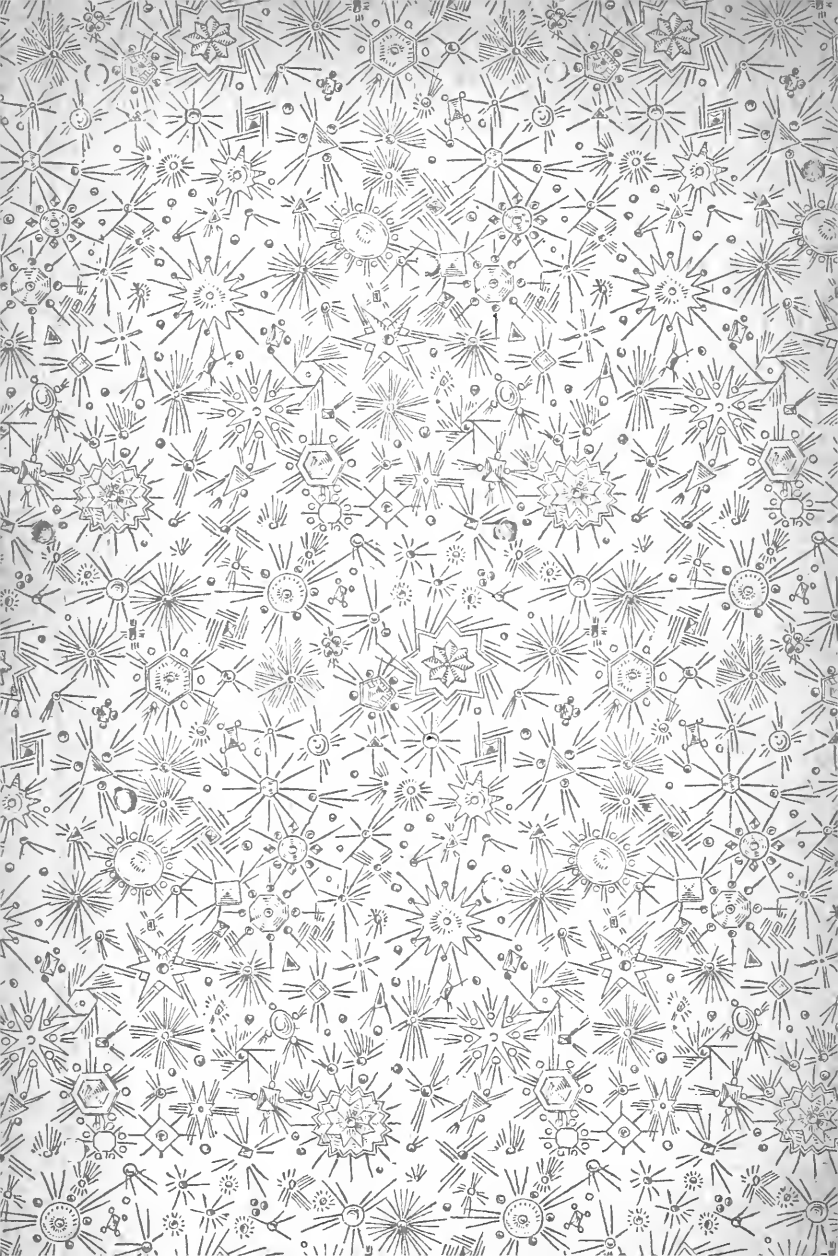
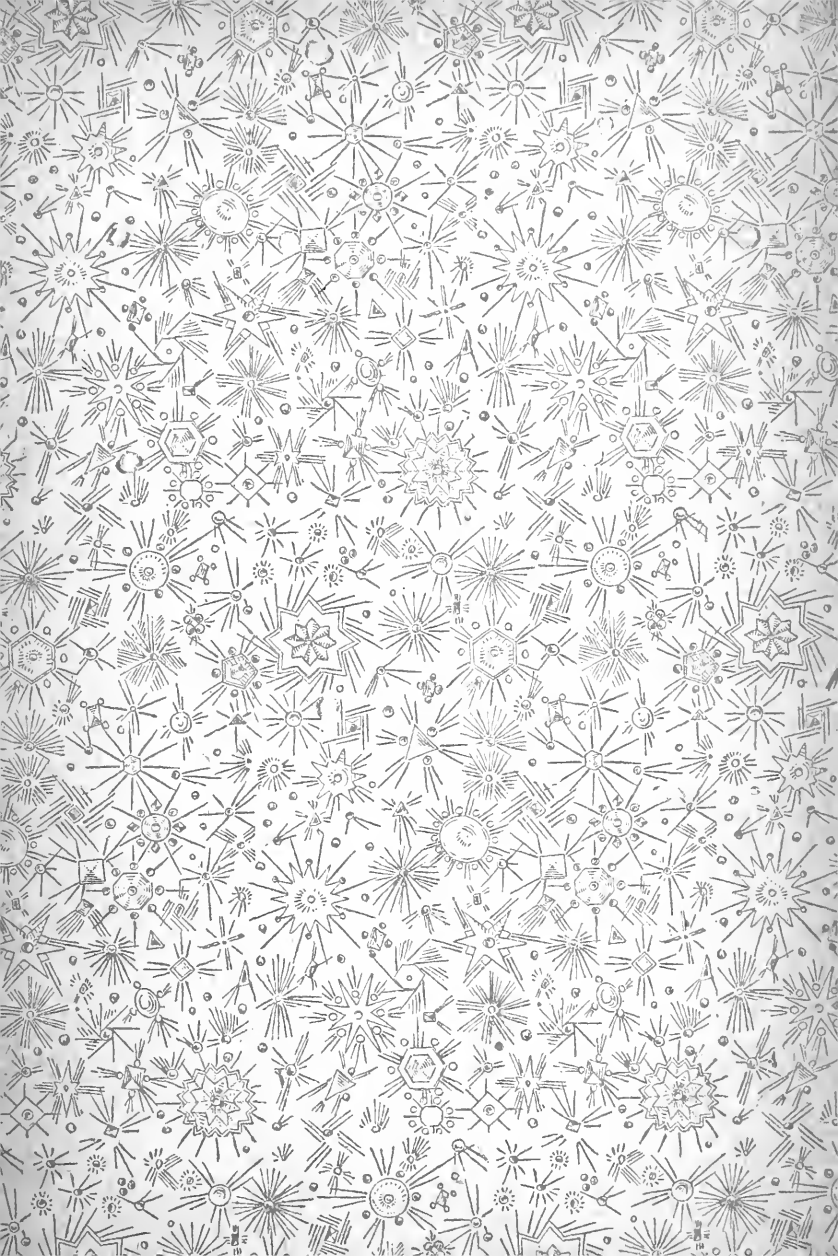
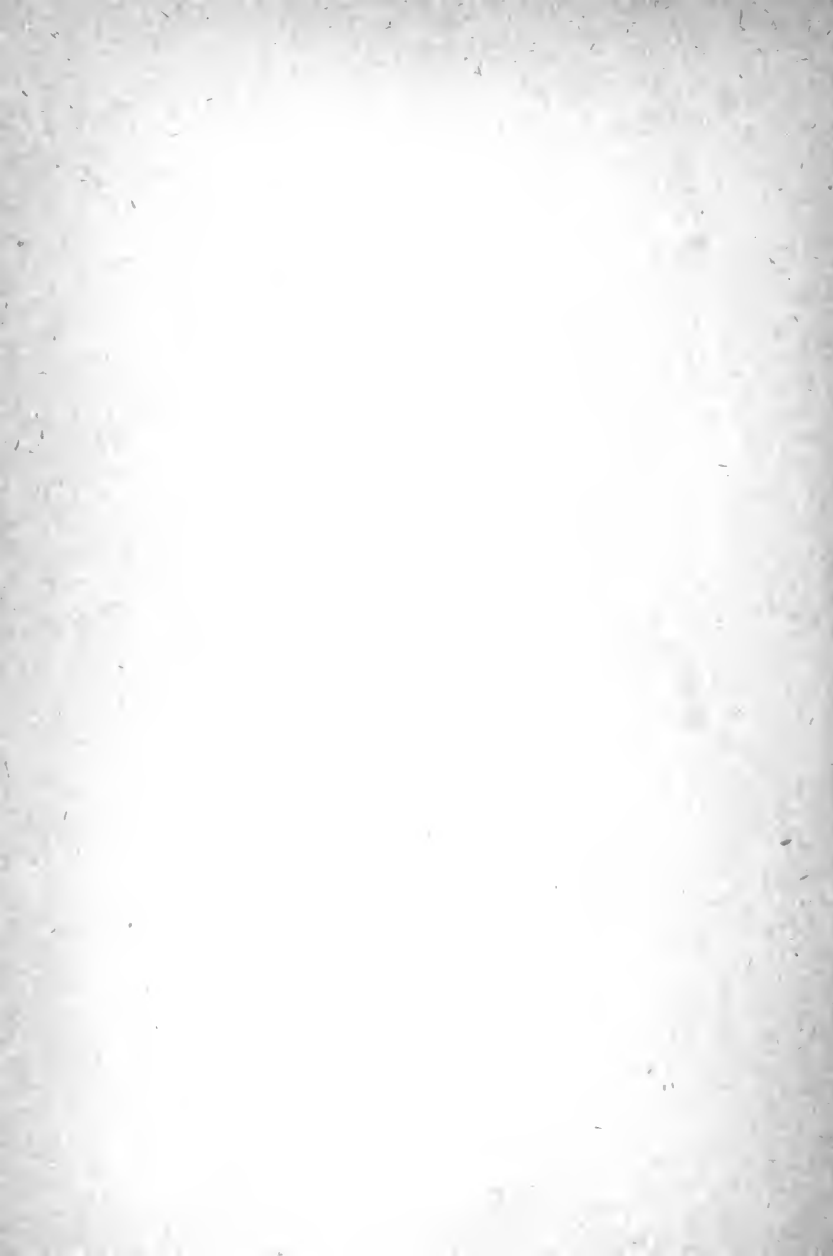
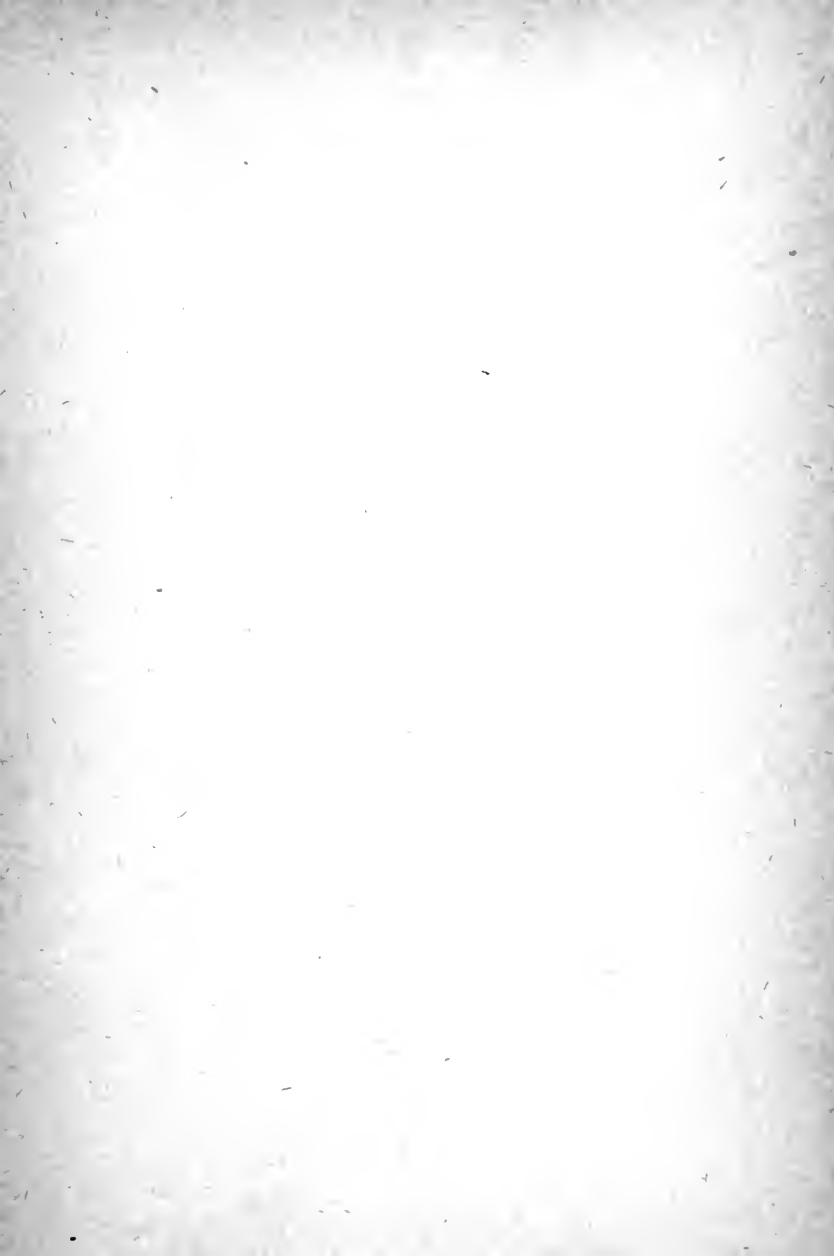


HISTORY
OF THE
FORTY-SECOND INDIANA
BY
CAPT. S. F. HORRALL.



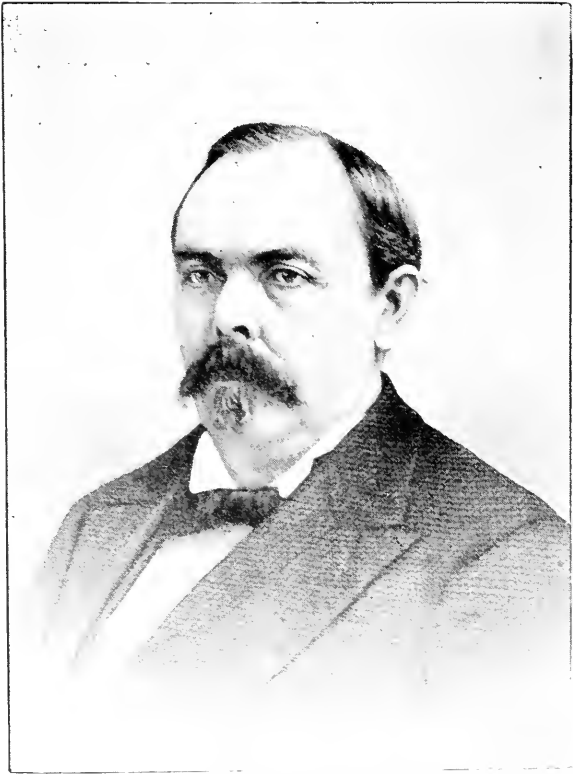






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O. P. MORTON.

HISTORY
OF THE
FORTY-SECOND INDIANA
VOLUNTEER INFANTRY

Compiled and Written at the Request of
W. M. COCKRUM,
Late Lieutenant-Colonel 42d Indiana Regiment.


BY S. F. HORRALL,
Late Captain of Company G, 42d Indiana Regiment.

PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR.

1892.

DONOHUE & HENNEBERRY,
PRINTERS, ENGRAVERS AND BINDERS,
CHICAGO, ILL.

PROLOGUE.

 NE has said : “ It is a sordid thing to write for money, a selfish thing to write for fame, but it is a sweet and glorious thing to write for the approval of those we most intensely love.”

While I pen these lines, one sits near by who, in the dark days of '61, when I “ went away to the wars,” leaving not a dollar for her to care for my children with, in a spirit of enthusiastic patriotism she said : “ Go, God bless you, and protect you !” And I now call to mind the hundreds on hundreds of patriotic women of our land who made such sacrifices, and then, comrades, in the light of their hardships, and trials, to me it seems as if our endurances and privations were insignificant indeed.

How much the Nation owes the self-sacrificing women of our land, none can ever compute. For the one by my side to-night, and for the thousands of others enduring in those dark days like she did, I write, and to her, and to them, dedicate this little volume in part,

But not to them alone, but to former comrades in arms, of whose heroism I write, that their deeds of renown and of high emprise may stand in enduring types ; supported by history, that their children, and children's children may read ;—this book is also dedicated.

Let me paraphrase, my comrades, and say to you as you read these pages :

“ Backward, turn backward, memory in flight,
Make us soldiers again, if but for to-night.”

THE AUTHOR.

NOTE.

No partiality has been intended in the matter of presenting portraits in this book. The conditional proposition was made to all former officers of the regiment whose addresses could be found. Those who accepted appear.

THE AUTHOR.



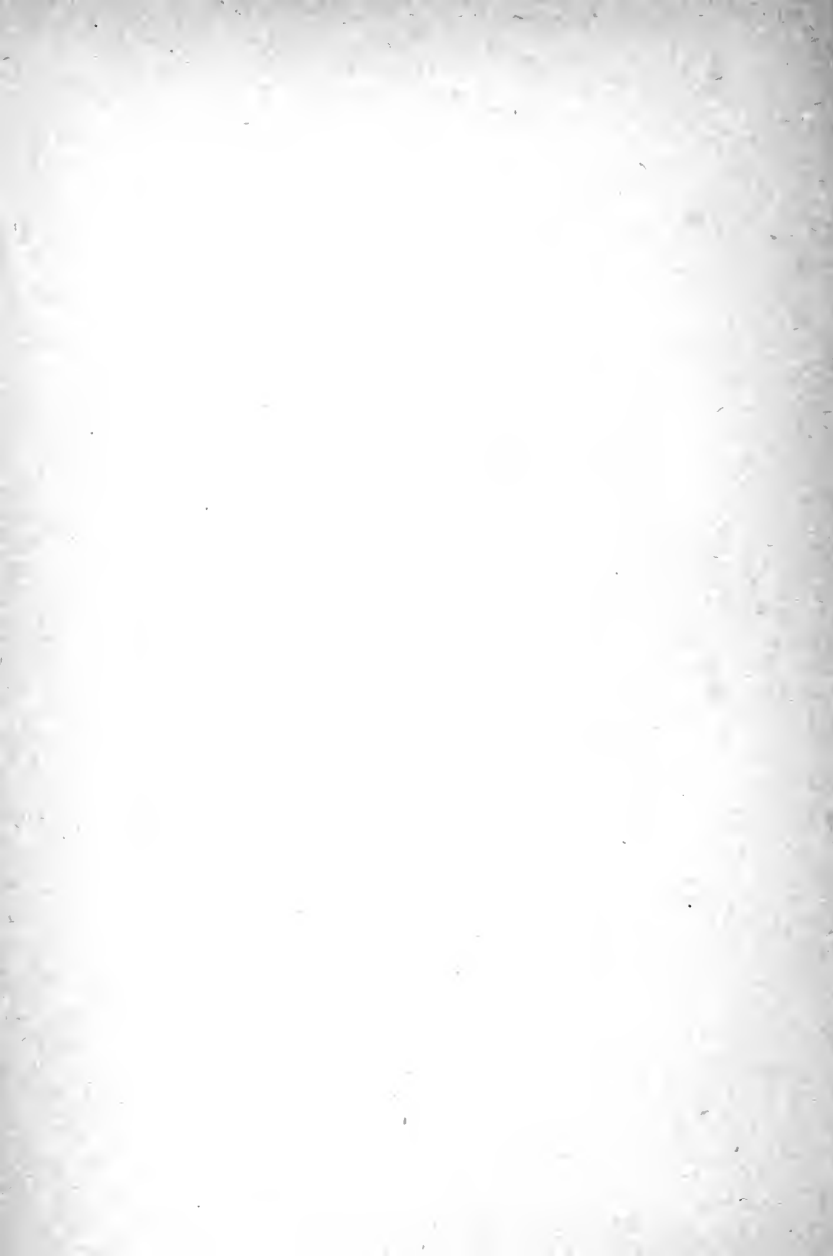
MRS. S. F. HORRALL.

MRS. JANE HORRALL.

This lady (maiden name Jane Crabbs) was born on the 15th of February, 1833, in Daviess county, Indiana, and became the wife of S. F. Horrall, late captain Company G, 42d Indiana Vol. Inftry., on the 27th of January, 1853.

To this union seven children were born, viz.: Albion, Nelson, Mabel, Addie, Logan, Jesse and Kaiser. Of these, all are living except Addie and Kaiser, and reside in Washington, Ind., except the daughter, who is the wife of Merrick Williams, Chicago, Ill.

As she appears here represented (with child in her arms) so thousands on thousands of patriotic wives of our land were left in those days of danger and peril to the Nation. Sons and daughters of veterans should ever keep fresh and green the memory of the mother, living or dead, who bore patiently and heroically her part of the burden of the war for the preservation of the Union, as well as the heroism of the father, who bore his part, small or great, in securing to posterity a united, free and happy country.



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CHARLES DENBY.

CHARLES DENBY

Was born in the State of Virginia, June 16, 1830. He was thirty-one years old when he entered the United States army as lieutenant-colonel of 42d Regiment Indiana Volunteers, and at the time was a lawyer by profession. Before the organization of the regiment, immediately after the fall of Sumter, he raised a voluntary company and guarded the powder magazine near Evansville, Ind. Before the organization of the 42d he drilled company A of the regiment a long time, and that was the nucleus of the regiment.

After organization, and sometime in September, 1861, he made an expedition with four companies up Green river to protect the first lock at Calhoun, Ky. At the battle of Perryville, Ky., October 8, 1861, Col. Danby was wounded twice and had his horse killed under him. After this battle, for gallantry in action he was made colonel of the 80th Indiana, remaining in command as a full colonel until February, 1863, when he resigned on a surgeon's certificate of disability. After resignation, he resumed the practice of law in Evansville, which he followed until appointed United States minister at Peking, China, by President Cleveland, which position he has continued in to this day. The fact that he remained in the position under an administration opposite to his own political views would indicate that in diplomatic relations his conduct has been satisfactory to the United States government at Washington, D. C.

Col. Denby is of Revolutionary stock. His grandfather, Mathew Harvey, was a soldier in "Lee's Legion." Colonel Denby had two brothers in the active Navy, and one in the Department—the war for the Union.

His wife, a daughter of Dr. Graham N. Fitch, Logansport, Ind., can boast patriotic lineage. Her grandfather, Fred-

erick Fitch, lost a leg in the War of 1812. Her great-grand-fathers on both sides were in the Revolutionary war. Her father was colonel of an Indiana regiment, and his son, Henry S. Fitch, was brigade quarter-master, under Gen. Sherman. His half-brother, Leroy Fitch, commanded gun boats on the Ohio river. His nephew, Frederick Fitch, was in an Indiana regiment. So, it is seen, all of Col. Denby's people and all his wife's were in the war for the Union.



EXPLANATORY.

THE preparation of this book, small though it is, has been attended with no inconsiderable labor, at a day so distant from those of the scenes, incidents, etc., herein related. But it has been "love's labor," and whether it will be "lost" or not, probably largely depends on others.

The author has lived, during the months of the writing and compiling, in the "shadows of the past," and as day by day memory was refreshed, and by the recalling of one event another came fast in its wake, the whole history of the regiment, like a grand panorama, spread out before the mind so eager to grasp it all for a presentation to the living and a testimonial to the dead—passed in mind review.

Information has been sought and obtained from widely separated places, covering almost the entire United States and part of the territories, and travel by letter to many a scene of action in the Southland has been necessary because of the locating there of some veteran, or son of a veteran, who possessed information to impart.

From Fort Sherman, Idaho, the archives of the War Department, Peking, China, and more than once across the continent, the swift mail of the government you preserved, my comrades, bore scraps of history respecting your command, to be woven into form of convenient preservation for you and yours, for time and time in the future.

By courtesy of Col. John W. Foster, of the State department, a long time personal friend of this author, access to War Records has been had, and reports, or copies of them, readily obtained; and very promptly, which have enabled the writer to verify by record—what would otherwise have

appeared only a more or less pleasing story—a *history*, my comrades, you made for and in defense of your country, and a nation's honor, in tracks of blood on many a field of glory.

Your Brigade Commanders, Generals John Beatty and William P. Carlin, promptly and cheerfully imparted such information and lacking data as was asked for; and Col. G. R. Kellams and Lieutenant Col. Wm. M. Cockrum gladly contributed, and aided by material for the preparation of this book, and to them all, comrades, your thanks, which will not be withheld, are due.

The author has so long been a writer for the public press, (forty years) either as correspondent for, or editor of newspapers, that long ago he learned that what troubled him most was not what "to put in print," but "what not to print." This thought has been kept constantly in mind in this work, and now, comrades, you are the jury by which the verdict of merit or demerit is to be rendered. If, however, by inadvertency or otherwise, this self-imposed rule has not been the most rigidly adhered to, and you find in these pages that which in your opinion might properly not have been written, please exercise charity, and note it as an error of the author's judgment, not of the heart.



CORRESPONDENCE.

AS testimonials of the gallantry of the 42nd Regiment, the following letters and extracts from the War Records, respecting this organization, will not fail, perhaps, to prove of interest alike to officers and private soldiers. It is believed comrades will have a proper appreciation of such testimonials, coming from such sources.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 21, 1892.

CAPT. S. F. HORRALL, *Washington, Ind.*

DEAR SIR: I have just received yours of the 19th instant, informing me that you are engaged in preparing the individual history of the 42d Indiana U. S. Volunteer Infantry. Such an undertaking meets my warm approval.

The history of the 42d Indiana is a brilliant one. It was always reliable for intelligence, patriotism, fighting and staying qualities. If I could put one more feather in the CAP of that regiment I would do it with the greatest pleasure. Hoping that your undertaking may prove eminently successful, I am,

Very truly yours,

W. S. ROSECRANS,
Brevet Major-General U. S. Vols.

COLUMBUS, O., April 29, 1892.

MY DEAR CAPTAIN: I am just getting round again, after a little spell of sickness, and am not prepared on the spur of the moment to say all I should be glad to say with respect to the gallantry of the officers and men of the 42d Regiment of Indiana Volunteer Infantry. Was with them on the march to Nashville in the autumn of 1862 in the three or four days' battle of Stone River, in the advance on Tullehoma, in the movement into Georgia, and in the two days' engagement at Chicamauga. During all this time I had personal knowledge of the men, and an intimate acquaintance with the officers, and can bear witness that no braver and more efficient regiment than the Forty-Second ever fought under the National Flag. To you, personally, I

am under great obligations for intelligent and vigilant service while a member of my staff.

With kind regards to all the surviving officers and soldiers of the 42d, and with best wishes for all, I am,

Yours very respectfully, JOHN BEATTY,
Brig.-Gen'l U. S. Vols.

CAPT. S. F. HERRALL,
Washington, Ind.

FORT SHERMAN, IDAHO, May 7th, 1892.

MY DEAR CAPTAIN HERRALL:

Your favor of the date May 1st has this day been received. I have answered the questions propounded in your letter, and return the enclosures herewith.

The 42d Indiana Volunteer Infantry is particularly remembered by me, in consequence of its conspicuous intrepidity and behavior in several battles, and especially in the night affair at Grayville, Ga., the second night after the battles of Chattanooga, when we ran against the retreating enemy and scattered them over the country. Wishing you success in your undertaking, I am,

Yours truly, WM. P. CARLIN,
Col. 4th U. S. Infy., and late Brigadier and Major-General U. S. Vols.
* * * * *

In another General Carlin writes:

"I have a most agreeable recollection of the 42d Indiana Volunteers, and of the officers, some of whom I knew personally. It was a gallant regiment. I shall be pleased to get a copy of your history when published."

WM. P. CARLIN, etc., etc.

From the Records of the War Department, the author is enabled to bring further evidence of your gallantry and efficiency, while General Carlin was your Brigade Commander; for the mention of an officer's name in the connection given here simply means praise of the men he commanded.

NEAR ATLANTA, GA., Aug. —, 1864.

* * * * *
"My thanks are due to my brigade commanders, * * * * *
Brigadier-General W. P. Carlin * * * * * for the cheerfulness and good judgment with which they have at all times executed my orders and furthered the objects of every movement."

BRIG.-GEN. R. W. JOHNSON,
Com'd'g First Division, Fourteenth Corps, U. S. Army.

Vol. —, p. 524, Rebellion Records.

This evidence in your behalf, comrades, by your corps commander, on the "March to the Sea," and through the Carolinas, as the lawyers would say, is altogether "competent."

WHITEHALL, GA., Sept. —, 1864.

* * * * *

"To the Division commanders, brigadier-generals, * * * Carlin, * * * my thanks are due for their action, assistance and co-operation during the engagement. The immediate presence of these old and well-known commanders among the troops during the movements of heaviest battle did much to inspire that coolness and determination so strikingly exhibited on this occasion."

BR'V'T MAJ.-GEN. JEFF. C. DAVIS,

Com'd'g Fourteenth Corps, Army of Cumberland, U. S. Army.

Vol. —, p. 515, Rebellion Records.

All these evidences on the behalf of commanding and superior officers embrace, of course, the history of each regiment and battery of artillery belonging to the brigade command; and therefore, by the compilation of these extracts from the army records, comrades, the author is able to place the 42d Indiana, *individually*, before you and your children in its true, proper and historic relation to the great War for the suppression of the Rebellion, and the preservation of the Union.

LOOKOUT VALLEY, TENN., Feb. 4, 1864.

* * * * *

"My thanks are due to General Carlin and his brigade for their services on Lookout Mountain on the night of the 24th. They were posted in an exposed position, and when attacked repelled it with great spirit and success."

MAJ.-GEN. JOSEPH HOOKER,

Commanding Eleventh and Twelfth Corps, U. S. Army.

Vol. xxxi., Part 2, p. 324, Rebellion Records.

Comrades will quite well remember the incidents of that "Battle above the clouds," and a compliment from "fighting Joe Hooker," is of no insignificant import.

Then our Division Commander, General R. W. Johnson, adds to the glory of the brigade and the 42d Regt. as follows

GRAYSVILLE, GA., March 27, 1864.

* * * * *

"Carlin was moved forward to support Harrison." - - -

"This duty, like all duty required of General Carlin, was performed promptly, and with his usual good judgment."

BRIG.-GEN. R. W. JOHNSON, *U. S. Army.*

Vol. xxxii., Part 1, p. 452, Rebellion Records.

U. S. LEGATION AT PEKING, CHINA, }
CHARLES DENBY, MINISTER. }

June 12, 1892.

CAPT. S. F. HORRALL, *Washington, Ind.*

SIR AND COMRADE: I can not write of the 42d Regiment Ind. Vols. without praising it. It was a splendid body of men,— were disciplined, gentlemanly, properly drilled and steady and brave in action. It was the easiest regiment in the world to get along with. I loved it and all its members, and, as far as I know, it repaid me with absolute devotion. I write this to you from Peking, China.

Respectfully,

CHARLES DENBY, *Minister.*



OLIVER P. MORTON.

THE history of any Indiana regiment or battery of volunteers would be incomplete without a chapter set apart for Oliver P. Morton, justly called the "Great War Governor."

So closely was the history of every regiment and battery linked with the life of this great man, that his own indomitable will, his courage, patriotism and heroic invulnerability seemed to become a part of the individuality of every officer and private soldier entering the army for the Union from Indiana; inspiring each with his own conspicuous courage and zeal.

