the musketry and the clouds of battle smoke that obscured the cloudless sky on that otherwise beautiful afternoon can never be forgotten while "life and thought being lost". While we were not called on to do any fighting that day we were never in better condition to give a good account of ourselves. Fresh from the victorious charge at Averysboro we were ready to go in with the prestige of victory.

March 20 and 21st. Remained in camp. Some skirmishing and cannonading. Heard that Gen. Scofield was in Goldsboro and Gen. Terry at Cox's bridge on the Neuse River. Regimental wagon with trains sent there.

March 22nd. Wind now blowing a gale. Broke camp at daylight. Pickets were relieved by the cavalry, and the brigade with division took the road to Fayetteville and after a march of 5 or 6 miles turned east on the Goldsboro road.

Marching difficult on account of the swampy condition of the road and the breaking down of a bridge. Got into camp at 10 P. M. after making only 14 miles in 18 hours time.

March 23rd. Broke camp at 8 and moved toward Cox's bridge. Met the 17th corps on the way. Also fell in with Gen. Terry's negro troops and the 24th corps. Crossed the Neuse in the evening and moved out 3 miles and went into camp but were soon ordered out and moved three miles further on, to guard some crossings. Camped again, having made 16 miles. Heard that several of our foragers or bummers were shot during the day.

March 24th. Changed order of march and sent wagons and pack mules in advance. Moved at 8 and passed in review before Gen. Sherman's Head Quarters in Goldsboro and out $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles north-west and went into camp. Thus our campaign ended gloriously and the 85th Ind. is entitled to its share of the glory. Having marched since leaving Savannah 459 miles. A march much more difficult than the one through Georgia. In that march we moved parallel with the streams crossing no large rivers except the Ocumgee and Oconee Rivers.

Our only opposition was from Wheeler's cavalry and some State Militia. From Savannah we had to cross at right angles the Edisto, the Saluda and Broad Rivers. The Catawba, the Cape Fear and Neuse Rivers, to say nothing of the nameless smaller streams. Then the roads were through swamps and quick sands where in many places every foot of the way had to be corduroyed to make it possible for our wagon trains to pass over. Then we were opposed

not only by Wheelers and Wade Hampton's cavalry but by the Rebel infantry numbering from twenty to forty thousand under command of Generals Hardee and Joe Johnson. We were over six weeks on our way and had fought and won two severe battles, aside many minor skirmishes and engagements. As we marched into Goldsboro we presented a ragged and delapidated appearance. Our boys many of them were barefoot. Often marching on icy mornings with their feet bound in old rags, and with clothing of all shades, from butternut and grey to blue. Some of our Bummers were clad in long-tailed butternut overcoats and silk hats of stove-pipe pattern well worn and stove in—a la colored preacher style. One Yankee Bummer clad in this way as we were marching through the well-dressed 23rd. corps who lined the road-side; broke loose and declared "*Struck Communication again, I smell Cinnamon.*" "Never mind pards, we will have some new clothes ourselves before long." Then to add to the ridiculosity of the scene, came sandwiched between brigades our foragers and pack train, Hugag style, broken down mules and horses loaded from head to tail with camp-kettles, knapsacks and everything of any use or comfort for the boys. On top of these motley loads were game roosters; that had given amusement to their owners, and others as they formed a cockpit and gathered about in crowds to see the fight. There was one game rooster that was called Billy Sherman and others called Joe Johnson and Bobby Lee, etc. Billy Sherman was a favorite and was the champion. One evening in South Carolina as a game was on, General Sherman was walking about with his hands folded as usual behind his back. He walked up,

and being taller than any of the rest he looked over into the cock pit and saw his namesake at his best, and the boys saying "go in Billy Sherman—give it to him, Billy Sherman"

So we marched into Goldsboro at the end of our long campaign with our motley train of pack mules, wagons single and double, carriages of the oldest and newest pattern. We had cleaned up the country pretty thoroughly of everything, warlike and peace like. We had come after long experience to know how to make war in earnest, and after all in the most merciful way. For while fewer lives were sacrificed by our marches through Georgia and South and North Carolina, we had made war on the resources of the Confederacy in such an effectual way as to weaken the power of our enemies to destroy us.

CHAPTER XXV.

SHERMAN BUMMERS.

They were our best, all round men. They were supposed to be peculiarly fitted for foraging. As a class they were our alert soldiers, brave, discreet and audacious. Men who knew how to find out where the supplies were to be found, with an instinct almost unerring. They found sugar cured hams in new made graves marked by head and foot stones. With ramrods point down they could by punching find things eatable under ground. Even under a hen roost to discover a box containing hams.

They could question a darkey and find out if the corn was hid in a swamp. They found wagon loads of sweet potatoes in barns and in the fields already gathered for our coming. Peanuts by the *peck*, yes by bushels, and wagon loads.



ORIN McANDERSON.
Capt. Co. "E." Deceased. Terre Haute.



JOHN GUNN.
1st. Lt. Co. "E." Deceased. Little
Rock, Ark.



MILTON W. HENDERSON.
2nd. Lt. Co. "E." Wells, Ills.



JAMES M. TAYLOR.
Sergt. Co. "D." Paris, Ills.

Hay and forage by the ton all along the way. Sometimes when our trains were not in reach they used farm wagons and buggies to carry things into camp.

As to horses and mules, our bummer was a good judge as to the best. They were in the business. So that at the end of our long marches at Savannah and Goldsboro we had the finest teams of horse flesh and mule flesh of any army north or south. Our bummers were good traders and sellers as well, and so it came to pass that our field officers rode the best thoroughbreds of the South.

Then Sherman's bummers were good fighters. They curtailed our army, and kept the enemy guessing where the main force was to be found. They were on every main and by road, and at every house for miles beyond our main lines.

Under command of a major who commanded them they drove out the enemy, and actually had possession of Fayetteville hours before our main forces came up. Some of these bummers said their prayers every morning, and went out in a religious way. We were hungry and they fed us. Many of them were killed but their memory abides.

Had it not been for these religious and other kind of soldiers—called Bummers—we should have gone to bed hungry many times. Now after it is all over we rise up and call them blessed. Many have done well but in a way "thou excellest them all".

CHAPTER XXVI.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

On our way we took in proud but poor South Carolina. Her people from the days of Calhoun had sown to the wind the teachings of Secession and from that sowing reaped the whirlwind. On her soil they hurled the first thunderbolts of war against Fort Sumpter. Nearly four years have passed since that shot was fired that roused the Nation. Sherman from Savannah sends word to South Carolina that he was coming to play them a tune. The tune of war which he defined to be "*hell*". In a haughty spirit that goes before destruction she hurled back defiance. Gen. Beauregard who commanded her straggling armies frantically appealed to her people to rise up and repel the invader, telling them by proclamation that they could fall upon Sherman's straggling, plundering army and easily whip him in detail. Poor helpless souls, they were blind to their own helplessness. Either one of our four army corps were able alone to meet any force they could bring against us. In vain did Gen. Sherman appeal to them to lay down their false pride and submit to the dictates of our beneficent government. But they persisted. Their cup of iniquity was not yet full. They seemed to court destruction. So when her fair fields lay desolate and her farm houses in flames, her capital city—beautiful Columbia—was burning we thought of her iniquities. Of how her Congressman with a bludgeon had beat down our Senator Sumner; of how her Senator had insulted Old Glory; of the slave mart at Charleston in the ante-bellum days.

Now Charleston was in ruins and the palatial mansions of her slave holding lords were the habitation of the owls and

bats. How the mighty had fallen! Her glory like that of Babylon of old had departed. Now that God's judgments are in the earth, surely South Carolina will learn righteousness.

It is a strange fact that on the very ground where the slave mart flourished in the ante war days in Charleston, at that very place, the shot and shell from our batteries wrought the most dire effects. On that very spot utter ruin and desolation was most manifest when Charleston surrendered.

Again another fact may be noted that Virginia, where slavery was first planted 245 years prior to its downfall, war raged with most relentless fury during the four years of our strife. It was not peetic but even handed justice that fell upon these States. While the whole Nation suffered—for we were all guilty before God.—it is nevertheless true that retribution fell most severely upon these States that had especially fostered slavery and secession.

Our sin had found us out—we were all guilty, and on all in a measure fell the judgments of the Almighty.

CHAPTER XXVII.

LAST DAYS OF THE WAR.

During our stay in Goldsboro we were refitted for our last campaign, and the only incident I note is what occurred on "All Fools' day".

Col. Crane being on the sick list, Major Brant was sent out with about 250 men and 16 wagons to forage.

When about ten miles out he was attacked in front by a squad of Guerrillas. After driving them back, the command

pushed forward about a half mile, where we came to an old open field. The train was ordered to turn back while the regiment was laying down in deployment across the road.

The first wagon on turning was caught on a sapling and delayed, and while the enemy could be seen—by the five or six officers on horseback—coming out of fence corners on our front and shooting deliberately at us, one shot struck Capt. Kellam--(of Gen. Ward's staff, who was acting as pilot)--in the leg. The Major asked the Captain if he was hurt. Throwing up his leg, replied, "No, but my new breeches are ruined". Sure enough a long rough rent was observed; but no other damage.

Our train was soon turned back toward camp and we came in with men very tired by the march of twenty or more miles. It was said that you might mow that country with a razor, and rake it with a fine tooth comb and you couldn't get enough forage for a grasshopper a week. The Major had orders not to risk the life of any man that day, and saving the above narrow escape returned in good order, but with a feeling that we had been on a "Fool's Errand".

On the 10th of April the 20th A. C. now under command of Major General Mower was in motion and moved with assurance of victory. Sherman's Army of all arms now numbered 98,000 men enthused with unbounded confidence. While passing through Smithfield we heard of the surrender of Gen. Lee. This increased our assurance. On Friday April 14th were in Raleigh N. C. The next day or evening we heard of the assassination of Lincoln and we were plunged into inexpressible horror and grief. Men wept like child-

ren. On our marches we had been singing "We are coming Father Abraham three hundred thousand more. And we'll fill the vacant ranks with a million freemen more". And now that all our hopes were blasted; filled our army with an inexpressible disappointment.

A day or two after this news we were ordered out, and during our march of some twelve miles the soldiers filled with anger and resentment could hardly be restrained from destroying everything in reach. Upon our return to camp on the evening of April 16th, we heard of the surrender of Johnson's army and the virtual end of the war.

Away to our right we heard the cheering, and then as the tidings flew along our long lines the cheering was taken up by our regiment and Brigade and passed on. Soon that mighty army was convulsed with a common joy, peace peace, and then inexpressible joy. Some days are great, but that was a great night never to be forgotten. Through what vicissitudes of grief and joy we had passed in the last week.

The culmination of a four years' struggle now at an end. The long, long night of war is passed and the morning dawns. In that morning the Nation was born to a new life of freedom. On the next morning the sun shone with a new light over our whole country.

OUR HOMEWARD MARCH.

On the 30th of April we started and on the 8th of May we went into camp seven miles from Richmond, Va., having marched 145 miles in nine days. There was a rivalry and a wager between the 14th and 20th Corps, who should get to Richmond first, and both Corps came in about the same time. One day we marched 20 miles before noon.

While at Richmond a good many of us visited Libby Prison where Dick Turner was locked up in a cell and given a taste of what he had caused others to suffer. Castle Thunder and Belle Isle were also visited and the scenes of the City's desolation were looked upon with mingled feelings of regret and satisfaction.

On the 12th of May we moved on passing through Chickahominy Swamps where McClellan lost so many men, camping one night amid the skulls of the dead at Chancellorsville. Then through the "Wilderness", where large trees had been shot to their fall.

On every hand were the evidences of that awful summer of 1864, and on the 19th we went into camp on the hills about Alexandria.

THE GRAND REVIEW.

For nearly five days we were preparing for the grand review. Every gun and every button was brightened. Every bayonet and sabre made to shine; so that our army should not suffer in comparison with the army of the Potomac, or any other army.

On the 24th we passed in review and for about eight hours the victorious legions of Sherman passed before the reviewing stand near the White House, on Pennsylvania Avenue.

As the 85th passed it looked as if a straight line had been drawn, it would have touched every bayonet point in the division columns. We were proud of our Hoosier boys that day.

Over and against the stalwart marching of Sherman's

columns sandwiched in between Brigades and Divisions was our "hugag" train of Sherman's bummers, made up of old mules and broken down horses, loaded from head to tail, led by our company cooks. Along with these came all sorts of vehicles such as we had used on our long and eventful marches,—that was a sight to behold. The pomp and pageantry of war leading on, with a pageantry behind not splendid but eminently useful. A review of our army would have been a failure without an exhibition of every part of our machinery on that historic day.

After the review we went into camp north of the City some miles and remained there until our muster out rolls were prepared and on the 12th of June we were mustered out.

Our trip homeward by way of Parkersburg, Va. and from there down the Ohio River by steamboat to Cincinnati was an ovation.

At Indianapolis we deposited our arms, government horses and old flag, and on the 29th of June we marched down Main Street Terre Haute amid the greetings of multitudes of our "fellow citizens" and felt that we were now of their number. "We were home at last".

CHAPTER XXVIII.

RELIGION IN THE ARMY.

Army life is not helpful to a Christian life. A good many of our comrades went into the service leaving all pretense at religion behind. A good many started out well but fell by

the way-side. A feeling prevailed that it was no use to try to be a Christian in the army. Then a majority of the officers were indifferent and some jeered at religion. Yet amid all forms of evil some never swerved but held on their way. Men who were faithful at home through "evil as well as good report" were faithful there. Constant contact with each other revealed any weakness of character, and brought out the true. All in all, "tried as by fire", our soldiers were broadened in their sympathies. Narrow sectarian bigotry was eliminated, and we found out that "Christ had other sheep that were not of our fold". So at the end of the war in our brigade we had a Christian Association numbering 321. In the 85th Indiana, out of 320 men in line we had 91 who were members of our brigade church—a larger number in proportion than can be found in the average neighborhood at home.

When we enlisted, Rev. Philip B. Cook was our Chaplain but he somehow never felt at home in the position. He was somewhat timid and retiring in his habits and so did not win with the rank and file. He resigned April 23, 1863, having been with us less than eight months.

After he left, the 85th looked to Capt. Brant as their leader, religiously. From that time to the close of our service he was the acting Chaplain. During our stay at Fosterville, Tenn. in the winter of 1862-63 an old business house was fitted up for religious services, and for six weeks a remarkable revival was carried on by the acting Chaplain; scores were converted and reclaimed, and an organization was formed numbering over a hundred.

Quite a number of that meeting went to their death on the Atlanta campaign. Strange as it may now seem, on our long march through the Carolinas, meetings were held every night when at all practicable around camp fires of pitch pine knots in the woods. These meetings culminated in a great revival at Goldsboro N. C. in which as many as twenty a night professed conversion, Capt. W. T. Crawford among the number. Twenty were baptised—9 by sprinkling and 11 by immersion—on one Sabbath. It was a strange but impressive scene to look down upon a thousand or more stalwart veterans, worshipping in a camp lighted by burning pitch pine knots on a high platform covered with dirt; and seated on logs arranged in tiers in front of an extemporized platform for the speaker. Nearly every evening the altar was filled with penitents, who with thoughts turned toward heaven, were intent on returning home Christians.

Those were great days! We had found out that we had something more to live for than simply to eat, drink and be merry. Our lives were on our country's altar and our hearts were in our Master's service. Those were great days!

At the end of the war a record of the Christian Association of our brigade was published by a committee, consisting of Chaplain John M'Crea, 33rd, Ind; Chaplain G. S. Bradley 22nd, Wisconsin; Major J. E. Brant 85th Ind. and J. C. Whitaker 19th Michigan.

From the letter of greeting in that record I excerpt the following:

"We have had no comfortable or stately church edifice in which to worship; we could not unite with our wives, children and loved ones; but here in God's temple in the dense pine forests of Georgia and the Carolinas, evening after

evening, we have gathered around our pitch pine knot fire, and many an earnest prayer has gone up for our soldier brethren; and with tearful eyes and full hearts the dear ones at home have been remembered".

Our creed was substantially the Apostles' Creed, and qualification for membership was membership in any evangelical church and a life consistent with his profession; or any who were never connected with any church, were entitled to membership on making public profession of faith in Christ and promising to lead a Christian life, and to unite with some church at the earliest opportunity.

Our form of church government was that of a "Board of Censors"—strange nomenclature at this date.

The censors were chaplains: John M'Crea 33rd, Ind. Geo. S. Bradley 22nd, Wisconsin, Major J. E. Brant 85th, Ind., James E. McClellan, Wm. A. Simpson and Alexander McClure 33rd, Ind. B. T. Heuston, R. L. Adams and H. W. Raley 22nd, Wisconsin; J. C. Whitaker, Robt. Mabbs and John Hayward 19th Michigan; Jacob Metz, Calvin Lowdermilk and J. F. Spencer 85th, Ind.

HARRY H. LYON 33rd, Ind.

Secretary.

I confess to a peculiar sense of pride as I write these facts that out of our regiment were so many who tried to be faithful to the end.

As a fitting conclusion to this chapter I take the following extract from Chaplain Bradley's "History of the Star Corps", page 287.