Although it is a matter of history, often written, that because of certain conditions and agencies in this State Governor Morton was seriously hampered and handicapped for the means to put troops into the field,—arm and equip them creditably,—the allusion will not be out of place here, since it presents in the strongest possible light the fact that he surmounted all the difficulties and sent Indiana's troops to the field quite as well, if not better, equipped than Governors of other States who were not hampered with so much of disloyal—or "peace at any price"—surroundings. No man living—not even the great Lincoln—yearned more earnestly for peace than did Governor Morton; and no man scorned it more, except upon the basis of a union of all the States, under the constitution and laws.

—It was by his indefatigable energy, and unflagging industry, his iron will and nerve of steel, that brought much glory to the Indiana soldiers and enabled them to do deeds of, and for immortal praise on every field of battle, for the old flag and the Union.

But this was not unattended with danger, personal to himself the most imminent for years; but while this was the case, and he quite well knew it, he knew no fear nor hesitated at or shrank from any duty, however arduous, or perilous.

Nor did his care of and for the soldiers stop when they joined comrades in the field. On every field of battle, in every hospital—everywhere that the fortunes of war placed Indiana soldiers; if sick or wounded, there were found the agents of Governor Morton to minister to the wants of all—the sick, the wounded, and dying; and many and many a soldier, passing to answer “roll-call” on the “other shore,” blessed while dying the name of Oliver P. Morton;—ebbing life away as they faintly whispered,—“After all, it is sweet and glorious to die for one’s country,”—thus evidencing and sustaining great courage, even in the jaws of death.

This is not overdrawn, as thousands on thousands of comrades who felt impressed with this great war Governor’s heroic individuality will attest as exhibited to them in sickness, in health, on the battle-field, in the crowded hospitals, and everywhere in war.

And when the struggle for the Nation’s life was over, and the white-winged angel of peace again hovered over the land, now made free from the last vestige of human slavery; as these war-worn veterans, by regiment and battery, were returning home to fire-sides and friends; as they were cheered by Governor Morton upon departure for bloody fields of action, so, now that peace had been proclaimed, they were welcomed back to civil life by the same Governor, who had never ceased his vigil of, or for them in the front, and bade to now return to their homes;—not to become, as many predicted they would, restless and unsettled in life, but to prove themselves as faithful and dutiful in civil citizenship as they had proven themselves loyal, true and brave in soldiership. How deeply these words of wise advice impressed the comrades, every nook and corner of the State evidences

every day by the industry and frugality of the "citizen-soldiers," who "beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks;"—help pay the taxes, build the churches and school-houses, and in no way give evidence of being worse for the war, except by the wounds they received, and in the battered and shattered constitutions they will carry to their graves.

The name of Morton is immortal. It is enshrined in every loyal heart in this broad land, and wreathed in flowers of immortelles; and as long as the waters of the great oceans, Atlantic and Pacific, laving their banks on both sides of the continent; or the waters of our lakes and gulfs, as in sad requiem for a Nation's dead, send their monotone to the skies, or the stars above them look down into their clear placid depths below;—so long will live in honor and glory, as lustrous and bright as a cloudless noonday's sun, the name of OLIVER P. MORTON!!

* * * * *

Allusion is made in the foregoing to the dangers that constantly beset Gov. Morton; being by far greater than those confronting the soldiers in the field, or on the bloody battle-ground in strife and conflict, for the reason that danger to Gov. Morton lurked in dark places, and came from the hands of cowardly would-be assassins chosen and commissioned for their dastardly crimes by a secret cabal, or conclave, of as cowardly a band of treason-polluted souls as the worst age of the world ever produced; known as the Knights of the Golden Circle, Sons of Liberty, and various other names towards the last; as successively they were exposed, and their purposes made known to the public.

No matter by what name that band of secret conspirators were known, the objects were the same; treason to the old government, persecution of Union men, discouragement of enlistments in the Federal Army, and murder in cases where friends of the government were instrumental in ferreting them out—resistance to the "draft," etc., etc.

To the end of the war this accursed band of disloyal and treasonable men remained, with their political leprosy so deeply seated that, as the war was drawing to a close, and the leaders—notably in Daviess county—perhaps seeing all their purposes baffled—out of chagrin it might have been—agreeably to the rules of the Knights of the Golden Circle, by lot, at the rendezvous in Reeve township, county above, planned, and successfully put into execution, the murder of Captain Eli McCarty, of Company G, 42d Indiana, in a manner at once so cowardly and brutal that Comanche Indians would have scorned such dastardly work.

Not far from High Rock, in township before named, the detail made by the Knights of the Golden Circle, from ambush shot to death Captain McCarty while in the line of his duty, as an officer, notifying men that they had been drafted for service under the flag of their country; and his body, after being dragged for miles, was loaded with rocks and sunk in the east fork of White river, where it was finally discovered and recovered. Thus the *leaders* of the Knights of the Golden Circle in Daviess county satisfied, by proxy, their thirst for loyal blood by the assassination or murder of one man, whose life they were too cowardly to attempt to take themselves.

The *active* but ignorant perpetrators of this heinous crime, which puts civilization to the blush, were apprehended and punished, but the *really* guilty ones who planned the murder, and upon whose garments righteously was, and still is, the blood of Captain McCarty, 42d Indiana, are yet at large, but their crimes can not be condoned nor forgotten.

As this part of the history of the 42d Indiana, or rather an individual Captain of the Regiment, can not be brought or woven into the history proper, it is placed in the connection with the remarks upon the dangers that constantly beset Governor Morton, or any one else, who made an effort to enforce the laws touching the recruiting of the army for the Union by draft, or indeed by seeking volunteers.

The deeds of those cowardly leaders of the Knights of the Golden Circle can only be properly recorded—"if at all,"—by an Imp of the Power of darkness with a finger of phosphorus, in Plutonian sands, and where none but such traitorous cowards and kindred criminals are doomed to read the writing. Such "sympathizers," living under the protection of the "*old* flag", with not the courage to fight for the "*new*" can not escape the ignominy. . The mark is in the forehead like that of the beast the Book speaks of, and can not be removed.

Comrades of the 42d Indiana, you now have the particulars of the tragic death of Capt. Eli McCarty, and by whose hands. You all loved him. We can not punish the really guilty ones as they deserve; but, let us hope and pray a just God may yet avenge us all upon those who should suffer for his tragic death.



PRELIMINARY TO ORGANIZATION OF THE REGIMENT.

PROPERLY it may be set down here that immediately preceding the organization of the 42d Indiana, partly in consequence of the secret workings of the adherents of the order we have named, and partly because of much talk and some little action on the part of a class of men known as "Peace at any price" politicians, not all of whom were previously allied to either; or better, any one of the old political parties, volunteering which before in South Indiana had been prompt and rapid had been to an extent checked. Very many things—the great cost of the war as one—contributed to bring this condition of affairs; but Governor Morton fully understood the situation, and his vast resources of mind and intense patriotism never failed him to suggest a remedy for any discouragements that arose; often he anticipating them before they appeared to the public in such a shape as to result seriously.

Probably one of these cases, foreseen by him, was what led to the very rapid recruiting and early organization of the 42d Ind. Vols.

James G. Jones, of Evansville, was at the time immediately preceding the organization of the regiment Attorney-General of State, being a Republican in politics. He was prevailed upon to resign that office for the Colonelcy of a regiment, and associated with him, with recruiting commissions were Chas. Denby and James M. Shanklin, also of Evansville, the one as lieutenant-colonel and the latter as major. A rendezvous at the fair-grounds near Evansville,—subsequently named "Camp Vanderburg,"—was selected, and

orators sent all over the First Congressional District—it reaching as far north as Daviess county then—to warm the people up, and kindle anew the fire and spirit of patriotism.

Mr. James M. Shanklin, being an impressive, earnest, impassioned speaker, with a reputation as an orator somewhat known outside of his own district, even as well as in it, was assigned largely to this duty, and he spoke at various places in each county of the District, with good results and marked effect. The fact that he was an orator of some celebrity—if only local—and that like the great Stephen A. Douglas and John A. Logan he was a “War Democrat,” brought the people from far and near to hear him.

This author heard him at different times and places, but a record of the speech he made in Washington, Ind., though an imperfect one, and the pen-portrayal of it and the man himself who accomplished so much in the organization of this Regiment is so close in the line of the history of the same, that even a feeble attempt at a description will no doubt prove of interest; or, at least, it will awaken memories of the stirring times of the '60's.

It was in the early September, 1861, that Mr. Shanklin visited Washington for the purpose of making a “Democratic War speech,” or a “War speech by a Democrat,” as he chose to call it; and, though there had been but a few hours notice given of the proposed speech, quite early the people began in the evening to gather in groups to speculate as to what the orator would probably say.

It was soon after sunset that Mr. Shanklin mounted a dry-goods box, southwest corner of Main and Third streets, and began to get in readiness for the speech. Meantime, men and women, to the number of from 1,200 to 1,500, had collected (a large assembly of people for the town then) and the speaker began. He was surrounded by those of all shades of political opinion, and curiosity was on “tip-toe.” He was a tall, angular figure, having a pleasant voice, of

great volume, however, when fully aroused, and he had not spoken five minutes before the people, men and women, began to press together so as to lose no word he might say; until it would have been next to impossible for any one to have forced a way through this mass of people—so compact.

Briefly he passed over the incidents relating to the firing on Fort Sumter, and touched upon those leading to that act of patriotic sacrilege—firing on the old flag—the danger of a dissolution of the Union, and the attendant consequences of such a lamentable result, when he struck a most commanding attitude, and spoke in the most glowingly eloquent terms of the proud “Old Ship of State,” its grandeur and glory before the mad secessionists began a work he proclaimed akin to, but of far greater proportions than, that by John C. Calhoun, in South Carolina, when President Jackson (Old Hickory), on being informed of what was going on, said: “The Union, it must and shall be preserved. Tell Calhoun to stop, or, by the Eternal, I’ll hang them all higher than Hamen.”

By this time the audience was worked to the highest possible excitement. Cheer upon cheer, long and loud, followed. Gray-haired men shouted and wept, and wept and shouted, and the ladies waved their kerchiefs, their bonnets, and clapped their hands in the most enthusiastic applause.

Following the idea of the “Ship of State,” he compared it to a sailing vessel, with as many rooms as there were States in the Union, and graphically described how the occupants of each had kept in good or in bad order their rooms (or States), comparing those in bad order with the Southern, or seceding States (or rooms), but complimenting all in a general way, until a spirit of mutiny (secession) had begun that threatened the splitting in twain of this grand old ship and its utter demolition.

The very faintest idea of Major Shanklin’s speech, which was used substantially elsewhere, is given here in this recital. It produced a profound impression, and from that effort of

his the spirit of volunteering revived in Daviess county, and in less than twenty days thereafter 118 men were recruited for what became Company "G" of the 42d Ind. Vol. Inf't. There was but little luke-warmness in the matter of volunteering for the Union army for some time after that in Daviess county, or the First Congressional District.

THE MUSTER INTO SERVICE.

THE maximum for a Regiment having been reached, the command was then ready for muster into the U. S. service, which event took place on the 9th day of October, 1861, at Camp Vanderburg, near Evansville, Indiana.

Before muster-in, a U. S. Surgeon made an examination of the men by companies in line, by no means as critical as it should have been, or as was the case for recruits afterwards, passing the mustering officer at Indianapolis.

Because of this insufficiently critical examination, very many of the men who passed and were mustered-in proved inadequate for, in many cases, ordinary camp duty, excusing altogether the more active service and the hardships to follow.

The zeal of these men was not wanting, but the physical powers were. As a consequence, by the early sickening of so many, especially at Calhoun, Kentucky, the Regiment was very much reduced in numbers for *active* duty, before six months of the three years expired.

OFFICERS OF THE FORTY-SECOND REGIMENT.

Names and Rank.

COLONEL.

James G. Jones....Mustered out Nov. 4, '64; term expired
 Wm. T. B. McIntire....Resigned as Lieut.-Col., Dec. 12, '64
 Gideon R. Kellams Brevetted Colonel of Vols. by President
 March 13, '65; mustered out with regiment

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL.

Charles Denby....Resigned Oct. 21; '62; promoted Colonel
 80th regiment
 James M. Shanklin....Died May 23, '63, at Evansville, Ind
 William T. B. McIntire.....Resigned Dec. 12, '64
 Gideon R. Kellams.....Promoted Colonel
 William M. Cockrum.....Mustered out with regiment

MAJOR.

James M. Shanklin.....Promoted Lieutenant-Colonel
 William T. B. McIntire.....Promoted Lieutenant-Colonel
 Nathaniel B. French.....Resigned May 6, '64
 Gideon R. Kellams.....Promoted Lieutenant-Colonel
 John A. Scammehorn.....Mustered out with regiment

ADJUTANT.

DeWitt C. Evans.....Mustered out Oct. 11, '62
 William L. Dorsey.....Assigned from Co. E; resigned
 May 12, '64
 James G. Stubblefield.....Mustered out with regiment

QUARTERMASTER.

James L. Orr...Promoted Captain and A. C. S., Nov. 9, '62
 Owen O. Walker.....Mustered out with regiment

FIRST LIEUTENANT.

Elijah Enlow.....Mustered out; term expired
 Joseph M. Kirkham..... Promoted Captain
 James E. Rust..... Mustered out with Regiment

SECOND LIEUTENANT.

Thomas J. Jackson..... Promoted in Colored Regiment
 Joseph M. Kirkham.....Promoted 1st Lieutenant
 James E. Rust.....Promoted 1st Lieutenant
 Alamander C. Anderson.....Mustered out as 1st Sergeant
 with Regiment

COMPANY C.

CAPTAIN.

Alfred Myler.....Resigned May 29, '63
 John A. Scammehorn.....Promoted Major
 Thomas B. Jones.....Mustered out with Regiment

FIRST LIEUTENANT.

Samuel D. Smith.....Resigned April 5, '63
 Worthington W. Combs..... Resigned as 2d Lieutenant
 William M. Jones.....Mustered out March 30, '63
 Thomas B. Jones.....Promoted Captain
 George T. Shook.....Mustered out with Regiment

SECOND LIEUTENANT.

Worthington W. Combs.....Resigned April 23, '63
 William M. JonesPromoted 1st Lieutenant
 Ephraim C. Grigsby.....Mustered out; term expired
 George T. Shook.....Promoted 1st Lieutenant
 James H. Carlton.....Mustered out with Regiment

COMPANY D.

CAPTAIN.

Francis M. Edmonds.... Resigned March 18, '62
 James D. Saunders.....Discharged as 1st Lieutenant
 John Eigeman..... Resigned Nov. 30, '63
 Elder Cooper.....Mustered out; term expired
 Harrison Peachee.....Mustered out with Regiment

FIRST LIEUTENANT.

James D. Saunders.....Promoted Captain
 John Eigeman.....Promoted Captain
 Elder Cooper..... Declined; promoted Captain
 John A. Scammehorn..... Promoted Captain Co. "C"
 James L. Wright..... Mustered out with Regiment

SECOND LIEUTENANT.

Squire Johnson.....Resigned Jan. 28, '62
 Joseph C. Overall... Resigned Aug. 27, '64
 Elder Cooper.....Promoted 1st Lieutenant
 Henderson McAdams..... Died of wounds before muster
 Rosalbro B. Brazleton.....Mustered out with Regiment

CAPTAIN.

COMPANY E.

Nathaniel B. French.....Promoted Major
 David F. Embree.....Resigned April 17, '64
 Joseph R. Ashmead.....Mustered out with Regiment

FIRST LIEUTENANT.

William A. Waters.....Resigned April 13, '62
 William L. Dorsey.....Assigned as Adjutant
 David F. Embree.....Promoted Captain
 Joseph R. Ashmead.....Promoted Captain
 Ephraim Rutledge.....Killed in action, Goldsboro, N. C.,
 March 19, '65

William Jones.....Mustered out with Regiment

SECOND LIEUTENANT.

Francis Wade.....Resigned April 3, '62
 David F. Embree.....Promoted 1st Lieutenant
 Joseph R. Ashmead.....Promoted 1st Lieutenant
 John R. Daugherty.....Mustered out with Regiment

CAPTAIN.

COMPANY F.

Samuel G. Barrett.....Resigned Nov. 8, '62
 William M. Cockrum.....Promoted Lieutenant Colonel
 Jacob D. Skelton.....Mustered out with Regiment

FIRST LIEUTENANT.

Jacob W. Skelton.....Resigned March 11, '62
 William M. Cockrum.....Promoted Captain
 John Q. A. Steele, Killed in action, Goldsboro, March 19, '65
 Jacob D. Skelton.....Promoted Captain
 Adoniram A. Keys.....Mustered out with Regiment

SECOND LIEUTENANT.

William M. Cockrum.....Promoted 1st Lieutenant
 John Q. A. Steele.....Promoted 1st Lieutenant
 John C. White.....Resigned May 29, '63
 Adoniram A. Keys.....Promoted 1st Lieutenant
 William McCleary.....Mustered out as 1st Sergeant with
 Regiment.

COMPANY G.

CAPTAIN.

Eli McCartyResigned March 14, '63
 Isaac W. McCormick.Resigned July 14, '64
 Spillard F. Horrall..Resigned as 1st Lieutenant Sept. 16, '64
 Joshua A. Palmer.....Mustered out with Regiment

FIRST LIEUTENANT.

Isaac W. McCormickPromoted Captain
 Spillard F. Horrall.....Resigned Sept. 16, '64
 Joshua A. Palmer.....Not Mustered; promoted Captain
 William H. Farris.....Mustered out with Regiment

SECOND LIEUTENANT.

Spillard F. Horrall.....Promoted 1st Lieutenant
 Joshua A. Palmer.....Promoted Captain
 William H. Farris.....Promoted 1st Lieutenant
 William A. Myers.....Mustered out with Regiment

COMPANY H.

CAPTAIN.

James H. Bryant.....Resigned March 13, '63
 Gideon R. Kellams.....Promoted Major
 Allen Gentry..Mustered out as 2d Lieutenant; term expired
 William W. Milner.....Mustered out with regiment

FIRST LIEUTENANT.

Gideon R. Kellams.....Promoted Captain
 Adam Haas.....Resigned Oct. 20, '63
 William W. Milner.....Promoted Captain
 Joseph C. Nix.....Mustered out with Regiment

SECOND LIEUTENANT.

Adam Haas.....Promoted 1st Lieutenant
 Allen Gentry.....Promoted Captain
 James B. Payne.....Mustered out with Regiment

COMPANY I.

CAPTAIN.

William T. McIntire.....Promoted Major
 John Burch.....Mustered out with regiment

FIRST LIEUTENANT.

Alexander R. Byers.....Resigned March 31, '62; re-entered
 service as Assistant Surgeon in 65th Regiment
 Hugh Penner.....Resigned Nov. 4, 1862
 William Davidson.....Mustered out; term expired
 John B. T. Daring.....Mustered out with regiment

SECOND LIEUTENANT.

Hugh Penner.....Promoted 1st Lieutenant
 John Burch.....Promoted Captain
 William F. Caldwell.....Resigned Nov. 23, '63
 William Allison.....Mustered out with regiment

COMPANY K.

CAPTAIN.

Daniel G. Thompson.....Resigned Nov. 8, '62
 James H. Masters.....Honorably discharged Nov. 29, '64
 Tillotson M. Neves.....Mustered out with regiment

FIRST LIEUTENANT.

James H. Masters.....Promoted Captain
 Edward M. Knowles...Killed in rebel prison; date unknown
 Ephraim Y. Perrygo.....Mustered out with regiment

SECOND LIEUTENANT.

Thomas S. Denny.....Resigned March 11, '62
 Edmund M. Knowles.....Promoted 1st Lieutenant
 Emery Johnson.....Killed before Atlanta, July 22, 1864
 John D. Linxwiler.....Mustered out with regiment

NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF AND BAND.

Sergeant Major—Overall, Joseph
 Quarter-Master Sergeant—Shanklin, Geo. W.
 Commissary Sergeant—Cooper, Elder
 Hospital Stewart—Pattridge, De Witt C.

B A N D.

Genung, Charles C.—*Leader*
 Bishop, Warren H.
 Brown, David W.
 Bohrer, Charles
 Collins, James R.
 Calkins, Owen M.
 Downs, Thomas J.
 Davidson, John W.
 De Bruler, Fletcher, O.
 Fitch, James H.
 Helder, William
 Hitch, John
 Lowe, Samuel T.
 Mathewson, Charles C.
 Nabb, James C.
 Osborn, Charles W.
 Sutherland, George W.

Sainley, Benjamin
 Sargeant, Mathias J.
 Wilcox, Samuel L.
 Woolsey, Samuel M.

At Nashville, in February, 1862, this band was mustered out, and a band of the company musicians—fifes and drums—substituted by general field orders.

FORTY-SECOND REGIMENT.—THREE YEARS' SERVICE.

ENLISTED MEN OF COMPANY A.

Name and Rank.

FIRST SERGEANTS.

Vickery, James W.....Promoted 2d Lieutenant

SERGEANTS.

Lant, William

Messick, Jacob W.....Promoted 2d Lieutenant

Talbot, Charles S.

Matheny, Nath....Died, Andersonville prison, Aug. 29, '64

CORPORALS.

James, John W.

Riggs, John

Glassmith, Chauncey

Trimbald, Thos., Veteran; killed, Lost Mountain, June 17, '64

Short, Lewis W.

Woods, Robert W.....Mustered out Feb. 14, '65

Scott, Christopher L.

Swanson, William

MUSICIANS.

Messick, John
Breiniard, Alonzo

WAGONER.

McCutchen, Robert

PRIVATES.

Abbot, Owen
Alms, Louis
Albacker, John
Ayers, James B.
Barns, JamesVeteran; mustered out July 21, '65
Benner, Ashley R.
Bennet, Samuel
Bicking, Henry.....Veteran; mustered out July 21, '65
Black, Nathaniel
Brightenhauger, Fred.
Brown, Nicholas
Carter, William.....Veteran; died May 31, '64, wounds
Chisler, Louis
Clinger, George
Calvin, Henry
Copley, Charles
Copley, Erastus
Dean, Charles
Deitz, George W.
Deitz, Southmead
Delong, Josiah
Dennison, Thos...Died in Andersonville prison, Aug. 23, '64
Depaw, John W.
Elliott, William
Elwood, Benjamin
Fairchild, Isaac
Fleeheart, Joel
Fleehardy, Zadok S.

Fogle, Conrad
 Gleichman, George
 Goodge, George.... .Veteran; mustered out June 15, '65
 Hasinwinkle, John... Veteran; mustered out July 21, '65, as
 1st Serg't
 Headon, Robert
 Huff, August
 Kirkpatrick, Andrew
 Kirkpatrick, George.... .Veteran; mustered out July 17, '65
 Lawrence, Charles F.... .Veteran; mustered out July 21, '65;
 Corporal
 Lawrence, Leslie..... .Veteran; mustered out July 21, '65
 Lockwood, John R.
 Louder, Andrew J.
 Lutz, Francis M.
 Martin, James
 Mathias, John W.. .Veteran; must'd out July 21, 65; Corporal
 McCutchen, Andrew..... .Promoted 1st Lieutenant
 McCutchen, Reuben
 McCutchen, Thomas
 McCutchen, William J.
 McElroy, Albert..... .Veteran; mustered out July 20, '65
 McFarland, William A..... .Mustered out June 8, '65
 McInnery, Michael
 Miller, Joseph..... .Veteran; mustered out July 21, 65; Serg't
 Morgan, George P.
 Moushart, Rening
 Nash, Richard..... .Veteran; mustered out July 21, '65
 Neihaus, David.... .Died in Andersonville prison, Sept. 3, '64
 Olmsted Charles D.
 Otto, August
 Park, Alexander..... .Veteran; mustered out July 21, '65
 Parrott, Mathew.. .Veteran; discharged March 2, '65; wounds
 Perry, James..... .Veteran; mustered out June 15, '65
 Pitts, Josiah

Plowman, Amon
 Rhoads, Joseph.....Veteran; mustered out July 21, '65
 Schelter, Bernhard
 Schroeder, William..Died in Andersonville prison, June 4,'64
 See, William
 Sell, Frederick....Veteran; mustered out July 21, 65; Serg't
 Shaw, William.....Promoted 2d Lieutenant
 Shook, Henry
 Skelly, Brian
 Smith, Joseph
 Stone, Henry J.
 Street, Benjamin..Veteran; must'd out July 21, '65; Corporal
 Tomlinson, Daniel
 Trindle, John
 Truckey, Peter
 Tyrrel, John Q.
 Wagoner, Edward. Died at Andersonville prison, Aug. 29,'64
 Weatherspoon, Granv'e
 Webb, John
 Wills, William
 Withrow, Leander

RECRUITS.

Alter, John Q.....Mustered out July 21, '65, as Sergeant
 Billiods, George..... " " " "
 Babcock, Robert.... " " " "
 Ball, Cyrus A..... " " " "
 Barns, John W..... " " " "
 Beam, William..... " " " "
 Bhymer, William S.. " " " "
 Brake, Franklin W.. " " " "
 Bogue, Johnathan...Mustered out July 21, '65; Substitute
 Bowman, John.....Died, Andersonville prison, July 4, '64
 Castell, Eli.....Mustered out July 21, '65, as Sergeant
 Casey, John.....Mustered out July 21, '65
 Citsel, Benjamin W. " " " "

Comar, Martin S....Mustered out July 21, '65
 Cooper, George M.. " " " "
 Clark, George W.....Mustered out July 21, '65; drafted
 Crooks, James M.....Mustered out June 18, '65
 Downing, Thomas...Mustered out July 21, '65, as Sergeant
 Dillehant, John A.....Mustered out July 21, 65; drafted
 Dixon, Matthew G.....Mustered out June 18, '65
 Ebert, Levi M.....Mustered out July 21, '65; drafted
 Ewing, Moses.....Died at Indianapolis, March-, '64
 Freppon, Madison.....Mustered out July 21, '65
 Fairchild, Isaac..... " " " "
 Fuller, John D..... " " " "
 Fairchild, George W....Mustered out July 21, '65; drafted
 Ford, William..... " " " " "
 Farampton, Isaac K..... " " " " "
 Frazee, John J.....Mustered out July 21, '65
 Ferguson, John C.....Mustered out June 18, '65; drafted
 Fullum, Bartell..... " " " " "
 Freshour, Thomas..... " " " " "
 Fisher, Andrew J..... " " " " "
 Freed, Henry..... " " " " "
 Geuthridge, William.....Mustered out July 21, '65
 Gilbert, Darlington.....Mustered out July 21, '65; drafted
 Gratts, Franklin.....Mustered out August 8, '65
 Goldsmith, John H.....Mustered out May 29, '65
 Greese, Henry.....Mustered out June 18, 65; substitute
 Gilbert, Jesse.....Mustered out June 18, '65
 Glenn, George.....Mustered out June 18, '65; substitute
 Hooker, George M....Mustered out July 21, '65; as corporal
 Hoffman, Daniel.....Mustered out July 21, '65
 Haskill, Allen C..... " " " "
 Hencle, Joseph C..... " " " "
 Hopkins, Philander R..... " " " "
 Hough, William J..... " " " "
 Haze, Lysander.....Mustered out July 21, '65; drafted

Thompson, Wesley...	Mustered out July 21, '65, as Sergeant
Wunt, George.....	Mustered out July 21, '65
Willey, William H.....	“ “ “ “
Williams, Seth.....	“ “ “ “
Wilson, Andrew J.....	“ “ “ “
Wright, Charles P.....	“ “ “ “

ENLISTED MEN OF COMPANY B.

Name and Rank.

FIRST SERGEANT.

Kirkham, Joseph.....Promoted 2d Lieutenant

SERGEANTS.

Baldwin, Andrew J.

Calkin, William C.

Tremper, James

Snyder, John B.

CORPORALS.

Sennett, Thomas M.

Rust, James E.....Promoted 2d Lieutenant

Hicks, Francis M.

Beardsley, Samuel

Smith, John L.

Anderson, Alamander C; Veteran; Promoted 2d Lieutenant

Stone, Cyrus C.

Harris, Geo. W.

MUSICIANS.

Overland, Enos

Williams, George.....Veteran; must'd out July 21, '65, as
Sergeant

WAGONER.

McQuonn, Samuel L.....Mustered out Oct. 17, '64

PRIVATEES.

Absher, Andrew J.....Veteran; mustered out July 21, '65

Alinger, Louis

Brown, James

Brown, John W.
 Bosock, Christopher
 Bause, John
 Bland, Kairn
 Cain, Samuel
 Cox, Joseph
 Cull, Francis
 Conner, James
 Erb, Jacob
 Dimmitt, Maderia, J.
 Dimmitt, Burton S... Vet.; must'd out July 21, '65 as Serg't
 Tryhover, Henry
 Gillman, Jedediah
 Hammer, Frederick
 Herrman, Christian
 Hutzler, John..... Mustered out Oct. 20, '64
 Johnson, Henry
 Jackson, William C.
 Jackson, Alfred
 Jordan, Grant L.
 Jordan, John R.
 Jeffres, Edward
 Keller, John
 Ketterhenry, Henry
 Kinkade, Elias.. Veteran; discharged Feb. 28, '65; disability
 Kesner, George.... Died, Andersonville prison, April 7, '64
 Kirkham, William
 Kellems, James
 Lewis, Jasper W..... Veteran; mustered out July 21, '65
 Larkin, John
 Larkin, James W.
 Medcalf, George J.
 Musgrave, William
 Musgrave, Daniel
 Murchman, Jacob

McDaniels, John
 Morris, Lindsly A. W.
 Medcalf, Gabriel
 Masterson, Aaron
 Mottweiler, Rheinhold
 McCoy, Elijah
 Miles, Francis V.
 Masterson, William
 Purcell, Weldon P.
 Perkins, Elijah
 Pitt, Franklin
 Ross, Marion..... Veteran; mustered out July 20, '65
 Rosher, Daniel
 Riley, Charles W.
 Rosher, Christian..... Discharged Feb. 18, '65; disability
 Riley, Augustus
 Smith, Levi..... Deserted Oct. 1, '64
 Smith, John
 Snook, Albert
 Statler, Joseph
 Snider, Antony
 Sunderman, Henry
 Stark, George P.
 Simmons, Solomon
 Simmons, Jefferson..... Mustered out Oct. 17, '64
 Sickman, William
 Steel, William
 Stinman, Henry
 Talge, John B.
 Thomason, Joseph
 Taylor, John W.
 Wilson, Charles
 Wells, Henry..... Veteran; mustered out July 21, '65
 Wibking, Frederick
 Winkinofer, William

Warner, William
 Whaley, Francis
 Wolf, Martin
 Wilson, Nathaniel
 Wilson, Hiram
 Young, Jackson
 Young, John

RECRUITS.

Bouse, Isaac N. Mustered out July 21, '65
 Bowling, John B. Mustered out July 21, '65
 Burnham, William Mustered out July 21, '65. absent, sick
 Brumfield, Isaac. Mustered out July 21, '65
 Barber, Philo. Mustered out July 21 '65, as Corporal
 Baker, William P. Mustered out July 21 '65, as Sergeant
 Ballard, John S. Discharged Feb. 9, '65
 Counts, Joseph Mustered out July 21, '65
 Copeland, William. Mustered out July 21, '65
 Cole, Nelson V. Mustered out July 21, '65
 Culbertson, Charles. Mustered out Sept. 4, '65. drafted
 Clarke, Thornton. Mustered out July 21, '65
 Dantic, George P. Veteran; mustered out July 21, '65
 Daiser, Franklin. Mustered out July 21, '65, as Sergeant
 Epple, Stephen. Mustered out July 21, '65
 Elmore, David. Mustered out July 21, '65
 Evans, George H. Mustered out July 21, '65
 Evans, Samuel J. Mustered out July 21, '65
 Farmer, John W. Mustered out July 21, '65, as Corporal
 Green, George. Mustered out July 21, '65
 Gardner, Eli. Mustered out July 21, '65; absent, sick
 Hight, George W. Deserted from Hospital, May 10, '64
 Havinor, Joseph. Mustered out July 21, '65, as Corporal
 Helter, Levi. Mustered out July 21, '65
 Hancock, Harrison. Mustered out July 21, '65
 Hendrickson, Aaron F. Mustered out June 18, '65, as Corporal
 Hammersly, John C. Mustered out June 18, '65; drafted

Jones, William E. Captured at Lewisville, Ga., Nov. 17, '64
 Jackson, John..... Never reported; substitute
 Jarnigan, James A.... Mustered out July 21, '65; substitute
 Juddey, John A..... Mustered out July 21, '65; drafted
 Kinder, Joseph..... Mustered out July 21, '65
 Kepple, Christian.... Mustered out July 21, '65; substitute
 Keller, Richard..... Mustered out June 18, '65; drafted
 Keeler, Henry..... Mustered out June 18, '65
 Keller, Andrew..... Mustered out June 18, '65; drafted
 Keller, James W..... " " " " "
 Kern, Amos..... " " " " "
 Little, Joseph..... Mustered out July 21, '65
 Lee, Amos..... Mustered out July 21, '65
 Lorance, Simon... Mustered out July 21, '65; absent, wounded
 Lefler, Philip.. Mustered out June 18, '65; drafted
 Leavell, Abraham..... " " " "
 Lane, James H..... " " " "
 Lindey, James..... " " " "
 Lee, Clem..... " " " "
 Lewis, Moses..... " " " "
 Longer, William T..... Veteran; deserted Oct. 1, '65
 Maxey, Asa..... Mustered out July 21, '65
 Mills, Caleb..... Mustered out July 14, '65; drafted
 Mitchell, Robert.... Never reported to company; substitute
 Mitchell, William.. " " " "
 Morrison, Henry..... Mustered out July 21, '65
 McCurley, Stephen..... " " "
 McCorcle, James..... Mustered out June 18, '65; drafted
 McCormic, Matthias..... " " "
 Miller, John..... Mustered out June 18, '65
 Nichols, George..... Mustered out July 21, '65; substitute
 Need, Leonard..... Mustered out June 18, '65; drafted
 Overman, Sam'l.. Mustered out July 21, '65; absent, sick; sub.
 Porter, James..... Mustered out July 21, '65
 Painter, Washington..... " " "

Padgett, Robert S.....	Mustered out June 18, '65;	drafted
Patterson, Jerome.....	Deserted June 16, '65;	substitute
Porter, Robert C.....	Mustered out June 18, '65	
Reid, John W.....	Mustered out July 21, '65	
Rhodes, Henry.....	“ “ “	
Redpath, William.....	Mustered out July 21, '65;	substitute
Rodman, Joseph.....	“ “ “ “	
Rohrbaugh, Charles...	“ “ “ “	
Rouse, Charles B.....	“ “ “ “	
Riley, John R.....	Died at Spottsylvania, May 21, '65	
Ruth, Nathaniel.....	Mustered out June 18, '65;	drafted
Richey, Edwin.....	“ “ “ “	
Simmons, John W....	Mustered out July 21, '65, as Corporal	
Smith, John.....	Mustered out July 21, '65	
Shields, Robert.....	“ “ “	
Sullivan, William.....	“ “ “	
Stephens, Isaac W.....	“ “ “	
Scott, Ellis W.....	“ “ “	
Spencer, Edson.....	“ “ “	
Shuderlane, Jeremiah.....	“ “ “	
Steward, David.....	Mustered out June 18, '65;	drafted
Stanley, Andrew J.....	“ “ “ “ “	
Smithers, James C.....	“ “ “ “ “	
Stonacher, Benjamin S..	“ “ “ “ “	
Swivi, William.....	“ “ “ “ “	
Stitzworth, James A....	“ “ “ “ “	
Stiles, Francis J.....	Mustered out June 18, '65;	substitute
Shark, Ephraim G....	“ “ “ “	
Smith, Elias.....	Deserted June 28, '65;	substitute
Stoner, William..	Died at Chattanooga, April 1, '65;	substitute
Trader, Arthur.....	Deserted June 28, '65;	drafted
Turner, Peter.....	Mustered out June 18, '65;	substitute
Turley, William.....	Mustered out June 23, 65;	drafted
Wilkinson, Lewis....	Mustered out July 21, '65, as Sergeant	
Wiley, William W....	Mustered out July 21, '65;	absent, sick

Woodruff, Roswell C.....Mustered out July 21, '65
 Wilson, Woodro W..... " " "
 Wortz, Frederick.....Mustered out July 21, '65; drafted
 Wysong, George W..... " " " 21, '65; substitute
 Walker, James C..... " " June 18, 65; drafted
 Williams, James H.....Mustered out June 18, '65
 Wilborn, Shelby R.....Mustered out June 11, '65; drafted
 Williamson, Isaac..... " " " " '65; "
 Wilson, John F..... " " " 18, '65; substitute

ENLISTED MEN OF COMPANY "C."

Names and Rank.

FIRST SERGEANT.

Scammehorn, John A.....Promoted Captain

SERGEANTS.

Jones, William M.....Promoted 2d Lieutenant
 Grigsby, Ephraim C.....Promoted 2d Lieutenant
 Miller, Francis M.
 Straube, Nicholas A.

CORPORALS.

Whitaker, John W.
 Masterson, Jason H.
 Sherman, Wayne
 Brady, Francis M.....Veteran; mustered out Aug. 7, '65,
 as Corporal
 McCasson, William D.
 Whitney, William B.....Veteran; mustered out July 23, '65,
 as Sergeant

Shuyler, William H.
 Jones, Thomas B.....Promoted 1st Lieutenant

MUSICIANS.

Whiteside, William L.....Vet.; mustered out July 21, '65,
 as Sergeant
 Bentle, William.... Vet.; mustered out July 21, '65, as private

WAGONER.

Smith, James R.

- John, Alonzo A. Veteran; mustered out July 21, '65;
 Corporal
- Jackson, Elijah
- Kraus, John
- Keith, James W.
- Killian, George W.
- Keatting, Thomas. Veteran; mustered out July 21, '65
- Ludwick, Christopher C.
- Lindsay, John. Veteran; mustered out July 21, '65
- Lindsay, James
- Landrith, Thomas B. S.
- McIntire, Andrew J. Veteran; mustered out July 21, '65
- Meeks, John L.
- McAdams, James
- McCasson, Frederick J. Mustered out June 18, '65
- Morgan, Levi L.
- McCoy, Henry
- Morris, Jesse L. Veteran; mustered out July 21, '65
- Miller, John
- McDaniel, William. Veteran; mustered out July 21, '65,
 1st Sergeant
- Momen, Antroine
- Miller, Jacob *
- Nason, Thomas
- Newcomb, James
- Osborn, Noah. Veteran; mustered out July 21, '65
- Overall, William
- Pennington, Dixon. Mustered out June 18, '65
- Pagett, Charles. Veteran; mustered out July 21, '65, as
 Sergeant
- Parkerson, Thomas J.
- Pierson, William
- Philips, James L.
- Ray, Benjamin F.
- Richardson, William J.

Butt, John R... Died at Chattanooga, May 7, '65; substitute
 Burnett, Edwin... Died at Louisville, July 1, '65; substitute
 Casad, John C..... Mustered out July 21, '65; drafted
 Cook, Henry " " " " "
 Crider, Uriah..... Never reported to Company; substitute
 Conrod, John..... Mustered out July 21, '65; substitute
 Crabill, Levi..... Mustered out July 21, '65; drafted
 Crain, Benjamin..... Mustered out July 21, '65; substitute
 Coe, Miles M..... Mustered out June 18, '65; drafted
 Critchlow, James M.... Died March 22, '65, w'ds received at
 Bentonville
 Coopriider, Daniel..... Died
 Denny, Milton J.... Mustered out July 21, '65; absent, sick
 Dunmick, George F..... Mustered out July 21, '65; drafted
 Deuse, Henry..... Never reported to Company; drafted
 Deems, Lewis..... Mustered out June 18, '65; drafted
 Evans, James..... Mustered out July 21, '65; drafted
 Fletcher, Jesse " " " " "
 Fowler, James..... Mustered out July 21, '65; substitute
 Farrell, Michael Never reported to Company
 Galbrith, Archibald.. Never reported to Company; substitute
 Gill, John H..... Mustered out June 18, '65
 Greening, August..... " " " "
 Hart, Samuel... Mustered out July 21, '65, as Corporal; sub.
 House, Wesley..... Mustered out July 21, '63; drafted
 Hines, Munroe..... Mustered out July 21, '65; substitute
 Hamlin, Benjamin.... " " " " "
 Hastings, Samuel..... " " " " "
 Holderman, Jonas... Never reported to Company; substitute
 Holderman, J. W..... Never reported to Company; drafted
 Hoffman, Frederick..... Deserted June 25, '65; substitute
 Hodges, George..... Mustered out July 21, '65; substitute
 Hollinbeck, William... " " " " "
 Hussellman, John..... Mustered out June 18, '65; drafted
 Hissong, Jacob..... " " " " "

Johnsonbaugh, Henry....Mustered out July 22, '65; drafted
 Johnston, Eleazer.....Mustered out July 21, '65
 Knapp, Ezra.....Mustered out July 21, '65; substitute
 Kinneball, Jonas.....Mustered out June 18, '65; drafted
 Lark, Stephen C.....Mustered out July 21, '65; drafted
 Lambert, Sterling.....Mustered out July 21, '65; substitute
 Lohr, Peter.....Never reported to Company
 Lemond, James.....Mustered out June 18, '65; drafted
 Larohe, Richmond D.....Discharged; disability
 McIntire, George D.....Mustered out July 21, '65
 Nickerson, Ira A.....“ “ “ “
 Rice, George L. H.....Mustered out Aug. 1, '65
 Smith, George F.....Mustered out July 21, '65
 Sivers, James.....Never reported to Company
 Smith, Thomas.....Mustered out July 21, '65; substitute
 Small, Leander.....“ “ “ “
 Vetteo, William.....Mustered out July 21, '65, as Corporal
 Winchell, Edwin T...“ “ “ “
 Watson, Washington D...Mustered out July 21, '65
 Wright, Joseph M.....“ “ “
 Wright, Allen C.....Mustered out July 21, '65; substitute
 Watson, Samuel L.....Mustered out June 18, '65
 Wells, Thomas L.....“ “ “
 Young, Jacob.....Died

ENLISTED MEN OF COMPANY D.

Names and Rank.

FIRST SERGEANT.

McAdams, Henderson.....Died of wounds

SERGEANTS.

Eiganman, John

Shook, Uriah

Janzen, Louis

Divine, James

CORPORALS.

McCoy, William

Wheeler, James N.

Wright, James L. Promoted 1st Lieutenant

Stephenson, William

Simpson, William R.

Voils, Levi

Pierce, William A. J.

Carter, Samuel

MUSICIANS.

Braselton, Rosabro Promoted 2d Lieutenant

Calvin, James W.

WAGONER.

Gellstriph, John

PRIVATES.

Baxter, James

Bartlett, Benjamin

Bearer, Benjamin

Boyer, Amos

Boyer, Edward

Boswell, James F.

Brown, Hiram

Bristow, Joseph

Brady, Michael H. Veteran; mustered out July 21, '65,
as Corporal

Cameron, Amos

Carlisle, Francis M. Veteran; mustered out July 21, '65
as Sergeant

Camp, Washington P.

Collier, Gentry

Collier, William

Cqhoon, Samuel

Carlisle, Pleasant P.

Crow, James S.

Curtis, Joseph

Crow, Talbot S.

Delashmet, David M.

- Dougherty, Patrick... Veteran, mustered out July 21, '65, as
Corporal
- Doyle, Michael
- Ellison, Slaughter
- Fisher, William
- Foley, Michael
- Frank, John L.... Veteran; mustered out July 21, '65, as 1st
Sergeant
- Galley, Thomas
- Garrison, William T.
- Garrison, William H.
- Garrison, John P.
- Gentry, George
- Gentry, Samuel
- Gillespie, James
- Gray, William C.
- Hart, Henry
- Hart, Henry T.
- Hart, James
- Hart, Joshua J.
- Hamilton, James
- Herren, John A.
- Hoffman, John
- Hunt, Joshua J.
- Hurley, John
- Ireton, John N.
- Lafin, Isaac
- Leslie, William
- Lindsey, John N.
- Lindsey, Thomas J.
- Lindsey, Caleb
- Martin, John..... Veteran; mustered out July 21, '65
- Monosh, Joseph..... Veteran; mustered out July 21, '65
- Myers, William
- Nixon, John M..... Veteran; mustered out July 21, '65

- Oliver, John
 Polk, James K.
 Posey, James R.
 Posey, John
 Rea, William
 Reynolds, James C.
 Shelton, Alvis
 Skelton, Elijah M. Veteran; mustered out July 21, '65,
 as Corporal
 Skelton, John
 Smith, John
 Stephenson, Lindsey
 Stephenson, William Q.
 Stephens, Edmond
 Sheppard, William. Veteran; mustered out July 21, '65,
 as Corporal
 Sweeney, John W.
 Tennison, Daniel J.
 Thiel, Charles. Veteran; mustered out July 21, '65
 Usher, Patrick
 Wendall, George. Veteran; mustered out July 21, '65, as
 Corporal
 Walker, Meredith P.
 Withers, John. Veteran; mustered out July 21, '65
 Williams, Andrew
 Wilcox, William R. Veteran; mustered out July 21, '65, as
 Corporal
 Worthen, William C.
 Zimmerman, John

RECRUITS.

- Allane, Aaron E. Mustered out July 21, '65; drafted
 Badger, Thornton F. Mustered out July 21, '65; substitute
 Byrne, Andrew A. Mustered out July 21, '65
 Boyd, Thomas. " " " "

Burdick, Francis M.... Mustered out July 15, '65; substitute
 Brock, Milton..... " " " " "
 Bradley, John H..... Mustered out July 5, '65
 Bowman, Lewis..... Mustered out June 18, '65
 Clark, James A.. Veteran; must'd out July 21, '65, as Serg't
 Crow, William..... Mustered out Aug. 4, '65
 Corry, Barney J..... Mustered out July 21, '65
 Childers, John A..... Mustered out July 21, '65; substitute
 Conway, Dennis..... Mustered out July 21, '65; drafted
 Crowbridge, Henry..... Mustered out Aug. 16, '64
 Dewest, Thomas J..... Mustered out July 21, '65
 Doty, David..... Mustered out July 21, '65
 Dewyer, James..... Mustered out July 21, '65; drafted
 Ford, Archibald N.... Mustered out July 21, '65; substitute
 Grooms, Benjamin..... Mustered out July 21, '65
 Grooms, James..... Mustered out July 21, '65; substitute
 Gimble, John W..... Mustered out July 31, '65; drafted
 Hays, James..... Mustered out July 21, '65
 Holderman, Jacob N..... " " " "
 Izzard, Jabez..... " " " "
 Johnson, Henry..... Mustered out July 21, '65; substitute
 Jonaky, A..... Never reported to Company
 Kelley, John..... Mustered out July 21, '65
 Keen, Andrew J..... " " " "
 Kenash, Charles A.... Mustered out July 21, '65; substitute
 Krauger, Jacob..... Mustered out June 18, '65
 Latcher, William I.... Mustered out July 21, '65
 Laswell, James W..... " " " "
 Lowman, Martin..... Mustered out July 21, '65; drafted
 Marshman, Alexander.. Mustered out July 21, '65, as Corp'l
 McDaniel, Henry..... Mustered out July 21, '65; substitute
 Moler, Andrew..... " " " " "
 Miller, John W..... " " " " "
 Mitchell, William.... Mustered out July 10, '65; substitute
 Mangus, Elijah..... Mustered out July 21, '65; drafted

Mawhorter, Kilburn...Mustered out July 21, '65; substitute
 Meyers, Andrew..... " " " " "
 McMokey, William O.. " " " " "
 McGallin, Albert..... " " " " "
 Michler, Joseph.....Mustered out June 18, '65; drafted
 Murphy, James.....Mustered out June 18, '65
 Newcomer, Edward....Mustered out June 18, '65; substitute
 Newer, John W.....Mustered out July 13, '65; drafted
 Neel, Samuel..... Mustered out June 18, '65; drafted
 Newkirk, Jonathan B... " " " " "
 O'Blemis, Sanford.....Mustered out June 18, '65
 Osgood, Obediah P..... " " " "
 O'Conner, Thomas.....Mustered out May 18, '65; drafted
 Peach, Charles.....Mustered out June 27, '65; drafted
 Payne, Nimrod.....Mustered out July 21, '65; substitute
 Powell, James.....Mustered out July 21, '65
 Parson, Joshua.....Mustered out July 21, '65; substitute
 Pittman, Samuel.....Mustered out July 21, '65
 Ryan, Perry.....Mustered out July 21, '65; drafted
 Reynold, John B.....Mustered out July 21, '65
 Robbins, Jacob.....Mustered out July 21, '65; substitute
 Ririck, Daniel H.....Mustered out June 26, '65
 Simpson, Benjamin F....Veteran; mustered out July 21, '65
 Sherr, LeviMustered out July 21, '65
 Shaur, John B.....Mustered out July 21, '65; drafted
 Scroggs, Daniel C..... " " " " "
 Smith, Nelson.....Mustered out July 21, '65; substitute
 Smith, William P..... " " " " "
 Smith, John W.....Mustered out June 29, '65; drafted
 Storey, Robert.....Mustered out July 21, '65; substitute
 Stellman, Solomon.....Mustered out July 21, '65; drafted
 Shero, Noah W.....Mustered out June 18, '65; drafted
 Thomas, John Q.....Mustered out July 21, '65
 Witkins, Martin V.....Veteran; mustered out July 21, '65
 Wheatley, John H.....Mustered out July 24, '65

Wolsey, George W..... Mustered out July 24, '65
 Williams, Morrison..... Mustered out July 21, '65; drafted
 Wilson, Jeremiah " " " " "
 Worthley, Albert H... Mustered out July 21, '65; substitute
 Wood, Carroll H..... Mustered out July 21, '65
 Yates, Morrison A..... Mustered out July 21, '65; drafted
 Young, Lewis..... Mustered out July 21, '64
 Zimmeth, John..... Mustered out July 21, '65; drafted

ENLISTED MEN OF COMPANY "E."

Name and Rank.

FIRST SERGEANT.

Patterson, Orvice

SERGEANTS.

Wallis, Thomas R.

Embree, Franklin D..... Promoted 2d Lieutenant

Dorsey, William L..... Promoted 1st Lieutenant

Hornbrook, William P.

CORPORALS.

Embree, Perry H.

Walker, John J.

Turner, Daniel H.

Pritchett, Absalom

Ashmead, Joseph R..... Promoted 2d Lieutenant

Jones, William..... Promoted 1st Lieutenant

Owen, George B.

McCullough, Robert E.

MUSICIANS.

Jolly, Charles

Powell, Stephen M.

WAGONER.

Kennot, John

PRIVATEES.

Anderson, Philip M.

Brittingham, William H.

- Beasley, Harrison Veteran; mustered out July 21, '65,
as Corporal
- Beasley, Abraham Veteran; mustered out July 21, '65,
as Corporal
- Cline, Sylvester J Veteran; mustered out July 21, '65,
as Sergeant
- Cox, Henrie P.
- Clark, Franklin D.
- Cochrum, James M.
- Calvin, Charles G.
- Decker, Henry C Veteran; mustered out July 21, '65
- Dougherty, John B Promoted 2d Lieutenant
- Daily, John
- Denton, William J.
- Ellis, Lafayette
- Givens, Thomas J.
- Gooch, William
- Garrit, Francis M.
- Garrit, Laxton
- Garrison, Thomas L.
- Hale, Elijah
- Harrington, Dennis
- Hutchinson, John L.
- Harmon, Alonzo
- Hillman, George F.
- Harvey, John
- Hayden, Robert
- Jones, Joseph
- Johnson, William M.
- Jordan, Levi Veteran; mustered out July 21, '65
- Jordan, Shubal Mustered out May 27, '65
- Lucas, Romela B.
- Lownsdale, James D . . . Vet.; must'd out July 21, '65, as 1st Sg't
- May, Joseph V.
- Moore, Newton Vet.; must'd out July 21, '65; Sergeant

Messer, Henry
 Mooney, Robert
 Mathews, William
 Marvel, John W. Veteran; mustered out July 21, '65
 Mathews, Cornelius
 Malone, William
 Martin, Napoleon
 Morris, William C.
 Malone, Joseph
 Miller, John Veteran; mustered out July 21, '65
 Nixon, John
 Newsum, Smith
 Newsum, Merrit
 Puett, William J.
 Patterson, John W.
 Richardson, Lemuel Veteran; mustered out July 21, '65
 Richardson, Jasper
 Rutter, George A. . Vet.; mustered out July 21, '65, as Corp'l
 Rutter, Austin D. . Vet.; mustered out July 21, '65, as Ser'gt
 Reed, George J.
 Robling, Lewis
 Rutledge, Ephraim Promoted 1st Lieutenant
 Ragsdale, James M.
 Richards, Thomas J.
 Richardson, Robert B.
 Smith, John W.
 Smith, Elijah
 Skelton, William R.
 Smith, Ephraim
 Sharrer, Samuel C.
 Sharp, Micajah
 Spencer, Andrew
 Stormont, Joseph W.
 Tucker, George P.
 Taylor, Joseph

Vancamp, Joseph C.
 Willis, William
 Whiting, Lewis
 Walker, Owen O.
 Woods, John
 Wiggs, George W.
 Walker, Robert M.
 Weidenhammer, Simeon
 Westfall, Thomas
 Williams, Charles E. W. Vet.; must'd out July 21, '65; Serg't
 Walton, Martin
 Wolf, John M.
 Young, Jacob

RECRUITS.

Anderson John. Mustered out July 21, '65
 Ackley, Jacob. " " " "
 Aiken, Albert G. " " " "
 Almyer, Nicholas. Must'd out July 21, '65; drafted
 Anderson, William. Mustered out July 21, '65
 Atchinson, Watson C. Died; substitute
 Baker, Theodore. Mustered out July 21, '65
 Brown, Martin. " " " "
 Bibbler, Nathan. " " " "
 Barr, James W. Must'd out July 21, '64; substitut
 Beck, Nathan. " " " " "
 Bowman, Jacob. " " " " "
 Bowman, Samuel. " " " " "
 Bowser, Charles R. " " " " "
 Bunnel, George B. Mustered out July 21, '65
 Butler, George. Mustered out July 21, '65; substitute
 Ballsler, Joseph. Mustered out June 18, '65; drafted
 Bote, George W. " " " " "
 Brislogh, Joseph. " " " " "
 Conner, Valentine. Mustered out July 21, '65
 Cannon, Joseph. " " " "

Cooper, Alexander Mustered out July 21, '65
 Cannady, Caleb..... Mustered out July 21, '65; substitute
 Cartmall, Charles..... Mustered out July 21, '65; drafted
 Citizen, Calvin Mustered out July 21, '65; substitute
 Cobert, Alfred..... Mustered out July 21, '65
 Conan, Patrick..... Mustered out July 13, '65
 Cavanaugh, Wm. L..... Mustered out June 13, '65
 Collins, John..... Mustered out June 18, '65; drafted
 Decker, Ransom..... Mustered July 21, '65; as Corporal
 Decker, Alfred G Mustered out July 21, '65
 Dukes, William E..... " " " "
 Davis, Stephen..... Mustered out July 21, '65; substitute
 Davis, James..... Mustered out July 21, '65; drafted
 Day, Thomas..... Mustered out July 21, '65; substitute
 Davis, Reilly..... Mustered out June 18, '65; drafted
 Duger, James D..... " " " " "
 Ellis, Calvin R..... " " " " "
 Eberly, Jacob..... Mustered out June 18, '65; substitute
 Field, Benjamin..... Mustered out June 18, '65
 Gloze, William S..... Deserted June 29, '65; drafted
 Garver, Adam..... Mustered out June 18, '65; drafted
 Grier, Meridan..... " " " " "
 Gamble, John W..... " " " " "
 Gherghwil, John..... " " " " "
 Gowdy, Louis..... " " " " "
 Harvey, James E Mustered out June 18, '65
 Hunt, James..... " " " "
 Huss, John H. B..... " " " "
 Hurst, James..... " " " "
 Huffman, Emanuel L. Mustered out June 18, '65; substitute
 Hardin, Claybus..... Mustered out June 18, '65; drafted
 Hauss, Linford S..... Mustered out June 23, '65
 Harris, James..... Mustered out June 18, '65; substitute
 Hathaway, Edwin..... " " " " "
 Hendricks, Stephen S.... Mustered out June 18, '65; drafted

Hunter Charles.....	Mustered out July 12, '65; drafted
Hunter, James.....	Mustered out June 18, '65; drafted
Johnson, William R.....	Mustered out June 18, '65
Jones, Marshall.....	“ “ “ “
Koch, Peter.....	Mustered out July 21, '65, as Corporal
Killmer, James M....	“ “ “ “ “
Lipert, Adam.....	Mustered out July 21, '65; substitute
Liflert, William.....	Mustered out July 21, '65; drafted
McUmbur, Hiram.....	Mustered out July 21, '65
McGreary, Joseph K.....	“ “ “ “
Meade, Joseph M.....	“ “ “ “
Oldham, Jesse D.....	“ “ “ “
Oliphant, William R.....	“ “ “ “
Philips, Hughes.....	“ “ “ “
Pritchett, Elisha L	“ “ “ “
Pugh, Jerod.....	“ “ “ “
Pritchett, Alfred.....	Mustered out June 18, '65
Resor, Cornelius.....	Mustered out July 21, '65
Richards, Rawling B.....	Mustered out June 18, '65
Sharp, Levi....	Mustered out July 21, '65
Shadel, Richard E.....	“ “ “ “
Smith, Francis M.....	“ “ “ “
Smith, Jordan R.....	“ “ “ “
Smithson, Isaac W.....	“ “ “ “
Swatrwod, John.....	“ “ “ “
Stephenson, Amos H....	Mustered out June 18, '65; drafted
Swigart, Jacob.....	“ “ “ “ “
Simpson, Andrew.....	“ “ “ “ “
Tasker, William.....	“ “ “ “ “
Trindle, John.....	Deserted June 9, '65; substitute
Vanhallenben, Otto.....	Deserted June 8, '65; substitute
Ward, Thomas J.....	Mustered out July 21, '65
Waters, James H....	Mustered out July 21, '65; as Corporal
Wale, Thomas M.....	Mustered out July 21, '65
Ware, Philip.....	“ “ “ “

Wentz, William H.....Mustered out July 21, '65
 Wells, Theodore H..... " " " "
 Wilson, Thomas..... " " " "
 Webber, Ludwig.....Mustered out July 21, '65; drafted
 Waters, John W.....Mustered out June 18, '65
 Welch, George N.....Mustered out June 18, '65; drafted
 Wilson, Samuel A.....Mustered out June 18, '65

ENLISTED MEN OF COMPANY "F."

Name and Rank.

FIRST SERGEANT.

Steel, John Q. A.....Promoted 2d Lieutenant

SERGEANTS.

Skelton, Jacob D.....Promoted 1st Lieutenant.

Rearis, Alexander

Holcomb, Alexander

Kilpatrick, Joseph

CORPORALS

Wallace, James S.

Martin, Josiah

Kennedy, James

Ward, Samuel E.

Clifford, C. J. E.

McMillan, John

Jenkins, Robert A.

Martin, Nathan S.

MUSICIANS.

Chriswell, Amber B.

Combs, Abraham D.

WAGONER.

Kilpatrick, James R.... Veteran; mustered out July 21, '65,
 as private

PRIVATES.

Adams, William

Baldwin, Alex. H.

Baldwin, Wiley J., Sen.
 Barns, David W.
 Baldwin, Wiley J., Jr.
 Bryant, John W.
 Bass, William H.
 Cannon, Adam
 Chriswell, James W.
 Clifford, Ambrose C.
 Cockrum, Henry C.
 Cannon, William
 Coleman, Andrew C.
 Carder, John W.
 Chriswell, William H.
 Dill, John
 Dill, Alexander J.
 Dill, Christfield P.
 Farmer, Alfred
 French, John W.
 Gilliam, William
 Garrison, George
 Gilliam, Henry C.
 Hunter, Henry H.
 Holcomb, Jonathan L.
 Hunter, William M.
 Harper, James M.
 Hopkins, Charles
 Hargrove, James W.
 Hensley, John D.
 Johnson, David W.. Vet.; killed at Atlanta, Ga., Aug. 14, '64
 Kersner, Henry J.
 Keys, Hiram V..... Mustered out May 2, '65
 Keys, Adoniram K..... Promoted 2d Lieutenant
 Kruse, Dedrick
 McGregor, John K.
 McCay, James L.

- Minnis, James C.
 McGregor, George W.
 Martin, John W.
 McCleary, William H....Veteran; promoted 2d Lieutenant
 McCleary, James W.
 McDowel, John W.
 McGregor, James C.....Mustered out June 29, '65
 Martin, Reuben M.
 Marriner, Adolphus H.
 Marriner, William M.
 McCullough, John D.
 Manning, George.... Vet.; must'd out July 21, '65, as Serg't
 McCleary, James W.
 Mead, William H.
 Owen, William W... Vet.; must'd out July 21, '65, as Serg't
 Oneal, Daniel W.
 Ohring, Charles
 Oliver, William W.
 Proctor, Joshua.....Veteran; mustered out July 21, '65
 Rowe, William L..... " " " " "
 Revis, James R.
 Revis, William A.
 Roe, John
 Skelton, EliasVeteran; mustered out July 21, '65
 Steel, Andrew H.
 Skelton, Ralph...Veteran; must'd out July 21, '65, as Corp'l
 Strickland, James J.
 Strickland, Washington
 Skelton, James
 Steel, William.....Veteran; mustered out July 21, '65
 Sanders, Samuel J.
 Sanders, William.... Vet.; must'd out July 21, '65, as Serg't
 Skelton, Jacob
 Simpson, John P.
 Simpson, James H.

White, John C. Promoted 2d Lieutenant
 Watson, Nicholas H.
 Woods, Leander
 Williams, Charles H.
 Wilson, James. Veteran; died at Nashville, Tenn.
 Wallam, David W. Vet.; killed at Altoona, Ga., May 31, '64
 Wallace, Hugh H.
 Williams, James A.
 Waite, George

RECRUITS.