"A soldier of the 85th Indiana lay in the hospital dying, but he thought of the loved ones far away at home, and he

wanted to have some of his little treasures sent to them, together with a letter.

'Are you a Christian?' he was asked.

'Oh, yes; I was before I joined the army. Tell mother that God is with me; all is well.'

Then taking out the rings he said: 'That is for mother, that is for sister, and sister will know to whom to give the other.'

'There is one thing more', he added after a pause. A little package was taken from his knapsack and brought to him. In it were three photographs. He took up the first, looked at it intently, and said: 'Oh thank God for a pious mother! Through her prayers and instrumentally I was brought to Christ. Good-bye mother we shall meet in heaven'. He kissed it and laid it down on the cot.

He took up the second and said: 'Thank God for a pious sister! We have held sweet communion on earth, and will hold sweet communion in heaven. Good-bye sister', and he kissed it and laid it down with the other. He took up the third, the nameless one, and as he looked fondly on it, his eyes filled with tears. 'Oh,' said he, 'I did hope that you and I would have many precious seasons on earth, but God has ordered otherwise. My country demanded my services. I gave them cheerfully, yet thank God! ere long we will both be where there'll be no wars, but where all will be peace throughout eternity. Yes, thank God! we'll meet again.'

And he put the precious picture to his lips and kissed it, and breathed his last with the photograph lying on his lips.

Blessed trust! Glorious hope! How precious in such an hour to feel that all was well!

It was the midnight hour that the above affecting inci-

dent occurred, but though darkness gathered around, yet he looked beyond this world, and all was light and glory and immortality."

CHAPTER XXIX.

MUSTER OUT AND SUMMARY.

At the organization of the regiment there were mustered in			
Field and Staff Officers			8
Line Officers			30
Enlisted Men			883
Enlisted Men recruited			194
			<hr/>
Grand Total-----			1115
	Field & Staff	Line Officers	Non Commis- sioned Field & Staff. Total
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
Mustered out	6	30	6
Resigned	2	6	8
Discharged for disability.	3		5
Died	1	2	3
Killed in Action		2	1
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
	12	40	12
Enlisted Men			
Killed			17
Died of wounds			24

Wounded in Battle	—147
Died of disease	164
Discharged by reason of wounds	18
" for disability	120
" expiration of service	421
" promoted, etc.	27
Deserted	51
Transferred to other regiments	209

Total enlisted -----	1051
Total officers and staff ----	64

 Grand Total ----- 1115

In round numbers there were two and three quarter million of men enlisted in the U. S. service during the war. Of this number one hundred thousand were killed or died of wounds, over three and a half per cent of the total. Out of 1115 on our muster rolls, we lost 43 killed and died of wounds. But this is nearly four per cent of the total enlistments, showing that our losses were beyond the average. The 33rd Ind. out of a total enrollment in over four years of service lost 108 killed and died of wounds, or five per cent on total enlistments. But the 85th was out less than three years while the 33rd was out over four years. The 85th lost 164 by deaths from disease while the 33rd lost 156 by disease. Our total losses by killed, deaths from wounds and disease were 207, while the 33rd Ind. lost in all 271.

The conclusion after comparisons is that the 85th Ind. was more than an average regiment. While we were unfortunate in being surrounded and captured at Thompson Station, we

never were routed or demoralized in any engagement. Our record is without a blot on our old flag.

Without boasting we can say no truer, braver or better men were enrolled in any regiment.

It is a remarkable fact that out of 1115 men enrolled we left behind when mustered out 207 dead, and that of the 908 living at the end of the war about 380 as near as we can learn, are alive—37 years after our muster out. In all 735 have joined the silent majority; since we enlisted forty years ago. It is safe to say that those who still live, average in years not far from sixty. Nearly all of these with shattered health will linger a few more years, when we will sleep in the “windowless home of the dead” and will leave “Old Glory” to float over one Country with one flag.

ADDENDA.

JACKMAN'S FURLOUGH.

While were about Murfreesboro during the summer and fall of 1863, the boys had the homesick feeling and a good many applied for furloughs but none were granted.

William M. Jackman of Co. “G” conceived the idea of writing to Mr. Lincoln. So Jackman wrote about as follivs:
murfreesboro, tense.

dear abe i want a furlo, my great grandfather fit in the war of the revolution and he never diserted or had a furlo and my grandfather fit in the war of 1812 and he never diserted or had a furlo and my father and his two brothers

ware in the war of mexeco and neither of them ever diserted or had a fur'lo now my brothers and me are in this war and neither of us has diserted or had a furlo now dear abe i dont want to be the furst jackman to disert but i want to be the furst jackman to git a furlo.

now dear abe i want to go home to see my folks and i want a furlo.

william m jackman

In due time this application came back with Mr. Lincoln's endorsement, saying to the colonel that if this soldier has a good record to return the application and he should have a furlough. As Jackman had been a good soldier the colonel returned the application so certifying, and in a few days an order came through the regular red tape channels from Mr. Lincoln with Gens. Hallack's, Grant's, Sherman's, Thomas', Ganger's, Ward's and Coburn's endorsement to Col. Baird to grant W. H. Jackman's furlough. It was of course granted and within ten days a dozen or more others were writing to Mr. Lincoln for furloughs, and the Colonel had to issue an order to put any others, who should apply, under arrest. That ended the matter.

As can be seen the application while showing meager scholarship was logical and honest and touched the heart of Mr. Lincoln and gives additional evidence of his great heartedness and shows how he won the hearts of the army of the common people who were fighting for the Union.

Appropos to the foregoing, I give another incident illustrating the shrewdness of Mr. Lincoln and how he won not only the masses but the politicians as well.

Col. A. B. Crane tells that some time in the early eighties

as he was traveling east on a parlor car with Hon. Thomas A. Hendricks and others. Mr. Hendricks told them this incident :

During the war while he was U. S. senator from Indiana, a mother whose son was courtmartialled and ordered to be shot wrote to him (Mr. Hendricks) to intercede with Mr. Lincoln for her boy. He said, "I put the matter off as long as possible, being in the opposition to Mr. Lincoln's war policy; I dread d to go and see him. By and by I went to the White House and was shown into Mr. Lincoln's room. As I entered he was busy with several others, he called to me saying, 'Glad to see you, Tom', sit down and I will be at leisure in a few minutes.' Waiting quite a while I arose to go when he said 'wait Mr. Hendricks, I want to see you'. So I sat down again and when the other parties were gone he came across the room and shook hands with me very cordially and showing me a chair he sat down by me and crossed his awkward long legs, and began to talk to me about incidents when we used to practice law together. Our conversation ran on, and I was perplexed just how to tell him my mission. But I ventured to tell him how this mother in Indiana had written me about her boy who was condemned to be shot and wanted me to intercede for her. Mr. Lincoln said 'Tom, don't worry about that', and continued his talk and story telling. In a little while I brought up the subject again, then he rose up, went to his desk and running his long fingers over a large number of papers in a pigeon hole; he said "see that Tom, those are results of Court-martials such as yours. These regular army officers don't understand the American people. In the excitement while the fifes and



WM. D. WEIR.
Capt. Co. "F." Deceased. Prairie Creek,
Ind.



H. H. B. MILES.
Sergt. Co. "E." Act. Sergt.-Major.
Bowling Green, Ind.



HENRY C. BROWN.
1st. Lt. Co. "G." Deceased. Rockville,
Ind.



FRANCIS M. RUDE.
Capt. Co. "F." Paris Ills.

drums are playing and after a patriotic speech the boys enlist little knowing what war means. After they have been in the service a few months they get home sick and desert or go sleep at their posts and then they are condemned to be shot. Now I don't intend to sign one of these papers". So I wrote to that mother not to worry about her boy.

In this way Mr. Lincoln not only won the heart of Mr. Hendricks but the hearts of the mothers as well.

HOWARD AND RICHARDSON.

Col. Baird was a good judge of men, so he made no mistake when he detailed Abner Howard and Wm. A. Richardson as scouts and gave them considerable latitude.

Richardson was recklessly brave, and Howard equally so; but the bump of caution was more largely developed in him than the other. Both were green country boys, but healthy and full of genuine grit. The Colonel knew the men, but they had to be reprimanded sometimes and cautioned. They balanced each other well and ran many narrow risks while on their scouting expeditions. It was Howard who from the top of the mound near Wartrace, discovered and reported the coming of the rebel army when Co. "E" was surrounded and captured. At that time when about Tullahoma and Duck River, the country was full of roving bands of guerillas and detachments from the enemy's forces.

In the battle of Resaca, Richardson was killed, in the front of the charge on the four gun Fort. He was among the first to get inside the enemy's works where he was bayoneted. At Peach Tree Creek, Howard was dreadfully, and as we all thought, mortally wounded in the hip joint by a minnie ball.

He says, "I was not a church member but a believer in God and the Bible and was not afraid to die, I believed we were right. I never thought I would be killed or wounded, so my wound came as a great surprise. My wound was not very painful at first, it felt like a strong electric shock. Very soon I became very sick and faint, which I suppose was caused by loss of blood.

In about two hours two of my comrades carried me to the rear. About sun down I was loaded into an ambulance and put under some pine trees. Some doctors came along, looked at me but said nothing. After a slight examination they passed on. Others pitied me, but said they could do nothing for me except to make me a little more comfortable.

The next day about noon, Dr. Trowbridge of the 73rd. Ind. made an unsuccessful attempt to locate the ball in my wound. He was very kind and tender and complimented me on my fortitude and said 'be brave but prepare for the worst.' The next day I was put upon the operating table and Dr. Wiles of our regiment made another—unsuccessful attempt to locate the ball in my hip. He told me that he did not think there was any chance for my recovery; said if the wound was lower so the limb could be amputated that I would stand a good show of getting well. But the top of the wound was above the hip joint, and a successful amputation was impossible. Soon after this I was put in a box-car and put in field hospital at Chattanooga where I became delirious and very nearly 'kicked the bucket'. After a time I was taken to Nashville, then to Joe Holt hospital Jeffersonville, Ind. As soon as I could walk with a crutch I was furloughed home to see my dear old father

and mother and loved ones. They would weep and laugh at the same time. They said it was like receiving one back from the dead. I had no thought of anything like that, and it broke me up pretty badly. They seemed so glad to see me and said a whole lot of nice things about me more than I deserved. I confess it gave me the big head a little. My furlough was extended and I cast my first vote for Mr. Lincoln.

When I got back to the hospital the doctor wanted to give me a discharge, but I would not have it. I felt that the war was about over and I wanted to be discharged with my company.

The doctor talked pretty roughly to me and he offered to compromise the matter by offering me a detail in the hospital, but I refused that. I talked back a little saucy. He finally said it would kill me and to go if I did not have any better sense.

I went and when I reached Dalton, Ga. we were stopped and put in camp. Sherman had cut loose from Atlanta.

We were sent back to Chattanooga. That crowd of substitutes, drafted men and convalescents were organized into companies and I was put in charge of a company. Thomas and Hood pushed on past Chattanooga. In due time Thomas hit Hood hard and sent him back demoralized. In March 1865 this detachment was sent to Nashville; thence by boat to Parkersburg, Va.; thence to Washington; thence by ship to Wilmington, N. C. From there we were sent to Goldsboro and disbanded and every man sent to his own regiment. I was mustered out with my company as a corporal.

Well, I carried that minnie ball until Dec. 17th, 1873, when it was cut out."

Jan. 1, 1867 Howard was married and was a farmer but his wound becoming worse he had to change his business and is now a justice of the Peace and Pension Agent at Eureka Kansas. For over 20 years he has had to hobble about with crutch and cane. He would be better off if that leg was entirely off. But he is the same plucky fellow he was while in the army. He has raised a large family and educated them well. The shadows are growing longer but he is cheery and brave and hopeful. He is but one of the many thousands who have suffered beyond description, but rejoices now that Old Glory waves over an undivided country. My old comrade Howard is an example of pluck and endurance.

COMPLIMENTARY.

I am sure my old comrades will join me in a compliment to one who was all in all an ideal soldier,—a fine personality, tall and handsome. Gen. Hooker or Gen. Forest were no handsomer in appearance on horseback,—the picture of a dashing and brave man. While on foot he carried himself in a soldierly way, and the boys used to say that he enjoyed being in battle for he seemed to be laughing. On Gen. Coburn's staff and afterward on Major General Ward's staff he always appeared to good advantage. In the battle of Peach Tree Creek he especially distinguished himself. In due time our first Adjutant was promoted to be Captain of Co. "G" and wore his double bars gracefully. We all had a common pride in him and were glad of his promotion. He grew upon us as an ideal soldier.



JAKE HOKE,
1st. Lt. Co. "H." President 1st. Nation-
al Bank, Sullivan, Ind.



RICHARD HARDESTY,
1st. Sergt. and Brev. 2nd. Lt. Co. "H."
Sullivan, Ind.



JAMES T. REED.
Co. "H." Hospital Steward. Deceased.
Sullivan, Ind.



GEORGE GRIMES.
Capt. Co. "I." Deceased. Terre Haute.

My comrades can infer who I mean. Captain Frank C. Crawford now Paymaster on the Vandalia line. We had another Crawford—W. T.—now Pension Agent at Sullivan Ind. They were both brave and good enough Crawfords.

CAPTAIN CALEB BALES.

(An article written by Abner Howard for the "Hoosier State" of Newport, Ind. May 13, 1902.)

EUREKA, Kan, May 21, 1901.

EDITOR HOOSIER STATE—On the 13th inst. I received a telegram from Mr. Ed. Bales, announcing the death of his father, my dear old captain, Caleb Bales. To me it is very sad. For him the last roll has been called; taps sounded; lights out. He has fallen asleep here, to awaken to a glorious immortality over there. He was very dear to me, as he was to all who knew him intimately, and especially so to all of the dear old boys of Co. D 85th Regt., Ind., Vols., who went with him through the civil war, sharing with him the hardships of camp and field, suffering with him cold and heat, hunger and thirst, enduring with him many nights of sleepless vigilance in front of the enemy, treading with him many a long and weary march, tired of limb and sore of foot; participating with him in many skirmishes and bloody battles, where death held high carnival; witnessing with him the great suffering, carnage and blood shed of a great and terrible war; weeping with him over the fall of many a brave comrade; receiving with him the glad tidings of the fall of Richmond, the surrender of Lee, and participating with him in the pleasure of being near by when Johnson surrendered; reading with him the gracious proclamation of the return of peace; returning with him to home and loved ones; with him laying aside the insignia of war, assuming

again the duties and responsibilities of citizens of a reunited country, under the best government known to man. Yes the boys of old Co. D all loved Captain Bales. It could not have been otherwise, for through it all he was kind, courteous, brave and true; always careful to look after the comfort and welfare of his men. Certainly he had the love, respect and esteem of all the boys, as also the full confidence and respect of his superior officers. There are many instances of noble self sacrifice, on his part that I might relate, but time and space will not permit.

Captain Bales was not quite orthodox in all things. I had several extended conversations with him along religious lines when I visited him a few years ago and later when he visited me. I think I fully understood him. He believed in deeds rather than forms and ceremonies. He loved, revered and trusted God in this life, and I have no doubt God will take care of him over in the great beyond. When my course here is ended should I be so happy as to hear "the welcome plaudit well done &c." I fully expect to meet Captain Caleb Bales, and receive from him a hearty welcome.

ABNER HOWARD."

CAPTAIN ABNER FLOYD,

Who was born in 1829 of good old Kentucky stock, received his education in the common schools of Park County, Ind. A millwright by trade he worked at this business in Indiana, Ohio and Missouri. In politics he was an ardent republican. In religion, a member of the Universalist Church. A member of the Mason's fraternity, he was the

Master of our Lodge, organized in the regiment after our muster into the service.

A stalwart in loyalty he organized company "A" and joined the 85th. At the head of this noble company when leaving home on the train and bidding good-bye to his family he said "you take good care of home and I will stand by the flag". And waving it over him he was off to the war.

His father before him was a captain in the War of 1812 and the warlike fires that flamed in his father's soul came out in the life of this noble son.

Abner Floyd was a born captain and so was soon recognized by his comrades as one in every way worthy to command.

Had his life been spared he would have been in the line of promotion. But in the bloody battle of Thompson Station he fell mortally wounded and lingering a little while his noble spirit passed beyond the sighing and the weeping. He had been with us about six months,—long enough to have left an abiding evidence of his true nobility. A leader himself he was willing to follow where others led and so fell in the line of his duty—"Standing by the flag."

His sister writes of him as follows: "He was a brave, noble generous-hearted man, a friend to all and especially to the aged and afflicted. One of his favorite maxims was: 'Always respect grey hairs.'"

Such was captain Floyd of Co. "A", when he fell in his 34th year; leading his company of stalwart soldiers in the unfortunate battle of Thompson Station, March 5, 1863.

HIRAM L. TILLOTSON,

Was the first Lieutenant of Co. "F", which company he assisted in organizing at Middletown, Vigo Co. Indiana.

He was a man of quiet and reserved manners, who grew upon you as you came to know him.

In due time he was promoted to be our Adjutant. The position filled so well during our first months of service by Lieut. F. C. Crawford.

In this position, Lieut. Tillotson succeeded admirably. When we reached Savannah, Ga., he resigned and we parted with him most reluctantly, for he was a straight forward and diligent officer. On his return home he went back to his old trade as a harness maker. Finally settling in Nevada, Mo. Here he was appointed Post Master by Pres. Grant at the beginning of his term of office. This position he worthily filled for nearly 19 years. After this when his party was largely in the minority he was elected and served a term in the Legislature of Missouri. He was president of the First National Bank of his adopted City. In his later years he became a most devout member of the Baptist Church and died in the faith June 7, 1902, in the 73rd year of his age. Judge Tillotson (as we called him by reason of his peculiar dignity) was a brave and faithful soldier. In every walk of life and in every position he occupied he was the same straight forward, honest man; inspiring confidence in all who knew him. His neighbors and brethren of every shade of belief—religious and political—honored and trusted him. His comrades living and dead hope to meet him when the "roll is called up yonder."

ROSTER OF OFFICERS OF THE EIGHTY-FIFTH INDIANA
VOLUNTEERS.

OFFICERS.

NAME, RANK AND RESIDENCE.	DATE OF COMMISSION.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
COLONEL.			
John P. Baird..... Terre Haute	Sept. 4, 1852.	Sept. 4, 1862.	Resigned July 20, 1854. Deceased.
Alexander B. Crane.....Scarsdale, N. Y.	July 21, 1854.		Mustered out as Lt. Colonel.
LT. COLONEL.			
Alexander B. Crane.....Scarsdale, N. Y.	Sept. 4, 1852.	Sept. 4, 1862	Promoted Col.
Jefferson E. Brant.....Bloomington	Jan. 1, 1855.		Mustered out as Major.
MAJOR.			
Robert E. Craig.....Newport	Sept. 5, 1852	Sept. 4, 1862	Died at Murfreesboro, Tenn. April 2, 1852.
Jefferson E. Brant.....Bloomington	Sept. 1, 1854.	Sept. 14, 1864.	Promoted Lt. Colonel.
William T. Crawford.....Sullivan	May 1, 1855.		Mustered out as Captain.

OFFICERS—Continued.

NAME, RANK AND RESIDENCE.	DATE OF COMMISSION.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
ADJUTANT.			
Francis C. Crawford.....Terre Haute	Aug. 16, 1852.—	Sept. 4, 1852.	Promoted Capt. Co. "G".
Hiram L. Tillotson.....Nevada, Mo.	Sept. 1, 1854.—	Sept. 2, 1852.	Resigned Dec. 25, 1854, from 1st. Lieutenant, Co. "F".
Lewis W. Wells.....Terre Haute	Jan. 1, 1855.—	Nov. 1, 1854.	Died June 7, 1902. From 1st. Lt. Co. "F."
QUARTER MASTER.			
Elijah Adamson.....Bowling Green	Aug. 15, 18. 2.		Revoked.
John M. Coleman.....Spencer	Aug. 27, 18. 2.		Declined.
David C. Stillwagen.....	Sept. 5, 18. 2.		Declined.
William C. Lupton.....Indianapolis	Sept. 5, 18. 2.—	Sept. 5, 18. 2.	Appointed paymaster, U. S. V. Resigned July 12, 1863. Deceased.
George E. Farrington.....Terre Haute	Oct. 10, 1853.—	Oct. 12, 1863.	Mustered out with regiment.
CHAPLAIN.			
Phillip B. Cook.....Worthington	Sept. 4, 1852.—	Sept. 8, 1852.	Resigned April 23, 1853.
SURGEON.			
Wilson Hobbs.....Annapolis	Sept. 4, 1852.—	Sept. 4, 1862	Mustered out with Regiment. Deceased.

ASSISTANT SURGEON.

William W. Johnson.....	Jasonville	Sept. 4, 1852.—Sept. 4, 1852.	1852.	Resigned April 21, 1853.
William v. Wiles.....	Spencer	Sept. 4, 1852.—Sept. 4, 1852.	1852.	Mustered out with Regiment.
William P. Hobbs.....	Annapolis	May 29, 1853.—June 1, 1853.	1853.	Deceased.
				Resigned Oct. 19, 1854.
				Deceased.

Co. "A"

CAPTAIN.

Abner Floyd.....	Annapolis	Aug. 8, 1852.—Sept. 2, 1852.	1852.	Killed Thompson Station, Mar. 5, 1853.
Josiah H. Sherman.....	Annapolis	Mar. 6, 1853.—May 12, 1853.	1853.	Mustered out with Regiment.

FIRST LIEUTENANT.

Josiah H. Sherman.....	Annapolis	Aug. 8, 1852.—Sept. 2, 1852.	1852.	Promoted Captain.
Henry R. Ingerham.....	Annapolis	Mar. 6, 1853.—May 12, 1853.	1853.	Resigned Sept. 20, 1854.
Andrew M. McClure.....	Annapolis	Sept. 21, 1854.—Oct. 30, 1854.	1854.	Deceased.
				Mustered out with Regiment.

Co. "B"

CAPTAIN.

Francis Brooks.....	Terre Haute	Aug. 21, 1852.—Sept. 2, 1852.	1852.	Dishonorably dismissed July 17, 1864.
Robert Clark.....	New Har. ony	July 18, 1854.—Oct. 30, 1864.	1864.	Mustered out with Regiment.

OFFICERS—Continued.

NAME, RANK AND RESIDENCE.	DATE OF COMMISSION.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
FIRST LIEUTENANT.			
David Phillips.....Montezuma	Aug. 21, 1852.—	Sept. 2, 1862.	Resigned June 10, 1863.
Robert Clark.....New Harmony	June 11, 1863.—	Oct. 30, 1863.	Promoted Captain.
Leonard D. Jackson.....Waupum, Wis.	Oct. 1, 1864.—	Oct. 30, 1864.	Mustered out with Regiment. Deceased.
SECOND LIEUTENANT.			
Robert Clark.....New Harmony	Aug. 21, 1863.—	Sept. 2, 1862.	Promoted 2nd Lieutenant.
Gustavas Bailey.....Montezuma	May 1, 1865.		Mustered out, 1st. Sergeant.
Co. "C."			
CAPTAIN.			
Alexander B. Crane.....Terre Haute	Aug. 15, 1852.—	Sept. 2, 1862.	Promoted Major.
William T. Stark.....Lewis	Sept. 4, 1862.—	Sept. 4, 1862.	Died March 28, 1863.
Thomas Grimes.....Lewis	April 1, 1863.—	May 10, 1863.	Mustered out with Reg't.—Died.
FIRST LIEUTENANT.			
Wilson T. Stark.....Lewis	Aug. 15, 1862.—	Sept. 2, 1862.	Promoted Captain. Died.
Thomas Grimes.....Lewis	Sept. 4, 1862.—	Sept. 4, 1862.	Promoted Captain.
William S. Herbert.....Chicago	April 1, 1863.—	May 10, 1863.	Mustered out with Regiment.

SECOND LIEUTENANT.

Thomas Grimes.....	Lewis	Aug. 15, 1862.—Sept. 2, 1863.	Promoted 1st. Lieutenant.
William S. Herbert.....	Terre Haute	May 4, 1862.—Sept. 4, 1863.	Promoted 1st. Lieutenant.
Lawrence Burgett.....	Terre Haute	April 1, 1863.—May 10, 1863.	Mustered out with Regiment.

Co. "D."

CAPTAIN.

William Reeder.....	Troy, Kans.	Aug. 8, 1862.—Sept. 2, 1862.	Resigned June 10, 1863.
Caleb Bales.....	Toronto	Oct. 1, 1863.—Nov. 5, 1863.	Mustered out with Regiment. Deceased.

FIRST LIEUTENANT.

Darwin B. Otis.....	Terre Haute	Aug. 8, 1862.—Sept. 2, 1862.	Mustered out with Regiment. Deceased.
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SECOND LIEUTENANT.

Caleb Bales.....	Toronto	Aug. 8, 1862.—Sept. 2, 1862.	Promoted Captain.
Elisha Pierce.....	Clinton	Feb. 13, 1864.—April 11, 1864.	Mustered out with Regiment.

Co. "E."

CAPTAIN.

Jefferson E. Brant.....	Terre Haute	Aug. 19, 1862.—Sept. 2, 1862.	Promoted Major.
Orrin McAnderson.....	Terre Haute	Sept. 1, 1864.—Oct. 30, 1864.	Mustered out with Regiment. Deceased.

OFFICERS—Continued.

NAME, RANK AND RESIDENCE.	DATE OF COMMISSION.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
FIRST LIEUTENANT.			
Orrin McAnderson.....Terre Haute	Aug. 19, 1852.—Sept. 2,	1862.	Promoted Captain.
John Gunn.....Prairie-ton	Sept. 1, 1854.—Jan. 28,	1855.	Mustered out with Regiment. Deceased.
SECOND LIEUTENANT.			
John Gunn.....Prairie-ton	Aug. 19, 1852.—Sept. 2,	1852.	Promoted 1st. Lieutenant.
Milton W. Henderson.....Prairie-ton	Mar. 18, 1855.—April 2,	1855.	Mustered out with Regiment.
Co. "F."			
CAPTAIN.			
William D. Weir.....Prairie Creek	Aug. 15, 1852.—Sept. 2,	1852.	Resigned. Deceased.
Francis M. Rude.....Paris, Ill.	Oct. 1, 1854.—Oct. 30,	1864.	Mustered out with Regiment.
FIRST LIEUTENANT.			
Hiram L. Tillotson.....Prairie Creek	Aug. 15, 1852.—Sept. 2,	1862.	Promoted Adjutant. Died June 7, 1902.
Francis M. Rude.....Terre Haute	Sept. 1, 1854.		Promoted Captain.
John W. Wells.....Terre Haute	Oct. 1, 1854.—Nov. 1,	1854.	Promoted Adjutant.
John W. Earlow.....Moscow	May 1, 1855.		Mustered out 1st. Sergeant.

SECOND LIEUTENANT.

Lawrence W. Hutcherson..	Prairie Creek	Aug. 15, 1852.—Sept. 2, 1852.	Resigned July 1, 1854. Disability. Mustered out as Sergeant.
Reuben Clark.....	Prairie Creek	May 1, 1855.	
Co. "G".			
CAPTAIN.			
Ellery C. Davis.....	Terre Haute	Aug. 15, 1852.—Sept. 2, 1852.	Resigned July 30, 1864. Disability.
Francis C. Crawford.....	Terre Haute	Sept. 1, 1854.—Nov. 1, 1864.	Mustered out with Regiment.

FIRST LIEUTENANT.

Mortimer Denny.....	Roseville	Aug. 15, 1852.—Sept. 2, 1852.	Died of wounds, Aug. 19, 1864. Mustered out with Regiment.
Henry C. Brown.....	Terre Haute	Sept. 1, 1854.—Jan. 1, 1855.	Died March 1, 1902.

SECOND LIEUTENANT.

Edward W. Redding.....	Clinton	Aug. 15, 1852.—Sept. 2, 1852.	Dismissed, March 1, 1863. Promoted 1st. Lieutenant.
Henry C. Brown.....	Terre Haute	Mar. 2, 1853.—April 25, 1853.	Mustered out 1st. Sergeant.
William Brotherton.....	Pueblo Col.	May 1, 1851.	
Co. "H".			
CAPTAIN.			
William T. Crawford.....	Ascension	Aug. 15, 1852.—Sept. 2, 1852.	Promoted Major. Mustered out 1st. Lieutenant.
Milton Tichenor.....	Ascension	May 1, 1865.	Deceased.

OFFICERS—Continued.

NAME, RANK AND RESIDENCE.	DATE OF COMMISSION.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
FIRST LIEUTENANT.			
Francis M. Lucas.....Sullivan	Aug. 15, 1852.—	Sept. 2, 1862.	Resigned Sept. 23, 1862. Deceased.
Charles W. Finney.....Ascension	Dec. 24, 1852.—	Dec. 24, 1862.	Dismissed Oct. 10, 1863.
Jacob F. Hoke.....Sullivan	Oct. 11, 1853.—	Mar. 20, 1864.	Resigned Sept. 20, 1864.
Milton Tichenor.....Ascension	Sept. 21, 1854.—	Nov. 8, 1864.	Promoted Captain.
SECOND LIEUTENANT.			
Charles W. Finney.....Ascension	Aug. 15, 1852.—	Sept. 2, 1862.	Promoted 1st. Lieutenant.
Jacob F. Hoke.....Sullivan	Dec. 24, 1852.—	Jan. 15, 1863.	Promoted 1st. Lieutenant.
Milton Tichenor.....Ascension	Mar. 31, 1854.—	April 15, 1864.	Promoted 1st. Lieutenant.
Lemuel C. Risley.....Bruceville	Sept. 21, 1854.—	Jan. 31, 1865.	Honorably discharged, May 15, 1865.
Richard Hardesty.....Sullivan	May, 1, 1855.		Mustered out 1st. Sergeant.
Co. "I".			
CAPTAIN.			
Caleb Nash.....Center Point	Aug. 16, 1852.—	Sept. 2, 1862.	Died May 20, 1853, of disease contracted in Libby Prison.
James N. Gregory.....Stannont	May 21, 1853.—	Oct. 30, 1863.	Discharged July 17, 1864.
George Grimes.....Center Point	Sept. 1, 1854.—	Oct. 30, 1864.	Mustered out with Regiment. Deceased.

FIRST LIEUTENANT.

Allen W. Carter.....Staunton
 James N. Gregory.....Staunton
 George Grimes.....Center Point
 Stephen M. Carter.....Terre Haute

SECOND LIEUTENANT.

James N. Gregory.....Staunton
 George Grimes.....Center Point
 George A. Hayward.....Mt. Carmel, Ill.
 James T. Moss.....Ashboro

Co. "K."

CAPTAIN.

Lewis Puckett.....Garfield, Ark.
 James D. Estes.....Indianapolis

FIRST LIEUTENANT.

John S. O'Donald.....Jasonville
 James D. Estes.....Indianapolis
 Adolphus P. Hungate.....Lam Pasa, T.

SECOND LIEUTENANT.

Thomas Friers.....Coffee
 Adolphus P. Hungate.....Coffee
 Jackson Wilks.....Jasonville

Resigned Nov. 7, 1862.
 Deceased.
 Promoted Captain.
 Promoted Captain.
 Mustered out with Regiment.
 Deceased.
 Promoted 1st. Lieutenant.
 Promoted 1st. Lieutenant.
 Promoted Q. M. 17th U. S.
 Colored Troops.
 Mustered out 1st. Sergeant.
 Deceased.
 Resigned July 14, 1864.
 Disability.
 Mustered out with Regiment.
 Deceased.
 Resigned Feb. 5, 1863.
 Deceased.
 Promoted Captain.
 Mustered out 2nd. Lieutenant.
 Resigned Dec. 24, 1862.
 Promoted 1st. Lieutenant.
 Mustered out 1st. Sergeant.

Aug. 16, 1852.—Sept. 2, 1852.
 Nov. 8, 1852.—Nov. 15, 1862.
 May 21, 1863.—Oct. 30, 1863.
 Sept. 1, 1864.—Oct. 30, 1864.
 Aug. 16, 1862.—Sept. 2, 1862.
 Nov. 21, 1862.—Nov. 15, 1862.
 May 21, 1863.
 May 1, 1855.
 Aug. 12, 1852.—Sept. 2, 1852.
 July 15, 1864.—Sept. 1, 1864.
 Aug. 12, 1862.—Sept. 2, 1862.
 Feb. 6, 1863.—May 4, 1863.
 July 15, 1864.
 Aug. 12, 1862.—Sept. 2, 1862.
 Feb. 6, 1863.—May 1, 1863.
 May 1, 1865.

ENLISTED MEN OF COMPANY "A."

NAME, RANK AND RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER. 1852.	REMARKS.
FIRST SERGEANT.		
Andrew W. McCluer.....Parke Co.	Aug. 1.....	Promoted 2nd. Lieutenant.—Deceased.
SERGEANTS.		
William B. Erwin.....Sylvania	Aug. 1.....	Discharged March 11, '63.—Deceased.
Rosel Chapin.....Rockville	Aug. 1.....	Mustered out May 10, '65.
John W. Bactus.....Annapolis	Aug. 1.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
CORPORALS.		
Lindus Holliday.....Sylvania	Aug. 1.....	Died at Nicholasville, Ky., Dec. 10, '62.
Abe G. Major.....Annapolis	Aug. 1.....	Died at Louisville, Ky., June 24, '64.
Solomon Lusk.....Annapolis	Aug. 5.....	Killed at Thompson's Station, Mar. 5, '63.
Clement Williamson.....Rockville	Aug. 1.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.—Deceased.
Henry H. Geiger.....Rockville	Aug. 1.....	Discharged Aug. 17, '63.
Thomas B. Thompson.....Russell's Mills	Aug. 1.....	Mustered out May 9, '65.—Deceased.
James Williamson.....Sylvania	Aug. 1.....	Mustered out June 12, '65, as Sergeant.
William Starr.....Russell's Mills	Aug. 1.....	Transferred to V. R. C., Jan. 10, '65. Deceased.
MUSICIANS.		
Addison M. Wright.....Eureka, Ill.	Aug. 7.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.—Deceased.
John M. Devertter.....Annapolis	Aug. 1.....	Died at Danville, Ky., Feb. 7, '63.