Apt, Frederick Mustered out July 21, '65
 Browneller, Augustus. Mustered out July 21, '65, as Corp'l
 Beasley, George W. Mustered out July 21, '65
 Braman, James W. Mustered out July 28, '65
 Baker, Alfred S. Mustered out July 21, '65
 Braselton, Ferguson. Mustered out May 8, '65
 Bast, John Discharged —, '64; disability
 Carter, Thomas. Mustered out July 21, '65
 Collins, Joseph S. Mustered out July 21, '65
 Carey, William D. Mustered out July 21, '65
 Coleman, Joseph A. Mustered out July 21, '65
 Queese, James R. Mustered out July 21, '65
 Davis, Lewis " " " "
 Dill, John " " " "
 Finn, John. " " " "
 Fisher, David C. " " " "
 Fabar, George W. G. Mustered out July 21, '65; substitute
 Flippen, William. Mustered out July 21, '65
 Georges, Michael. Mustered out June 18, '65
 Henry, Michael. Mustered out July 21, '65
 Higgins, William. Mustered out July 21, '65; substitute
 Hirley, William B. Mustered out July 21, '65
 Hanoway, Ephraim. Died, Washington, D. C., June 20, '65
 Hunter, James M. Died in Andersonville prison Sept. 4, '64
 Hannah, James. Mustered out June 18, '65

Helmlinger, Christian....	Mustered out June 18, '65; drafted
Hess, Frederick.....	“ “ “ “ “
Heckeman, John.....	“ “ “ “ “
Ingram, Jesse.....	Mustered out June 18, '65
Imler, Daniel.....	Mustered out June 18, '65; drafted
Jones, Allen P.....	“ “ “ “
Joyce, Robert.....	Mustered out June 18, '65; substitute
James, Leander H.....	“ “ “ “
James, Thomas E.....	“ “ “ “
Jackson, William.....	Mustered out June 18, '65; drafted
Jones, John H.....	“ “ “ “
Knight, Joseph.....	“ “ “ “
Kenton, Simon.....	“ “ “ “
Knoblock, Franklin S....	“ “ “ “
Kenneger, Philip..	“ “ “ “
Kestler, Nelson.....	“ “ “ “
Keck, Andrew.....	“ “ “ “
Kroh, Michael.....	“ “ “ “
Kronmiller, John.....	Killed, Bentonville, March 19, '65
Kettle, Peleg.....	Mustered out June 18, '65; drafted
Knoblock, Washington...	“ “ “ “
Kneep, Henry.....	“ “ “ “
Kebo, Franklin C.....	“ “ “ “
McGrue, George G...	Mustered out June 18, '65, as Sergeant
McCleary, Zadoc....	Mustered out June 18, '65, as Corporal
Martin, John C.....	Mustered out June 18, '65
McKane, Milo S.....	“ “ “
Medsker, Joseph A.....	“ “ “
McCater, William R.....	“ “ “
Moore, Theodore.....	“ “ “
Medsker, William F.....	“ “ “
Morgan, Albert S.....	Mustered out June 18, '65, drafted
Mingos, Balser .	Mustered out June 18, '65; substitute
Murphy, Thomas.....	Mustered out June 18, 65; drafted
Murphy, Elisha C.....	“ “ “ “

Myers, Frederick.....	Died, Newbern, N. C., May 4, '65
Mason, David.....	Mustered out June 18, '65
Miles, William B.....	“ “ “
McGregor, Andrew.....	“ “ “
Manning, John J.....	“ “ “
Mason, William H.....	“ “ “
Marion, Orson.....	Deserted June 25, '65
Munn, William.....	Mustered out July 21, '65
Parke, George.....	“ “ “
Richardson, James.....	“ “ “
Ross, Benjamin I.....	“ “ “
Rhodes, John S.....	“ “ “
Robinson, Asa.....	Mustered out July 21, '65; substitute
Skelton, Jacob.....	Mustered out July 21, '65, as Corporal
Stringham, Willard S.	“ “ “ “
Shewman, Dock.....	Mustered out July 21, '65
Stitt, Samuel C.....	“ “ “
Spencer, John D.....	“ “ “
Shelpnan, Robert D.....	“ “ “
Seklton, Joseph.....	Mustered out June 20, '65, as Corporal
Stephen, James N.....	Mustered out July 21, '65
Thompson, John W.....	Mustered out July 21, '65, as Corporal
Toothman, Russell.....	Mustered out July 21, '65
Vanankin, Charles.....	“ “ “
Wheeler, Jasper N.....	Mustered out July 21, '65, as Corporal
Wallace, Andrew E.....	Mustered out July 21, '65
Watters, Henry.....	“ “ “
Warick, John.....	Killed at Atlanta, Aug. 7, '64
Walters, John F.....	Mustered out May 25, '65
Williams, William B.....	Mustered out June 18, '65
Young, Daniel.....	Mustered out July 21, '65

ENLISTED MEN OF COMPANY “G.”

Name and Rank.

FIRST SERGEANT.

Palmer, Joshua A.....Promoted 2d Lieutenant

SERGEANTS.

Baker, William R.

Wells, Willis E.

Scott, William S.

McCracken, John J.

CORPORALS.

Woods, William A.

Johnson, Norvin

Webber, Alfred.. Vet. mustered out July 21, '65 as 1st Serg't

Robinson, Stephen

Myers, William A..... Promoted 2d Lieutenant

Bartel, Florin

Allen, Josiah W.

Sanders, William M.

MUSICIANS.

Wallace, Justice A.

Walker, Benjamin F.

WAGONER.

Masters, Milton P.

PRIVATES.

Alcorn, John M.

Alcorn, Thomas

Alcorn, James..... Veteran; mustered out July 21, '65

Allen, Andrew Jackson

Baker, Henry

Baker Robert S.

Brown, Andrew J.

Burrows, Andrew J..... Veteran; mustered out July 21, '65

Burrows, William B.

Boyd, Joshua E.

Burch, George

Browning, Harrison..... Veteran; mustered out July 21, '65

Besley, Thomas J.. Vet.; mustered out July 21, '65, Sergeant

Carroll, Robert F..... Wounded, Perryville, Ky., Oct. 8, '62

Chappell, Robert E. Vet.; mustered out July 21, '65, as Serg't

Campbell, James M.
 Capeheart, Thomas A.
 Carroll, Henry H. Vet.; mustered out July 21, '65, as Corporal
 Craft, Henry
 Done, William
 Ellis, John W.
 Farris, William H. Promoted 2d Lieutenant
 Gregory, William F. . . Wounded, Perryville, Ky., Oct. 8, '62
 Greenwood, Thomas
 Gilley, William H. H.
 Gregory, John S.
 Haller, Isaac S.
 Hancock, Dr. P. F. Vet.; mustered out July 21, '65, as Corporal
 Ham, Jacob
 Ham, William Wounded, Chickawany, Sept. 20, '64
 Ham, Thomas. . Vet.; mustered out July 21, '65, as Corporal
 Horrall, George W. Died in Hospital, Nashville, Tenn.
 Havens, Samuel
 Hincle, I. Milton Veteran; mustered out July 21, '65
 Hopkins, Benjamin
 Hunter, Henry S.
 Hunter, Reuben
 Hughey, William L.
 Jackson, William Wounded, Perryville, Ky., Oct. 8, '62
 Jackman, Jacob C. Vet.; mustered out July 21, '65, as Corporal
 Jones, Lewis. Vet.; mustered out July 21, '65, as Corporal
 Jones, William P.
 Johnson, William
 Johnson, James. Veteran; mustered out July 21, '65
 Kelso, George W.
 Masters, Francis M.
 McCracken, Thomas
 McCarty, John
 McCracken, Henry
 McCracken, Charles

- McCracken, William W.
 McGeeher, Richard
 Newberry, Alexander R.
 Pride, Edwin W.
 Pride, Hubbard
 Pride, Thomas G.
 Pride, William
 Pride, Josiah T. Veteran; discharged; wounds
 Pride, Christopher C. Mustered out May 16, '65
 Pride, Elijah
 Patrick, William
 Potts, Andrew
 Peachy, Harrison
 Ragsdale, Parmenas
 Rattan, Samuel
 Risley, Harrison Killed, near Resaca, Ga.
 Risley, Jackson. Vet.; mustered out July 21, '65, as Corporal
 Russel, John
 Rodgerson, Thomas Veteran; mustered out July 21, '65
 Sullivan, Monoat
 Sullivan, William
 Swanigen, Oscar
 Traylor, George W.
 Tomny, James B.
 Tomny, Martin J.
 Veal, William Veteran; mustered out July 21, '65
 Wallace, Nicholas F.
 Wallace, Davids C.
 Wallace, James P. Wounded Nov. 25, '63, Mission Ridge, Tenn.
 Webber, Thomas J. . Vet.; mustered out July 21, '65: Sergeant
 Williams, Solomon
 Williams, Stephen H.

RECRUITS.

- Altman, John Mustered out July 21, '65
 Allen, Charles M. " " " "

Alford, Joseph B.....Mustered out July 21, '65
 Ames, James S..... " " " "
 Abbott, James V.....Mustered out June 18, '65; drafted
 Botkins, Thornton C.....Mustered out July 21, '65
 Burgett, Philip..... " " " "
 Brown, William..... " " " "
 Batterson, Samuel.....Mustered out July 21, '65; substitute
 Brenson, Charles..... " " " "
 Borroyer, William.....Mustered out June 18, '65; drafted
 Buher, John.....Mustered out July 21, '65; drafted
 Butler, James..... " " " "
 Bolley, Samuel..... " " " "
 Beeson, Zimri..... " " " "
 Bailey, John A..... " " " "
 Bantz, Clinton..... " " " "
 Bedford, Nelson F.....Mustered out June 18, '65; drafted
 Bright, William T....Mustered out June 18, '65; substitute
 Buyers, David A.....Mustered out June 18, '65; drafted
 Bump, Fletcher.....Mustered out June 18, '65; drafted
 Carroll, Henry C..... " " " "
 Carroll, Dixon..... " " " "
 Culbertson, Calvin.....Mustered out June 18, '65; drafted
 Clark, Levi..... " " " "
 Dickinson, William T.....Mustered out July 5, '65
 Ellis, Dudley V.....Mustered out July 21, '65
 Farmer, Harrison....Mustered out July 21, '65; substitute
 Gregory, Christopher C.....Mustered out July 21, '65
 Gregory, Jeremiah..... " " " "
 Gregory, John T..... " " " "
 Green, Thomas R.....Mustered out July 17, '65
 Horrall, Henry C. Jr.....Mustered out July 21, '65
 Horrall, Edwin R..... " " " "
 Hunter, Francis N..... " " " "
 Hedrick, William....Mustered out July 21, '65, as Corporal
 Hughes, Andrew J.....Mustered out July 21, '65

Henry, Andrew J.....	Mustered out July 21, '65 ; substitute
Horrall, Henry C., Sr....	Captured, Marietta, Ga., Aug. 14, '65
Hincle, John D.....	Mustered out June 18, '65
Johnson, Simon F....	Mustered out June 18, '65, as Corporal
Jones, Aaron T.....	Mustered out July 21, '65
John, Charles F.....	Mustered out July 21, '65 ; drafted
Kinneman, William E.....	Mustered out July 21, '65
Kendall, Amos.....	“ “ “ “
Lamb, William M.....	“ “ “ “
Luff, Charles J.....	“ “ “ “
Matthewson, Thomas J.....	“ “ “ “
Miley, William P.....	“ “ “ “
McCormick, Seth R.....	“ “ “ “
Marshall, Charles H.....	Mustered out July 21, '65
McCarthy, David A.....	“ “ “ “
Molesby, George B.....	“ “ “ “
McClelland, William G.	Mustered out July 21, '65; substitute
Molton, Levi.....	“ “ “ “ “ “
Molter, William.....	Mustered out July 21, '65
Mulinix, John T.....	Mustered out July 21, '65; substitute
McCafferty, Tillman...	Captured, Marietta, Ga., Aug. 14, '64
McCafferty, James H....	Died, David Island, N. Y. H., May 13, '65
Oldham, Sanford.....	Mustered out July 21, '65; substitute
Pride, Albert... ..	Mustered out July 21, '65
Pride, John R.....	“ “ “
Patten, James W.	“ “ “
Risley, Robert.....	“ “ “
Richardson, Daniel S.....	“ “ “
Rodgerson, Lemuel.....	“ “ “
Russell, Azra.....	Mustered out June 18, '65
Swan, Lewis.....	Mustered out July 21, '65
Sturgeon, Charles H.....	“ “ “ “
Scales, Philip.....	“ “ “ “
Stone, John.....	“ “ “ “
Slater, William C.....	“ “ “ “

Shirley, Jack.....Mustered out July 21, '65; substitute
 Thomas, Maurice..... " " " " "
 Toucey, William A.... Mustered out July 21, '64
 Wallace, William L..... " " " "
 Waller, Frank L..... " " " "
 Watkins, John A..... " " " "
 Watkins, Jonathan L. D..... " " " "
 Whitney, Lovett P..... " " " "
 Wallace, Chauncy E.....Mustered out May 23, '65
 Young, John H.....Mustered out July 21, '65; substitute

ENLISTED MEN OF COMPANY "H."

Name and Rank.

FIRST SERGEANT.

Armstrong, Joseph D.

SERGEANTS.

Osborn, William R.. Vet.; must'd out July 21, '65, as Private

Haas, John

Milner, William W.....Promoted 1st Lieutenant

Roberts, James.....Mustered out June 29, '65

CORPORALS.

Lemond, Stephen

Flisherman, Henry

Haady, A. C.

Nix, Joseph C.....Promoted 2d Lieutenant

Gentry, Allen..... " " "

Roberts, John

Oskin, Charles

Miller, Benjamin F.

MUSICIANS.

Niblack, Willis... Vet.; must'd out July 21, '65, as Sergeant

Hedspeth, William.. Vet.; must'd out July 21, '65, as Corporal

WAGONER.

Stillwell, Richard

PRIVATES.

Agan, John M.

- Alley, George W.
 Baker, Zachariah
 Bolin, Austin
 Bench, Samuel Veteran; mustered out July 21, '65
 Brown, Daniel " " " " "
 Bolin, James
 Bachman, Lewis
 Beard, Ezekiel
 Coon, Joshua Vet.; must'd out July 21, '65, as Sergeant
 Castrupe, Henry
 Crow, William H. Vet.; must'd out July 21, '65, as 1st Serg't
 Cotton, Elijah E.
 Cook William Mustered out Oct. 30, '64
 Crow, Samuel W. Veteran; mustered out July 21, '65
 Cotton, Byron M.
 Davis, Charles W.
 Dress, Henry
 Dearing, Peter
 Davis, Stephen Veteran; mustered out July 21, '65
 Egnew, John
 Early, William L.
 Fisher, John
 Fisher, William J.
 Fisher, Joseph R.
 Fisher, Uriah
 Goodman, George R.
 Grigsby, William R.
 Hesson, John
 Huffman John H.
 Hendricks, William
 Johnson, William M. Veteran; mustered out July 21, '65
 Jones, Henry
 Jones, Jacob
 Jones, Silas
 Jones, John Veteran; mustered out July 21, '65

Kokemore, Henry.....Mustered out June 24, '65
 Kokemore, Frederick
 Kalkman, August
 Kindsey, Benjamin A. Veteran ; mustered out July 21, '65
 Kindsey, James
 Kindsey, Alfred.....Veteran ; mustered out July 21, '65
 Lemmond, William H.
 Lindsey, Caleb
 Lemmond, J. R. M.
 Loyd, Thomas
 Miller, Reason B.
 Merto, Christian....Captured at Chicamauga, Sept. 20, '63
 Miller, James
 Martin, Charles.... Vet. ; must'd out July 21, '65, as Sergeant
 McCooper, Frederick
 Magness, William M..... Veteran ; mustered out July 21, '65
 Mayo, Martin
 Nemer, Wolfgang
 Osborn, John B.... Vet. ; must'd out July 21, '65, as Sergeant
 Payne, James B.....Promoted 2d Lieutenant
 Pfifer, Joseph
 Pittman, Riley
 Rothbert, William
 Southwood, Thomas
 Smith, James S.
 Tuly, James M.
 Tuly William R...Died at Andersonville prison, Aug. 22, '64
 Tuly, George W....Died at Andersonville prison, Aug. 4, '64
 Tomlinson, James
 Trachsel, Rudolph
 Tegeder, William
 Varner, Peter
 Wire, Wilson
 Wise, Peter
 Walker, Albert B.

Wilson, George

West, James.....Veteran; mustered out July 21, '65

Williams, James

RECRUITS.

Alexander, Henry.....Mustered out July 21, '65; substitute

Antle, Jerry.....Mustered out June 18, '65; drafted

Bender, Henry.....Mustered out July 21, '65

Bruce, Thomas C....." " "

Bruce, James R....." " "

Boys, Thomas J....." " "

Bolin, Willis.....Mustered out Aug. 2, '65

Bolin, Albert.....Mustered out July 21, '65

Big, John....." " "

Burnstead, William F....." " "

Brown, William....." " "

Brown, Daniel L....." " "

Brooks, John.....Mustered out June 18, '65; drafted

Blackford, Reuben R....." " " "

Chinn, William J.....Mustered out July 21, '65

Campbell, Benjamin F....." " "

Clark, Erskine C....." " "

Carpenter, Daniel....." " "

Crow, Francis M.....Mustered out June 18, '65

Fessenden, George N.....Mustered out July 21, '65

Fessenden, Charles H....." " "

Freeman, Samuel....." " "

Grover, Stephen K....." " "

Huffman, John N....." " "

Himmehaver, Jacob....." " "

Hill, Charles W....." " "

Hill, Henry F....." " "

Harvey, Anson....." " "

Lemond, Peter N.....Mustered out June, 18, '65

Merrill, Wallace.....Mustered out July 21, '65; drafted

Marlo, Marcus D....." " " "

Mishler, Daniel.....Mustered out July 21, '65; substitute
 McCormick, Lewis..... " " " "
 Martin, William.....Mustered out June 18, '65; drafted
 Meeks, Aaron.....Mustered out June 18, '65
 Nichols, John... ..Mustered out June 18, '65; substitute
 Norton, William.....Mustered out June 18, '65; drafted
 Osborn, Adam M.....Mustered out July 27, '65
 O'Hara, Martin.....Never reported to Company; substitute
 Openchain, William.....Mustered out July 21, '65; drafted
 Price James K..... " " " "
 Purley, WilliamMustered out June 18, '65; drafted
 Ricker, George.....Mustered out July 21, '65; drafted
 Russell, Lewis.....Mustered out July 21, '65; substitute
 Richards, Charles H.....Mustered out July 21, '65; drafted
 Rayhouser, Messiah.....Mustered out July 21, '65
 Stephens, William L..... " " "
 Shrodes, Josiah..... " " "
 Stuntz, John.....Mustered out July 21, '65; drafted
 Strauss, Lewis.....Mustered out August 1, '65; substitute
 Shoaf, Joseph.....Mustered out July 21, '65; drafted
 Snyder, Philip..... " " " "
 Sneckenberger, John..... " " " "
 Shell, John..... " " " "
 Schoenbechler, Conrad.....Mustered June 18, '65
 Swartz, William.....Mustered out June 3, '65
 Shirley, Trucom W.....Mustered out June 18, '65; drafted
 Sutley, David..... " " " "
 Taylor, John E.....Veteran; mustered out July 21, '65
 Taylor, William L.....Mustered out July 21, '65
 Turner, Francis..... " " "
 Titus, Horace W..... " " "
 Teeple, Charles B..... " " "
 Tieman, John F.....Mustered out July 21, '65; as Corporal
 Tinkham, Lorenzo.....Mustered out July 21, '65; drafted
 Tremmer William F.....Mustered out June 18, '65

Ulmholt, Harvey.....Mustered out July 15, '65; drafted
 Vaughn, Greenville. Vet.; mustered out July 21, '65; Corporal
 Wise, Barnerd.....Mustered out July 21, '65
 Wilson, Milton H.....“ “ “
 Warden, Charles G.....“ “ “
 Wantzel, John.....Mustered out July 21, '65; substitute
 Whitmer, Adam.....Mustered out July 21, '65; drafted
 Winnegar, George.....“ “ “ “
 Wolf, Samuel.....Mustered out July 21, '65
 Wilson, Isaac.....“ “ “
 Ward, Philip J.....Mustered out June 26, '65; drafted

ENLISTED MEN OF COMPANY "I."

Name and Rank.

FIRST SERGEANT.

Burch, John.....Promoted Second Lieutenant

SERGEANTS.

Davidson, William.....Promoted First Lieutenant

Logan, Albert H.

Caldwell, William F.....Promoted Second Lieutenant

Ainly, William

CORPORALS.

Pierce, Nathan

DeBruler, Edwin D.

Case, Abraham

Stublefield, James J.

Tilman, Austin

Hancock, William

Scott, John S.

Allison, William.....Promoted Second Lieutenant

MUSICIANS.

Miller, Oliver

Davis, Josiah

WAGONER.

Ridge, Isaac K.

PRIVATES.

Ashly, John W.
 Ambers, William . . . Vet.; must'd out July 21, '65, as Corporal
 Butler, Joseph F.
 Blackater, William H.
 Burchfield, Richard M.
 Brown, John A.
 Burch, Thomas
 Burch, James M.
 Barret, Miles C.
 Barret, Embry
 Brenton, George S.
 Black, William H. H.
 Black, Talliver P.
 Coleman, Sylvester . . . Vet.; must'd out July 21, '65, as Serg't
 Corn, Samuel
 Cliffored, James
 Calvin, Fielding
 Calvin, Josiah
 Chappel, Perry
 Case, John
 Camp, Andrew J.
 Crow, William H.
 Clark, Benjamin F. . . Vet. ; must'd out July 21, '65, as 1st Serg't
 Crow, Charles M.
 Deadman, Hiram . . . Vet.; must'd out July 21, '65, as Corporal
 Debruler, Samuel M.
 Davis, Josiah
 Davis, Philip
 Davis, Thomas F.
 Dearing, John B. F. Promoted 1st Lieutenant
 Dove, William J.
 Daering, James M.
 Elder, Andrew J.
 Elder, Duquisney

Edwards, John M.
Fowler, Joseph N.
Fowler, William
Flenner, Ratlif B.
Fredrick, Peter.... Vet. ; must'd out July 21, '65, as Sergeant
Garland, Samuel
Garrison, Woodford..... Veteran ; mustered out July 21, '65
Gilley, Thomas G.
Hays, Rufus K.
Haselip, William J.
Heath, William W..... Veteran ; mustered out July 21, '65
Hines, John W.... Vet. ; must'd out July 21, '65, as Corporal
Hale, Levi
Johnson John S.
Jones, William
Jones, James F.... Vet. : must'd out July 21, '65, as Corporal
Kinman, James P.
Lichlighter, John
Lett Alvin W.
Lewis, Joseph..... Veteran ; mustered out July 21, '65
Lee, William M.
Milton, Daniel.... Vet. ; must'd out July 21, '65, as Sergeant
Miley, Elijah
Mead, Garves M..... Veteran ; mustered out July 21, '65
McReynolds, John
Miller, Floyd
Norrick, Joseph..... Veteran ; mustered out July 21, '65
Newkirk, George W.
Painter, Jeremiah..... Veteran ; mustered out July 21, '65
Penner, James
Penner, Abraham
Peach, Michael
Rush, James J.
Slater, Conrad
Spencer, Barzilla R.

Strong, John W.
 Stone, John S.
 Traylor, Richard.....Mustered out Feb. 12, '65
 Thomas, Addison N.
 Thomas, Harrison P.
 Thomas, John.....Veteran; mustered out July 21, '65
 Thomas, George T..... " " " " "
 Tislow, Samuel H.
 Williams, Daniel
 Williams, Pleasant
 West, Rollin G.

RECRUITS.

Arbite, Henry.....Mustered out July 21, '65
 Ashby, Warner..... " " " "
 Burnstead, John A..... " " " "
 Bratton, Samuel..... " " " "
 Baker, John..... " " " "
 Barton, William R..... " " " "
 Booth, Franklin..... " " " "
 Bartholomew, Joseph...Mustered out July 21, '65; substitute
 Buchanan, Benjamin.... " " " " "
 Bartley, Samuel.....Captured at Chicamauga, Sept. 20, '63
 Burton, Milton.....Mustered out June 16, '65
 Ballenger, William.....Mustered out June 18, '65
 Byrne, Dennis..... " " " "
 Bronson, Milton..... " " " "
 Coleman, Benjamin F. Mustered out June 18, '65, as Sergeant
 Cross, Dallas P.....Mustered out June 18, '65, as Corporal
 Chambers, George.....Mustered out June 18, '65
 Cross, Christopher C.....Mustered out July 21, '65
 Calvin, Fielding..... " " " "
 Calvin, William W..... " " " "
 Carey, Samuel W..... " " " "
 Conklin, John H.....Mustered out July 21, '65; substitute
 Coe, William.....Mustered out June 30, '65

Craten, Alfred H.....	Mustered out June 18, '65
Coleman, William H.....	Mustered out June 20, '65
Chanley, William.....	Mustered out June 18, '65; drafted
Cottrell, Albert.....	“ “ “ “ “
Caroin, Peter.....	“ “ “ “ “
Collins, James.....	“ “ “ “ “
Collins, Zebulon T.....	Mustered out June 20, '65; drafted
Coats, William H.....	“ “ “ “ “
Cramer, David B.....	“ “ “ “ “
Cooper, William M.....	Never reported to Company; drafted
Curry, William P.....	Mustered out June —, '65; drafted
Cookson, Elisha.....	Mustered out June 18, '65; drafted
Candle, Thomas.....	“ “ “ “ “
Carpenter, Andrew J....	Mustered out June 18, '65; drafted
Conry, Dennis.....	“ “ “ “ “
Chasteen, Edmond.....	Mustered out Aug. 4, '65; drafted
Carr, Daniel B.....	Mustered out Aug. 18, '65; drafted
Denny, Elias.....	Mustered out July 21, '65
Dreher, Gustave.....	“ “ “
Drew, David W.....	Never reported to Company; substitute
Dorrman, James H.....	Mustered out July 21, '65; substitute
Durnill, Nathaniel.....	Mustered out May 17, '65; substitute
Dunn, Austin,.....	“ “ “ “ “
Durce, Daniel.....	“ “ “ “ “
Dougan, Peter.....	Mustered out May 17, '65; Corporal
Douton, Joseph H.....	Mustered out June 18, '65
Dwiggins, James H.....	Mustered out June 18, '65; drafted
Duckworth, Mablon.....	“ “ “ “ “
Emmett, George W.....	“ “ “ “ “
Ford, Henry C.....	Mustered out July 21, '65
Fradenburg, Spencer.....	“ “ “
Froman, William.....	Mustered out June, '65; substitute
Frazer, James W.....	Mustered out July 21, '65
Foster, John A.....	“ “ “
Fee, Lorenzo.....	Mustered out July 10, '65; drafted

Faro, Michael Mustered out July 18, '65; drafted
 Flück, Deeneter Mustered out June 18, '65; drafted
 Fittinger, Samuel Mustered out July 21, '65, as Corporal
 Gougarty, Edward Mustered out July 21, '65; substitute
 Griffith, John Mustered out June 18, '65; drafted
 Goldman, Huston " " " "
 Garrett, John " " " "
 Gustasson, Gustave Mustered out June 23, '65; drafted
 Hellwig, Henry Died at Newbern, N. C., May 16, '65
 Hager, Francis M. Mustered out July 21, '65; substitute
 Hughes, James H. Mustered out June 18, '65
 Hawthorn, Robert P. " " "
 Hobbs, Frederick F. Mustered out June 18, '65; drafted
 Harvey, Martin C. " " " "
 Hodge, Alvey E. " " " "
 Hart, Thomas " " " "
 Inlon, John Mustered out June 20, '65; drafted
 Lloyd, Joseph Mustered out July 21, '65
 Lewis, Benjamin F. " " "
 Miller, John " " "
 McCane, Albert Mustered out July 28, '65
 Mills, William N. Mustered out July 21, '65
 Ottinger, Martin L. " " "
 Osborn, Tence L. Mustered out July 21, '65; substitute
 Peach, James Mustered out June 18, '65
 Parker, Thomas " " "
 Richardson, Elijah L. Mustered out July 21, '65
 Reynolds, Francis M. " " "
 Reedy, Hiram " " "
 Richards, Clark R. " " "
 Reitnour, Anthony Mustered out July 21, '65; substitute
 Stephenson, William C. Mustered out July 21, '65
 Smith, Benjamin " " "
 Swigert, Abraham " " "
 Smith, James M. " " "

Seifort, Adam.....Never reported to Company; substitute
 Smith, John W.....Mustered out July 21, '65; substitute
 Sperry, Samuel W..... " " " "
 Stone, George W.....Mustered out June 18, '65
 Shoulders, Green C.....Mustered out June 7, '65
 Shield, John.....Deserted June 20, '65
 Tislow, Samuel H.....Mustered out June 18, '65
 Valentine, James.....Mustered out July 21, '65
 Wernce, William.....Mustered out July 21, '65; substitute
 Whaly, Manford.....Died at Newbern, N. C., May 13, '65
 Walford, Alexander.....Mustered out June 23, '65; drafted
 Walgren, Charles C..... " " " " "

ENLISTED MEN OF COMPANY "K."

Name and Rank.

FIRST SERGEANT.

Knowles, Edward N.....Promoted 2d Lieutenant

SERGEANTS.

White, Hays

French, Lemuel W.

Ewing, Johnson

Carnahan, John

CORPORALS.

Ashley, Elias.....Veteran; mustered out July 21, '65

Shelby, William H. H.

Stookey, Alexander....Veteran; mustered out July 21, '65;

Hospital Steward

Bilderback, Frank

Sinclair, Robert

Buzinham, Oliver

Lacer, Thomas W.

Brown, Willis

MUSICIANS.

Hudson, Daniel

Camp, West H.

WAGONER.

Swaney, John

PRIVATES.

Addington, Davis

Barret, Samuel

Barker, Amos

Barnet, Robert

Bethel, Isaiah

Blond, Robert

Broshes, Christopher C.

Broshes, Ephraim...Veteran; discharged March, '65; wounds

Barton, William S.

Bourn, George..Vet.; mustered out July 21, '65, as Sergeant

Baker, James

Bullock, John A. Vet.; mustered out July 21, '65, as Sergeant

Brown, A. Francis

Boswick, Judson

Clutter, John A.

Collins, Asa

Caldwell, Thomas.....Veteran; mustered out July 21, '65

Carnahan, William J.

Caldwell, Amos

Coleman, John W.....Veteran; mustered out July 21, '65

Clifford, Warrick H.

Conrad, Lemasters

Edwards, Riley

Floyd, George W.

Fowler, William H.

George, James T.

Griffitts, George S. L.

Hodges, William F.

Hargrave, Thomas J.

Helder, Philips. Vet.; mustered out July 21, '65; Serg't Major

Hammond, Jesse

Humphrey, James H.

Slater, Peter
 Schwerdfiger, Fredrick L. Vet.; must'd out July 21, '65; Serg't
 Tynër, Samuel F.
 Tyner, Sanders L. Mustered out July 21, '65, as 1st Sergeant
 Thomson, Levi
 Tirpin, Levi
 Taylor, Alexander J.
 Westfall, William H. Veteran; mustered out July 21, '65
 Williams, Calvin M.
 Wierd, John A.
 Adair, Washington Mustered out July 21, '65; drafted
 Arnold, Christian Mustered out June 18, '65; substituted
 Boyd, Alexander V. Mustered out July 21, '65
 Boswell, Newton J. " " " "
 Brubaker, John W. " " " "
 Baird, Marcus M. Mustered out July 21, '65; substitut
 Barnett, James H. Vet.; must'd out July 21, '65, as Corporal
 Case, Levi H. Mustered out July 21, '65
 Dressell, John Mustered out July 21, '65, as Corporal
 Everhart, Gabriel M. Mustered out July 21, '65; substitute
 Fairchild, Addison M. Mustered out July 21, '65, as Corporal
 Gordon, William H. Mustered out July 21, '65
 Gaskill, Abraham P. " " " "
 Harper, Samuel M. " " " "
 Jackson, William A. " " " "
 Julian, Isaac N. " " " "
 Johnson, Thomas S. Mustered out July 21, '65; substitute
 Jones, Samuel N. Mustered out June 18, '65; drafted
 Johnson, Simon N. " " " "
 James, James " " " "
 Knott, William A. Mustered out July 21, '65
 Kiser, James " " " "
 Knust, Bernard Mustered out July 21, '65; substitute
 Knapp, Charles " " " "
 King, David Mustered out July 21, '65; substitute

Calm and grand our brigadier-general, in obedience to orders, rode into the fight,

“ His sword, as if of fire a blazing brand,
The royal route of heroes showed.”

But, alas, what an experience was in store for the men that Sunday, the 20th day of September. It was the day Longstreet's fresh men came rolling in, and it was high tide of battle when the grum and deep-throated batteries begun to roar the welkin thunders dumb. Never did battle rage more fiercely, never did troops fight more bravely. Copying from General Beatty's description of the fight, the following is of interest to all.

SUNDAY, 20th. “ At an early hour in the morning I was directed to move northward on the Chattanooga road and report to General Thomas. He ordered me to advance to the extreme left of the line, form perpendicularly to the rear of Baird's division, connecting with his left. I disposed of my brigade as directed. Baird's division appeared to run parallel with the road, and mine running to the rear crossed the road. On this road and near it I posted my artillery, and advanced my skirmishers to the edge of the open field in front of the left and center of my line. The position was a good one, and my brigade and the one on Baird's left could have assisted each other in maintaining it. Fifteen minutes after this line was formed, Captain Gaw, of General Thomas' staff, brought me a verbal order to advance my line to a ridge or low hill (McDonald's house), fully one-fourth of a mile distant. I represented to him that in advancing I would necessarily leave a long interval between my right and Baird's left, and also that I was already in the position which General Thomas himself told me to occupy. He replied that the order to move was imperative, and that I was to be supported by Negley with the other two bri-

gades of his division. I could object no further, although the movement seemed exceedingly unwise, and therefore pushed forward my men as rapidly as possible to the point indicated. The 88th Indiana (Colonel Humphrey's), on the left, moved into position without difficulty. The 42d Indiana (Lieut. Col. Mc Intyre), on its right, met considerable opposition in advancing through the woods, but finally reached the ridge. The 104th Illinois (Lieutenant-Colonel Hapeman), and 15th Kentucky (Colonel Taylor), on the right, became engaged almost immediately, and advanced slowly. The enemy in strong force pressed them heavily in front and on the right flank.

“ At this time I sent an aid to request General Baird or King to throw a force in the interval between my right and their left, and despatched Captain Wilson to the rear to hasten forward General Negley to my support. My regiment on the right was confronted by so large a force that it was compelled to fall back, which it did in good order, contesting the ground stoutly. About this time a column of the enemy, *en masse*, on the double-quick, pressed between the 104th Illinois and 42d Indiana, and turned with the evident intention of capturing the latter, which was busily engaged with the rebels in its front, but Captain Bridges opened on it with grape and canister, when it broke and fell back in disorder to the shelter of the woods. The 42d Indiana, but a moment before almost surrounded, was thus enabled to fight its way to the left, and unite with the 88th Indiana. Soon after this the enemy made another and more furious assault on the 104th Illinois and 15th Kentucky, and driving them back, advanced within fifty yards of my battery, and poured a heavy fire into it, killing Lieutenant Bishop, and killing

Weyer, Thomas.....	Mustered out June 18, '65; drafted
Warland, Austin.....	“ “ “ “ “
Wilson, William.....	“ “ “ “ “
Whitman, Thomas W....	“ “ “ “ “
Young, Alfred.....	Mustered out July 21, '65; substitute
Alley, Joseph T.	
Bird, Daniel	
Bolin, Robert L.	
Carroll, Moffet H.	
Crow, Christopher C.	
Critchler, James M.	
Eubanks, George	
Feltner, William S.	
Gieson, John S.	
Hoffman, Adam F.	
Hunter, Reuben	
Harmon, Joseph A.	
Hayes, Albert R.	
Hillman, George N.	
Lorance, Simeon	
Malone, John	
Ridrey, Joshua	
Selyer, John P.	
Sutter, James D.	
Strange, George S.	
Trobate, Henry.....	Substitute
Williamson, William S.	
Wallace, Willard H.	
Zohn, Charles F.....	Drafted



LIEUT.-COL. JAS. M. SHANKLIN.

JAMES MAYNARD SHANKLIN

Was born in the city of Evansville, January 24, 1836, being the eldest of five children of John and Philura (French) Shanklin. He was prepared for college under the tuition of the late M. W. Safford, a brother-in-law of Vice-President Morton, and entered Wabash College in 1851 at the early age of 14 years. Failing in health he left college and spent three months in the East, after which he resumed his place in Wabash College, but was compelled to abandon his studies again at the beginning of the junior year of the course. After a few months rest at home he entered the University of Michigan, at Ann Arbor, but the condition of his health made it impossible for him to pursue his studies further, and he determined to seek its restoration by hard work in the undeveloped West. He spent a few months in cutting and rafting lumber in Michigan with great benefit, but with the ambition of the brilliant and high-spirited youth of that day he pushed further west. Kansas and Nebraska were then the scenes of absorbing interest, and in the wilds of the latter territory, amid "hair-breadth escapes" and perils and exposure, he spent fifteen months. When the call for "three hundred thousand more" was made he started out to help others raise a regiment in the First District, and within two weeks they had secured a full regiment and three companies over. The regiment became the 42d Volunteer Infantry, of which he was commissioned major. He was in command of the detachment of the regiment that received the first baptism of fire at Wartrace, Tenn., April 11, 1862, having routed an enemy superior in numbers after a hot engagement. At Perryville he was wounded on the head by a piece of shell. After this battle he was made lieutenant-colonel in place of Lieutenant-

Colonel Denby transferred to the colonelcy of the 80th Indiana Infantry. From that time to the date of his capture on the morning of the last day at Stone River, he was in command of the regiment. How bravely and nobly he bore himself as a soldier and the friend and neighbor of those under his command, his comrades testified in the affection they ever manifested for him and in the deep gloom that settled upon the regimental camp when the news of his sudden death reached it. He died at home one week after his return from Libby Prison. He was stricken with acute laryngitis Friday evening, May 22d, and died the following day, Saturday, May 23, 1863, at 1 o'clock P. M., at the age of 27 years.



CHAPTER I.

Preparing for War—The Drill—First Lessons in Camp Duty, etc., etc.

WHILE from the beginning, after entering camp, there had been "squad drill,"—all "awkward squads,"—it was not until the regimental organization had been perfected and the command had been mustered into the U. S. Service that regular company drill was inaugurated.

Lieut-Col. Charles Denby, having received a military education, was well equipped for this most important service, and he proceeded without delay to impress upon officers and men the lofty importance and superior advantage to be gained in military life by well drilled and thoroughly disciplined troops. These early lessons and impressions were by no means thrown away by any of the command, but throughout the entire period of service proved of greatest moment in all the duties of a soldier's life.

Officers' drill was inaugurated and proceeded with in earnest, and before noon and after, hours were spent daily in teaching officers of the line what they in turn were expected and obliged to teach to the men. There being a full line of company officers and sergeants for the regiment, a full company was readily formed of them, and the instruction thus afforded was correctly given to the men. Long before leaving Camp Vanderburg, great proficiency had been gained in company and not a little in regimental drill.

In the early life of the soldier, confined in camp within guard lines, any incident, be it ever so insignificant of itself, becomes a matter of greater or lesser moment. It was especially the case with the 42d Indiana when, after "soldiering" (?) in Camp Vanderburg for weeks, where at night the men were sheltered by roofs, tents for field life were issued to the companies, and the "order to march" for the first time received.

In compliance with this first order to "march," the regiment moved to a point on the Ohio river, below Evansville, where the tents were stretched for the first time, they being "wedge tents," only large enough for five or six men to lay upon the earth in, if wedged in like sardines in a box. The men regarded them with a deal of disfavor, because of the contracted space covered, but they were palaces as compared with the "dog tents" used later on in the service; still the men for the large part discounted an army in Flanders for many days by their emphatic language, and not altogether dutiful observance of the commandments of the decalogue. In other words, they swore a perfect cyclone, but at whom they knew not.

The next move was to Henderson, Ky., where there was a varied experience of drill, dress parades, camp guard and picket duty, together with the introduction and practice of the "long-roll," the signal of immediate impending danger to an army of men.

At an hour of the night least expected, the horrid rattle of the drums beating as if pandemonium had indeed broken loose aroused the officers and men from sleep, perchance from pleasant dreams of home, and then such a scramble and scene of confusion was scarcely witnessed anywhere.

To follow the colors and get first into line of battle was the ambition of the officers, who usually knew the alarm was false, and with many of the men who did not know it was false the prime object was not to form line of battle in a hurry. Very few exercises of this nature taught all the use and importance of the "long-roll," and the practice was abandoned as unceremoniously as it had been introduced.

It is more or less a painful matter to speak ill of one's neighbors, but if the truth be of ill-repute of the neighbors then, for the sake of the truth, the ill-speaking becomes excusable. This was the exact condition in the which but too many of the citizens of Henderson and vicinity, neighbors to the people in the city of Evansville, and very many of the regiment personally, who had homes there.

Probably in all the history of the 42d Indiana, "all along the line," and in the very heart of the Confederacy, there was not put forth on exhibition more bitterness of feeling, nor vindictiveness on the part of citizens displayed, than was in the vicinity named.

To guard against that worst form of an enemy to an army of men, the "bush-whackers," who, though not of the regularly enlisted rebel army, in numbers swarmed the whole country about Henderson, kept the whole regiment on the alert, and perhaps at no place south were pickets in more danger of these marauders, if we except a part of Middle Tennessee; for only a short time, however. But in that part of Kentucky, extending from Hawesville to Paducah, on the Ohio river, this uncivilized warfare was kept up until the close of the war. Probably a reason Evansville was so frequently menaced by these disgraceful bands was that large gov-

ernment supplies for the army were stored there, and the marauders aimed at plunder for selfish gain, rather than a desire to aid the Southern cause direct.



CHAPTER II.

The March to Calhoun—Crossing Green River—Picket Duty knee-deep in Water.

WHILE the foregoing may not be regarded as strictly in the line of a compliment to the neighbors just across the Ohio river, it is the best the author can do possibly, with the recollection pressing on his memory that while returning from the picket line one night, with a file of men, a quartette of these marauders, from behind trees, attempted to kill us all by the moonlight, and would no doubt have succeeded but for the fact that a percussion cap on one of the shot-guns exploded and thus the alarm was given. The comrades charged the enemy in great shape for a few hundred yards, but were distanced, and gave up the chase, singing to the rebels as they retreated: "Meet me by moonlight alone."

The service at Henderson having ended, orders to move to Calhoun, Ky., where there were a considerable body of Union soldiers, under command of Gen. T. L. Crittenden stationed. Conformably to orders, camp was broken, and the line of march taken up over extremely muddy roads.

Under such conditions, men unused to the march, heavy knap-sacks, each weighing not less than seventy-five pounds; and in addition, haversacks, guns, accouterments, etc., but little progress could be made, and at night-fall the regiment had only reached Green river at Curdsville, and then only half of the command could be crossed over the stream that night.

From the part of the regiment that crossed the river, all the pickets for out-post duty had to be taken. The country to the front was flat, swampy, and the face of the ground for considerable distance was covered with water, and in this, when a convenient stump of a tree or an old log could not be found the sentinels on out-post were placed. In many cases the posts of sentinels were in water from ankle to half-knee deep, and before morning ice a quarter of an inch thick had formed all over the swamp.

Even where the men off of duty were encamped, brush had to be cut and piled on the ground to keep them out of the water. For raw troops the experience was tough indeed, and for the first—and only time—a considerable of the comrades indulged in mutinous language in threats to desert, and had to be put under guard, and one or two punished by the most reprehensible of all modes of punishment for soldiers, know as “bucking and gagging.”

The night was indeed a long and dreary one, especially for comrades on duty, but the dawn came at last, and after breakfast, with plenty of hot coffee to drink, a better feeling prevailed, good humor was restored, and the balance of the march being over better roads was made cheerfully, with good spirit and no complaint whatever.

The comrades as they passed along the road singing patriotic songs literally “astonished the natives,” who for the most part probably had never seen half that number of men together at one time in a life-time, for much of the road lay through a very sparsely settled part of the State. Certainly none had ever seen such an “army with banners,” and they cautiously approached as the men passed, looking wonder and amazement, doubtlessly mingled with not a little of fear.

CHAPTER III.

*Calhoun—A Camp in the Mud—Effects of the March—
A Crowded Hospital.*

IT was nearly nightfall when the command reached a camping-ground near Calhoun; this ground was fully ankle-deep in mud in its best parts, and hardby a little stream of water, very muddy and unwholesome, afforded us drinking, and a supply for cooking. Exactly why this place was assigned us for a camping-ground, when there was plenty of more elevated positions to take, did not appear quite clear.

It was not many days until all these things before related began to develop various forms of sickness among the men, and in less than twenty days after arrival at Calhoun full one-third of the men were in the hospital.

Besides such sickness as would naturally follow to a greater or less extent in the wake of such an exposure, the measles broke out in camp, and from that cause many suffered severely, and a few transferred to Evansville died, while others from this cause alone were never fit for duty again. Probably one of the worst and most dangerous forms of sickness among soldiers in camp in the field is measles. It proved so with the 42d Indiana at all events.

From this first camping-ground, however, after a time, the command was moved to a comparatively dry place, with a meadow lawn for a drill ground. Here all were quite comfortably quartered, and as duty was light, comparatively, and some of the officers and men had

acquaintance previously formed in that neighborhood, many were the little parties and old-time "quilting bees," some of the younger ones enjoyed that winter; for, as a rule, the citizens of Calhoun and vicinity were not especially demonstrative of rebel sympathy. In the presence of Union soldiers, they were diplomatic in their relations with the "Yankees," and exhibited a good many evidences of kindness to the comrades; of course this was the best policy, but in truth there was an unusual degree of sincerity in their friendliness.





LIEUT.-COL. WILLIAM M. COCKRUM.

COL. WM. M. COCKRUM.

The gentleman whose name is written above was born December 8, 1837, in Gibson county, Indiana, on a farm, a part of which is now Oakland City, and he now resides within a few hundred yards of where he was born.

He was a farmer when the war broke out, and resumed that occupation when the war closed. As second lieutenant of Company F, he was one of the original line officers of the regiment who remained in the U. S. service until the close of the war.

At the battle of Murfreesboro, Tenn., he was wounded in the right shoulder, from which he did not fully recover for six months. At the battle of Chickamauga, on the second day of the fight, Sept. 20, 1863, he was severely wounded—a ball passing through the hips from right to left—and taken prisoner, conveyed to Libby Prison, Richmond, where he remained for eight months; so severe was the wound that he was unable to walk for twelve months.

After recovery, partially, however, he was assigned to duty as commandant of the military prison at Nashville, Tenn., where he remained until ordered to join his command at Washington City, preparatory to muster out of the service.

Col. Wm. M. Cockrum was a son of Col. James M. Cockrum, who came to Indiana from North Carolina, being born in 1799 in that State. Colonel Cockrum's grandmother was a niece of Governor Rutlege, of South Carolina, and his uncles, on the father's side, were all in the War of 1812.

Col. James W. Cockrum, father of the subject of this sketch, was prominent in the politics of his day, and as a Whig represented his county in the State's General Assembly from 1848 to 1852.

Since the war the gentleman of whom we write has been a factor of prominence in his county and district in politics, in Agricultural Fairs, in farming, in manufacturing, in encouraging education as in the common school; and himself and wife have been chief among the promoters and building of a college at Oakland City for the Baptist people, or under their charge, which is proving quite successful. Col. Cockrum donated twelve acres of valuable land, within a few hundred yards of his residence, for the use of the college, and in many other ways substantially aided. The college is a two-story brick and is a very important addition to Oakland City.

In all matters that tend to promote the best interests of former comrades in arms, he is not only a factor, but is always in the lead. Indeed, in all the relations of life it may be truly said of him: "He leads, he never follows." As a citizen, he enjoys the confidence and esteem of all; as a citizen-soldier, the love and honor of all his comrades.



CHAPTER IV.

Sacramento—South Carrolton—Fortifications, etc.

IT always seemed not a little puzzling in the State of Kentucky, respecting the apparent difference of sentiment in their relations to Union soldiers, in neighborhoods not, in many instances, over ten miles apart.

At Sacramento, a hamlet of a few houses, perhaps eight miles from Calhoun, on the road to South Carrolton, a party of Federal soldiers had experienced that dishonorable method of fighting from ambush, by a party, probably not in the regular Confederate service, but of sufficient force to cause General Crittenden, in command of all the troops at Calhoun, to order a party of his command, including the 42d Indiana, to rendezvous at South Carrolton, a point nearer Bowling Green, where the greater part of the rebel army was in winter quarters.

The first night out from Calhoun the commands camped at Sacramento, where our troops had been ambushed, and the boys, finding plenty of chickens in the neighborhood, because of this ambush believed to have been led by the citizens, raided the hen-roosts far and near, and before guard lines were fixed. Of course the comrades were arrested and placed under guard.

But they were not long in finding an eloquent pleader in their behalf in the person of Rev. J. J. Haight, chaplain at General Crittenden's headquarters, who became religiously eloquent for the release of the comrades, and he prevailed. No Methodist minister ever fared more sumptuously on yellow-legged chickens than did Rev. Haight,

(afterwards editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*), that night and for days afterwards. The boys were attentive to the wants of the chaplain, praised his eloquence, and long afterwards, when the circumstance was alluded to, spoke of his "most noble defense of the chicken thieves before General Tom Crittenden."

Picket and camp guard duty was heavy at South Carrolton, and in addition to all that the soldiers were kept busy chopping down acres of the most valuable oak timber, building fortifications of the most wonderful engineering an army ever saw. Precisely why these were builded, it is likely no one ever knew, for there was no organized body of rebels nearer than Bowling Green, and it was simply impossible for any considerable body of troops to have reached us through that sea of mud, water and slush. A regiment of men might have passed on a road leading to South Carrolton from Bowling Green, but the troops next attempting so rash a thing would have never succeeded.

This, however, was but the beginning of an experience of useless and incomprehensible work that was done, similar in character and under like conditions, that proved of no possible use further than to furnish employment for the men.



MAJ. N. B. FRENCH.

NATHANIEL B. FRENCH

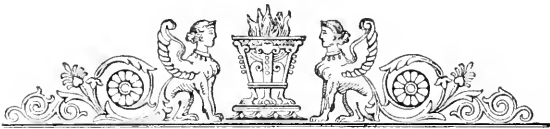
Was born in Gibson county, Indiana, April 20, 1827. He lived with his parents upon a farm until 1846, when he went to Princeton, the county seat of his native county, and for four years was employed as clerk in a general merchandise store of Joseph Devin of that town. In the early part of the year 1851, he became a partner in business with his former employer, under the firm name of Devin & French. The firm continued the business of general merchandising and dealing in produce until the early part of 1862, when it was dissolved by mutual consent. He was married to N. Cordelia Devin, daughter of his partner and former employer, on the 25th of May, 1854. By this marriage he is the father of eight children, five of whom are now living, viz.: Mrs. Effie Jaquess, of Minneapolis, Minnesota; Mrs. Flora R. Barton, of St. Louis, Missouri; Joseph D. French, of Chicago, Ill.; Lucius S. French and William E. French, of Minneapolis, Minnesota. The other three that died were Mary, first born, Laura D. and Agnes. In September, 1861, he enlisted a company of fine, intelligent and patriotic men and was mustered into the 42d Regiment Indiana Vols. as captain of Company E, at Evansville, Ind., in October, 1861.

He served as captain of that company until June, 1863, when he was promoted to major of the regiment (42d Indiana), in which position he continued to act until May, 1864, at which time, by reason of disability incurred in the service from which he never recovered, he was compelled to resign. During his term of service he participated in the battles of Perryville, Ky.; Stone River, Tenn., and the terrible battle of Chicamauga, together with skirmishes incident thereto, in all of which he had the credit of having done his duty.

After returning home he has been engaged in merchandising, farming, etc. For the last few years, his health, being feeble, together with age, has prevented him from engaging in very active business.

He is now living as a boarder at the farm upon which he was born, and acting as justice of the peace of his native (White River) township.

He was an enumerator in taking the census of 1890 for that township.



CHAPTER V.

Back to Calhoun—Another Dreadful March—A Whole Night on the Road.

IN February, 1862, by a small steamboat, the regiment returned to Calhoun and again occupied the old camping-ground. But the command had scarcely gotten comfortably fixed before the order came to move to Owensboro. At 9 o'clock at night all tents had been struck, and everything was ready for the move. If comrades had experienced hard tramping through the mud before, they had no just conception of what was before them that night until its realization.

At the start a vigorous effort was made to keep the men in line and in the road; but before ten miles had been covered these efforts were abandoned and the comrades were permitted the "go as you please" step. Even then when the head of the regiment reached Owensboro no company had half the men in line. It is by no means an exaggeration to say that the first five months of service for the 42d Indiana were of its hardest experiences, and that the physical powers of the men were taxed to the utmost.

At Owensboro, the command embarked on the steamer Liberty, the "flag-ship" of a fleet of steamers which had been ordered there for the purpose of conveying the troops in the Green river country to Pittsburg Landing, or up the Tennessee river, where, we then only understood, a battle would probably be fought.

The enemy at Bowling Green, which during the winter

we were supposed to be flanking and watching, had fallen back on Nashville, or been forwarded to the larger force of the enemy about Fort Henry and Pittsburg Landing; consequently there was no further need of a body of near 8,000 troops in the neighborhood of Calhoun, if indeed there ever had been any need of it at all.

The fleet of boats—twelve in number—touched at Evansville only long enough for the comrades who had families and friends there to shake hands with them—and to half wish they had not stopped—then proceeded to Paducah to await further orders.

As intimated, before leaving Owensboro, it was understood that Pittsburg Landing was our objective point, but upon receiving final orders the fleet divided, part going down the Ohio river, and a part going up the Cumberland river to Nashville, the 42d Regiment being included.

On the 25th day of February, '62, the regiment, now on the boat at the Nashville wharf, was ready to debark, having remained on board for about eight days, during which time the comrades had ample time to recuperate from their tough Green river experience. Thus the first six months and fifteen days of the regiment's three years service are recorded, with the incidents of the same.

At Nashville upon our arrival, it was found the enemy had completely evacuated the city, and in many cases citizens had abandoned valuable stores, so precipitate had been the flight. Near where our boat landed at the wharf some officers of the 42d Indiana discovered a porkhouse well filled with choice meat, and the doors unlocked. It is an enemy under almost all circumstances that "leads us into temptation," but the fear of the enemy cut no figure in the matter of these choice bacon hams. In half an hour large quantities of this pork had

been transferred to our boat to do service for the cause of loyalty.

Of course the "boys" had no other right than the "right of discovery" to the pork, but in war that usually gives a good title. The news of the 42d boys' discovery was not long in reaching Post-Head Quarters, and very quickly an officer from there with a searching party appeared on the boat to make an investigation. Not an ounce of the meat could be found in possession of any of the comrades, notwithstanding several hundred pounds of the pork had, by the hands of comrades, passed over the gang-way or plank onto the boat, and into the craft's "commissariat;"—innocent purchasers, you observe. The officers superintending this little raid appeared to fully comprehend the importance of what Col. Charles Denby afterwards said regarding an officer whose men had been caught in the act of "confiscating" live pork, and put in arrest for the same; viz.: "I don't care a ——d——n if the 42d boys steal the whole Southern Confederacy, but they must learn to hide."

JAMES G. STUBBLEFIELD.

Mr. Stubblefield was born in Dubois county, Ind., the 27th of January, 1827, and entered the U. S. Army as a volunteer from Pike county, Ind., with the organization of the 42d Indiana Regiment, being mustered into service at the age of thirty-three years, as corporal of Company "I," of the regiment. By occupation on enlistment, he was a farmer.

He was wounded in the right knee at the battle of Stone River, Jan. 1, 1863, disabling him for service for about two months. His grandfather was a soldier in the Revolutionary war.

From corporal of Company I, he was promoted to be sergeant-major in November, 1862, and was commissioned first lieutenant and adjutant Sept. 1, 1864, and served in that rank until muster-out of service, at Louisville, Ky., Aug. 12, 1865, with the regiment. Adjutant Stubblefield will be remembered by the comrades as one of the most faithful and efficient officers of the regiment. His residence is Washington, Indiana.



ADJT. J. G. STUBBLEFIELD.

CHAPTER VI.

Nashville—Sullen Man—Spiteful Woman—Winter Quarters, etc.

TO one wandering about Nashville and through the streets after our arrival for several days, it looked like a deserted city indeed. Other troops had preceded us, but gone into quarters in the suburbs. The appearance on the streets was that of the most absolute loneliness. You might walk for blocks and blocks and not see a human being, except, perchance, you were to meet a Federal soldier. The citizens remaining kept in-doors for days.

Gradually, however, they began showing themselves, both sexes going on the streets. But the men were sullen and the women spiteful, full of "spit-fire." Some of them gratified their spite by spitting on the soldiers as they passed under second-story windows, from which the "little dears" looked with proud defiance and disdain.

This, however, the ladies soon discovered to be a mistake, for "Uncle Sam" protects his soldiers from insult. Besides, they learned that their reputations for good breeding and previous good behavior were suffering, for in the scarcity of men of the South there, and the plentitude of men from the North, was it not possible some of those Southern belles might want a hated Yankee for a husband after all? Well, they did, and got 'em too, and made good wives, it is recorded. Why not?

After a few days the regiment took up quarters for the balance of the winter, for indeed there was very bad weather and much cold after our arrival there. The

regiment was paid for the first time at Nashville, having been in the service more than six months. This was truly a blessing, for not a few of the men had left scanty provisions for their families' support, depending on prompt quarterly payments by the government.

The strictest orders regarding the protection of citizens' property were issued and enforced here. As there was then no considerable organized force of the enemy sufficiently near to keep up activity in the army, the duty would have been very light but for rebel-marauding citizens, who were constantly annoying our pickets, thus requiring stronger lines and the guarding of citizens' property. These things made duty heavy at Nashville, he more especially on the troops who had been but a few weeks in the field.

The orders forbidding soldiers taking even a fence rail for a fire, or anything, were imperative, with a penalty attached for disobedience. In addition, it was the "conciliatory" policy then to grant all citizens asking, the protection of a guard in the immediate vicinity of the camps their request. And for it all very few made return by gratitude.

Of the exhibition of the worst form of ingratitude, a single instance must suffice for the many. Inside of the camp-guard lines of the 42d Indiana was the residence of a man who professed to be a devout minister of the gospel, who, as the boys said, or put it, "prayed like the devil was after him, long and loud."

His house was inclosed by a neat picket fence, and he counted his "yellow-legged" chickens by the scores. A guard was given him. One very cold night—though the guard was not prohibited from entering the house to warm—the comrade almost froze, but no invitation to

warm himself, or offer of a cup of coffee, or a bite to eat, was made the sentinel in the morning by the preacher, who could not fail to see that the man guarding his house and surroundings was suffering from cold.

The officer with the relief guard, however, at the proper time appeared and, seeing the condition of affairs, took up the guard, and calling the preacher to the door said :

“ Guarding your property, this soldier, sir, was almost frozen. For the sake of convenience I name you Meroz, and say, ‘Curse ye, Meroz, curse ye, Meroz, bitterly.’ I swear by the Book, sir.”

Reporting the clerical gentleman to headquarters, the officer’s action was approved, the guard never restored, and in twenty-four hours the divine’s picket fence was gone, and there was not a “yellow-legged” chicken to be found about the place. A few days after that the preacher “emigrated.”



CHAPTER VII.

*The Extreme Penalty—In the Interest of Discipline—
A Sadly Solemn Scene.*

MANY things in military life are liable to bring by court-martial the death penalty, that could not by civil law process attain such possible result. This is all in the interest of discipline, and it is adjudged it must be so.

On the evening of a day at Nashville, an order was read on dress-parade for all the guards of our regiment to be excused from duty during certain hours of the next day, in order that all might witness the execution by shooting to the death of a soldier of the 14th Ohio regiment. This same order was read, and applied to all the regiments of our division, which was commanded by General Wm. Nelson, the purpose being for all those belonging to the division to witness the execution of a fellow soldier in compliance with a sentence by court-martial. The soldier to be shot to the death was a member, as said, of the 14th Ohio, and the offense for which he was tried, and of which he was found guilty, was that he had resisted and struck a superior officer, or, an officer.

Near Nashville the division was formed on the hills in "hollow square," while in the valley below, in sight of all, the place for the execution was chosen.

All being in readiness, the command had not long to wait. Soon the doomed man was seen approaching, scrupulously neat and clean in clothing, and with a firm

soldier tread and bearing ; guarded by a file of comrades, front and rear, arms reversed as is customary at funerals, a father confessor on each side, a brass band of music playing a death march ; the condemned man with his solemn escort moved around the division and to the center, until the point of, or for execution was gained. The father confessors, with the erring comrade, then knelt beside the coffin, where the fathers prayed. On rising, they gave the condemned a few words for comfort and hope ; each then shook the soldier's hand, bidding him "farewell," and retired.

Blindfolded, the comrade was then ordered to "stand-fast"—his hands being bound behind him ; a volley of musketry was heard ; all was over. For an instant after the firing, however, a tremor ran over the body, then, almost as in life, he sat on his coffin, the body then falling. His spirit had taken flight to the great unknown beyond.



CAPT. CHARLES G. OLMSTEAD.

The subject of this brief sketch was born in Vanderburg county, Indiana, November 1, 1823, and entered the U. S. service as 1st lieutenant of Company A, 42d Regiment, with its organization, at the age of 38 years and 9 months. Before entering the army he was engaged in the saw-mill and lumber business in Evansville, Indiana.

Captain Olmstead was promoted to this rank soon after the organization of the command, his captain (Atchison) being made chaplain.

Captain Olmstead was one of the most painstaking officers, realizing from the beginning the importance of efficiency and proficiency in drill, and he at once became one of the closest students in tactics.

He was killed at the battle of Perryville, Ky., while urging on his men in the fight. No braver nor better soldier ever belonged to the regiment.

His body was removed from the bloody field of Perryville, Ky., to his former home, where it found a last resting-place, on what would have been his 39th birthday.

Captain Olmstead was known as a christian soldier, and although he was denied the celebration of his 39th birth-day here on earth, let us hope and believe he celebrated it in heaven, hard by the throne of God, for he was a Soldier of the Cross, as well as for the Union.

He left a wife, three sons and one daughter, all living except the second son. By all who knew him, Captain Olmstead was loved.



CAPT. CHARLES G. OLMSTEAD.

CHAPTER VIII.

Murfreesboro—Shelbyville—Wartrace Battle in Undress.

EARLY in the spring of 1862, our command moved to Murfreesboro, Tenn., where it remained but a short time, and then marched to Shelbyville as an advance of the army at Murfreesboro.