WAGONER.

Samuel L. Phillips.....Rockville

PRIVATEES.

Archibald W. Adams.....Rockville	Aug. 15.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.—Deceased.
Joseph S. Antrim.....Clark's Hill	Aug. 1.....	Mustered out " June 3, '65.—Deceased.
William H. Agner.....Rockville	Aug. 1.....	Transferred to V. R. C.—Deceased.
Asa Anglemeyer.....Howard	Aug. 2.....	Mustered out " June 12, '65.
David N. Adams.....Marshall	Aug. 7.....	" " " "
Thomas Basinger.....Cayuga	Aug. 1.....	" " " "
Martin Basinger.....Cayuga	Aug. 1.....	" " " "
David Beeson.....Russell's Mills	Aug. 1.....	Discharged Oct. 7, '63.
Joseph M. Bundy.....Annapolis	Aug. 1.....	Killed at Dallas, Ga., May 25, '64.
William A. Bacus.....Russell's Mills	Aug. 1.....	Died at Nicholasville, Ky., Dec. 27, '62.
George S. Bacus.....Russell's Mills	Aug. 1.....	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Mar. 27, '63.
James E. M. Bright.....Howard	Aug. 18.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
Elam Crewe.....Sylvania	Aug. 5.....	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 17, '63.
John T. Cashatt.....Russell's Mills	Aug. 5.....	Died at Danville, Ky., Jan. 27, '63.
George E. Colwell.....Bloomingdale	Aug. 1.....	Mustered out " June 12, '65.
John Carter.....Ridge Farm, Ill.	Aug. 12.....	" " " "
Marion M. Carter.....Tuscola, Ill.	Aug. 21.....	" " " "
Charles Colwell.....Howard	Aug. 5.....	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 20, '63.
Samuel Durman.....Kingman	Aug. 1.....	Discharged Nov. 23, '64; wounds.
Daniel Dell.....Hausertown	Aug. 9.....	Mustered out " June 12, '65.
Thomas L. Doss.....Bethany	Aug. 1.....	" " " "
Isaac B. Dowdell.....Howard	Aug. 5.....	" " " "
Josiah M. Ephlin.....Annapolis	Aug. 1.....	" " " "
John S. Engle.....Annapolis	Aug. 1.....	Mustered out June 2, '65.—Deceased.
Thomas Ensley.....Howard	Aug. 1.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.—Deceased.
Nathan V. Edwards.....Annapolis	Aug. 1.....	Died at Danville, Ky., Dec. 24, '62.

ENLISTED MEN OF COMPANY "A"—Continued.

NAME, RANK AND RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER, 1862.	REMARKS.
Presley J. Elmore.....,Sylvania	Aug. 1....	Died at Lexington, Ky., Dec. 11, '62.
David W. Finney..Neosho Falls, Kans.	Aug. 1....	Mustered out June 12, '65, as Sergeant.
Zimri D. Finney.....Montezuma	Aug. 7....	Mustered out June 12, '65.—Deceased.
Charles W. Gifford.....Russell's Mills	Aug. 1....	Discharged Dec. 27, '61.—Deceased.
Joseph A. Gurtley.....Parke Co.	Aug. 2....	Promoted 2nd Lieutenant.—Deceased.
Harrison Hart.....Annapolis	Aug. 5....	Discharged Jan. 2, '64.
John T. Hart.....Annapolis	Aug. 7....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
Jacob Heath.....,Sylvania	Aug. 1....	"
John Hobson.....Annapolis	Aug. 1....	Promoted 1st Lt. 119th Reg't, U. S. Colored Troops.
William F. Holstine....Ridge Farm, Ill.	Aug. 1....	Died at Murfreesboro Tenn., Mar. 24, '64.
Josiah Heath.....Wright's Mills	Aug. 1....	Discharged Dec. 27, '62.
Francis M. Heath.....Annapolis	Aug. 1....	Died at Murfreesboro, Tenn., July 19, '63.
Ira A. Huffman.....Wright's Mills	Aug. 1....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
Silas E. Hunt.....Rockville	Aug. 1....	Discharged June 8, '63.
Henry A. Jackson.....Howard	Aug. 5....	Died on hospital boat, Feb. 4, '63.
Moses T. Kelly.....Annapolis	Aug. 15....	Promoted Lieut. in 116th U. S. Colored Troops.—Deceased.
Reuben Lough.....,Marshall	Aug. 5....	Mustered out May 19, '65.
William H. Lyon.....Annapolis	Aug. 1....	Died at Danville, Ky., Feb. —, '63.
William O. McCord.....Rockville	Aug. 1....	Killed at Averysboro, N. C. Mar. 16, '65.
John S. McCluer.....,Marshall	Aug. 1....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
Andrew F. Mann.....Waveland	Aug. 7....	"
James A. Mitchell.....,Bethany	Aug. 5....	Discharged Nov. 1, '63.
George C. Maris.....Annapolis	Aug. 1....	Mustered out June 12, '65, as Corporal.

David Myers.....	Marshall	Aug. 1.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
Mahlon W. Marshall.....	Rockville	Aug. 6.....	Mustered out July 11, '65.
Henry H. Newlin.....	Annapolis	Aug. 5.....	Mustered out June 9, '65.
William T. Patton.....	Rockville	Aug. 21.....	Mustered out June 12, '65, as Sergeant; Major.
James T. Patton.....	Rockville	Aug. 21.....	Killed at Averysboro, N. C., Mar. 16, '64.
Mahlon Rubottom.....	Waldeman	Aug. 5.....	Discharged Dec. 27, '62.
Miles W. Ratcliff.....	Russell's Mills	Aug. 13.....	Killed near Atlanta, Ga., Aug. 13, '64.
John Quackenbush.....	Montezuma	Aug. 7.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.—Deceased.
John Swindell.....	Annapolis	Aug. 1.....	Killed at Nashville, Tenn., April —, '63.
John F. Sherfay.....	Kansas City	Aug. 1.....	Mustered out June 7, '65.
Michael R. Stanton.....	Tangier	Aug. 5.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.—Deceased.
Sammuel S. Sanders.....	Howard	Aug. 5.....	" " " "
John G. Seely.....	Howard	Aug. 5.....	" " " "
Joshua L. Swain.....	Annapolis	Aug. 7.....	" " " "
Joseph C. Swain.....	Howard	Aug. 15.....	Discharged June 13, '63.
John R. Tenbrook.....	Tuscolo Ill.	Aug. 1.....	Mustered out June 12, '65, as Corporal.
John O. Trueman.....	Howard	Aug. 18.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.—Deceased.
John B. Wright.....	Cayuga	Aug. 17.....	" " " "
William White.....	Annapolis	Aug. 1.....	Mustered out July 4, '65.—Deceased.
Thomas J. Williamson.....	Bloomington	Aug. 2.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
James H. Williamson.....	Rockville	Aug. 1.....	Killed at Averysboro, N. C., Mar. 16, '65.
Alexander N. Williams.....	Casey Ill.	Aug. 5.....	Transferred to V. R. C.
Daniel C. Williams.....	Waldeman	Aug. 5.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
James C. Waldron.....	Franklin Mills O.	Aug. 7.....	Died at Danville, Ky., Feb. —, '63.
Eli York.....	Wright's Mills	Aug. 7.....	Died in hands of enemy at Columbia, Tenn., March 22, '63; wounds.
RECRUITS.			
John C. Adams.....	Wright's Mills	Jan. 7, '64..	Mustered out June 2, '65.—Deceased.
Clement Basinger.....	Wright's Mills	June 6, '63..	Discharged Oct. 21, '64.—Deceased.
John B. Bowsher.....	Wright's Mills	Jan. 24, '64..	Mustered out July 10, '65.

ENLISTED MEN OF COMPANY "A"—Continued.

NAME, RANK AND RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Joseph Banta.....Wallace	Dec. 24, '63..	Transferred to 33rd Regiment, June 1, '65.
William M. Biggs.....Tangier	June 6, '63..	" "
William M. Cratt.....	Feb. 4, '64..	" "
John H. Demaree.....	Dec. 24, '63..	" "
Daniel Dowdell.....Howard	Feb. 27, '64..	Died, Indianapolis, March 20, '64.
William W. Ewing.....Crawfordsville	Dec. 24, '63..	Transferred to 33rd Reg't, June 1, '65; as Corporal.
William P. Grimes.....	Feb. 27, '64..	Transferred to 33rd. Reg't, June 1, '65, as Corporal.—Deceased.
David E. Graham.....	Dec. 24, '63..	Mustered out July 6, '65.
Josiah Luicks.....	Dec. 24, '63..	Mustered out June 28, '65.
Benjamin Hicks.....	Dec. 24, '63..	Transferred to 33rd. Reg't, June 1, '65.
William Hart.....	Dec. 30, '63..	" "
Cyrenus E. Hinshaw.....	Dec. 24, '63..	Transferred to 33rd. Reg't, June 1, '65, as Corporal.
Thomas Higgins.....Wright's Mills	Dec. 24, '63..	Died at Bridgeport, Ala., May 9, '64.
Madison T. Hicks.....Howard	Jan. 5, '64..	Died at Indianapolis, March —, '65.
Amos Higgins.....Wright's Mills	Dec. 24, '63..	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Nov. 30, '64.
George S. Jor s.....Rockville	Feb. 27, '64..	Transferred to 33rd. Reg't, June 1, '65.
James E. Jackson.....Tangier	Feb. 27, '64..	Mustered out June 29, '65.
William J. Lough.....Marshall	Dec. 24, '63..	Transferred to 33rd. Reg't, June 1, '65.
Samuel G. Osborn.....Kingman	June 6, '63..	" "
Isaac A. Pickard.....Rockville	June 6, '63..	" "
George W. Rodenbaugh.....	Oct. 18, '64..	" "

William P. Rodenbaugh.....	Oct. 15, '64..	"	"
Henry Riley.....Howard	Dec. 24, '63..	"	Died at Fosterville, Tenn., Jan. 26, '64.
Alfred Stafford.....	Jan. 5, '64..	"	Transferred to 33rd. Reg't, June 1, '65, as Corporal.
Isaac A. Smith.....	Dec. 24, '63..	"	Mustered out May 25, '65.—Deceased.
Samuel E. Sheladay.....	Jan. 8, '64..	"	Transferred to 33rd. Reg't, June 1, '65.
Dzozna Tucker.....	Dec. 26, '63..	"	"
Anderson Wasson.....	Aug. 25, '63..	"	"
James J. Wolf.....Kingman	Jan. 5, '64..	"	"

ENLISTED MEN OF COMPANY "B."

NAME, RANK AND RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER, 1862.	REMARKS.
FIRST SERGEANT.		
George T. Armstrong.....	Aug. 15,....	Promoted Captain 15th U. S. C. T.
SERGEANTS.		
General Ambrose.....	Aug. 21,....	Promoted 2nd. Lieut. 12th U. S. Colored Troops.—Deceased.
Jacob C. Fonnannon.....Dana	Aug. 16,....	Discharged Jan. —, '63.
Welster Nance.....Hubbard Mo.	Aug. 21,....	Promoted 1st. Lieut. 15th U. S. C. T.
John B. Doud.....Washington D. C.	Aug. 16,....	Promoted Lieutenant U. S. C. T.
CORPORALS.		
John W. Herron.....Staunton	Aug. 21,....	Died at Covington, Ky., Jan. 16, '63.
Simeon Burkett.....Ellsworth	Aug. 21,....	Discharged.

ENLISTED MEN OF COMPANY "B"—Continued.

NAME, RANK AND RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER, 1862.	REMARKS.
Richard L. Richards.....Montezuma	Aug. 16.....	Discharged March 6, '65.—Deceased.
John T. Harpold.....Cloverland	Aug. 21.....	Died at Chattanooga Sept. 16, '64.
Gustavus Bailey.....Montezuma	Aug. 16.....	Mustered out June 12, '65, as 1st Serg't.
Joseph Simpson.....Montezuma	Aug. 16.....	Discharged Oct. 31, '63.—Deceased.
Isaac Davis.....Brazil	Aug. 21.....	Discharged May 28, '63.
Armstead Clark.....Armiesburg	Aug. 16.....	Died at Nicholasville, Ky., Dec. 14, '62.
WAGONER.		
Pleasant J. Baldwin.....Terre Haute	Aug. 21.....	Transferred to V. R. C. June 10, '65.
PRIVATE.		
Israel Armstrong.....Montezuma	Aug. 16.....	Discharged.
James H. Adkins.....	Aug. 21.....	Deserted Sept. 5, '62.
Abram V. Blair.....Terre Haute	Aug. 21.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.—Deceased.
Nelson M. Brown.....Cloverland	Aug. 21.....	Died in Rich'nd Prison, Va., Apr. 3, '63.
Snowdon Burkett.....Cloverland	Aug. 21.....	Died at Danville, Ky., Feb. 14, '63.
William Beal.....Rosedale	Aug. 21.....	Missing at Kenesaw, June 27, '64.
John Brooks.....Annapolis	Aug. 16.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
John Bippus.....	Aug. 16.....	Deserted Feb. 1, '63.
Andrew Brown.....Mt. Carmel Ill.	Aug. 16.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.—Deceased
Asbury T. Bruce.....Montezuma	Aug. 16.....	"
Arthur Bonnell.....Armiesburg	Aug. 16.....	Mustered out July 21, '65.
Lewis Brogle.....	Aug. 16.....	Died at Annapolis, Md., April —, '63.

Bowen Bogs.....Montezuma	Aug. 16....	Transferred to V. R. C.; mustered out June 30, '65.—Deceased.
John B. S. Case.....Terre Haute	Aug. 21....	Discharged.
Samuel Crim.....Terre Haute	Aug. 21....	Discharged Aug. —, '63.
Conrad Causleman.....Indianapolis	Aug. 31....	Mustered out June 12, '65.—Deceased.
Joseph Chew.....Montezuma	Aug. 16....	Died at Frankum, Tenn., March 15, '63.
Alfred Cramfr.....Catlin	Aug. 16....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
Leander Davis.....Brazil	Aug. 21....	Transferred V. R. C.
Samuel A. Doty.....Rosedale	Aug. 21....	Died at Danville, Ky., Feb. 21, '63; Sergeant.
Edward Davis.....Brazil	Aug. 21....	Mustered out June 12, '65, as Corporal.
Richard Davis.....Montezuma	Aug. 21....	Died at Danville, Ky., Feb. —, '63.
John H. Engle.....Olney Ill.	Aug. 21....	Discharged.
Joseph A. Engle.....Burlington Kan.	Aug. 21....	Discharged Feb. 28, '65; wounds.
Thomas Falls.....Armiesburg	Aug. 16....	Died in Rich'md Prison, Va. Apr.—, '63.
James W. Fuller.....Cloverland	Aug. 16....	Mustered out June 3, '65.—Deceased.
James Fleming.....	Aug. 16....	Died at Annapolis, Md., April 1, '63.
John Garrett.....	Aug. 16....	Died in Rich'md Prison Va., Apr. 2, '63.
Henry Hashberger.....Rosedale	Aug. 21....	Mustered out June 12, '65, as Corporal. Deceased.
William Herron.....Staunton	Aug. 16....	Mustered out June 12, '65, as Sergeant.
Jacob Hoffman.....Staunton	Aug. 16....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
John Hull.....	Aug. 16....	Died at Nashville, March 11, '63.
Jasper Hun.....Montezuma	Aug. 16....	Mustered out June 12, '65, as Corporal.
William A. James.....Hillsdale	Aug. 16....	Discharged Jan. —, '63 as Sergeant.
Marion Justus.....Armiesburg	Aug. 16....	Died at Camp Chase, O., April —, '63.
George T. Johnson.....	Aug. 16....	Deserted Oct. —, '62.
Henry Kinry.....Terre Haute	Aug. 21....	Mustered out July 12, '65.
Truman L. King.....E. Terre Haute	Aug. 16....	Mustered out June 12, '65, as absent sick.
William Miller.....Montezuma	Aug. 16....	Died at Chattanooga, Tenn., July 6, '64; wounded.
James W. Mitchell.....	Aug. 16....	Died at Lexington, Ky., Dec. 8, '62.

George J. Williamson.....	Aug. 21....	Deserted Jan. 29, '63.
Joseph Wolf.....	Aug. 16....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
James A. Wilson.....	Aug. 16....	"
Richard C. Wells.....	Aug. 21....	"
John Gallagher.....	Aug. 21....	"
RECRUITS		
	May 30, '63..	Transferred to 3rd. Reg't, June 1, '65.

ENLISTED MEN OF CO. "C."