From Shelbyville, a detachment of the regiment, consisting of companies A, C, I and K, was sent to Wartrace. At no place, nor at no time in the history of any regiment, was there an exhibition of treachery so base on the part of citizens as that of men at Wartrace, leading to the surprise of the detachment, and resulting in the first skirmish or fight by any portion of the command with the rebels. The conduct of these citizens was a disgrace never to be outlived, and it would have been disgraceful on the part of Comanche Indians if they had ever acted with such treachery, under such protestations of friendship.

At intervals many of these citizens visited the Union camp and professed in earnest manner friendship for the Union cause. By this means they gained confidence of officers and men, that by its betrayal cost the detachment a very unpleasant experience, and if the plans had all carried as arranged by these citizens the wholesale murder of the whole party might have followed. Not only did these people visit camp and get into possession of all the facts relating to the disposition of pickets etc., etc., but they were feasted, "wined and dined" by officers in camp. No one dreamed that these men were in secret communication with a larger force of rebel cavalry, with a view to butchery, if possible, of the Union troops.

But all this was true, and what was still worse, quite a number of citizens who had partaken of Federal officers hospitality joined the rebel cavalry to lead them stealthily into camp while the men were sleeping, and were with them in the fight.

It was on the morning of the 11th day of April, 1862, while all except the light camp guard and the insufficient picket guard were sleeping, that a rebel cavalry dash was made upon them, and no alarm or preparation had been given. So adroitly and cunningly had the rebels been "piloted" by these citizens, that the pickets on outpost duty had not observed them, nor the camp-guards had time to give the alarm, before the rebels were into the midst of the tents, shooting into them, and the sleeping comrades.

The officers snatched their swords and side-arms, and the men their guns and cartridge-boxes, many having nothing on as clothing but shirts and drawers—and some officers only their shirts—then out into the company streets they dashed, ready for the fray. The camp was in a grove of trees, and behind these chiefly the men took refuge, and from these poured "hot shot" into the enemy, to the dismay and consternation of the rebel "crew." The boys proved equal to this, as they did for all other battle occasions, whether they came in the nature of a surprise or not. The enemy being mounted on horseback, and our men thus "entrenched" behind trees, a decided advantage was had for our comrades, and after they got fully aroused from their sweet morning sleeping seemed rather to enjoy the sport, rather than otherwise; however, this may only have been in the seeming, and as a matter of truth and history it no doubt was only in the "seeming."

The fight lasted only a few moments, perhaps not over fifteen; it could not have been long, even if a thousand on each side at such short range had been engaged. The enemy was driven in confusion, a good deal the worse for the experience of the morning; their casualties being much greater than ours, which were small, excepting one man killed. Far more hastily than they entered our camp the rebels retired and left that neighborhood.

Among those left by the enemy in our camp wounded was a citizen who had the day preceding been in our camp partaking of the officer's hospitality, professing in the name of Free Masonry to officers belonging to the fellow-craft his friendship for the Union. By a tree in death-throes he lay, suffering and groaning in agony and pain, in a few moments to pass to the great beyond.

As Capt. A. Myler, of Company C, approached the dying wretch he sought to be known as a Mason. Looking him square in the face for a time, as if to impress the man with his condition and surroundings, Capt. Myler, with much vehemence of utterance, said: "You d——d scoundrel, Masonry knows no traitors nor treason—living or dying."

ANDREW J. McCUTCHAN

Was born in Vanderburg county, Indiana, on a farm, in the year 1840, when the country was comparatively unsettled. He worked upon the farm, clearing land, and doing all of the work incident thereto. His father took advantage of every school facility, and not a day of the session was lost to the subject of this sketch. At the age of eighteen he was qualified to teach in the country schools, and with this discipline, added to much private study, he was in 1861 prepared for college. The war breaking out, he enlisted as private on the 9th day of September, 1861, in Company A, 42d Indiana, and served as such until September, 1863, when he was appointed orderly sergeant of the company and put immediately in command. In March, 1865, he was promoted as 1st lieutenant, and in ten days afterward captain of the company, from which position he was honorably discharged at the close of the war.

He then entered Asbury University (now De Pauw), and after taking a partial course at that institution he engaged in teaching and the study of his chosen profession, that of law, in which he is now engaged at Evansville, Indiana.



A. J. McCUTCHAN.
(Capt. Co. A, 43d Inft.)

CHAPTER IX.

Fayetteville — Light Duty — Dress Parade—42d able to take care of itself.

THE balance of the time the regiment remained at Shelbyville was employed in light duty, quite pleasant, which, when ended, the 42d took up the line of march for Fayetteville, which place had recently been occupied by rebels.

As at Nashville, the citizens were sullen, just a little spiteful, but much more philosophical than the people about Shelbyville, and Wartrace and seemed to better comprehend the situation, and were possessed of more frankness and candor. After, however, the regiment had gotten into excellent quarters, and given a few Sunday evening dress-parades on the public square, and regimental evolutions—always interesting when directed by Lieut.-Col. Chas. Denby—the citizens, ladies and gentlemen, grew more sociable, and made less exhibitions of their feelings and rebel sentiments.

It was a pleasant exchange from the treachery of the people about Shelbyville and Wartrace to a place where all acknowledged opposition to the Union army, and made no concealment of their sympathy with and for the Confederate cause; for the officers and men then knew how to treat them; and in a degree sympathize with them in their very unpleasant situation, holding such views.

Quite early, men and women began visiting camp, and many an officer before our departure was the recipient

of bouquets of flowers from the hands of fair rebels; for, be it related here, the field and staff officers of the regiment, as well as of the line, possessed a goodly share of gallantry and something to speak of in the way of personal appearance, as well, and strictly correct military deportment withal.

Now, while peace, prosperity and happiness reign from the lakes on the north to the gulf on the south, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, east, west and all over the continent, and all these differences of opinion and sympathy with those who would have destroyed the Union should be and are freely forgiven, they should never be forgotten. The story or history should be told the children and taught in our schools until the last generation, and the declaration by Governor Morton after the war be ever kept in mind: "That we were right and they were wrong."

In the schools the history of battles, of the generals, of the private soldiers, all should be so taught and so explained that every youth in this land be made to fully know and understand the cost in blood and treasure necessary to preserve the Union, and re-unite our people as a nation

The 42d Regiment, it may be justly remarked, performed a great deal of duty detached from all other bodies of troops during the first year of service. This in all probability largely grew out of the fact that its early and thorough military training and discipline had prepared the command under anything like fair and equal terms of conflict, to take care of itself.

At Fayetteville, before leaving the place for Huntsville, an officer of the command, returning from outpost duty, and passing a house, was suddenly confronted by a vicious

dog that threatened savagely to dispute every inch of ground with the officer in the further discharge of duty. Plainly there could be no compromise, and then the officer drew his sword and "smote the dog, hip and thigh, to the death."

The viciousness of the dog was as the gentlest zephyr is to the tornado, when compared with the unbridled fury of the "woman of the house," as she hastily appeared before the officer, sleeves rolled to the elbows, and shaking her fist under the officer's nasal protuberance, in a voice that awakened the echoes, demanded:

"What did you kill my dog for?"

Officer: "What did your dog run at me for?"

Woman: "Why didn't you hit him with the other end of that thing?"

Officer: "Why didn't your dog run at me with the other end?"



CHAPTER X.

Breaking Camp—Huntsville Brigade Formation—Col. W. H. Lytle—Drill, etc.

THE duty assigned the regiment at Fayetteville having been accomplished, orders were received to move to Huntsville, Ala. Camp was broken and quickly all was in readiness for the march.

Notwithstanding the fact that the people in and about Fayetteville made no concealment of their sympathy for the rebel cause, not a few of them on the day of our departure gave evidence of their regret at the leaving, and no doubt were quite sincere, for there we were hurting nobody, nor was there anybody there to be hurt.

The march to Huntsville was an easy one. No more pleasant tramp was ever had by the regiment. At Huntsville we went into camp at once, and was brigaded with Col. W. H. Lytle of the 10th Ohio, Commander of the brigade.

Among the first things to do was the practice of brigade drill, and in that extremely hot weather this was not a very inconsiderable matter.

Col. Lytle was a proud and painstaking officer, and delighted in those brigade evolutions, which covered a great deal of ground. All of the mounted officers seemed even in that very hot weather to enjoy brigade drill, but for the comrades it was too much like boys told of who found pleasure and amusement by stoning the frogs. It was lots of fun for the boys, but rather unhealthy for the frogs.

The information thus obtained from these maneuvers proved valuable, but the "rank and file," and especially the "file," failed to see it while the instruction was being given.

Picket duty, building stockades, and an occasional old-time block-house, after primitive style, together with the drill furnished the duty of the entire commands at Huntsville, for almost the whole time this "wing" of the army occupied the place. Comrades spoke of it as their "feather-bed" soldiering, but even with the favorable conditions here noted there were drawbacks to this easy non-combatant life—for there was no fighting about Huntsville. For quite a time the line of communication to Nashville was broken, and practically this command of troops was cut off from the base of supplies.

The very strict rules forbidding foraging for supplies, except by regular detail under orders, were still in existence; consequently it soon came to pass that only about half-rations of sugar and coffee, crackers, with beans, only occasionally, and mixed vegetables now and then—no meat—constituted the bill of fare in very meager allowance.

But as time wore on, and the enemy by increased numbers harassed our pickets, requiring increased numbers of men for that duty by the 42d Regiment, and the climate, officers and men by considerable numbers became sick, and all the attending circumstances contributed to a condition of affairs resultant in heavy details on the regiment, of officers and men. Colonel Jones was absent at Athens on a court-martial of Colonel Turchin, on the charge of "sacking" a rebel town because the "bush-whackers" had opposed him in its occupation, which he had orders to do, and did do; but when Colonel Turchin got into the town with his command he was so mad that he said :

“*Mine gomrades*: I shust shuts mine eyes for two hours.”

As a result the rich rebels who delighted to remain out of the regularly enlisted Confederate army, to encourage guerilla war on Union soldiers, were made to pay “dearly for the whistle,” for their jewelry, silver-plate, spoons and every easily transported valuable in that vicinity exchanged ownership and the “boys” had many a fine gold ring, diamond, etc., to send to the proverbial “girls they left behind ’em.” Turchin slept—hence all the jewelry.

While not directly in the line of the history of the 42d Indiana, incidentally it may be in order to relate that out of all this court-martial affair of Col. Turchin, he emerged a full-fledged brigadier-general; and upon return to the army after the battle of Stone River, where his regiment had captured a battery from the rebels, Col. Turchin revisited his old command, the 19th Illinois, and made ’em a speech, of which the following is a copy:

“*Mine Goomrades*: Ven I left you, you vas called Turchin’s tieves. Vell, boys, I am told dot vile I’ze pinn gone you vas so bad dot you did actually stheal one of dem rebel batteries. Dot is right, boys. Go on und stheal all of dem rebel batteries vot you can get.”

But returning to the line of thought after this digression. No matter under what unfavorable conditions an army of men may be placed, nor how discouraged the men may become, there are always among them those everlastingly light-hearted, rollicksome, frolicsome, “don’t-care-a-d—nitiveness” fellows that will drive dull care to the deuce in the face of the most unfavorable conditions.

In field life, where the men have remained at one

point for a considerable time, they grow weary with the surroundings and the monotony, for, as a rule, news the men care for is scarce, and irregular camp incidents become a "seven days' wonder" often.

Because of all this sickness, heavy detail, etc., etc., the number of field officers for duty as field officers of the day was so reduced at the time being written of that it became an absolute necessity to draw on the line officers for that duty, though custom had heretofore confined that duty to the rank of field officers.

Capt. C. W. Medcalf, Co. B., of the regiment, was the first with us to be distinguished by detail for this purpose, and of it he was as proud as a peacock, and his company as well. Capt. Medcalf was a most careful, exact and painstaking officer, and being for this duty mounted, with an escort of private soldiers, he looked every inch a brigadier-general, and right well, and to the honor of the 42d he performed that duty which gave us camp gossip for several days; but when, after that, this distinction was handed down "all along the line," including lieutenants commanding companies, the "seven days' wonder" ceased and degenerated into the commonest sort of a camp incident.

CAPTAIN A. MYLER.

Alfred Myler was born in Washington county, Virginia, August 4, 1809. He entered the U. S. Army as captain of Company C, 42d Indiana Volunteers, with its organization ; and was fifty-two years old at the time of doing so, and was what is usually regarded as an old man at that time, but he was as hale and hearty as men usually are at the age of forty or forty-five years.

Before entering the army he was a farmer and produce dealer at Grandview, Spencer county, Indiana.

He was wounded in the battle of Wartrace, Tenn., April 11, 1862, and also at the battle of Perryville, Ky., October 8, 1862; taken prisoner of war at the last named battle, paroled and sent to Camp Chase, Ohio, for exchange. The wound received at Wartrace was in the left hand and in the left leg. At the battle of Perryville, Ky., he was wounded in the head.

His Company C was recruited in Spencer county, and credited to that county, the captain being the chief recruiting officer.

However, while he was at Indianapolis before the muster into the service of his company, on business connected therewith, his patriotic wife upon the return of her husband reported that she had recruited or enlisted twenty men for the company in Captain Myler's absence.

At this writing, May 29, 1892, Captain Myler is eighty-three years old and well preserved, with no abatement of patriotic zeal. He continues on his farm, is prosperous in business and enjoys the fruits of a life of labor—some anxiety and care through life, of course—but very much more to feel a pride in and for.



CAPT. ALFRED MYLER.

CHAPTER XI.

More Detached Duty—Fun for the Boys—J. W. Vickery captures a horse.

NOT long after arrival at Huntsville, the regiment, was ordered out again on detached duty. Orders were received to cross the Tennessee river, a few miles from the camp, and reconnoiter. It was ordered to go well equipped, as it had been reported an organized cavalry force or a band of guerrillas was on the opposite side of the river, prowling about the ferry, and watching to pick off the men who were at work on a barge there transforming it into a steamboat for the use of the army, probably as a means of crossing the river at any point the more readily, in case of an advance upon Chattanooga.

Accordingly the river was crossed and an expedition made two or three miles up the stream in the direction of Chattanooga. The line of march lay along the main road, but the command finally filed off to the left and brought up for dinner at a farm-house on a spur, of a spur of the Cumberland Mountains, where we took observations, and several hundred pounds of excellent bacon-hams, shoulders and side-meat. Col. Denby was with us, giving "object lessons" regarding the correct method of concealing goods acquired by discovery.

Careful inquiry all along the line of march had been made of the few women and children to be seen if a force of rebels we were looking for had been in the neighborhood, but none had been seen was the report by all. Besides by careful examination of all the roads and grounds passed over it was clear that if there had been such a force

of the enemy as was reported they had succeeded in covering their tracks admirably.

After consultation by the field officers, it was decided that to prolong the expedition would be barren of results, unless it were to approach by another day's march the enemy supposed to be in force at or near Chattanooga. It was not regarded wise to do that, as it would take us so far from support, with the river intervening. It was accordingly decided to retrace our steps, so as to recross the river before nightfall.

As before intimated, although no enemy had been discovered, the "boys" had espied a smoke-house, near where we halted, well filled with choice bacon hams, etc. Not unlike General Turchin, who when he had been "bushwhacked" by citizens on entering a town, said: "Boys, I shut mine eyes for two hours;" so our field officers became oblivious to current events for a brief time, during which as neat an act of confiscation was accomplished as one would wish to see.

Sergeant Jas. W. Vickery, on the march, had impressed a rebel horse into service, and not only the animal, but the comrades loaded up with the meat. A ham or two for the boys at the ferry, who were working on the barge, secured silence on their part, and, recrossing the river, the balance of the meat was carefully hidden in an army wagon, and conveyed to camp at Huntsville.

Sergeant Jas. W. Vickery, who is now a minister of the gospel, and one of Evansville's respected citizens, was the first of the command to steal a horse. At that time it was not supposed that any of the 42d Regiment would steal anything more valuable than something to eat or a kiss now and then from a pretty rebel woman, which did not impoverish them; and very few, if *any*, of them shed tears about the theft.

CHAPTER XII.

*Stirring Times—The Emancipation Proclamation—
Variously Received.*

WHILE encamped at Huntsville, Ala., the news of the issuing of, or pronouncing the emancipation proclamation by the President, liberating the slaves reached us.

It was variously received by officers of the line and very gravely discussed as to ultimate consequences. Some of the officers of the line were so much annoyed about the proclamation that they talked seriously about resigning, but thought better of it and remained, becoming satisfied.

The effect of the proclamation on the slaves, of whom there were many in North Alabama, was marvelously wonderful. Although in bondage from birth, with no advantages of schools or any kind of mental training allowed, to say nothing of the laws of the land and the great crime of human slavery in its relation to free governments, they still seemed to have a correct knowledge of the sin, from a higher-law standpoint; and though for the most part those coming into camp were barefoot and hatless, with but the scantiest of clothing, they were as happy as people never were happy before, and the name of the President—"Abraham," they called him—was on the lips of old and young alike, and they would say:

"Bress Mars Abraham foh, long time sab, we all ready to fall into Abraham's bosom." All associated

their deliverance from bondage with religious or devotional considerations, and many of the older and more actively religious ones took credit to themselves for this happy event, as the result of their praying and faithful service to the Master of us all, while they were serving cruel masters here, whose lashes were employed to compel obedience and service, while only the great love of God for the down-trodden, the meek and lowly, as manifested by the Holy Spirit, was necessary to compel obedience and service to Him, even to the provoking of the unmerciful displeasure of earthly masters, who withheld no punishment the lash could inflict, if devotion to God in the slightest degree, imaginary or real, interfered with these bondsmen's service to them.

And who can say these untutored minds were not logical in their deductions respecting the power and efficacy of prayer? Who will undertake to say that for years and years the Great Master had not been hearing these prayers; and that in the breaking of the shackles of 4,000,000 of slaves it was not in answer to the prayers of the sufferers? No wonder they said: "For yeahs, sah, we all bin reddy to fall into Abraham's bosom." And by what other means so sure may any of us expect to fall into "Abraham's bosom—the Great Master's," as that of prayer?

The 42d Regiment was for a considerable time encamped in a grove of trees on the edge of a large plantation where some three hundred slaves were held and worked. The former owner, a Mr. Clements, had died leaving the estate to heirs, of which a son, Hon. Jerre Clements, once a congressman from Alabama, was one. Hon. Jerre was an emancipationist of the Henry Clay school, and it was said he would not touch a dollar of money obtained by the sale of slaves.

Being thus located after the President's proclamation, the slaves from all quarters of the surrounding country poured into our camp. They sought employment of the "Yankee soldiers."

Could they cook, wash clothes, shave you, black your boots, take care of horses, etc., etc.?—Why, yes. Not one of them but what was an expert at anything, though ninety-nine out of a hundred had never served in any capacity, except in the corn and in the cotton-fields.

Could they sing and dance? Ah, there they were at home. But as to music! That they supplied in many forms for dancing; by whistling, "patting juba,"—and banjos—wholly improvised by themselves in the most original and unique sort of a way, or ways—for no two were alike. But as to songs—they were their own composers, and made their rhymes to correspond, sentimentally or otherwise, with surroundings.

Altogether, these sable sons of Ham could in a way, quite satisfactory to themselves, do anything for amusement of themselves or of others.

How happy they were all the day now that they were free, though many hardly knew what it was, or implied, but it was freedom.

"When the morning stars first sang together, and the hosts of God shouted for joy, the burden and theme of that celestial song, was the freedom of mankind."

CHAPTER XIII.

Alabama forsaken—March to Decherd, Tenn.—Tramp to Nashville.

AFTER breaking camp at Huntsville, the regiment moved in haste by the shortest possible route to Decherd Station on the Nashville & Chattanooga railroad, reaching that point on the 22d of August, where General Buell had established his headquarters.

Here we remained for days, or until the 30th of August, and if the reader will peruse with care the following pages he may discover a reason for the wonderment and surprise expressed by so many of the 42d Regiment, as well as by those of other regiments, respecting the apparently "incomprehensible strategy" of General Buell, of which there was so much complaint made, and which culminated in his final removal from command.

Before reaching Decherd Station, General Buell's headquarters were at Huntsville, Alabama. It must not be overlooked or forgotten that the objective of the troops in and about Huntsville was Chattanooga, Tenn., the key to that part of the South, and then occupied by a part of the enemy under the command of General Braxton Bragg. The following will explain:

CORINTH, July 8, 1861.

MAJOR-GENERAL BUELL, HUNTSVILLE.

The President telegraphs that your progress is not satisfactory, and that you should move more rapidly. The long time taken by you to reach Chattanooga, will enable the enemy to anticipate you by concentrating a larger force to meet you. I communicate his views, hoping that your movements hereafter will be so rapid as to remove all cause for complaint, whether well founded or not. H. W. HALLECK.

To this telegram by General Halleck to General Buell, the latter, at considerable length, and not very lucidly, to say the mildest of it, under date of July 11th explained his reasons, as alleged, contributing to make a more rapid advance impracticable, if not impossible.

On the 19th of August General Buell dispatched the information to Major-General George H. Thomas at McMinnville, that the enemy had crossed 300 cavalry and 3,000 infantry at Chattanooga the day before, possibly for foraging in Sequatchie Valley; but the sequel proved that Bragg had in view "foraging" in Kentucky, and that he did not intend to deliver battle north of the Tennessee river, if he could avoid it. This was the secret to our haste in retracing our steps, which to all the soldiers at the time seemed so very inexplicable and incomprehensible, and it is still a mystery to many why a rapid movement on Chattanooga, as clearly desirable as anticipated by the telegram from General Halleck to General Buell expressed, would not have been successful on the part of the Federal army, with probably no greater loss than was sustained by the Union army at the battle of Perryville, Ky.

From the best evidence obtainable, it is reasonably clear that General Buell was of the opinion Bragg's objective was Nashville, for August 30th he gave orders for the concentration of his whole army at Murfreesboro, and unquestionably this was done upon the assumption that Bragg was aiming for Nashville; but it is not the purpose of this author to enter into speculation as to "purposes."

Leaving Decherd Station August 30th, from that time on through the month of September, and up to and after the battle of Perryville, Ky., October 8, 1862, and well-nigh

to the close of that month, the 42d Indiana experienced the most remarkably hard usage, in common with the entire army.

The regiment, after rapid marches, beginning at 4 o'clock in the morning, and being kept up until 9 o'clock at night, reached Murfreesboro on September 3d, where it was supposed a halt would be made; but in the stead the entire army was ordered to Nashville, moving by the same rapidity.

Before leaving Decherd Station, it was understood that our line of communication between Nashville, Tenn., and Louisville, Ky., had been cut, and our supplies at the former had been in a great measure exhausted; therefore, along the line and at Murfreesboro the flour from all the mills of the country was impressed for use by our troops, and further, in addition to this lack of a sufficiency of suitable rations for men on the march, on arrival at Nashville, where it was thought there were Quarter-Master stores from which it was hoped new shoes might be had for the men, it was discovered that all these were exhausted, and many, many a comrade had to begin the march to Louisville almost barefoot.

On the night of the 6th of September we crossed the Cumberland river, and bivouacked in Edgefield. From this date on through the month the 42d accomplished a series of marches, under conditions, by day and by night, that, looking backward now, and calling them to mind, it appears as if it were incredible that any considerable number of the comrades could have withstood. The dust was from three to six inches deep, and, as before, the marches begun at four o'clock in the morning, were kept up, often without halt, until nine o'clock at night when, worn out, the men had to cook the flour for bread; mixed with any sort of water attainable, but usually that taken

from stagnant ponds along the line. Imagine bread made from flour, with nothing to season it save dirty water, and mixed on pocket handkerchiefs that had not been washed for weeks, then baked—or the dough dried—upon pieces of boards, flat stones, or anything to be had, and you, reader, who was not there, may draw an idea of how delicious the bread was, but can not have a realizing sense of the taste nor excellence of the same.

The comrades of the 42d Regiment had a vexing experience in this line after a very hard march in a detour to the right flank of the army, continuing till eight o'clock at night. The regiment then bivouacked in a dense woods where the ground was bountifully strewn with clean flat lime-stone rocks, seemingly to have been placed there by nature for the especial purpose of cooking what the boys called "flap-jacks" upon.

No time was lost in building rousing fires and preparing the dough for this rather tough form of bread, and fond hopes were indulged of a good supper, the clean flat lime-stone rocks being utilized for the purpose of cooking them on.

There was singing, cheerful joking upon the incidents of the day, as the cooking process was going on; when to the surprise and disappointment of the comrades there began a cracking and popping as if hundreds of toy pistols had been discharged in rapid succession, one after another. It was soon discovered that by the action of the heat on the rocks they had all exploded, scattering the "flap-jacks" to the four winds, together with the fond hopes of the comrades for supper. Did the boys swear? Well, as a matter of history, and to be accurate too, the answer is "yes."

The Chaplain, whose "flap-jacks" and hopes had van-

ished in the general disaster, looked serious and reflective, but said nothing, as if quite unable to "do the subject justice," until a comrade stopped swearing long enough to say: "Chaplain, 'a penny for your thoughts.'"

SUPPLEMENTAL TO CHAPTER XIII.

A chapter in the history of ten men from each company of the regiment is of unusual interest. When we left Huntsville, Ala., the medical stores were not removed with the troops; consequently, a detachment of the 42d Indiana, consisting of ten picked men from each company (100 in all), in charge of Capt. W. M. Cockrum, Company F, was ordered back to Huntsville, with a train of cars, to bring up the supplies. Supplemental to Chapter XIII, Captain C.'s report to Col. J. G. Jones is subjoined:

NASHVILLE, TENN., Sept. 5th, 1862.

COL. JAMES G. JONES, *Com'd'g 42d Ind. Vols.*

SIR: I have the honor to submit the following report of a command of 100 men under me, from August 27th to September 3d:

In obedience to orders through you from Brigāde Head-Quarters, dated at Decherd's Station, Tenn., September 27th, 1862, I, at 3 o'clock the morning of the 28th, took one hundred picked men (ten from each company of the regiment) and boarded a train of cars awaiting my order on the Nashville & Chattanooga railroad, and started to Huntsville, Ala., via Stevenson, to bring forward medical stores left at that place.

At about 10 o'clock A. M., some thirty miles south of

Stevenson, on the Memphis & Charleston R. R. the train conveying my command to Huntsville, was attacked, some ten or a dozen balls from muskets apparently, were fired into the tender of the locomotive, letting nearly all the water out. Two shots wounded the fireman, one breaking a leg, another an arm.

As soon as could be, the train was stopped, but not before the locomotive had run upon an obstruction of logs upon the track. No damage was done by this, however, further than breaking the fender in front of the engine.

As soon as I could, I got the men into position and in readiness. There were ten men in each car (stock cars, admirable to shoot from) and were then ready to repel any attack that might be made.

About one hundred and eighty yards to the right of the railroad, and in front of our train, there was a line of about one hundred and twenty-five as fine-looking men in citizen's dress as are often seen. All rode black horses, and thus drawn up in line began firing at us, evidently with shot-guns, for the balls did not reach us harmfully, but plentifully bespattered the ground in our immediate front. I then passed along the line of cars and told the boys to "give them thunder," and with their long-range Belgian muskets a few volleys put the fine-looking gentry to flight, and all this in less than three minutes of time. We could not tell the effect of the fire on the men certainly, as there were woods near their line; but of the horses, eight or ten were left on the ground.

An incident of this affair shows the pluck of the women in this rebel cause. In the midst of the fight a woman came out of the door of her house and ran to the head of the rebel column, waving what appeared to be a table-cloth, to cheer the men on.

The damage to the tender of the engine was repaired by pounding musket-balls into the holes made by rebel shots. Being on the down-grade of the road, the brakes were loosened and at Flint river, borrowing buckets from a wash-woman near by, the tender was supplied with water, when we proceeded without further interruption to Huntsville, loaded the cars with the medical stores, and by 10 o'clock p. m. were on the return trip.

Arriving at Stevenson about 10 o'clock the next day, it was found the place was besieged by a large force of rebels. Col. Chapin, of the 10th Wisconsin, ordered me to take my men off the train and assist in holding the enemy in check, until valuable stores there were loaded on the trains. I complied with the order, and was assigned position in a brick store-house. It was a frail structure, and being fearful the rebels would knock it down I asked and was granted permission to occupy a position by the railroad embankment. The rebels continued to shell the town, but when the stores were on the trains the fort was blown up, and houses containing heavy stores that could not be loaded were set on fire. I was then ordered to put my men into position, and march as the rear guard of the retreating column. Forty-eight of the 38th Indiana Regiment were assigned to duty with me. Marching late at night, we found the two regiments that formed the greater part of the column in camp at Crow creek. The next day my little command still brought up the rear, and at night we reached the summit of the Cumberland mountains.

The next day, finding we could not keep up with the rapid marching of the forward column, I pressed a horse into service, sent forward, and to my astonishment found

half of the two regiments in front loaded into and riding in wagons. I went forward and told Col. Chapin if he did not assign part of his transportation to my men I would cut loose from his command and get to my own as best we could. He gave me two wagons, and I pressed in two more, so then we got on nicely. We acted as rear guard for the 10th Wisconsin and 13th Michigan, for three days and nights.

At Tallahoma I found General Smith with a small command, and reported to him. He assigned us to the front the next two days. We had no idea where the regiment was until the night of arrival in Murfreesboro we found you marching by us. For the assignment of wagons for our men and the 48 of the 38th Indiana, all worn out in the march as a rear guard, we are grateful; as we reached this place somewhat refreshed. Three days and nights we held the enemy, in sight all the time, in check.

No men could have acted more gallantly, nor been more patient.

I have the honor to be yours, etc.,

W. M. COCKRUM,

Capt. Comd'g Detachment.

JOHN G. EIGENMAN.

The subject of these remarks was born at Flahingen, Baden, Germany, July 29, 1837, left Germany the latter part of 1856, and arrived in this country in the early part of 1857. He entered the U. S. Army in the 42d Indiana at the age of twenty-four years. At the time of entering the army, he was a contractor and builder of public buidings, which line of business he is engaged in at this date, 1892.

By reference to the roster of officers in the beginning of this book, it will be seen that he rose in the regular line of promotion of his Company D to the rank of captain. At the battle of Stone River he received a gun-shot wound in the left breast and lung. He was captured on the field on the 31st of December 1862, and gave his parole of honor. As a matter of some curiosity the parole of honor is produced here:

PAROLE OF HONOR.

I, the undersigned, Prisoner of War, Jno. Eigenman, Captain, captured near Murfreesboro, Tenn., hereby give my Parole Honor not to bear arms against the Confederate States, or to perform any military or garrison duty whatever, until regularly exchanged ; and further, that I will not divulge anything relative to the position or condition of any of the forces of the Confederate States.

This 3d day of January, 1863.

(Signed) JOHN EIGENMAN,
Capt. Co. D, 4² Regt. Ind. Vols.

Witness:
C. W. RIDER,
Capt. Pro. Marshal.



CAPT. JOHN EIGENMAN.

CHAPTER XIV.

*The March Continued—Water from Stagnant Ponds—
Suffering from Thirst.*

THROUGH Kentucky, as in most sections having limestone formation, there are at intervals basins in the earth's surface that contain the year through considerable quantities of water. It is utilized by the farmers to water stock of the farms from, and during the hot days of July and August a green scum gathers over its surface and it becomes so impure as not to be desirable for use by domestic animals. Our army was following much of the time in the wake of the rebel forces who had of course "troubled the water," in no way improving it, however, and often a Confederate mule or mules that had mustered out of service tranquilly slept in those ponds. It was no unusual thing to see comrades clearing the green scum from this water near where a dead mule or horse lay, and then to fill their canteens with this water, to be boiled for coffee and used on the march the day following to quench their thirst, for pure water was scarcely in the range of possibilities of obtaining. By this method of treatment the water was rendered tolerable, and only so.