NAME, RANK AND RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER. 1862.	REMARKS.
FIRST SERGEANT.		
William S. Harbert.....Chicago	Aug. 14....	Promoted 2d. Lieutenant.
SERGEANTS.		
Lawrence Burgett.....Terre Haute	Aug. 14....	Promoted 1st. Lieutenant.
Mitchell C. Purchell.....Terre Haute	Aug. 15....	Killed at Peach Tree Creek, July 20, '64.
George E. Hayward.....Mt. Carmel Ill.	Aug. 15....	Promoted 2nd. Lieutenant Co. "I."
Thomas Lanning.....Lewis	Aug. 13....	Transferred to V. R. Co., April 2, '64.
CORPORALS.		
William H. Watson.....Terre Haute	Aug. 13....	Mustered out June 12, '65 as private.
Samuel P. Jones.....Terre Haute	Aug. 14....	Mustered out June 12, '65, as 1st. Sergeant.
William J. Custick.....Terre Haute	Aug. 15....	Mustered out June 12, '65, as Sergeant.

ENLISTED MEN OF COMPANY "C"—Continued.

NAME, RANK AND RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER, 1862.	REMARKS.
John G. Bledsoe.....Centreville	Aug. 12.....	Deserted Jan. 17, '63.
John Stewart.....Terre Haute	Aug. 15.....	Mustered out June 12, '65, as Sergeant.
Noel L. Bailey.....Terre Haute	Aug. 15.....	Deserted May 20, '63.
John H. Hathorn.....Centreville	Aug. 13.....	Deserted Jan. 30, '63.
Mamiel L. Lucas.....Centreville	Aug. 12.....	Died June 27, '64; wounds.
MUSICIAN.		
John C. Neat.....Centreville	Aug. 12. . .	Mustered out June 12, '65.
WAGONER.		
James W. Buskirk.....Terre Haute	Aug. 22.....	Deserted Jan. 13, '63.
PRIVATES.		
William E. Art.....Terre Haute	Aug. 15.....	Mustered out May 25, '65.—Deceased.
James McBaird.....Terre Haute	Aug. 13.....	Died at Lynchburg, Va., March 26, '63.
Samuel Bennett.....Centreville	Aug. 13.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
William Barrett.....Centreville	Aug. 13.....	Deserted Sept. 27, '62.
Samuel Laker.....Terre Haute	Aug. 13.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
Elijah H. Brock.....Centreville	Aug. 13.....	Discharged Dec. 28, '63.
David A. Brown.....Terre Haute	Aug. 13.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
Richard D. Ball.....Terre Haute	Aug. 15.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.—Deceased.
John Barrett.....Centreville	Aug. 13.....	Mustered out June 12, '65, as Corporal.
John A. Baird.....Terre Haute	Aug. 19.....	Mustered out Mar. 7, '65.

ENLISTED MEN OF COMPANY "C"—Continued

NAME, RANK AND RESIDENCE.	DATE OF		REMARKS.
	MUSTER.	18. 2.	
Samuel H. Mattox.....Terre Haute	Aug. 13.....		Died June 2, '64.
Asa Mason.....Terre Haute	Aug. 13.....		Died at Lynchburg, Va., Mar. 27, '63.
Lebbeus E. McKee.....Terre Haute	Aug. 15.....		Deserted Sept. 27, '62.
James L. Nicholson.....Centreville	Aug. 13.....		Transferred V. R. C., Aug. 10, '64.
Henry Norton.....Terre Haute	Aug. 15.....		Mustered out June 12, '65.—Deceased.
Moses Pierson.....Lewis	Aug. 13.....		Mustered out June 12, '65, as Corporal.
Joseph L. Pierson.....Lewis	Aug. 13.....		Deserted Sept. 27, '62.
Josiah Pierson.....Lewis	Aug. 13.....		Mustered out June 12, '65, as Corporal.
Thomas J. Paune.....Sanford	Aug. 13.....		Mustered out June 12, '65.
Joshua Potts.....Terre Haute	Aug. 14.....		Discharged April 10, '63.—Deceased.
John L. Potts.....Terre Haute	Aug. 14.....		Died Feb. 20, '63.
Oliver P. L. Pound.....Terre Haute	Aug. 20.....		Deserted Jan. 17, '63.
Moses Pierson.....Lewis	Aug. 20.....		Died March 8, '63.
James A. Roll.....Pimento	Aug. 13.....		Mustered out June 12, '65.
John Ramsdell.....Terre Haute	Aug. 15.....		Transferred to V. R. C.; mustered out June 30, '65.—Deceased.
Albert E. Stark.....Lewis	Aug. 13.....		Mustered out June 12, '65.
John W. Stues.....Oakland Ill.	Aug. 13.....		Transferred to V. R. C.; mustered out June 30, '65.—Deceased.
Nathaniel S. Schoonover.....Terre Haute	Aug. 14.....		Mustered out June 12, '65.
William Spear.....Terre Haute	Aug. 15.....		Mustered out June 12, '65.
George W. Snedeker.....Terre Haute	Aug. 15.....		Transferred to V. R. C., Mar. 15, '65.
Thomas T. Stockwell.....Terre Haute	Aug. 15.....		Deserted Jan. 26, '63.
William T. Stark.....Centreville	Aug. 13.....		Deserted Sept. 21, '62.
Francis A. Truelblood.....Terre Haute	Aug. 14.....		Died at home.

Thermon Woodson.....	Pimento	Aug. 13.....	Discharged Oct. 5, '63.
Nathaniel Trueblood.....	Pimento	Aug. 18.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
Isobert W. Tibbutt.....	Terre Haute	Aug. 15.....	Died June 15, '64.
William Vaughn.....	Cooperly	Aug. 11.....	Died Jan. 15, '63.
Samuel Wilson.....	Kansas	Aug. 13.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
John West.....	Christi's Prairie	Aug. 15.....	Mustered out June 8, '65, as Sergeant. Deceased.
Charles H. Weatherwax.....	Terre Haute	Aug. 29.....	Deserted March —, '63.
James Wind.....	Terre Haute	Aug. 29.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
RECRUITS.			
Benjamin F. Bulger.....	Stanton	June 4, '63.	Transferred to 33rd. Reg't. June 1, '65.
Rodney R. Grimes.....	Severy Kans.	May 30, '63	Discharged Feb. 10, '65; wounds.
William F. Jackson.....	Cory	May 30, '63	Transferred to 33rd. Reg't. June 1, '65.
Hugo Lyon.....	New York City	Nov. 2, '62.	Deserted April 30, '63.
William P. Stoops.....	Cory	May 30, '63	Transferred to 33rd. Reg't. June 1, '65.
Thomas Sorrels.....	Centre Point	Jan. 12, '64	"
Thomas J. Triplett.....	Stanton	June 9, '63.	" —Deceased.

ENLISTED MEN OF COMPANY "D."

NAME, RANK AND RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
FIRST SERGEANT.		
Elisha Pearce.....	Clinton	Promoted 2nd. Lieutenant.

ENLISTED MEN OF COMPANY "D"—Continued.

NAME, RANK AND RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTERING.	REMARKS.
SERGEANTS.		
James W. Taylor.....Paris Ill.	Aug. 11.....	Mustered out June 12, '65, as sergeant.
William A. Richardson.....Clinton	Aug. 11.....	Killed at Resaca, May 15, '64.
John A. C. Norris.....Clinton	Aug. 11.....	Died June 25, '64; wounds.
David Mitchell.....Emporia Kans.	Aug. 11.....	Discharged May 23, '65; wounds.
CORPORALS.		
Brazier E. Henderson.....Clinton	Aug. 11.....	Mustered out June 12, '65, as private. Deceased.
Ren White.....Summit Head	Aug. 11.....	Mustered out June 12, '65, as 1st Serg't.
Samuel Craig.....Clinton	Aug. 11.....	Discharged March 18, '63.
James Andrews.....Toronto	Aug. 11.....	Died at Resaca, May 16, '64; wounds.
Valentine Foss.....Hillsdale	Aug. 11.....	Discharged March 22, '65.
Harrison Pierce.....Clinton	Aug. 11.....	Mustered out June 12, '65, as private.
Joseph Foss.....Newport	Aug. 11.....	Mustered out June 12, '65, as Wagoner.
Wesley A. Brown.....	Aug. 11.....	Killed at Atlanta, Aug. 5, '64.
MUSICIANS.		
Andrew J. Owen.....Newport	Aug. 11.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.—Deceased.
John A. Curry.....	Aug. 11.....	Shot at Latonia Springs, Ky., Oct. 8, '62.
WAGONER.		
Benjamin Aleshire.....Clinton	Aug. 11.....	Deserted Jan. 25, '63.

PRIVATES.

George Adams.....Hillsdale	Aug. 11.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
John P. Anderson.....Toronto	Aug. 11.....	Died at Danville, Ky., Dec. 18, '62.
Jasper Andrews.....St. Bernice	Aug. 11.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
Justice Ackerman.....Clinton	Aug. 11.....	Mustered out June 12, '65, as Corporal.
William Amerman.....Clinton	Aug. 11.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
Francis M. Bula.....Robinson Ill.	Aug. 11.....	" " "
Samuel C. Beebe.....Clinton	Aug. 11.....	" " "
Clinton C. Barker.....Clinton	Aug. 11.....	Died at Goldsboro, N. C. Mar. 27, '65; wounds.
Darvius C. Boyce.....Clinton	Aug. 11.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
James Burson.....Roseville	Aug. 11.....	" " "
John J. Burson.....Clinton	Aug. 11.....	Died at Chattanooga, Tenn., Aug. 20, '64. wounds.
James Burns.....Clinton	Aug. 11.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.—Deceased.
John Barrett.....Clinton	Aug. 11.....	Mustered out June 8, '65, as Sergeant. Deceased.
John W. Blakesley.....Clinton	Aug. 11.....	Mustered out May 20, '65.—Deceased.
John Callaghan.....Clinton	Aug. 11.....	Died at Chattanooga, Tenn., July 5, '64; wounds.
Harrison Catlin.....Roseville	Aug. 11.....	Discharged Jan. 22, '63.
John Connor.....Cave Springs Mo.	Aug. 21.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
David Carter.....Montezuma	Aug. 11.....	" " " —Deceased.
William R. Cathers.....Clinton	Aug. 11.....	" " " "
Joseph Cloyd.....Roseville	Aug. 11.....	" " " "
Carrick Cottrell.....Roseville	Aug. 11.....	Discharged May 21, '63.
William Chaney.....Clinton	Aug. 11.....	Transferred to V. R. C. Jan. 14, '64. Deceased.
Isaac Clem.....Shelbyville	Aug. 11.....	Discharged June 30, '63.
James W. Edwards.....Clinton	Aug. 11.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
Thomas H. Eaton.....Clinton	Aug. 11.....	" " "

ENLISTED MEN OF COMPANY "D"—Continued.

NAME, RANK AND RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Hiram Foltz.....	Aug. 11.....	" "
John Foltz.....	Aug. 11.....	" "
James Foltz.....	Aug. 11.....	Deserted Jan. 25, '63.
John McCannon.....	Aug. 11.....	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Apr. 25, '63.
Lewis B. Griffin.....	Aug. 11.....	Killed at Kennesaw, June 15, '64.
William Goodwin.....	Aug. 11.....	Mustered out May 20, '65.—Deceased.
John Hammersley.....	Aug. 11.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
James M. Holston.....	Aug. 11.....	" "
Isaac Hoover.....	Aug. 11.....	" "
Lewis Higby.....	Aug. 11.....	" "
Abner H. Howard.....	Aug. 11.....	Mustered out June 12, '65, as Corporal.
Solomon Jackson.....	Aug. 11.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
Cooper Jackson.....	Aug. 11.....	" "
Zachariah D. James.....	Aug. 11.....	" "
Edward Luck.....	Aug. 11.....	" "
John Louderman.....	Aug. 11.....	Died at Danville, Ky., Jan. 18, '63.
John Luce.....	Aug. 11.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.—Deceased.
George R. Martin.....	Aug. 11.....	Discharged March 28, '63.
Andrew S. McNeil.....	Aug. 11.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
Nathaniel McNeil.....	Aug. 11.....	Died at Danville, Ky., Feb. 2, '63.
Thomas Moynihan.....	Aug. 11.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
Madison Nolan.....	Aug. 11.....	" "
Samuel S. Newlen.....	Aug. 11.....	" "
Peter O'Roark.....	Aug. 11.....	" "

James O'Riley.....	Indianapolis	Aug. 11.....	Must'd out June 12, '65, as Serg't.—Dec.
Stephen W. Payton.....	Libertyville	Aug. 11.....	Mustered out June 12, '65, as Corporal.
Benjamin Pearman.....	Clinton	Aug. 11.....	Transferred to V. R. C. Feb. —, '64.
Richard Pauley.....	Dana	Aug. 11.....	Mustered out June 29, '65.
John H. Redman.....	Ness City Kans.	Aug. 11.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
George W. Rex.....	Crisman Ill.	Aug. 11.....	Mustered out June 12, '65, as Corporal.
John Southard.....	Highland	Aug. 11.....	Died at Franklin, Tenn., May 23, '63.
John Salyard.....	Clinton	Aug. 11.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.—Deceased.
Alfred M. Stokesberry.....	Clinton	Aug. 11.....	" " " —Deceased.
Charles P. Surphen.....	Oakland Ill.	Aug. 11.....	" " " —Deceased.
John Sigler.....	Clinton	Aug. 11.....	" " " —Deceased.
Reuben Short.....	Kansas City	Aug. 11.....	" " " —Deceased.
Philip F. Thomas.....	Clinton Lock	Aug. 11.....	Discharged June 16, '63.
Samuel Thomas.....	Toronto	Aug. 11.....	Discharged Nov. 22, '64.
Charles M. Taylor.....	Jamestown, N. D.	Aug. 11.....	Mustered out June 12, '65, as Com. Sergeant.
Levi C. Taylor.....	Toronto	Aug. 11.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
Nathaniel Wheeler.....	St. Bernice	Aug. 11.....	Mustered out May 24, '65.
Lewis Wellman.....	Toronto	Aug. 11.....	Died at Danville, Ky., Jan. 16, '63.
Lewis C. Wetim in.....	Clinton	Aug. 11.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
Joseph Welker.....	Clinton	Aug. 11.....	Discharged March 28, '63.
Samuel R. White.....	Clinton	Aug. 11.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.—Deceased.
Oliver Wagoner.....	Sugar Creek	Aug. 11.....	" " " —Deceased.
Charles E. Young.....	Clinton	Aug. 11.....	Died. at Chattanooga, Tenn., August. 12, '64; wounds.
John E. Youman.....	Clinton Lock	Aug. 11.....	Mustered out June 12, '65—Dec.
Andrew J. Youman.....	Quaker Hill	Aug. 11.....	Mustered out June 12, '65, as Corporal.
REGENTS,			
Edwin I. Boyce.....	Clinton	Feb. 27, '64..	Transferred to 33rd. Reg't June 10, '65.
Harm n Christian.....	Clinton	Aug. 24, '63..	" " " Deceased.
John D. Scott.....	Clinton	Feb. 27, '64..	Mustered out May 20, '65.

ENLISTED MEN OF COMPANY "D"—Continued.

NAME, RANK AND RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Jesse Foos.....	Jan. 5, '64...	Transferred to 33rd. Reg't June 10, '65.
Faunatus C. Good.....	Jan. 5, '64...	Transferred 33rd. Reg't, June 10, '65.
Henry Hoover.....	Feb. 27, '64...	Discharged Jan. 19, '65.
William Hamilton.....	Jan. 5, '64...	Died at Marietta, Ga., July 15, '64.
Benjamin F. Owen.....	Nov. 19, '62.	Discharged Jan. 24, '65; wounds.
Henry Potter.....	Jan. 5, '64...	Mustered out July 3, '65.
Joseph Southard.....	Sept. 18, '62.	Mustered out June 12, '65.
Kelly M. Smith.....	Jan. 5, '64...	Transferred to 33rd. Reg't, June 10, '65.
Richard Short.....	Feb. 27, '64...	"
William S. Taylor.....	Jan. 21, '64...	Died at Nashville, Tenn., July 2, '65.
Taylor Vannest.....	Jan. 5, '64...	Mustered out June 19, '65.
Frank White.....	Jan. 5, '64...	Died at Acworth, Ga., June 6, '64.

ENLISTED MEN OF COMPANY "E."

NAME, RANK AND RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
FIRST SERGEANT.	1852.	
George Callahan.....	Aug. 15,	Mustered out Aug. 3, '65, as private.

ENLISTED MEN OF COMPANY, "I."—Continued.

NAME, RANK AND RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER. 1862.	REMARKS.
Levi Andis.....Darwin Ill.	Aug. 12....	Died at Annapolis, Md., April 7, '63.
Ezra Brant.....Neoga Ill.	Aug. 19....	Discharged April 19, '63.—Deceased.
Joseph L. Benight.....Prairieton Ill.	Aug. 15....	Discharged Sept. 19, '63.
Elisha Brubaker.....Robinson Ill.	Aug. 15....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
John Curry.....Darwin, Ill.	Aug. 16....	Mustered out June 12, '65, as Corporal. Deceased.
Milton Curry.....Terre Haute	Aug. 14....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
Justus L. Denton.....Pimento	Aug. 11....	Discharged.—Deceased.
George V. Ferrell.....Terre Haute	Aug. 13....	Mustered out June 12, '65.—Deceased.
Benjamin G. Franklin.....Robinson, Ill.	Aug. 15....	Discharged Feb. 17, '63.
James M. Franklin.....Terre Haute	Aug. 15....	Mustered out June 12, '65.—Deceased.
Levi Francis.....Darwin, Ill.	Aug. 21....	Mustered out June 12, '65, as Sergeant. Deceased.
Lorenzo D. Francis.....Prairieton	Aug. 21....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
George W. Hane.....Fontenet	Aug. 21....	"
Ashley C. Harris.....Pimento	Aug. 14....	Died at Nashville, Tenn., June 2, '63.
Fenelon J. Harris.....Pimento	Aug. 14....	Died at Annapolis, Md., April 4, '63.
Marvin B. Harris.....Pimento	Aug. 14....	Deserted May 25, '64.—Deceased.
William P. Holmes.....Terre Haute	Aug. 15....	Mustered out June 12, '65, as Corporal.
George A. Higginbotham.....Prairieton	Aug. 14....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
David Hall.....Darwin, Ill.	Aug. 12....	Discharged May 18, '64.—Deceased.
Matthias Hagerman.....Terre Haute	Aug. 15....	Discharged Aug. 13, '63.
Franklin Hagerman.....Terre Haute	Aug. 15....	Died at Nashville, Tenn., March 2, '63.
Tyra Hunt.....Prairieton	Aug. 21....	Died in Libby prison, March 28, '63.

Samuel J. Jones.....London	Aug. 12.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.—Deceased.
Eli L. Jones.....Philadelphia Pa.	Aug. 12.....	Mustered out June 12, '65, as Corporal.
Raymond Joslin.....Terre Haute	Aug. 13.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
John Josun.....Terre Haute	Aug. 13.....	" " " " " "
Joseph Joslin.....Terre Haute	Aug. 13.....	" " " " " "
William A. Kyle.....Withamsville, O.	Aug. 15.....	Died at Louisville, Ky., May 14, '63.
David H. Killion.....Narrows Ind.	Aug. 18.....	Transferred to V. R. C., Jan. 14, '64.
William J. Lawson.....Terre Haute	Aug. 12.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
David J. Leach.....Darwin Ill.	Aug. 14.....	" " " " " "
William H. Lewis.....Prairieion	Aug. 12.....	Mustered out May 29, '65.
Benjamin R. Little.....Terre Haute	Aug. 12.....	Mustered out May 24, '65.
William J. Mattherly.....Terre Haute	Aug. 12.....	Discharged Dec. 24, '62.
Joseph Maynard.....Terre Haute	Aug. 13.....	Died at Nashville, Tenn., March 19, '63.
Henry B. Miles.....Bowling Green	Aug. 19.....	Mustered out June 12, '65, as Sergeant.
Benjamin McGahee.....Prairieion	Aug. 21.....	Died in Libby prison, April 1, '63.
Alexander Overton.....Darwin Ill.	Aug. 14.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
David Oxendine.....Darwin, Ill.	Aug. 14.....	" " " " " "
William Pearce (1st).....Terre Haute	Aug. 13.....	" " " " " "
William Pearce (2nd).....Taylorsville, Ill.	Aug. 16.....	" " " " " "
James M. Pullen.....Brazil	Aug. 10.....	" " " " " "
Roderick H. Reynolds.....Staunton	Aug. 21.....	Mustered out June 16, '65.
James E. Railback.....Pimento	Aug. 16.....	Deserted May 25, '64.
Miller A. Ray.....Terre Haute	Aug. 21.....	Died at Nashville, Tenn., March 6, '63.
Amos Shaw.....Terre Haute	Aug. 21.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
William R. Simmons.....Terre Haute	Aug. 17.....	Died at Louisville, Ky., May —, '63.
William Snaw.....	Aug. 16.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
John Singhoss.....Terre Haute	Aug. 16.....	Died at Chattanooga, Tenn., July 5, '64.
Lewis Singhoss.....Terre Haute	Aug. 16.....	Discharged April 1, '63.—Deceased.
Philip A. Shemaker.....Martinsburg	Aug. 13.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
Samuel Shunard.....Terre Haute	Aug. 14.....	Mustered out June 12, '65, as Corporal.
John Sears.....Terre Haute	Aug. 21.....	Deceased.
David M. Solomon.....Terre Haute	Aug. 21.....	Died at Camp Chase, Ohio, May 19, '63.
		Mustered out June 12, '65.

ENLISTED MEN OF COMPANY "E"—Continued.

NAME, RANK AND RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Andrew Trueblood.....Prairieton	Aug. 21.....	" " —Deceased.
John Trueblood.....Prairieton	Aug. 13.....	Died at Kingston, Ga., Aug. 3, '64; wounds.
Jo lua Trueblood.....Prairieton	Aug. 13.....	Discharged June 1, '63.—Deceased.
Thomas M. Thornburg.....Marshall, Ills.	Aug. 13.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
Charles A. Terrell.....Terre Haute	Aug. 12.....	" " —Deceased.
David A. Thompson.....Kiley, Ind.	Aug. 13.....	" " "
James Thompson.....Riley, Ind.	Aug. 13.....	" " "
James Uncil.....Darwin, Ill.	Aug. 16.....	Discharged April 15, '63.—Deceased.
Alexander F. White.....Prairieton	Aug. 21.....	Deserted Sept. 12, '62.
Jonathan Young.....Prairieton	Aug. 12.....	Died at Franklin, Tenn., April 18, '63.
RECRUITS.		
John S. Anderson.....Prairieton	Dec. 21, '63..	Died at Indianapolis, Feb. 22, '64.
Charles W. Adams.....Prairieton	Mar. 3, '64..	Transferred to 33rd. Reg't, June 1, '65.
Joseph B. Adams.....Prairieton	Mar. 3, '64..	" " " " "
William H. Ballard.....Prairieton	Oct. 13, '64..	" " " " "
Willis R. Bailey.....Prairieton	Jan. 5, '64..	" " " " "
Stephen Bridwell.....Prairie Creek	Dec. 21, '63..	" " " " "
William Brown.....Prairie Creek	Oct. 15, '64..	" " " " "
Josiah Beach.....Prairie Creek	Oct. 20, '64..	" " " " "
James Cummins.....Prairie Creek	Mar. 4, '64..	Mustered out May 27, '65.
John Denny.....Prairie Creek	Mar. 3, '64..	Mustered out May 20, '65.
John W. Fisher.....Prairie Creek	May 29, '63..	Transferred to 33rd. Reg't, June 1, '65.

Jacob B. Francis.....	Oct. 13, '64..	"	"	"	"
Thomas P. Gaskins.....	Nov. 15, '64.	"	"	"	"
John M. Gilreese.....	Mar. 23, '64.	"	"	"	"
Bradford Hale.....	Dec. 21, '63..	Mustered out	June 16, '65.		
Joseph B. Hicks.....	Dec. 21, '63.	Mustered out	July 25, '65.		
Samuel Higginbotham.....	Dec. 21, '63.	Transferred to	33rd. Regt	June 1, '65.	
Wesley Halberstadt.....	Oct. 5, '64...	Transferred to	33rd. Regiment.	to make	
James I. Heath.....	Jan. 7, '64...	up	lost time.		
William Hudbuge.....	Aug. 3, '63..	From 33rd. Regiment;	died at Nashville,		
		April 24, '64.			
Peter L. Jaquish.....	Oct. 13, '64..	Transferred to	33rd. Regt	June 1, '65.	
Washington L. Jones.....	Mar. 3, '64..	"	"	"	"
Henry H. Kimball.....	Mar. 3, '64..	"	"	"	"
William R. Lloyd.....	Mar. 23, '64..	"	"	"	"
Hiram S. Lee.....	Mar. 3, '64..	Discharged	May 25, '65.		
John C. Mallory.....	Oct. 13, '64..	Transferred to	33rd. Regt	June 1, '65.	
Thomas J. McAnally.....	Oct. 12, '64..	"	"	"	"
John McClary.....	Oct. 14, '64..	Mustered out	May 31, '65.		
James Miles.....	Oct. 5, '64...	Transferred to	33rd. Regt	June 1, '65.	
William T. Payne.....	Oct. 15, '64..	"	"	"	"
Chauncey Pritchard.....	Dec. 21, '63..	Transferred to	V. R. C.;	mustered out	
		July 19, '65.—Deceased.			
Joseph W. Reynolds.....	Dec. 21, '63..	Transferred to	V. R. C.,	April 5, '65.	
John T. Reynolds.....	June 5, '63..	Transferred to	33rd. Regt	June 1, '65.	
James M. Robertson.....	Oct. 3, '64...	"	"	"	"
Benjamin M. Rowe.....	Jan. 5, '64...	"	"	"	"
David Smith.....	Dec. 2, '63...	"	"	"	—Deceased.
William J. Smith.....	Jan. 5, '64...	"	"	"	"
Samuel Smock.....	Oct. 5, '64...	Mustered out	May 22, '65.		
James J. Stephenson.....	Oct. 17, '64..	Mustered out	Aug. 16, '65.		
Thomas J. Scott.....	Sept. 3, '61..	From Co. "C,"	33rd. Regt;	discharged	

ENLISTED MEN OF COMPANY "E"—Continued.

NAME, RANK AND RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARK.
William H. Smock.....Ascension	Oct. 5, '64...	Died at Nashville, Tenn., April 11, '65.
James Smock.....Ascension	Oct. 5, '64...	Died at Chattanooga, Tenn., Feb. 17, '65.
Stephen Trueblood.....Prairie Creek	Sept. 29, '64.	Mustered out June 12, '65.
Charles Tichenor.....	Oct. 12, '64..	Mustered out May 22, '65.
Samuel Tingly.....	Oct. 31, '64..	Transferred to 33rd, Reg't June 1, '65.
Frederick Unsil.....	Oct. 7, '64...	" " " "
John W. Webster.....	Oct. 13, '64..	Transferred to 33rd, Reg't June 1, '65.
John W. D. Wright.....	Oct. 3, '64...	" " " "
James Wallingford.....	Oct. 7, '64...	" " " "
John H. Williams.....	Dec. 24, '63..	Deserted Jan. 4, '64.

ENLISTED MEN OF COMPANY "F."

NAME, RANK AND RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER, 1862.	REMARKS.
FIRST SERGEANT.		
Francis M. Rude.Paris, Ill.	Aug. 6....	Promoted Captain.
SERGEANTS.		
David M. Bulsford.....Columbus	Aug. 6....	Discharged June 6, '63.

Discharged.—Deceased.
Promoted 1st Lieutenant.
Died at Nashville, Tenn., April 10, '64.

July 20.....
Aug. 4.....
July 16.....

Caleb P. Foster.....Terre Haute
Lewis W. Wells.....Jerome
John Frakes.....Prairie Creek

CORPORALS.

Died at Louisville, Ky., June 1, '64.
Discharged Sept. 13, '64.
Mustered out June 12, '65, as Sergeant.
Died at Danville, Ky., Jan. 3, '63.
Transferred to V. R. C., May 4, '65.—Deceased.

July 14.....
Aug 15.....
Aug 15.....
July 22.....
July 14.....

Benjamin F. Hamilton...Prairie Creek
James H. Elam.....Ridge Farm, Ill.
Ephraim S. Kester.....Prairie Creek
Thomas W. Piety.....Prairie Creek
Daniel Myers.....Prairie Creek

Discharged March 3, '63.—Deceased.
Died at Nicholasville, Ky., Dec. 19, '62.
Mustered out June 12, '65, as Sergeant.

Aug 15.....
Aug 15.....
July 17.....

John W. Lee.....Livingston, Ill.
Oliver Trueblood.....Prairie Creek
Reuben Clark.....Prairie Creek

MUSICIANS.

Must'd out June 12, '65, as Prin. Musician.
Mustered out June 12, '65.

Aug 15.....
Aug. 16.....

Mordecai H. Dix.....Sullivan
Daniel W. Johnson.....Tuscola Ill.

WAGONER.

Discharged April 1, '63.—Deceased.

Aug. 19.....

Andrew Fisk.....Prairie Creek

PRIVATES.

Mustered out June 12, '65.
Mustered out June 12, '65, as 1st Serg't.
Deceased.
Discharged April 28, '63.
Died at Jeffersonville, Ind., Mar. 16, '65.
Died at home, May 4, '63.

Aug. 16.....
Aug. 16.....
Aug. 6.....
July 17.....
July 15.....

James H. Ashmore.....Easton, Ill.
John W. Barlow.....Moscow
Abner M. Beard.....Hartford
Eldridge Bishop.....Prairie Creek
James Brown.....Prairie Creek

ENLISTED MEN OF COMPANY "F"—Continued.

NAME, RANK AND RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER. 1862.	REMARKS.
Reuben Bundy.....Prairie Creek	July 24....	Died at Alexandria, Va., June 29, '65.
Franklin Clark.....Prairie Creek	Aug. 14....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
Thompson Cupps.....Pimento	Aug. 15....	Died at Indianapolis.
Seth E. Dix.....Prairie Creek	July 15....	Died at Lexington, Ky., April 30, '63.
Jefferson Elliott.....Prairie Creek	Aug. 14....	Discharged Dec. 20, '62.
Richard M. J. Elliott.....Prairie Creek	Aug. 14....	Mustered out June 12, '65, as Sergeant.
John Fenton.....Prairie Creek	Aug. 18....	Deceased.
David Fisher.....Prairie Creek	Aug. 6....	Transferred to 1st U. S. Eng. Corps. Aug. 13, '62.
James Frakes.....Prairie Creek	July 14....	Discharged April 1, '63.
George W. Griesbey.....Hartford	Aug. 8....	Deserted Jan. 29, '63.
William H. Guming, Vancouver, Oregon.	Aug. 15....	Discharged Oct. 15, '63.
Joseph R. Hamilton.....Prairie Creek	July 17....	Discharged April 1, '63.—Deceased.
James G. Hamilton.....Oakland Ill.	July 17....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
John P. Harris.....Farsburg, Neb.	Aug. 11....	Killed at Thompson's Station, Tenn.,
Francis W. Hazlett.....Terre Haute	Aug. 13....	March 5, '63.
Zaddock Hunt.....Prairie Creek	Aug. 15....	Transferred to V. R. C.; mustered out
Virgil D. Heaton.....Indianapolis	Aug. 15....	June 29, '65.
James K. Kennedy.....Terre Haute	Aug. 8....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
William N. Kester.....Pimento	Aug. 16....	Deserted June 23, '63.
William H. King.....Prairie Creek	July 15....	Mustered out June 29, '65.
Thomas Loftus.....Reelsville	Aug. 20....	Died at Camp Chase, Ohio.
		Died at Chattanooga, Tenn., Sept. 29, '64.

Thomas Marsh.....	Bowling Green	July 28....	Deserted Sept. 6, '62.
John S. McCabe.....	Prairie Creek	July 17....	Discharged April 1, '63.—Deceased.
Stephen Mullins.....	Prairie Creek	Aug. 20....	Mustered out June 12, '65.—Deceased.
Charles B. Mullins.....	Prairie Creek	July 14....	" " " " —Deceased.
George W. Myers.....	Prairie Creek	July 14....	" " " " —Deceased
John Myers.....	Prairie Creek	July 14....	Mustered out June 12, '65.—Deceased.
William Myers.....	Ascension	July 22....	" " " " "
William W. Myers.....	Indianapolis	July 14....	" " " " "
Reuben Myers.....	Prairie Creek	July 18....	Deserted June 23, '64.
Josiah Norton.....	Terre Haute	July 25....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
Samuel Orket.....	Terre Haute	Aug. 10....	" " " " "
John Omdorff.....	Denver, Col.	Aug. 16....	" " " " "
Alexander Paddock.....	Pimento	Aug. 6....	Died at Danville, Ky., Feb. 2, '63.
Emanuel W. Perry.....	Prairie Creek	July 28....	Discharged May 8, '65.
William S. Perry.....	Prairie Creek	Aug. 10....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
Hamilton Reed.....	Clarinda, Iowa	Aug. 15....	" " " " "
Andrew J. Richardson.....	Farmersburg	July 29....	" " " " "
William E. Richardson.....	Annapolis	July 29....	Mustered out June 12, '65, as Sergeant.
Alexander Rogers.....	Riley	July 28....	Mustered out June 12, '65, as Corporal.
Michael Rusk.....	Parkersville	Aug. 13....	" " " " "
James Robinson.....	Pickards Mills	Aug. 20....	Deserted Jan. 25, '62.
Isaac Revinson.....	Prairie Creek	Aug. 20....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
John B. Shelly.....	"	July 31....	Deserted Jan. 30, '63.
Samuel H. Smith.....	Terre Haute	Aug. 15....	Died at Nashville, Tenn., April 6, '63.
William Smith.....	Prairie Creek	July 19....	Transferred to 1st U. S. Engineers Aug. 30, '64.
John P. Sparks.....	Hartford	Aug. 6....	Deserted Feb. 2, '63.
James N. Sparks.....	Hartford	July 17....	" " " " "
James St. dhoop.....	Prairie Creek	July 15....	Discharged April 2, '65; wounds.
Robert R. Starlin.....	Prairie Creek	Aug. 3....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
Harvey N. Still.....	New Hope, O.	July 17....	" " " " "
William Stranahan.....	Prairie Creek	Aug. 16....	Mustered out July 2, '65.