There is no disposition to arrogance in the praise of the 42d Regiment because a former member of that command is penning these lines; but history is history; and, besides, it should be borne in mind that it is of the 42d Indiana in particular, and the Union army in general, that these pages are printed.

As was not an unusual thing, one day the regiment alone, except a section of a battery, made a detour to the right, covering during the day several miles more than the army did, returning to join the whole command of General Buell, at a point just before reaching Green river, a little after nine o'clock at night. There upon a level tract of land of several thousand acres, on which were farms in a high state of cultivation, and owned by rich rebels, the whole army had bivouacked under the star-lit sky.

It was estimated that not less than 50,000 soldiers were there, and upon the approach of the 42d Indiana from an eminence, one of the grandest of exhibitions was spread before us, by the thousands on thousands of camp fires that lighted up the surroundings, while the men sang songs, cooked their scanty rations and swore at the "flap-jacks." It was a grand sight. Imagine the blaze of ten thousand camp fires, surrounded by groups of comrades, with stacks of arms by the thousand, their bright bayonets gleaming in the light as bright as day almost, and you may conjecture the appearance of that scene. On stacking arms for bivouac an order was read to the men that they were only allowed to take the top rails of the fences for cooking supper. It is simply wonderful what a great number of camp-fires the "top rails" of fences will make, and how bright. But few of them were left to cook breakfast with, and hundreds of acres of corn were at the mercy of stock on our departure in the morning.

CHAPTER XV.

*At Louisville—"God's Country"—Visit by Gov. Morton—
"More fighting and less Marching."*

FOOTSORE, ragged, covered with dirt—not having a change of clothing on the march—Louisville was reached at last, on the 25th day of September, 1862. The boys then got a little rest, and it was next to impossible to keep them in camp. All begged to go to the river, and look again on, as they would say, "God's country." There we were visited by Governor Oliver P. Morton, who cheered the Hoosier boys, and inspired them with new confidence and hope. It was there he said to General Buell: "Give Indiana soldiers less marching and more fighting." It was also while we were resting awhile that Major-General Nelson met his fate at the Galt House, at the hands of Brig.-Gen. Jeff. C. Davis, for a gross personal insult. The details of this circumstance are familiar to all, perhaps, so they are not repeated here.

The love and devotion of Governor Morton for and to the Indiana soldiers and their great love for him were again put on exhibition at Louisville, when after a characteristic speech by him to the comrades their hearty and ringing cheers rent the air, echoing and re-echoing, until, as it seemed, all Indiana gave back the reverberating shout.

The boys of the Forty-second, after this long and hard "tramp," were indulging in all sorts of fond hopes, a long rest, furloughs, new and clean clothes, and all that; but their hopes were soon dispelled by an order to move.

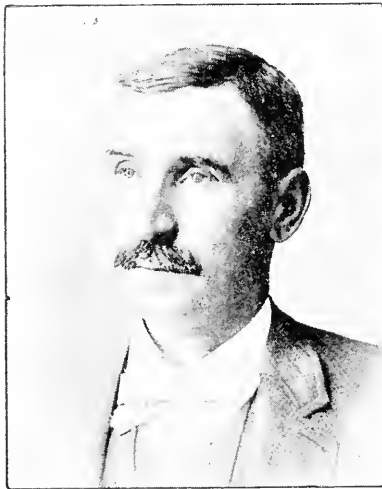
Every available man, and many who did not prove available from late hardships, were paraded for active work, this time with a full understanding that they were soon to be allowed to fight. The same sort of dusty roads, the same scarcity of water and the same causes for discouragement were encountered, except for a great part of the way "double quick" time was made.

In the distance on the morning of the 8th of October, the occasional sound of the artillery—and as we advanced the more frequently—was heard, and gave note of warning, and a battle impending; or, could it be only that General Buell was endeavoring to frighten Bragg out of the way—was a problem that met a most decimating solution later, for the 42d Indiana—a sad solution indeed.

It is often asked of soldiers by those who never saw a battle. "How did you feel when entering upon the first fight?"

Perhaps the best answer to that question is: "To be understood, it must be experienced."

The sense of responsibility, however, resting on all, officers and men, the officers very greatly, cuts a large or small figure in the case, as it is felt and recognized. The flag, however, is an inspiration, and every time a soldier looks on it in battle, kissed by the breeze, or riddled with bullets, he is reminded of the great protection it affords. As the christian finds comfort and feels security and protection in an hour of danger "clinging to the cross," so the soldier by "clinging to the flag" gets courage. And if he be also a "soldier of the cross" he has a double anchor of protection and hope.



CAPTAIN ELDER COOPER.

ELDER COOPER.

This comrade was born in Ireland, in 1839. In 1857 he emigrated to this country, and engaged in book-keeping in a grocery store in Evansville, Ind.


His father and uncles were officers in the British navy. On the organization of the 42d Indiana, Mr. Cooper forsook his position as a book-keeper, to become commissary sergeant of the regiment.

Successively he was promoted in the line until he reached the rank of captain of Company D, of the regiment, a position he held until he was mustered out of service, as will be seen by reference to the roster of officers. He volunteered in the service of his adopted country before being a naturalized citizen of the United States.

After returning from the army, Captain Cooper re-engaged in the grocery business, which he followed successfully in Evansville and Vincennes. He is now a resident of Evansville, where, in addition to his present business as dealer in real estate, he is Deputy United States Marshal. He is a progressive, wide-awake business man, and a typical Irishman.

CHAPTER XVI.

A Memorable Day—The First Battle—Hot Work all along the Line.

N the morning of the 8th of October, 1862, the 42d Regiment moved on the "double quick" for more than a mile. When Bragg's rear was reached, and before the command took position, it was drawn up into line, as if on dress-parade, and an order was read to the men, to the effect that under no conditions would a soldier be allowed, under penalty, to assist a comrade off the battle field who was unfortunate enough to be wounded. Under such circumstances as that, reading of that kind does not always act as a nerve tonic. Such orders are issued to be obeyed; and it was indeed a study to look along the line and observe the varying effect on the officers and men, who for the first time were to engage in the death conflict.

The day was very hot, and few of the men had water in their canteens. Col. W. H. Lytle of the 10th Ohio commanded the brigade, Major-General Lovell H. Rousseau the Division, and the invulnerable and invincible Major General George H. Thomas the corps, Col. James G. Jones in command of the regiment.

The command passed the main line, into a ravine where there was water, and it was there while all were engaged cooking and eating dinner that the enemy broke upon us. The first intimation we had of the immediate presence of the rebels was a shot from their cannon, which passed directly over the heads of the field and staff officers, cutting limbs and branches away, which fell with a crash

upon "headquarters' mess." The next was one aimed lower, which knocked away a stack of guns. Then, in quick succession the rebel infantry uncovered from the woods, and began firing into our right flank. It was then we understood we were "in for it," and our fond hopes of fighting were soon to be realized. What was done, what to do, was quickly discussed. A staff officer from Gen. Lytle dashed down the hill, and gave orders for the regiment to break by companies to the rear, and re-form on the top of the hill to the left of the 10th Ohio, in an open field. This evolution, performed, as it was, under fire of the rebel forces now marching in double column at quick time upon us, was not accomplished without great confusion. As each company had to make its way out of this "trap" as best could be, through gulches in the hill for a covering, or in plain view of the advancing foe, the more is the wonder that the companies were united at all for that action; but it was done admirably, and in double quick time at that. Scarcely had the command re-formed and aligned for battle, when the order came to change base and take position almost at right angles with the 80th Indiana, a regiment of altogether raw and undrilled men, commanded by Lieut.-Col. Brooks, of Loogootee, Ind., which command was supporting the 19th Indiana battery of artillery.

General Rousseau rode before the 80th Indiana, which body of men had not been in the field thirty days, with his hat on the top of his sword, held high above the head, and the men, as if by one voice, arose and cheered him long and loud. The history of the war possibly produces no record of nobler gallantry by fresh or raw troops, directly from the farm, the shop, the law-offices and school-rooms, and other ordinary walks of life, with no previous military training.

Simonson's 19th Indiana Battery and the 50th Indiana on the left of the 42d Indiana engaged the enemy hotly as he advanced, the line of the regiment last named and the 42d forming an angle; the battery of artillery occupying a good position on a small knob between the two. Just at this point the attention of our command was directed to a strong line of the enemy approaching our front. Instantly a heavy fire was opened upon them, but they moved on as steadily, apparently, as if on drill in camp. Some practiced marksmen of Company G of the Forty-second were ordered to keep the rebel flag down. Three times it, with its bearer, fell, and was taken up again. The fourth time it fell within seventy-five yards of our line. At the onset of this engagement, which for us began about 3:30 o'clock, P. M., October 8th, 1862, Captain Chas. G. Olmstead, Company A, fell, shot dead, the ball entering near the center of the forehead. He was urging, encouraging and cheering his men and had just said to them: "This is as good a place to die as any other," and the words had scarcely died on his lips when he fell, killed outright.

He was one of the best drill-masters of the line, and was loved by all. He fell at his post of duty. The lines of Wolfe are not inappropriate:

"No useless coffin enclosed his breast;
Not in sheet or shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

* * * *

"Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
But left him alone in his glory."

Lieutenant Smith, Company C, was severely wounded and others more or less. A stray shot had struck Lieu-

tenant-Colonel Denby in the mouth, and as he rode hither and thither, the blood covering his mouth and face, the officers and men nerved themselves to the greatest possible exertions. Major Shanklin had received a slight scalp wound, Colonel James G. Jones, who acted most gallantly, being the only one of the field or regimental officers present who escaped unhurt. The particular regiment against which we were pitted was what was known in the earlier part of the war as the "Louisiana Tigers." This fight at Perryville, in which but a small part of the available force on the Federal side was engaged, lasted full six hours; though the actual fighting of the Forty-second was not to exceed two hours.

It was while the Forty-second soldiers were lying down behind a fence that Captain Eli McCarty, Company G, was wounded, a stray shot crushing his right shoulder. Faster and still faster the rebels were closing upon us. The 10th Ohio, at the head of which General Lytle was, had held out well, sustaining heavy loss, the General himself falling severely wounded, but it at last was obliged to give way.

The morning of October 8th, the regiment numbered less than five hundred effective men. The entire loss, officers and men, killed, wounded and missing, was 166, or fully one-third of the entire command. The available fighting force of Company G, which was commanded by the writer of this, was fifty-two rank and file, and the loss in killed and wounded twenty-two, leaving but thirty who escaped. No means are at hand to give the loss of other companies in detail, but the aggregate figures will show that each one suffered nearly alike. Company G being one of the largest, if not the largest of the companies, accounts for this large percentage of killed and wounded.

During all this heavy and exciting engagement, in addition to the fire of small arms, the enemy's artillery played upon us constantly, but not one inch of ground was lost, but two slight advances for better positions were made.

This was the first general engagement the regiment was in, and its loss was by far the greatest of any of the succeeding ones. As night-fall was about to set in, while the command was not only holding the position with firmness and steadiness, but really forcing the enemy back, it was discovered that another command of the rebels was approaching on the right to enfilade us, but before they approached near enough for the shots to have much effect orders came to retreat over the hill, and the fight ended, the enemy occupying the ground we fought on, for the most part of the night. Next morning, Bragg's army was far out of our reach, and a few days latter left the State of Kentucky, but not without having secured large quantities of army supplies, which indeed appeared to be the chief aim in entering the State at all, for no military advantage for the rebel cause was gained; and even in this to us unsatisfactory and perhaps premature engagement, that army was punished as severely as ours. Had all the troops on the Federal side that were available and in sight on that day been brought into action, no doubt was entertained but the result would have been a very severe chastisement, if not the almost entire destruction of that wing of the rebel army.

The regiment was allowed the next day to rest; then it moved on, leaving the dead comrades to be buried.

“ On fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread;
And glory guards, with silent round,
The bivouac of the dead.”

There they sleep—

“Beneath the low, green tent,
Whose curtain never outward swings.”

The next move was to New Market, Ky., where a little more rest was had and where the regiment was paid off, new clothes issued and a general overhauling had.

“Oh, the stormy times we knew
In our suits of army blue,
When you and I were soldier boys together.
We recall those days with pride,
When we battled side by side,
And marched through bright as well as
stormy weather.”

The next movement was by way of Crab Orchard, and a winding and wandering march to the turnpike, leading out to Nashville, where we remained in camp for some time, reorganizing into brigades, divisions, etc. On this march, late on the evening of about the 20th of October, Major-General Rosecranz appeared as the commander-in-chief. He was received by all the troops with enthusiastic cheers. There was a dash about the man that took with the soldiers at the start.

An incident of this battle that will not be forgotten by those who witnessed it was that of the national flag being shot down. It was that of the 10th Ohio; and when the flag in plain view of our regiment fell, the color bearer being shot down, many a teardrop was seen upon the cheeks of comrades of the 42d Regiment at the sight, and the thought that it fell by the hands of our own countrymen.

Another incident will serve to show how singularly cool some men can be under fire and in battle. Between the line of the 42d Indiana and the rebel regiment pitted in particular against us was a dense thicket of briars and

underbrush. Upon the firing becoming brisk on both sides, a rabbit, evidently frightened too bad to run fast, jumped carefully along as if to pass the line to the rear. A comrade, observing the animal, stopped firing long enough to kill the creature with the butt of his musket, then very coolly began shooting at the rebels, as he had been doing before.







WM. JONES.

WILLIAM JONES.

The gentleman named above was born in Gibson county, Ind., Sept: 22, 1832. He was brought up on a farm, and had only the advantage of the country winter schools for an education. He enlisted in Company E, 42d Indiana, as a private soldier, was made a corporal of his company, and rose to the rank of first lieutenant. He was twice wounded in battle, and carries a ball in his right side. In all his relations as a soldier, Lieutenant Jones proved himself an honor to his company and regiment, and won the respect and confidence of all. He remained in the service of his country until the close of the war, when he was mustered out with the regiment. He has a wife and one child, a daughter. At the close of the war he returned to farm life, which occupation he is still employed in. His post-office address is Owensville, Ind.

CHAPTER XVII.

Official Reports—What Buell and Bragg had to say.

In order that the greatest light and best information might be placed at the disposal of comrades regarding this battle, the following record from official sources will not fail to prove of interest; the more especially because of the much adverse criticisms indulged of General Buell, that in many cases were very nearly equivalent to charges of disloyalty to the Union cause.

GENERAL BUELL'S BRIEF REPORT.

PERRYVILLE, KY., Oct. 9, 1862.

TO MAJOR GENERAL H. W. HALLECK:

I have already advised you of the movement of the army under my command, from Louisville. More or less skirmishing occurred daily with the enemy's cavalry since then and it was supposed the enemy would give battle at Bardstown.

My troops reached that point the 4th, driving the enemy's rear guard of cavalry and artillery of the main body to Springfield, whither pursuit was continued. The center corps under General Gilbert moved in the direct road from Springfield to Perryville, and arrived on the 7th one mile from town, where the enemy was found to be in force. The left column under General McCook came upon the Maxville road yesterday about 10 o'clock, (the 8th). It was ordered into position to attack, and a strong reconnoissance directed.

At 4 o'clock I received a request from General McCook for reinforcements, and learned that the left had been

seriously engaged for three hours and that the right and left of that corps were being turned and seriously pressed. Reinforcements were immediately sent forward from the center. Orders were issued to the right column under General Crittenden, which was advancing by the Lebanon road to push forward and attack the enemy's left, but it was impossible for it to get into position in time to produce any decided results.

The action continued till dark. Some sharp fighting also occurred in the center. The enemy was everywhere repulsed, but not without some momentary advantage on the left. The several corps were put in position during the night and moved to the attack.

At 6 o'clock this morning (Thursday) some sharp skirmishing occurred with the enemy's rear-guard.

* * * I have no accurate report of our loss yet. It is probably heavy, including several valuable officers. Generals Jackson and Terrill, I regret to say, are among the killed.

D. C. BUELL,

Major-General Comd'g.

Extract from Major-General Thomas' report to Congress on Conduct of the War.

At daylight on the morning of the 8th of October, the cavalry under Colonel Ed. McCook, in advance of the right wing, had reached a point in the foregoing communication (reference is made to General Buell's order of October 7th) on the Lebanon and Perryville road. Upon his arrival Colonel McCook sent a message that he had encountered the enemy's pickets and had driven them a mile in the direction of Perryville. I immediately rode to the front and gave directions for Crittenden's corps, sending my aid, Capt. O. A. Mack, 4th U. S. Artillery, to General Buell, reporting my position and requesting him

to send orders by Capt. Mack; the enemy being reported immediately in my front, for which reason I did not like to leave my troops. About 4 P. M. Capt. Mack returned with verbal orders from General Buell to hold one division to reinforce the centre, if necessary, and also to reconnoiter my front to see if the enemy had reinforced his left, or was withdrawing, which information was to be reported to him immediately. Notwithstanding my reconnaissance developed the enemy still in my front, I had no orders to advance."

One other paper, an extract from General Bragg's official report, taken in connection with the above, may or may not go to show what was often charged, that neither General Buell nor General Bragg proposed to deliver battle in Kentucky, if it could be avoided, and that it was the officers lesser in command on both sides who precipitated the battle of Perryville. A strange part of Bragg's report is the closing paragraph, in which he says, after the disposition for battle by General Hardee: "I declined to assume command."

(Extract.) * * *

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT NO. 2.
BRYANSVILLE, KY., Oct. 12, 1862.

SIR: Finding the enemy pressing heavily in his rear near Perryville, Maj.-Gen. Hardee, of Polk's command, was obliged to halt and check him at this point. Having arrived at Harrodsburg, from Frankfort, determined to give him battle there and accordingly concentrated three divisions of my old command, the Army of the Mississippi, now under command of Maj.-Gen. Polk,—Cheatham's, Buckner's and Anderson's,—and directed General Polk to take command on the 7th, and attack the enemy the next morning. With-er's division had gone the day before to support Smith. Hearing on the night of the 7th that the force in front of

Smith had rapidly retreated, I moved early next morning to be present at the operations of Polk's command.

The two armies were formed confronting each other, on opposite sides of the town of Perryville. After consulting the General, and reconnoitering the ground, and examining his dispositions, I declined to assume command, but suggested some changes and modifications of his arrangements, which he promptly adopted."

Note the reports of each, Buell and Bragg. While each declare intention to give battle, there is seemingly ambiguity in the reports of both; if not the employment of equivocal language, to the effect that while both were willing to claim what there was of honor in a battle unquestionably precipitated prematurely, neither felt it quite safe to attack by official report commanders of divisions or corps.

The problem of this battle that led very many to distrust General Buell's loyalty to the Union cause,—righteously or unrighteously,—and his final removal from command, and in which battle the 42d Indiana suffered so severely, will perhaps never be correctly solved. This author brings only records which seem to lead, or point plainly to logical deductions however.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Saying Good-Bye—The Bravest sometimes shed Tears.

THE battle was over, but the losses to the regiment left a gloom hanging over all. The command, as the next day it moved forward, passed hard by the field hospital.

Comrades who had been from enlistment together, never separated night or day, were now parting no doubt for the last time, and forever; and many a tear-drop fell, and many a sigh was heard, many a heart surcharged with sadness as a few parting words were uttered.

“The bravest are the tenderest.
The loving are the daring.”

Leaving the Perryville battle-field the command moved in the direction of New Market. As before the fight there was great scarcity of water, the opposite had now obtained for the first night in bivouac, as the men lay on a meadowy lawn asleep, rain fell in such a torrent that the earth on which the soldiers lay was flooded several inches deep.

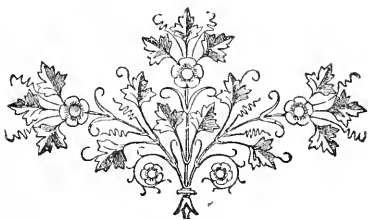
The command reached New Market on the 12th of October, and bivouacked on the bank of a small stream of water. During the night, as the men lay covered only with blankets and the canopy of heaven, snow to the depth of two inches fell, covering all.

At the sound of the bugle at reveille, when the comrades threw their blankets from covering their heads, the snow fell into their faces almost to blinding them.

Madder men or profaner are not often seen; until a wag of the regiment with longer hair than regulations allowed, locks all full of snow, mounted a stump and in a thundering voice cried out, “Here’s your mule.”

The effect was magical. Good nature was restored at once, and songs were substituted for curses. At this place the paymaster, the sutler and the chaplain all came up. The sutler's patriotism always enjoyed a "boom," as well as the chaplain's courage on the arrival of the paymaster.

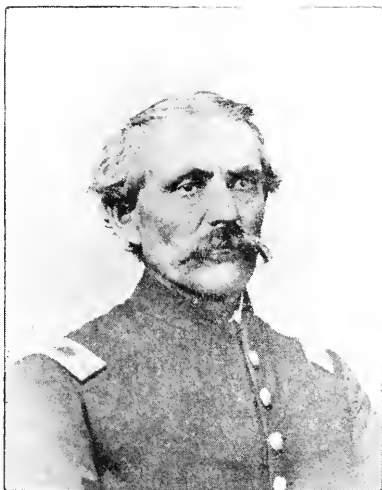
Quartermaster stores in abundance also reached the regiment, and what with plenty of money in their pockets and new clothes, the "boys" began again to think that, after all, "life was worth the living;" and why not?



ISAAC W. M'CORMICK.

This gentleman was born December 10, 1817, in Washington, Ind. He died September 5, 1891. The name of Capt. I. W. McCormick to the people of his native town and county for fully sixty years past has been as familiar as "household words." He was one of the most popular men that Daviess county ever boasted of. He died at the ripe age of 74 years, in Knox county, and after a life of usefulness he sleeps well in the Odd Fellows' cemetery near Washington. Captain McCormick entered the United States service as first lieutenant of Company G, 42d Indiana Vols., with the organization of the regiment, and remained with it until the Atlanta campaign was well advanced, when he failed because of age and the extreme hardships, and resigned.

Returning home, as soon as he had recovered he was elected sheriff of Daviess county, an office he had held two terms before. He was five times elected sheriff of his native county. As a soldier and an officer, he was all that the words "good soldier and faithful and kind officer" imply.



CAPT. J. W. McCORMICK.

CHAPTER XIX.

Col. James G. Jones as Brigade Commander — Back to Nashville—Capt. James L. Orr as Brigade-Quartermaster—Three Days Battle of Stone River—Sketches of Lieut. Col. James M. Shanklin and General John Beatty.

WHEN the road leading from Louisville to Nashville was reached again, we went into camp for a general overhauling and reorganization of our division. The absence, from wounds, of General Lytle made it necessary for the selection of another commander for our brigade, which upon its reorganization consisted of four regiments, viz.:

The Forty-second Indiana, Fifteenth Kentucky, Third Ohio and Eighty-eighth Indiana. Col. James G. Jones being the senior colonel, he succeeded to the command, and at once drew on the Forty-second for two staff officers, namely Capt. James L. Orr for Brigade Quartermaster, and the writer of this for Ordinance officer and Inspector, both of whom entered upon the discharge of their duties at once. Major-General Lovell H. Rosseau remained in command of the division. All the commands, comparatively speaking, were re-equipped. There were no companies, perhaps, in the brigade whose guns were all of the same caliber; for those who had the old 69-calibre muskets at the start, altered from flint-locks to percussions, had when opportunity offered exchanged them for Engfield rifles, or for new muskets of 58-calibre, so it made it very difficult to supply them with ammunition! It was highly necessary, therefore, for uniformity of calibre to be obtained in every regiment.

This work was not completed until after reaching Nashville again, which was in the first part of December, where the Army of the Cumberland took shape, and during the month of December rapidly prepared for active operations against the enemy, then entrenched and fortified at Murfreesboro. The organization of the whole army was pushed with all possible celerity that efficiency would admit of. The troops were provided with excellent quarters, and kept in the best of spirits, so when the order to advance came every soldier took up the line of march with full confidence of success in chastising the enemy and his dislodgment from Murfreesboro.

The brigade and division to which the Forty-second belonged moved in the center, by way of Lavergne, and on the turnpike encountering the rebel advance pickets at the place last named. The late heavy rains had flooded the whole country about Lavergne with water, and heavy rains continued to fall. It was on the evening of the 30th of December that our brigade reached and joined the main army, then in position, confronting the rebels in line of battle along the banks of Stone river, and at once took place in the center covering the turnpike and the railroad leading into Murfreesboro.

The corps of the army of the Cumberland were commanded respectively by Major-General McD. McCook on the right, Major-General George H. Thomas in the center, and Major-General Thomas Crittenden on the left. On the morning of the 31st the enemy massed his forces on the right, and his plans were so well laid that before re-inforcements could reach General McCook his whole corps was driven with more or less confusion, but at from 7 to 10 o'clock A. M. his troops resisted the rebel advance with great bravery, contesting every inch of ground,

until sufficient re-inforcements were thrown forward to check the advance.

It was about 9 o'clock A. M. of that day that Major-Generals Thomas and Rosseau rode to Col. John Beatty, 3d Ohio, then commander of the brigade, and gave orders for the occupancy of a cedar wood to the right of the turnpike. Quickly the command was in position, and instructed to throw up such temporary breastworks as they could make from fallen trees, and then to lie down for the advance of the rebels, then advancing directly toward our right center. This done with the Fifteenth Kentucky on the right of the brigade, it was not more than ten minutes until a heavy volley of musketry was heard, and then shooting all along the brigade line for a few moments, which, after that, measurably ceased. Upon Colonel Beatty sending a staff-officer to the right to see what was done, and what to do, the Fifteenth Kentucky could not be found, nor any trace of the regiment had. As there was a gap of seventy-five or a hundred yards between each regiment, through the dense woods of pine trees and the underbrush, and amid the smoke of battle, it was impossible for one regiment to know in detail what the other was doing. The sequel proved that the rebels, aiming a flank movement on our brigade to the right, had been observed by the Fifteenth Kentucky and a heavy volley of musketry was poured into their ranks, which was returned by the enemy with galling effect. Col. Foreman, the brave and chivalrous officer commanding the Fifteenth Kentucky, had been killed in the attempt to rally his men who had been thrown into confusion by this sudden action; and Major H. F. Kalfus, upon whom the command then devolved, had ordered a precipitate retreat of the regiment, leaving the dead

bodies of Col. Foreman and comrades on the field, at once occupied by the rebels. Of Major Kalfus more will be said further on, as it in part relates to the history of the Forty-second Indiana.

It was known that our brigade was thrown into these cedar woods to assist in holding the rebels in check, while new lines to our rear were being fixed. In a brief time it was discovered by Colonel Beatty and staff that the confederates were still rapidly moving through the woods in order to gain our right and rear, so as to completely cut the command off, and that result could have been nothing short of the capture of the whole brigade. Instantly the regiments were "faced about," and the order or command given to "change front forward on the right." This evolution, now in open view of the enemy, was performed with the greatest coolness by officers and men. Indeed the movement could not have been executed better, had the regiments been on a brigade drill. By the 42d Indiana it was executed agreeably to the drill, in every particular. Capt. W. M. Cockrum, Company F, on reaching the new line placed himself at the head of the company, in the front rank, gave the command "Right Dress," which was followed by each company commander. Such coolness under heavy fire as that evinced by officers "aligning the ranks" is unusual, very unusual. Discipline did it.

Then fighting began in earnest. The lines of the federals and confederates were at no time more than from seventy to one hundred yards apart. For two hours these three regiments, Eighty-eighth Indiana, Third Ohio and Forty-second Indiana—the last named in the center—held their positions; then General Hazen's brigade of regular troops was sent in to re-enforce us. Lieutenant-Colonel Shanklin, commanding the Forty-second, who acted most gallantly, had his horse shot under him.

For two hours more the brigades fought a most desperate fight, maintaining their ground, but with heavy loss. The enemy from a review of the position after the battle was all over was punished much more severely, however. It was about 4 o'clock P. M. before these troops were ordered out, making the actual fighting time that day for the Forty-second about seven hours and thirty minutes. The commands then retired to the rear of the main line, and across the railroad and turnpike. During this time the federal lines had been reformed, and readjusted and fixed in the curve of a horseshoe—reserves occupying the center of the curve—with thirty pieces of artillery massed in the right center, caliber six and twelve pounders, Lieutenant Van Pelt, commanding Loomis' famous battery of six steel pieces, occupied the right. When all our troops in front of this new line had been withdrawn the enemy made a bold and rapid advance. It was not until they had approached to within perhaps two hundred yards of our new line that the order to fire with artillery came. The pieces were all double-shotted with "grape" and "canister." The enemy's lines, now in full view, were mowed down like grain before a reaper, while our infantry, then entrenched behind fallen trees and railroad ties, were comparatively safe, and were pouring a most destructive fire into the rebel's ranks. It was a scene of "carnage and death," rarely witnessed, but when once seen never to be forgotten. The chronicler of these sanguinary events was an eye-witness, having taken position with Lieutenant Van Pelt, on the right center. But the advancing foe was not easily checked. As soon as one line of troops melted away under this terrific fire of cannon and small arms, another was ready to take its place. The scene which lasted for

near an hour was indescribable. No pen can adequately picture it. Our loss in that particular part of the battle was comparatively small, but for the rebels it was almost like riding

“ Into the mouth of hell—
Into the jaws of death.
Cannon to the right of them,
Cannon to the left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered,—
Stormed at with shot and shell.”

But onward, and still advancing, the rebels came. Many of their soldiers threw down their arms when in thick underbrush; and under cover of that and the smoke of the guns actually crawled on hands and knees to our line, and gave themselves up as prisoners of war.

But why linger upon a scene that even a faint idea of which, can not be pen-pictured, or word-painted? That is not the purpose of these papers, but to revive in the living the memory of the past, and call up a remembrance of the gallent men of the old Forty-second, who fell there. This scene closed the first day's fighting at the battle of Murfreesboro.

The second day, the Forty-second, with the brigade, took its regular place in the center proper, and on the front line. It was apparent plainly from the enemy's actions that day that he had been badly punished. From morning to noon, and from noon till night, the rebels were feeling of our line. On the right a feint would be made, then on the left, then on the center; and thus on through the whole day, but no general attack was made. The horseshoe shape of our line gave great advantage to our army. Reinforcements could be thrown in a very brief time from right to left,—from the hollow of this

formation to the center or anywhere, the distance being then from our right to our left not to exceed three-fourths of a mile at any time, while to reinforce any part of theirs, the rebel troops were compelled to move from a mile and a half to three miles. Thus, though General McCook's corps had been driven in the morning of the first day, the military position of our army on the second was by far the more advantageous.

An incident may not be amiss here. On the first day of the fight, Colonel Gareschea, General Rosecrans' chief-of-staff, was killed on the field, and when near his commanding general shot through the head. On the night of the 1st of January, 1863, at General Rosecrans' headquarters mass was celebrated, the general's brother officiating.

All that night the two armies kept up a brisk picket firing, while occasionally the darkness would be lighted up by cannonading and an artillery duel. These artillery duels, it may properly be remarked perhaps, are awfully grand to look at, especially when the observer is not in range. In that event they are almost too exciting for the grandeur to have the proper appreciation.