ENLISTED MEN OF COMPANY "F"—Continued.

NAME, RANK AND RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
James Street.....Livingston, Ill.	Aug. 15.....	Disc.arged Jan 6, '63.
William Thompson.....Prairie Creek	Aug. 5.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
Joseph F. Trueblood.....Prairie Creek	Aug. 15.....	"
Mathew W. Turner.....Prairie Creek	July 22.....	Mustered out June 12, '65, as Corporal. Deceased.
Henry Whitley.....Prairie Creek	Aug. 12.....	Died at Danville, Ky., Jan. 19, '63.
William W. Whitley.....Prairie Creek	July 19.....	Discharged Jan. 17, '63.—Deceased.
Henry B. Wilson.....Prairie Creek	July 18.....	Mustered out June 12, '65, as Corporal.
RECRUITS.		
James All.....	Oct. 15, '64..	Transferred to 33rd. Reg't, June 10, '65.
James G. Allen.....	Oct. 5, '64...	"
Joseph Asbury.....	Oct. 15, '64..	"
John Barber.....	Oct. 15, '64..	"
Richard Clubbs.....	Oct. 3, '64...	"
William A. Cowan.....	Oct. 12, '64..	"
John Cooper.....	Oct. 17, '64..	"
Levi Carpenter.....Prairie Creek	June 26, '64..	"
John Denny.....	Oct. 12, '64..	"
George W. Frakes.....	Dec. 21, '63..	"
James H. Frakes.....	Feb. 27, '64..	"
Abraham Fox.....Redmond Ill.	Oct. 12, '64..	"
Charles W. Finney.....	Oct. 12, '64..	"
Thomas Gascon.....	Oct. 12, '64..	"

ENLISTED MEN OF COMPANY "G."

NAME, RANK AND RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER. 1862.	REMARKS.
FIRST SERGEANT.		
Henry C. Brown.....Terre Haute	Aug. 14....	Promoted 1st Lieutenant.
SERGEANTS.		
Leonard D. Jackson.....	Aug. 14....	Promoted 1st Lieut. Co. "B."—Deceased.
Abraham Markle.....Terre Haute	Aug. 14....	Discharged Aug. 4, '63; wounds.
William H. Brotherton....Pueblo Col.	Aug. 14....	Mustered out June 12, '65, as 1st Serg't.
Francis A. Remington....Terre Haute	Aug. 14....	Died at Richmond, Va., March 5, '63.
CORPORALS.		
William Woods.....Terre Haute	Aug. 14....	Mustered out June 12, '65, as Sergeant.
Samuel Cable.....Catin	Aug. 14....	"
John W. Jones.....Terre Haute	Aug. 14....	Mustered out June 12, '65, as private.
John Guider.....Terre Haute	Aug. 14....	Mustered out June 12, '65, as Sergeant.
John A. Trader.....Numa	Aug. 14....	Mustered out June 12, '65, as private. Deceased.
Samuel L. Crooks....Garden City, Mo.	Aug. 14....	Mustered out June 12, '65, as Sergeant.
William Byers.....Bridgton	Aug. 14....	Mustered out May 24, '65.
Catin Paine.....Terre Haute	Aug. 14....	Discharged April 8, '63.
MUSICIANS.		
Ransom B. Brotherton....Terre Haute	Aug. 14....	Mustered out June 12, '65, as Corporal.
James A. Garrison.....Bridgton	Aug. 14....	Discharged Jan. 20, '63.

WAGONER.

Albert T. Kay.....Terre Haute

PRIVATES.

John P. Adams.....Rosedale
 Silas Arthur.....Barber
 Elisha Bridgewater.....Terre Haute
 George Byers.....Bridgton
 Jacob D. Barns.....Rosedale
 William C. Barns.....Terre Haute
 John Black.....Clinton
 Charles T. Baudinot.....Omaha, Neb.
 Edward Baudinot.....Danville, Ill.
 Thomas Crawford.....Elkton, Ohio.

Aug. 14.....

Mustered out June 12, '65.

Aug. 14.....

Died at Nashville, Tenn., March 21, '63.

Aug. 14.....

Mustered out June 12, '65.

Aug. 14.....

Died in hospital Sept. 18, '62.

Aug. 14.....

Mustered out June 12, '65.

Aug. 14.....

Died at Terre Haute, Ind., Mar. —, '63.

Aug. 21.....

Discharged May 8, '63.

Aug. 14.....

Mustered out May 13, '65.

Aug. 14.....

Discharged Oct. 1, '63.—Deceased.

Aug. 14.....

Must'd out June 12, '65, as Prin. Musician.

Aug. 21.....

Mustered out June 12, '65, as Corporal.

Aug. 14.....

Promoted Adjutant.

Aug. 14.....

Mustered out June 12, '65.

Aug. 14.....

Died at Nashville, Tenn., Mar. 21, '63.

Aug. 15.....

Transferred to V. R. C. Feb. 6, '65.

Aug. 20.....

Promoted 1st Lieutenant.

Aug. 15.....

Mustered out June 12, '65.

Aug. 21.....

Discharged Feb. —, '63.

Aug. 20.....

Mustered out June 12, '65.

Aug. 14.....

Died at Danville, Ky., March —, '63.

Aug. 14.....

Mustered out June 12, '65, as Corporal.

Aug. 14.....

Mustered out June 28, '65.

Aug. 14.....

Mustered out July 6, '65.

Aug. 15.....

Discharged Feb. 25, '63.

Aug. 15.....

Mustered out June 12, '65.

Barton R. Calfee.....Catlin

Frank C. Crawford.....Terre Haute

James H. Crabb.....Rosedale

Benjamin F. Dulin.....Terre Haute

Joseph J. Everett.....Catlin

Francis M. Eppert.....Indianapolis

George E. Ferrington.....Terre Haute

Joseph W. Gentry.....Terre Haute

George W. Glass.....Rockville

Franklin Genuing.....Danville, Ill.

George R. Hind.....Terre Haute

John Hashberger.....Rosedale

Michael Heffernan.....Ellsworth, Ind.

Joseph S. Humphry.....Catlin

Elias J. Hochstetler.....Stockton

John Hochstetler.....Coal City

ENLISTED MEN OF COMPANY "G"—Continued.

NAME, RANK AND RESIDENCE.	MUSTER.	REMARKS.
	DATE OF 1861	
Martin Hollinger.....Terre Haute	Aug. 17....	Mustered out June 12, '65, as Corporal. Deceased.
Thomas B. Hall.....Terre Haute	Aug. 17....	Died in rebel prison, Richmond, Va.
William Huffman.....Terre Haute	Aug. 22....	Transferred to V. K. C. Feb. 4, '65.
George F. Jones.....Greencastle	Aug. 14....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
Isaac Junkins.....Catlin	Aug. 14....	"
Leconidus L. Johnson.....Fontainet, Ind.	Aug. 14....	Mustered out June 12, '65, as Corporal.
Martin Johnson.....Cloverland	Aug. 14....	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 7, '63.
George W. Jaquish.....New Goshen	Aug. 20....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
William M. Jackman.....Catlin	Aug. 14....	"
William W. Johnston.....Greencastle	Aug. 14....	Promoted Assistant Surgeon.
Franklin F. Kight.....Terre Haute	Aug. 14....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
Andrew Key.....Terre Haute	Aug. 16....	Died at Nashville Tenn. Mar. 10, '63.
John S. Law.....Ellsworth	Aug. 14....	Mustered out June 23, '65.
Jeremiah Lambert.....Rosedale	Aug. 14....	Died at Danville, Ky., Mar. —, '63.
William Lewis.....Riley	Aug. 14....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
William E. Lloyd.....Shelburn	Aug. 21....	Mustered out June 12, '65, as Corporal.
Robert Martin.....Bridgton	Aug. 14....	"
Milton Montgomery.....Fontainet	Aug. 21....	Discharged July 14, '63.
David Montgomery.....Rosedale	Aug. 14....	Killed at Thompson's Station, Tenn., Mar. 5, '63.
Hugh Montgomery.....Fontainet	Aug. 22....	Discharged June 16, '63.
William Nect.....Bridgton	Aug. 14....	Discharged Sept. 19, '64—Deceased.
Harvy Nivans.....Catlin	Aug. 14....	Died at Lexington, Ky., Dec. 25, '62.
Robert J. Peterson.....Roseville	Aug. 14....	Mustered out June 12, '65.

William Parker.....Roseville	Aug. 14....	"
William Pendley.....Roseville	Aug. 14....	"
Lora B. Rooks.....Roseville	Aug. 14....	Discharged Sept. 15, '63.
William Spice.....Bridgton	Aug. 14....	Discharged Feb. 20, '65.
Amos A. Shell.....Cripple Creek, Col.	Aug. 14....	Mustered out June 12, '65.—Deceased.
Randolph Smock.....Bridgton	Aug. 14....	"
James Summerville.....Cloverland	Aug. 14....	Discharged Oct. 23, '62.
Edward Swarts.....Brazil	Aug. 14....	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Mar. 21, '63.
Franklin D. Stewart.....Logansport	Aug. 14....	Discharged April 25, '65; wounds.
James R. Turner.....Bridgton	Aug. 10....	Discharged Dec. 16, '64.
Thomas Turner.....Rockville	Aug. 22....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
John M. Vickers.....Cloverland	Aug. 14....	Mustered out June 6, '65.—Deceased.
John R. Woods.....Bridgton	Aug. 14....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
Alexander Wiltshire.....Roseville	Aug. 14....	Died at Danville, Ky., Mar. —, '63. '63.
John Wilkey.....Pt. Commerce	Aug. 14....	Died at Richmond, Va., Mar. 25, '63.
Samuel H. Woods.....Bridgton	Aug. 14....	Died at Evansville, Ind., Dec. 4, '63.
Daniel G. Wilhams.....Terre Haute	Aug. 22....	Discharged Dec. 16, '62.
		Discharged Sept. 10, '62.

ENLISTED MEN OF COMPANY "H."

NAME, RANK AND RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
FIRST SERGEANT.		
Jacob F. Hoke.....Sullivan	Aug. 7....	Promoted 2nd Lieutenant...
SERGEANTS.		
Milton Tichenor.....Ascension	Aug. 4....	Promoted 2nd Lieutenant...
Lemuel C. Risley.....Busseron	Aug. 12....	"
Hugh L. Sherwood.....Shelburn	Aug. 13....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
Richard Hardisty.....Sullivan	Aug. 18....	Mustered out June 12, '65, as 1st Serg't.

ENLISTED MEN OF COMPANY "H"—Continued

NAME, RANK AND RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER, 1862.	REMARKS.
CORPORALS.		
Alfred B. Stansil.....Sullivan	Aug. 8....	Mustered out June 12, '65, as Sergeant.
Isaiah Hoggatt.....Ascension	Aug. 12....	" "
Robert H. Pratt.....Sullivan	Aug. 8....	Died at Toronto, n. Ind., Jan. 10, '65.
John W. Sullivan.....Carlisle	Aug. 12....	Mustered out June 12, '65, as private.
George W. Larr.....Sullivan	Aug. 8....	Mustered out June 12, '65, as Sergeant.
William M. Collins.....Sullivan	Aug. 12....	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 18, '63.
Andrew S. McCray.....Centreville	Aug. 8....	Mustered out June 20, '65.
William C. Woumbarger.....Sullivan	Aug. 15....	Mustered out June 12, '65, as Sergeant.
MUSICIANS.		
Henry C. Potts.....Ascension	Aug. 8....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
Squire W. Asbury.....Lewis	Aug. 13....	Mustered out May 22, '65.
WAGGNER.		
Thomas G. Crawford.....Ascension	Aug. 8....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
PRIVATE.		
Joseph Anderson.....Sullivan	Aug. 15....	Mustered out May 20, '65.
Thomas M. Akers.....Bethlehem, Iowa	Aug. 10....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
Henry Bratton.....Lewis	Aug. 15....	Discharged.—Deceased.
Martin H. Bonham.....Hymera	Aug. 15....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
Elijah T. Blue.....Wright	Aug. 15....	" "

Robert D. Black.....	Sullivan	Aug. 15.....	Died at Danville, Ky., Dec. 23, '62.
John W. Black.....	Paris	Aug. 15.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
William M. Black.....	Louisville, Ky.	Aug. 15.....	Died at Louisville, Ky., Mar. 24, '63.
Zenos Baughman.....	Jasonville	Aug. 15.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
Manderville Cummings.....	Sullivan	Aug. 8.....	Died May 23, '64; wounds.
Hiram Case.....	Shelburn	Aug. 15.....	Died at Chattanooga, Tenn., Dec. 2, '64.
George W. Case.....	Sullivan	Aug. 15.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
William Campbell.....	Shelburn	Aug. 15.....	Died at Lookout Mountain, Tenn., July 15, '64.
William C. Canady.....	York, Ill.	Aug. 8.....	Mustered out June 12, '65, as Corporal.
Charles D. Cochran.....	Shelburn	Aug. 8.....	Discharged Dec. 17, '64.—Deceased.
Thomas Doty.....	Ascension	Aug. 10.....	Mustered out June 29, '65.—Deceased.
Benjamin L. Dowell.....	Farmersburg	Aug. 15.....	Mustered out June 12, '65, as Corporal.
Jonnn M. Donaldson.....	Sullivan	Aug. 12.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.—Deceased.
George A. Exline.....	Sullivan	Aug. 12.....	Mustered out May 19, '65.
Milton Ford.....	Sullivan	Aug. 10.....	Died at Danville, Ky., Dec. 21, '62.
William T. Goodwin.....	Shelburn	Aug. 15.....	Mustered out June 12, '65, as Corporal.
John Goodwin.....		Aug. 15.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
Francis A. Goodwin.....		Aug. 15.....	Mustered out June 12, '65, as Corporal.
James P. Gilson.....	Carlisle	Aug. 9.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
Pierce Garby.....	Allum Cave	Aug. 8.....	Died at Nicholasville, Ky., Jan. 21, '63.
Joseph Hauger.....	Ascension	Aug. 15.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
Jacob Hauger.....	Ascension	Aug. 15.....	Died at Nicholasville, Ky., Jan. 8, '63.
Janno A. Hays.....	Kansas City	Aug. 12.....	Mustered out June 12, '65, as Corporal.
George A. Harmon.....	Frankfort, O.	Aug. 12.....	Died at Franklin, Tenn., May 10, '63.
George W. Harmon.....	Laucaster, O.	Aug. 22.....	Died at Camp Dennison, O. Oct. 13, '62.
Harrison Jewell.....	Sullivan	Aug. 22.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
William H. Lyons.....	Hymera	Aug. 8.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
Thomas A. Lyons.....	Sullivan	Aug. 8.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
Thomas I. Larr.....	Wright	Aug. 8.....	Died at Danville, Ky., Feb. '63.
David W. Larr.....	Indianapolis	Aug. 8.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
Jared C. Larr.....	Wright	Aug. 8.....	—Deceased.

ENLISTED MEN OF COMPANY "H"—Continued.

NAME, RANK AND RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Peter H. McDonald.....Shelburne	Mar. 11, '64.	"
David M. Mullins.....Terre Haute	Feb. 9, '64....	Discharged Dec. 22, '64.
Marion Pumphreys.....Ascension	Mar. 17, '64.	Transferred to 33rd. Reg't, June 10, '65.
Oliver Kussell.....Jasonville	Sept. 9, '62..	Mustered out June 12, '65.—Deceased.
Richard K. Swift.....Ascension	Jan. 29, '64..	Transferred to 33rd. Reg't, June 10, '65. Deceased.
James T. Spencer.....Shelburne	Jan. 7, '64....	"
William R. Smith.....Lewis	Mar. 11, '64.	"
John E. Smith.....Hawesville	Mar. 15, '64.	"
James Shanks.....Shelburne	Mar. 15, '64.	"
William H. Sills.....Lewis	Mar. 23, '64.	"
Jacob Taylor.....Terre Haute	Mar. 22, '64.	"
James Young.....Pimento	Jan. 7, '64....	Mustered out Aug. 8, '65.
Henry Young.....Ascension	Jan. 7, '64....	Transferred to 33rd. Reg't, June 10, '65. Deceased.

ENLISTED MEN OF COMPANY "I."

NAME, RANK AND RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
FIRST SERGEANT.	1862.	
George Grimes.....Centre Point	Aug. 11....	Promoted 1st Lieutenant.

SERGEANTS.

David L. Huffman...N. Cumberland, O.
 Jacob Gibbens.....Centre Point
 Stephen M. Carter.....Terre Haute
 David Furnas.....West Irving

Aug. 11.....
 July 19.....
 Aug. 11.....
 Aug. 11.....

Died at Goldsboro, N. C., Mar. 27, '65.
 Mustered out June 12, '65, as private.
 Promoted 1st Lieutenant.
 Mustered out June 12, '65, as Q. M. Sergeant.

CORPORALS.

William J. Ladd.....Terre Haute
 John McKee.....Moline, Kans.
 David Carman.....Ashboro
 Richard S. Hamilton.....Staunton
 George W. Lucas.....Harmony
 George Khidle.....Staunton
 Calvin Loudermilk.....Hoosierville
 Amos C. Williams.....Staunton

Mustered out May 29, '65.
 Mustered out June 12, '65, as Sergeant.
 Discharged Feb. 7, '65.
 Died at Lexington, Ky., Mar. 29, '63.
 Died at Nashville, Tenn., Mar. 25, '65.
 Mustered out June 12, '65.

Transfd to 33d Reg't, to make up lost time.

MUSICIANS.

Napoleon B. Galaspy.....Staunton
 Stephen Tucker.....Christie's Prairie

Mustered out June 12, '65.

Killed, Thompson's Station, Tenn., Mar. 5, '63.

PRIVATEs.

William J. Butt.....Staunton
 Herrod P. Baty.....Staunton
 Nathaniel Beener.....Cory, Ind.
 John Barenhart.....Staunton
 George Congelton.....Staunton
 John F. Congleton.....Ashboro
 Furgus T. Congleton.....Staunton

Mustered out June 12, '65.

Discharged April 4, '63.

Mustered out June 12, '65, as Corporal.

Discharged July 13, '63.

Discharged Dec. 26, '62.

Died at Atlanta, Ga., Oct. 21, '64.

Mustered out June 12, '65.

ENLISTED MEN OF COMPANY "I"—Continued.

NAME, RANK AND RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER. 18..2.	REMARKS.
Elihu W. Cahal.....Riley, Ind.	Aug. 9.....	"
Lloyd W. Conaway.....Ashboro	Aug. 9.....	Killed at Thompson's Station, Mar. 5, '63.
Thomas O. Conaway.....Ashboro	Aug. 9.....	Discharged Dec. 15, '62.
Michael Cole.....Centre Point	Aug. 9.....	Died at Columbia, Tenn., Mar. 23, '63.
David A. Clark.....Cristie's Prairie	Aug. 11.....	Died at Lexington, Ky., Nov. 16, '62.
Austin M. Collins.....Wauhoo	Aug. 11.....	Deserted Jan. 13, '63.
Henry Corman.....Ashboro	Aug. 11.....	Discharged July 15, '63.
John Donham.....Corey, Ind.	Aug. 11.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
Reece Donham.....Staunton	Aug. 11.....	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Mar. 24, '63.
William Deeter.....Ashboro	Aug. 11.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
Moses A. Ekard.....Bowling Green	Aug. 11.....	Discharged Sept. 4, '63.
David H. Foulk.....Staunton	July 21.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.—Deceased.
James F. Gibbens.....Centre Point	Aug. 13.....	Mustered out June 28, '65.
Marks Greenberry.....Dayton, Ohio.	Aug. 14.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
John J. Huffman.....Poland, Ind.	Aug. 13.....	"
George Hauser.....Bowling Green	Aug. 11.....	Discharged May 25, '63.—Deceased.
Edward Hamilton.....Staunton	Aug. 15.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
John Horn.....Clay City	Aug. 15.....	"
George G. Hall.....Wauhoo	Aug. 15.....	Discharged Nov. 23, '64.
James F. Jeffries.....Art, Ind.	Aug. 11.....	Discharged Jan. 14, '63.
William E. Kester.....Riley, Ind.	Aug. 9.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
Benjamin F. Kester.....Riley, Ind.	Aug. 11.....	Mustered out June 12, '65, as Sergeant.
Mahlon Kester.....Riley, Ind.	Aug. 11.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
Henry Lubarger.....Ashboro	July 21.....	"

Marion Lyght.....	Staunton	Aug. 11.....	Died at Nashville, Tenn., April 10, '63.
Peter Mower.....	Centre Point	Aug. 4.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
John G. Mitchell.....	Ashboro	Aug. 9.....	Died at Indianapolis, Sept. 29, '62.
Benjamin Mast.....	Ashboro	Aug. 9.....	Discharged.
John R. Mast.....	Hausertown	Aug. 11.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.—Deceased.
William Marton.....	Centre Point	Aug. 11.....	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Mar. 13, '63.
Alfred McBride.....	Cloverland	Aug. 11.....	Mustered out May 29, '65.
James T. Moss.....	Ashboro	Aug. 11.....	Mustered out June 12, '65, as 1st Serg't, Deceased.
Samuel Mowery.....	Staunton	Aug. 11.....	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Mar. 9, '63.
William Miller.....	Terre Haute	Aug. 11.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
Henry J. Moor.....	Cloverland	Aug. 11.....	Discharged.
John E. Muncy.....	Ashville	Aug. 15.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
James McCarty.....	Duval's Bluff, Ark.	Aug. 15.....	Deserted Feb. 11, '63.
Preston Nash.....	Sullivan	Aug. 15.....	Discharged April 4, '63.
Israel Price.....	Ashboro	Aug. 11.....	Mustered out May 26, '65.—Deceased.
Early Phillips.....	Corey, Ind.	Aug. 11.....	Mustered out June 12, '65, as Corporal.
Lafayette Roberts.....	Staunton	Aug. 11.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
Albert V. Rector.....	Cory, Ind.	Aug. 11.....	Mustered out June 12, '65, as Sergeant.
William Roberts.....	Staunton	Aug. 11.....	Died at Staunton, Ind., May 1, '63.
Martin Roberts.....	Staunton	Aug. 11.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
Corwin B. Schofield.....	Wauhoo	Aug. 11.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.—Deceased.
Ira B. Slack.....	Ashboro	Aug. 11.....	Died May 16, '64; wounds.
Jesse Saunders.....	Centre Point	Aug. 11.....	Died July 21, '64; wounds.
Hedge Tucker.....	Ashboro	Aug. 15.....	Transferred to V. R. C. Jan. 15, '64.
Samuel Turner.....	Cory, Ind.	Aug. 9.....	Mustered out June 12, '65, as Sergeant.
George W. Terner.....	Erie, Mo.	Aug. 9.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
Samuel Trumble.....	Erie, Mo.	Aug. 9.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
William H. Turner.....	Staunton	Aug. 11.....	Died at Lexington, Ky., Jan. 16, '63.
Charles Telle.....	Centre Point	Aug. 11.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
			Discharged July 19, '63.

ENLISTED MEN OF COMPANY "I"—Continued.

NAME, RANK AND RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER, 1862.	REMARKS.
William A. Thompson.....	Aug. 11.....	Transferred to V. R. C.—Mustered out July 12, '65.
Samuel S. Williams.....	Aug. 11.....	Discharged April 15, '63.—Deceased.
William S. Woodruff..	Aug. 11.....	Mustered out May 8, '65.
John T. Wyatt.....	Aug. 11.....	Transferred to V. R. C. Jan. 16, '65.
Daniel F. Wright.....	Aug. 11.....	Died at Hickman's Bridge, Ky., Dec. 27, '62.
William Seth.....	Aug. 11.....	Discharged Aug. 22, '63.
John T. Wallace.....	Aug. 19.....	Deserted Jan. 4, '63.
Elijah T. Zeenor.....	Aug. 11.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
RECRUITS.		
Martin Bopps.....	Dec. 12, '63..	Transferred to 33rd. Reg't, June 10, '65.
Franklin Berry.....	Dec. 16, '63.	" " " " " "
George W. Cahal.....	June 11, '63.	" " " " " "
Weeden Carney.....	Dec. 8, '63..	" " " " " "
Thomas Clow.....	Feb. 6, '64..	" " " " " "
Thomas O. Conoway.....	Dec. 19, '63..	Died at Marietta, Ga., July 16, '64.
Jehiel F. Deval.....	April 12, '63.	Transferred to 33rd. Reg't, June 10, '65.
William J. Gregory.....	Jan. 7, '63..	" " " " " "
Jonh Harrington.....	April 22, '63.	" " " " " "
James W. Jamison.....	June 11, '63..	" " " " " "
Alexander Mopps.....	April 20, '64.	" " " " " "
Henry F. Rees.....	Dec. 12, '63..	" " " " " "

ENLISTED MEN OF COMPANY "K"—Continued.

NAME, RANK AND RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER, 1862.	REMARKS.
Milford Duke	Aug. 12....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
Elisha Rowe.....	Aug. 12....	Mustered out June 12, '65, as private.
John H. Thornton.....	Aug. 12....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
Lewis E. Letsinger.....	Aug. 12....	Mustered out June 12, '65, as Sergeant.
MUSICIAN.		
Gideon F. Mattox.....	Aug. 12....	Died at Richmond, Va., Mar. 28, '63.
WAGONER.		
Chesley Crist.....	Aug. 12....	Deserted Jan. 16, '63.
PRIVATE.		
Joseph P. Alexander.....	Aug. 12....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
Moses Archer.....	Aug. 12....	" " " " " "
Jacob Archer.....	Aug. 12....	Discharged Oct. —, '62.
Daniel Archer.....	Aug. 12....	Died at Pulaski, Tenn., April 28, '63.
William N. Allen.....	Aug. 12....	Deserted Dec. 16, '63.
James Bridges.....	Aug. 12....	Deserted Dec. 26, '62.
William J. Benjamin.....	Aug. 12....	Mustered out June 12, '65, as Corporal.
Felix Burges.....	Aug. 12....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
William W. Biber.....	Aug. 12....	Discharged Aug. 4, '63.
Martin C. Bussinger.....	Aug. 12....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
Thomas H. Clark.....	Aug. 12....	" " " " " "

Henry T. Crist.....	Jasonville	Aug. 12.....	Died at Murfreesboro, Tenn. July 25, '63.
William T. Crist.....Coffee	Aug. 12.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.—Deceased.
Thomas A. Craig.....Jasonville	Aug. 12.....	
Jackson Cooper.....Coffee	Aug. 12.....	Died at Nashville, Tenn., April 6, '63.
Henry O. Duncan.....Worthington	Aug. 12.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
John G. Edmunson.....Jasonville	Aug. 12.....	
Wilson Filbert.....Point Commerce	Aug. 12.....	Died at Annapolis, Md., April 6, '63.
Cadwal Fry.....St. Morris	Aug. 12.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
Jacob Freedly.....Martz	Aug. 12.....	Died at Richmond, Va., Mar. 27, '63.
George H. Grav.....Jasonville	Aug. 12.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
Simon J. Grinn.....Jasonville	Aug. 12.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
Michae House.....Jasonville	Aug. 12.....	Deserted Jan. 25, '63.
Len Hummel.....Stockton	Aug. 12.....	Discharged.
Jacob Henry.....Jasonville	Aug. 12.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
Joseph E. Harbaugh.....Martz	Aug. 12.....	Mustered out June 12, '65, as Corporal.
Robert D. O. Hungate.....Coffee	Aug. 12.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
George W. Holmes.....	Aug. 12.....	Discharged Oct. 3, '63.
Joseph N. Holmes.....Wright	Aug. 12.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
Edgar W. Hungate.....Coffee	Aug. 12.....	Discharged.
William Jarnon.....Martz	Aug. 12.....	Transferred to 33rd. Reg't, to make up lost time.
Andrew Lawson.....Martz	Aug. 12.....	Died at Louisville, Ky., Feb. 6, '63.
Isaac M. Liston.....Lewis	Aug. 12.....	Killed at Thompson's Station, Tenn., March 5, '63.
John C. Letsinger.....Prairie Creek	Aug. 12.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
John F. Meyers.....Reelsville	Aug. 12.....	
Daniel L. Musgrave.....Linton	Aug. 12.....	Died at Danville, Ky., Feb. —, '63.
Isaac N. Morris.....Worthington	Aug. 12.....	Deserted Jan. 25, '63.
Martin V. Morris.....Worthington	Aug. 12.....	
John M. Miller.....Jasonville	Aug. 12.....	Deserted June 17, '64.
Hiram Morris.....Worthington	Aug. 12.....	Died at Danville, Ky., Feb. 10, '63.
Samuel R. McCoy.....Wright	Aug. 20.....	Died at Danville, Ky., Feb. —, '63.

ENLISTED MEN OF COMPANY "K"—Continued.

NAME, RANK AND RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER. 1862.	REMARKS.
William H. Nelson.....Coffee	Aug. 12.....	Died at Chattanooga, Tenn., June 28, '64.
Henry T. Neal.....Jasonville	Aug. 12.....	Mustered out June 12, '65, as Sergeant.
Alfred North.....Coffee	Aug. 12.....	Deceased.
Montgomery Norris.....Worthington	Aug. 12.....	Mustered out June 12, '65, as Corporal.
William Poe.....Jasonville	Aug. 12.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
Andrew J. Powell.....Linton	Aug. 12.....	Discharged July 8, '63.
Perry Phipps.....Martz	Aug. 12.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
William Phipps.....Martz	Aug. 12.....	Deserted Aug. 28, '63.
Elisha B. Powell.....Lebanon	Aug. 12.....	Discharged March 24, '63.
Joseph Puckett.....Coffee	Aug. 12.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
John E. Rogers.....Jasonville	Aug. 12.....	Deserted Jan. 27, '63.
Joseph A. Rogers.....Jasonville	Aug. 12.....	Discharged.
John W. Koyster.....Howesville	Aug. 12.....	Discharged April 27, '65.
Loran T. Slocum.....Coffee	Aug. 12.....	Transferred V. R. C. Jan. 10, '63.
William Slough.....Coal City	Aug. 12.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
Aaron Z. Slough.....Stockton	Aug. 12.....	"
Christopher C. Slaughter.....Wright	Aug. 12.....	Deserted Jan. 25, '63.
Lewis Slaughter.....Wright	Aug. 12.....	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Mar. 3, '63.
Jesse Sanders.....Coffee	Aug. 12.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
William Stanley.....Worthington	Aug. 12.....	Transferred to 33rd. Reg't, to make up lost time.
Samuel Shuler.....Jasonville	Aug. 12.....	Transferred to V. R. C. Jan. 14, '64.
Constantine W. Stewart.....Lewis	Aug. 12.....	Mustered out June 29, '65.
Matthew Slaughter.....Jasonville	Aug. 12.....	Discharged April 16, '63.

Aaron Smith.....Martz	Aug. 12....	Deserted Jan. 1, '63.
Leander Tinkle.....Coffee	Aug. 12....	Transferred to 33rd. Reg't, to make up
John Vanlandingham.....Worthington	Aug. 12....	lost time. " " "
Simon Wilson.....	Aug. 12....	Deserted Jan. 25, '63.
James T. Warrick.....Jasonville	Aug. 12....	Transferred to V. R. C.—Deceased.
Jonah Worth.....Jasonville	Aug. 12....	Died at Nicholasville, Ky.
Andrew J. Wilkes.....Garfield, Ark.	Aug. 12....	Must'd out June 12, '65, as 1st Serg't.
Edmund Wilkes.....Jasonville	Aug. 12....	Deserted June 1, '63.
Isaac W. Wilcher.....Coal City	Aug. 12....	Mustered out June 12, '65, as Sergeant.
Henry Winters.....Jasonville	Aug. 12....	Discharged April 9, '64.
William Welch.....Lewis	Aug. 12....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
RECRUITS.		
James Briggs.....	Sept. 2, '64..	Transferred to 33rd. Reg't, June 10, '65.
Oliver Barnhouse.....	Mar. 10, '64.	Deserted May 25, '64.
Michael House.....	Sept. 2, '64..	Transferred to 33rd. Reg't, June 10, '65.
Ezekiel Rodgers.....	Mar. 10, '64.	" " "

UNASSIGNED RECRUITS.

NAME, RANK AND RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
William F. Hammond.....	Sept. 25, '64.	
James C. Halberstadt.....	Oct. 5, '64...	
Samuel B. Mills.....	Dec. 24, '63.	
Amos P. Royce.....	Feb. 27, '64..	



JAMES T. MOSS,
1st. Sergt. Co. "I." Brev. 1st. Deceased,
Ashboro, Inc.



ADOLPHUS P. HUNGATE,
2nd. Lt. Co. "K." Lam Passas, Texas.

A REMARKABLE FAMILY RECORD.

The first photo in the group on the reverse side is Mother Letsinger, of Jasonville, she is in her 93rd. year, with mind still active and step elastic for one of her age.

She is the mother of 13 children six of whom are still living. Fifty-five grand children of whom 33 are living and 65 great grand children and one great, great grand child. In all 134.

Six of her sons were in the war from '61 to '65. Two in the 85th. Ind. Phillip of the 14th. was killed in the Battle of Antietam. James of the 31st. was killed near Atlanta. Alexander of the 31st. died near Atlanta. William of the 14th. died after he came home. Calvin and Lewis of the 85th. are living. The oldest and youngest sons. She had three sons in law also in the army two of whom have died since.

The father who has died was of course intensely loyal and outspoken for the Union cause which at that time was not popular in that vicinity.

He was threatened by the Knights of the Golden Circle and switches left at his door, but he was loyal and true.

About that time Col. John T. Smith of the 31st. Ind. made a speech at Jasonville, and said "If any more threats were made and any harm came to Mr. Letsinger he would bring his Regiment back under special detail from Uncle Sam and have every son of a gun of the Knights of the Golden Circle hung." After that Mr. Letsinger was not harmed. I give this instance to show the feeling in the county at that time.

J. E. B.



MOTHER LETSINGER AND FAMILY, JASONVILLE, INDIANA.

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