The third day of the battle was in all respects—viewed from the center and front—the same as the second, until about 3 o'clock p. m., when it was definitely known that to cover his retreat, or the beginning of the evacuation of Murfreesboro, it had been decided to throw a heavy body of men against General Crittenden's corps, occupying our left and covering Murfreesboro. Immediately re-enforcements were thrown to the left, and for near three hours the battle raged with unabated fury. This particular engagement the Forty-second did not figure in. After half or three-quarters of an hour, the enemy began to give way on his right, our cavalry and infantry pressing

him hard, and pursuing rapidly. In an hour the rebel line had been straightened out, and Murfreesboro, some two miles away, was practically uncovered. It was then our artillery again rendered the most valuable service. From an eminence on our left center an enfilading fire was kept up until night closed upon the scene. It was a grand afternoon's work. Grand because of the splendid fighting of our troops—indeed of the confederates as well—but particularly grand for our army because of the result. Though the loss on the federal side was heavy, yet the objective point of the army was then gained. The closing half hour of the battle was particularly exciting for the reserves. Staff and regimental officers came dashing to the rear with captured rebel flags, by the half dozen, then the gallant “boys in blue” knew we had won the day. A scene of wild enthusiasm and vociferous cheering arose from the reserves so long and so loud that the sound even of the “din of battle” to our left was deadened by the joyous shouts of these invincible soldiers. The sight of General Rosecrans, or “Pap” Thomas, was the signal also for an outburst of enthusiastic cheering, louder and yet louder.

On the night of the 3d of January the Forty-second, Lt.-Col. Shanklin commanding, took picket guard immediately in front of the center. About midnight, he sent an order to brigade headquarters to report that the rebels were planting a battery of artillery so near that the commands of their officers could be distinctly heard, and asking for re-inforcements. The writer of this was at once ordered to report to Major-General Thomas, which was done, and after listening attentively General Thomas simply remarked: “Tell Lieutenant-Colonel Shanklin to hold that position at all hazards.” This order given to Lieut.

Colonel Shanklin, an hour later another request came with the same report, with the additional that he believed a regiment of rebel cavalry were also in his front, with the infantry and artillery. Once more this chronicler informed General Thomas of the supposed situation, but he was, or appeared to be, annoyed, and only answered with emphasis: "Tell Lieutenant-Colonel Shanklin to hold the position at all hazards." True soldier as he was, he had but one thing to do, and that was to obey orders. The fight came on in the darkness. It was sharp and destructive of life on both sides. The rebels had a section of artillery, the Forty-second had not. Our loss in that thirty or forty minutes' engagement was almost equal to that of the seven hours and thirty minutes of the first day. The command was overpowered; and, acting under the impression that the rebel force was much greater than it was, retreated to the main line, a distance of about one thousand yards, but Lieutenant-Colonel Shanklin and a number of privates were captured. No better or braver officer ever gave a word of command in any regiment than Col. J. M. Shanklin.

At daybreak, the enemy, which proved, as evidently General Thomas knew it to be only the rear guard to the rebels to cover a retreat from Murfreesboro, was gone, and by sunrise our forces in part had occupied the place. This ended the battle of Murfreesboro, the Forty-second almost the first in the fight, and of the last to fire a shot at the enemy in that engagement. So far its record has proven to be one not to be ashamed of. Let us see what it is in the future.

The loss of the regiment at this battle was in killed, wounded and missing, one hundred and fifty, officers and men. Of the dead let it be said:

*
 " Rest, there is no prouder grave
 Even in this proud clime."

It will not be amiss here, and it is but doing simple justice to Capt. Jas. L. Orr, of Evansville, to say that, though as brigade quartermaster he was, as all quartermasters were, a "noncombatant" in army parlance, himself, and his citizen clerk, Mr. James K. Patterson, took the field with Colonel Beatty's staff, and shared in the thickest and hottest of the fight.

* * * * * *

Moving to the battle of Murfreesboro, comrades J. C. Allison, Nicholas Wallace—"Fox" he was called, because on entering Camp Vanderburg he had worn a cap made of a fox skin with the long tail for a plume. They and Frank Walker were given permission by an officer to fall out of ranks and pick their way, as neither was well fitted for duty; upon the condition that they were to be on hand at the battle, which promptly they were.

On the way they found an abandoned cavalry horse and were to "ride and tie," alternately, the rider carrying the belongings of the others on the horse which was so poor that it resembled a razor-back Texas hog. Comrade Allison took the first ride, and before he had gotten a fourth of a mile on the bare back of that horse he surrendered it on the ground that it was not fair for him to ride so far. The next one learned a better reason however. Comrade Allison often attributes the length of his legs to the ride he took on that horse.

It has often been remarked of the seeming disproportion of soldiers' legs to their bodies; and this brings to mind a discussion once had between some persons as to the proper length of a man's legs, relatively with the body. The matter was referred to President Lincoln, who said:

“I never gave the matter a great deal of thought, but am of the opinion a man’s legs should be long enough to reach from his body to the ground.”

* * * * *

While the battle of Murfreesboro was raging, as our brigade lay in reserve one afternoon, late in the day an officer’s horse was killed by a cannon ball in the midst of comrades of the Forty-second, and before the blood had ceased to circulate in the animal, so hungry were the boys that they cut steaks from the dead animal and broiled them for supper.

* * * * *

While the battle was raging, one day, a brigade of the enemy passing the immediate front of the Forty-second was observed to be dressed in blue clothes. They marched leisurely by the right flank, and by many were mistaken for Union soldiers, and among the number thus deceived was Captain Cockrum, commanding Company F. Not wishing to take any risks of firing into our own men, Captain Cockrum ordered Wm. Jones, of Company E, with others to cease firing, as it was believed the men passing were federals. Mr. Jones ceased long enough to look back and say :

“Tell them to take off their d——d white blankets, and then I will quit firing.” Then resumed his work of shooting.

The supposed federals soon faced to the front and began pouring into the ranks of the Forty-second a most galling fire. Private Jones was “up” on the white blankets and was not deceived.

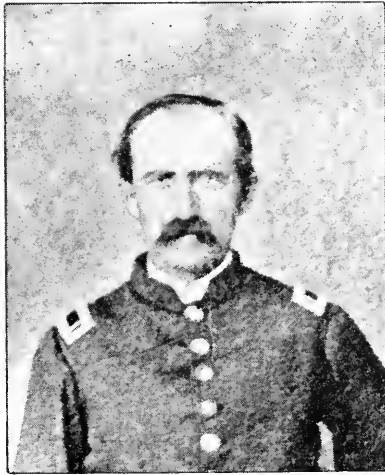
SPILLARD F. HORRALL.

The above-mentioned—the author of this book—was born May 22, 1829, in Veale township, Daviess county, Indiana. He was married, January 27, 1853, to Jane Crabbs, and to that union seven children were born, five sons and two daughters.

* His early life was passed on a farm, in agricultural pursuits, and during that time he had the advantage of the country schools as they were at that day. In the '50's he became a student at the Asbury University, Greencastle, Indiana, where he took a *belles-lettres* or scientific course of study, including the languages, and afterwards for several years was employed as a teacher in schools, the most important of which was in the capacity of principal of an academy at Benton, Ill., home of Gen. John A. Logan then.

His parents and grandparents were by birth South Carolinians, but were of the earliest settlers in Daviess county, Indiana. His grandfather, William Horrall, was a Revolutionary soldier, and his father, Thomas Horrall, a soldier of the War of 1812.

The subject of these remarks drifted into journalism in 1857, in Washington, Ind., continuing the profession of editor until 1861, when in October of that year he entered the United States service as Second Lieutenant of Company G, 42d Indiana, and in due course of changes was promoted to be captain of that company, holding such commission when, on September 16, 1864, by reason of disabilities from service, and severe sickness, he retired from active field service, but was employed, upon partial recovery, in the office of the Provost-Marshal-General, at Indianapolis, until very near the close of the war. Since the war he has



CAPT. S. F. HORRALL.

chiefly been engaged in his chosen profession as a journalist; and now resides in Washington, Indiana.

Nearly two years of his military life was employed as a staff officer—inspector—on the staff of Brigadier-General John Beatty, now of Columbus, Ohio.

In journalism, after the war, this gentleman, as local reporter on the *Daily Journal*, Evansville, Indiana, was one of the editorial and reportorial staff of Col. Jno. W. Foster, now Secretary of State. He has ever indulged a feeling of justifiable pride that his former chief in journalism has won such honor and distinction in diplomatic relations; as well as the fact that his military trainer, Col. Chas. Denby, U. S. Minister, Peking, China—likewise from Evansville, Indiana—has also won distinction as a successful diplomat. It is not often any city is so honored by *two* of its citizens—or a State, as to that matter.



CHAPTER XX.

After the Battle—Official Reports—Some Incidents.

FROM the archives of the War Department, by the courtesy of Col. John W. Foster, of the State Department, the author is enabled to place before the comrades Gen. John Beatty's modest official report of the fight. And by the courtesy of General Beatty, who forwarded a copy of a book, "The Citizen Soldier," written by himself, and his permission, copious extracts from it are made that will not fail to interest all.

No. 70.

REPORT OF COL. JOHN BEATTY, THIRD OHIO INFANTRY, COMMANDING SECOND BRIGADE.

HEADQUARTERS SECOND BRIGADE, FIRST DIVISION.
MURFREESBOROUGH, TENN., January 9, 1863.

SIR: In the recent engagement before Murfreesborough the casualties in my brigade were as follows:

Colonel Forman, Fifteenth Kentucky, was killed in the cedar woods on the morning of the 31st ultimo. He was a brave man and an excellent officer. Captain Bayne, of same regiment, fell at the same time, while urging his men forward.

Lieutenant-Colonel Shanklin, 42d Indiana Vol. Infy., was surrounded by a superior force on the morning of January 3d, and taken by the enemy. Col. George Humphrey, 88th Indiana, was wounded on the night of January 3d, in expelling the enemy from the woods in our front. He behaved gallantly throughout the fight. Capt. L. S. Bell, 3d Ohio Infy., wounded at the same time, conducted himself with great courage.

Lieutenant-Colonels Lawson, 3d Ohio, and Briant, 88th Indiana; Capt. J. H. Bryant, 42d Indiana; Lieutenants DuBarry and Wildman, 88th Indiana; J. B. McRoberts, 3d Ohio; S. F. Horrall and Jas. L. Orr, 42d Indiana; Mr. James K. Patterson, Evansville, and Actg. Asst. Adjt.-Gen. James S. Wilson, deserve *special* praise. Capt. C. O. Loomis and Lieutenants Van Pelt and Hale, of the 1st Michigan Battery, rendered most important service throughout the entire battle. No men could have conducted themselves with more courage and ability. There are other officers and men who should be mentioned favorably, but the reports of regimental commanders have failed to reach me, and it is impossible, therefore, to give them the credit they deserve.

My brigade had three separate encounters with the enemy on the first day. On the second and third days it was in front a portion of the time, skirmishing. On the night of January 3d, two regiments, led by myself, drove the enemy from their breastworks in the edge of the woods in our front.

I trust the conduct of the brigade throughout may be satisfactory.

I am, captain, very respectfully,

JOHN BEATTY,

Colonel, Commanding Second Brigade.

CAPT. M. C. TAYLOR,

Acting Assistant Adjutant-General, First Division.

General Beatty was as modest in everything as he was in his report of that battle. He was exacting of officers and men to the full discharge of all duty, and implicit obedience to orders *on* "duty;" but off, no man had a pleasanter vein of quiet humor than he. It bubbled and sparkled like the purest spring water in the bright sunlight. Of this battle we quote from his book:

"DECEMBER 31. At 6 o'clock in the morning my brigade marches to the front, and forms in line of battle.

At 9 o'clock we move into the cedar woods on the right to the support of McCook who is said to be giving way. The roar of musketry and artillery is incessant.

“General Rosseau points me to a place he desires me to defend, and enjoins me to hold it ‘until hell freezes over;’ at the same time telling me that he may be found immediately on the left of the brigade with Loomis’ battery. I take position. An open wood is in my front, but where the line is formed, and to the right and left, the cedar thicket is so dense as to render it impossible to see the length of a regiment. The enemy comes up directly, and the fight begins. The roar of the guns to the right and left and front of my brigade sounds like the continuous pounding of a thousand anvils. My men are favorably situated, being concealed by the cedars, while the enemy advancing through the open woods is fully exposed. Early in the action, Colonel Foreman, of the 15th Kentucky, is killed, and his regiment retires in disorder. The 3d Ohio, 88th and 42d Indiana hold the position and deliver their fire so effectively that the enemy is finally forced back. I find a Michigan regiment and attach it to my brigade; and send a staff officer to General Rosseau to report progress; but before he has time to return the enemy makes another and more furious assault upon my line. After a fierce struggle, lasting from forty to sixty minutes, we succeed in repelling this also. I send again to General Rosseau, and am soon after informed that neither he nor Loomis’ battery can be found. Troops are reported to be falling back hastily and in disorder on my left. * * * * *

I conclude that the contingency to which General Rosseau referred, that is to say, ‘that hell had frozen over,’ has arisen, and about face my brigade and march

to the rear, where the guns appear to be hammering away with redoubled fury. * * * *

I find that soon after the fight began in the cedars our division was ordered back to a new line, and that the order had been delivered to Scribner and Shepperd, and not to me. They had consequently retired to the second position under fire, and had suffered most terribly in the operation, while my brigade, being forgotten by the division commander or by the officer whose duty it was to convey the order, had held its ground until it had twice repulsed the enemy, and then changed position in comparative safety."

Comrades of the 42d Regiment, it is for you now and your children to read of your gallantry and intrepidity in this second battle, as evidenced by one in position to judge, and capable of bestowing a full mede of honorable, not fulsome praise, as is often given you by orators, who would draw invidious distinctions between you and your officers; not that their oratory (?) is at all truthful, but in a vain attempt to praise you, that you may applaud them. But here is the unselfish praise of a *competent* judge, who knows *what* he is talking about, testifying for you.

Reference in this writing has been made to the heroism of our brigade commander, and his modesty when commissioned as an officer of rank and position, in a measure was a part of the 42d Indiana; but of all this you know as well as the author of this book, for it was witnessed by you on fields of blood, "knee-deep in death."

But there was quite another phase in the man's life as a soldier that you did not see nor know, as this author saw and knew it on more occasions than one. It was on the night of January 1, 1863, that General Beatty wrote in his pocket memoranda, as follows:

“We all glory in the obstinacy with which Rosecrans clings to his positions. I draw closer to the camp-fire, and, pushing the brands together, take out my little bible and as I open it my eyes fall on the XCI Psalm.”

“I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress; my God, in Him will I trust. Surely He shall deliver thee from the snares of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence. He shall cover thee with His feathers, and under His wings shall be thy trust. His truth shall be thy shield and buckler. Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day, nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness, nor for the destruction that walketh at noon-day. A thousand shall fall by thy side, and ten thousand by thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.”

January 2d he wrote: “The hungry soldiers cut steak from the slain horses, and with the scanty supplies which have come forward prepare supper. * * *
We have held our ground, and in the last encounter have whipped the enemy.”

CHAPTER XXI.

*Promotion of Col. John Beatty to be Brigadier General—
The Hanging of Two Rebels in Camp.*

THE Forty-second with its old brigade organization, and division as well, went into the winter quarters at Murfreesboro after the battle, occupying several camping-grounds, and performing much guard and picket duty. The entire brigade was detailed in the spring for work on fortifications to the south of that city, and mainly built the fortifications about there. A large part of the rebel army had halted and fortified at Tullahoma, and as a consequence our front was constantly annoyed by detachments of their cavalry. The work on fortifications was kept up, and pushed vigorously, as a precautionary measure. Every fourth day, in addition to out-post, picket and skirmish duty, the regiment, as a whole, worked on fortifications.

It was there that in the Army of the Cumberland former slaves were put to work on fortifications; and while many an officer from Kentucky and some from Indiana thought they saw the purpose of the government evidently to be, to arm the former slaves, there appeared no objections to the employment of those "contrabands" in performing any other duty except that of fighting. These matters were freely discussed by regimental officers, and line officers as well. One day while Major H. F. Kalfus, 15th Kentucky, was at work with his men on the fortifications, referring to the probability of the government arming the negroes, he said: "I am willing

for negroes to be employed for such work as this, but when guns are put in their hands we (pointing to his men and speaking for all to hear) are all going home." This language was heard by one of Col. John Beatty's staff, and reported to him, who immediately caused it to be forwarded to department headquarters, and before night the offending major was placed in arrest, and three days afterwards "dishonorably dismissed the service for using mutinous language in the presence of his men." This circumstance put a stop to all criticisms by subordinate officers of the line of the Forty-second respecting the federal government, or the conduct of the war. It had a wonderful and excellent effect throughout the whole army also.

While at work on these fortifications Col. John Beatty was promoted to be brigadier-general of volunteers, and his old regimental officers of the brigade presented him with a splendid sword, sash, and a brace of excellent Colt revolvers. He was a strict but a most gallant officer, and beloved by all, privates and officers alike. Not long after this his old regiment, the 3d Ohio, was detailed with others to accompany Col. A. D. Straight in his raid to Rome, Georgia, and in the enemy's rear, and its place in our brigade filled by the 104th Illinois, a comparatively new regiment.

At Murfreesboro, or on the outside and inside the picket lines, the treachery of citizens was under all circumstances made manifest. A permit granted any to enter our camp from beyond the outer lines, or those inside, was only a permit for them to gain knowledge of our position, and that information to be given to the rebels, which was the direct cause of so much annoyance, especially on the outer lines in the direction of Tullahoma. It appeared that

every citizen was a spy. However, a sudden stop was put to this. Two of them with passes to our camp were captured, in company with rebel cavalry on a road leading to Hoover's gap, and as the evidence that they had acted as spies was conclusive there was in effect a "drumhead" court-martial on their cases, and they were at once hung in camp, the 42d Indiana with its division being paraded to visit the execution.

This circumstance is related, as well as that of the dismissal of Major Kalfus, to show that the time had come for a "more vigorous prosecution of the war" in our department, and to remark likewise that it too had a powerfully invigorating effect on the rank and file. No longer were men put to guard the rebels' property, or punished for declaring fence rails, hogs, cattle, and even horses, "contraband of war," as had been the case when the Forty-second first visited that part of the country. It put an end, too, to rebel citizens coming, or asking to come, into our camp, for the purpose of acting as spies.

The time spent at Murfreesboro was to good advantage. There that glorious and intrepid officer, General Thomas, taught us corps drill in person, and it was at this battle, and for his many humane acts there—on the march—and his invincibility and invulnerability afterward at the battle of Chickamauga that his troops became so much attached to him, that they almost worshiped the man.

It was while at this point also that Gen. James A. Garfield joined the Army of the Cumberland, as chief-of-staff for Gen. W. S. Rosecrans, taking the place of Col. Gareschea, who, as before stated, was killed outright during the last battle. It was understood that General Rosecrans offered General Garfield his choice between being chief-of-staff or the commander of a brigade, and that the

position first named was chosen. There never was or perhaps never will be a better army than the army of the Cumberland—of which the 42d Indiana formed a part—nor one in which more harmony and unity of action on the part of regimental officers and all company officers existed. Those on staff duty with general officers had ample opportunity of learning much that could not be learned elsewhere.

On the 24th of June, 1863, the army broke camp, and began marching against Tullahoma, where a wing of the rebel army was still entrenched. It began raining the day camp was broken, and continued for sixteen days and nights, with but brief intervals of cloudless or fair weather. The Forty-second moved on the road through Hoover's gap, and after the first day out met daily the enemy, in greater or smaller numbers. A very large portion of the way to Dechard station the regiment marched in line of battle, through woods and thick underbrush, often placing the picket line at night within from one to two hundred yards of the picket lines of the enemy. The Forty-second regiment moved as it had always done before, in the center, or the right or left center of the Army of the Cumberland. There was not a mile, perhaps, on this march that was not fought or skirmished over by some part of the brigade. The points touched by the regiment before reaching Dechard station were Manchester and Hillsboro. The rebels opposed our advance vigorously at every step, so to say, and it was one continual skirmish almost on the part of our command, for these sixteen days and nights. A number of the men completely broke down on this march and at Dechard station the hospitals were soon filled.

The government now having fully determined to put

negro troops in the field, at this station, line officers, non-commissioned officers and private soldiers were examined for promotion to command in colored regiments then forming, or already formed, all over the North. Lieut. Thomas J. Jackson, Company B, 42d Indiana, was commissioned colonel of one of these regiments. He was perhaps the best drillmaster of his rank, and was also one of the most efficient and bravest officers of the regiment. His command—after being promoted—participated in the battle of Fort Pillow, where there was such a terrible massacre of Union troops. Several others of the Forty-second (non-commissioned) received such promotion, but the names are not remembered. Most of the time at this point was occupied in routine duty and gathering blackberries.



ALLEN GENTRY

Was born in Spencer county, Ind., March 3, 1842, and entered the United States service with the organization of the 42d Regt. Indiana Vol. Infy. at the age of nineteen years as corporal of Company H of the regiment, and color bearer for the regiment. From corporal he was promoted in the regular line till he reached the rank of lieutenant, in which he was mustered out with the regiment. He held a commission as an officer before he was twenty years old, being the youngest officer in the regiment. He is a prosperous farmer now, with a residence near Rockport, Ind., enjoying the confidence and respect of all.



LIEUT. ALLEN GENTRY.

CHAPTER XXII.

*Forward—Down Into Georgia—The Battle of
Chickamauga.*

THE command moved to Stephenson, Alabama, with no particular incidents on the way; thence to Dug Gap, Pidgeon mountain, Georgia, and thence to Chickamauga, where, on the 19th and 20th of September, 1863, it engaged in the battle of Chickamauga, losing in that most sanguinary fight eight killed, fifty-three wounded, and thirty-two missing, making a total of ninety-three. Nearly all the missing were taken prisoners. It was there again that the Forty-second displayed great courage, on the part of officers and men. It formed a part of the command—let it be borne in mind always—of that hero, Gen. George H. Thomas, whose pluck on the battle-field, as well as his excellent military judgment, soon won for himself and his men imperishable honors.

But it is always to the brigade commanders, regiments look for direction in battle, since it is the last of an army organization that may act in a somewhat independent manner, without being detached from the army proper.

Again General Beatty leads into the fight the men who at Murfreesboro assisted him to put stars on his shoulders, except the 3d Ohio; the 104th Illinois being substituted for the 3d Ohio, General Beatty's own regiment.

Again the 42d Indiana, 15th Kentucky, and 88th Indiana, whose conduct at Murfreesboro had won plaudits from officers high in rank, were ready to "do and to die for the Nation, and eternal right."

Calm and grand our brigadier-general, in obedience to orders, rode into the fight,

“ His sword, as if of fire a blazing brand,
The royal route of heroes showed.”

But, alas, what an experience was in store for the men that Sunday, the 20th day of September. It was the day Longstreet's fresh men came rolling in, and it was high tide of battle when the grum and deep-throated batteries begun to roar the welkin thunders dumb. Never did battle rage more fiercely, never did troops fight more bravely. Copying from General Beatty's description of the fight, the following is of interest to all.

SUNDAY, 20th. “ At an early hour in the morning I was directed to move northward on the Chattanooga road and report to General Thomas. He ordered me to advance to the extreme left of the line, form perpendicularly to the rear of Baird's division, connecting with his left. I disposed of my brigade as directed. Baird's division appeared to run parallel with the road, and mine running to the rear crossed the road. On this road and near it I posted my artillery, and advanced my skirmishers to the edge of the open field in front of the left and center of my line. The position was a good one, and my brigade and the one on Baird's left could have assisted each other in maintaining it. Fifteen minutes after this line was formed, Captain Gaw, of General Thomas' staff, brought me a verbal order to advance my line to a ridge or low hill (McDonald's house), fully one-fourth of a mile distant. I represented to him that in advancing I would necessarily leave a long interval between my right and Baird's left, and also that I was already in the position which General Thomas himself told me to occupy. He replied that the order to move was imperative, and that I was to be supported by Negley with the other two bri-

gades of his division. I could object no further, although the movement seemed exceedingly unwise, and therefore pushed forward my men as rapidly as possible to the point indicated. The 88th Indiana (Colonel Humphrey's), on the left, moved into position without difficulty. The 42d Indiana (Lieut. Col. Mc Intyre), on its right, met considerable opposition in advancing through the woods, but finally reached the ridge. The 104th Illinois (Lieutenant-Colonel Hapeman), and 15th Kentucky (Colonel Taylor), on the right, became engaged almost immediately, and advanced slowly. The enemy in strong force pressed them heavily in front and on the right flank.

“ At this time I sent an aid to request General Baird or King to throw a force in the interval between my right and their left, and despatched Captain Wilson to the rear to hasten forward General Negley to my support. My regiment on the right was confronted by so large a force that it was compelled to fall back, which it did in good order, contesting the ground stoutly. About this time a column of the enemy, *en masse*, on the double-quick, pressed between the 104th Illinois and 42d Indiana, and turned with the evident intention of capturing the latter, which was busily engaged with the rebels in its front, but Captain Bridges opened on it with grape and canister, when it broke and fell back in disorder to the shelter of the woods. The 42d Indiana, but a moment before almost surrounded, was thus enabled to fight its way to the left, and unite with the 88th Indiana. Soon after this the enemy made another and more furious assault on the 104th Illinois and 15th Kentucky, and driving them back, advanced within fifty yards of my battery, and poured a heavy fire into it, killing Lieutenant Bishop, and killing

or wounding all the men and horses belonging to his section, which consequently fell into rebel hands.

* * * * *

“The 88th and 42d Indiana compelled, as their officers claim, to make a detour to the left and rear, in order to escape capture or utter annihilation, found General Negley, and were ordered to remain with him, and finally to retire with him in the direction of Rossville.”

This clear and comprehensive report of General Beatty, though not an elaborate one, as general officers are wont to write of a battle, fairly and impartially sets forth the part the 42d Indiana took in the battle of Chickamauga.

Here where the “rumble, the grumble” and roar of cannon, and the din of our small arms, continued for two days, the 42d Indiana was always at its place, and while other corps were more or less demoralized, or routed by the over-powering numbers of the enemy and his superior position, it was the 14th Army Corps, “Pap” Thomas commanding, which held the rebels in check, and covered the retreat of the whole army into Chattanooga.

In this battle Capt. W. M. Cockrum, Company F, was severely wounded and captured by the enemy. Capt. C. W. Medcalf, Company B; Burch, of Company I; John A. Scammahorn, of Company D, and Lieutenant Knowles, of Company K, were all captured, Lieutenant Knowles being killed as prisoner of war, near Augusta, Ga.

OFFICIAL REPORTS.

The following official reports are subjoined and will prove of interest, historically:

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE CUMBERLAND.

September 19, 1863—8 P. M.

MAJOR-GENERAL HALLECK, WASHINGTON, D. C.:

We have just concluded a terrific day's fighting and have another in prospect for to-morrow. The enemy attempted

to turn our left, but his design was anticipated and sufficient force placed there to render his attempt abortive. The number of our killed is considerable; that of our wounded heavy. The enemy was greatly our superior in numbers. Among our prisoners are men from some thirty regiments. We have taken two (2) cannon and lost seven (7). The army is in excellent condition and spirits, and, by the blessing of Providence, the defeat of the enemy will be total to-morrow. The battle-ground was densely wooded, and its surface irregular and difficult. We could make but little use of our artillery.

W. S. ROSECRANS, *Major-General Comdg.*

CHICKAMAUGA RIVER.

Sept. 20, via Ringgold, Sept. 21, 1863.

MAJOR-GENERAL COOPER, *Adj't-General:*

After two days hard fighting, we have driven the enemy, after a desperate resistance, from several positions, and now hold the field; but he still confronts us. The losses are heavy on both sides, especially of our officers. We have taken over twenty pieces of artillery, and some 2,500 prisoners.

BRAXTON BRAGG.

CHATTANOOGA, Sept. 21, 1863.

TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES :

After two days of the severest fighting I ever witnessed, our right center was beaten. The left held its position until sunset. Our loss is heavy, and our troops are worn down.

The enemy received heavy reinforcements. Every man of ours was in action on Sunday, and all but one brigade on Saturday. Number of our wounded large, compared with that of the killed. We took prisoners from two divisions of Longstreet. We have no certainty of holding our position. If Burnside could come immediately it would be well; otherwise he may not be able to join us unless he comes on the west side of the river.

W. S. ROSECRANS,

Major-General.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Back in Chattanooga—Some Retrospects of Battle—A few Incidents.

MANY acts of personal bravery of comrades of the 42d Indiana in this battle, and self-sacrifice as well, could be related, but a few incidents must suffice.

When Captain Cockrum was wounded and the regiment was compelled to make the movement related by General Beatty, to escape at all, Lieutenant Shaw, of Company A, carried the captain some two hundred yards to prevent his falling into the hands of the enemy, but was obliged to abandon the task.

Lieut. Jacob W. Messeck carried his son "Johnny," a drummer boy, who enlisted as such at the age of nine years, on his shoulders off the battle-field; the boy, then being only about twelve years old, had never missed a battle from Wartrace, Tenn., to Chickamauga, Ga.

This, though not of the 42d Indiana, will be admissable, for the reason that the battery was so long with us. Lieutenant Van Pelt, commanding Loomis' battery of steel pieces, was yet attached to our division. This battery there, as on every field, was most effective. It was reported that while thundering away at the enemy his gunners all fell, and then he manned one of the pieces himself, and that not more than three minutes before his battery was captured he had fired a double shot of grape and canister into the ranks of the foe. The superior numbers of the rebels pressed on, however, and while this brave officer had one hand resting on a cannon he

was shot full of holes. Thus he gave his life on the altar of his country, his hand upon a favorite gun of his battery. It would seem that such a brave officer deserved to live, but the enemy gave him "no quarters." He died at his post, just as he had always been, brave, patriotic and true. It were impossible in ordinary space to give a detail of those days of fighting on that field. The Forty-second's loss (reduced as it was in ranks before entering the fight) was great comparatively, being nearly one-fourth of the command in action.

When Chattanooga had been gained in the retreat, the regiment and brigade went into camp on the opposite side of the Tennessee river from the city, remaining there a while, then encamping on Walden's Ridge, just to the rear. Subsequently it was moved into Chattanooga; there it remained in fortifications and entrenchments, in direct range of the rebel heavy artillery on Lookout Mountain and Mission Ridge, then occupied by them. For many days and nights, shot and shell were thrown into the ranks, over or about them.

Some of these shells were twenty-pounders, and if they exploded as intended, it were impossible for any in the range to escape either wounds or death.

It was while in this particular camp, comrades, you will remember, that the Ohio troops in that department voted, and the many vigorous expletives you indulged in for a failure on the part of the legislature of your own State, to provide for the privilege of so doing. If you also remember, there was no complaint on your part for a lack of chances to fight to chastise the enemy in front of you, but only of the absence of opportunity to punish the enemy in the rear, who were crying out against enlistments, the voting of money, etc., to ensure an early close of the war.

Allow a personal digression here. This author, as brigade inspector, it will be remembered, had always charge of the picket line in our brigade front. For days and days the pickets of the two armies were exactly on opposite banks of Chattanooga creek; and not fifty yards apart, for at least one-half of the brigade line. On visiting the pickets for inspection one day, and on approaching a sentinel on one of the posts, it was observed that he had no gun in hand, and was unarmed at the edge of the water in the creek. It was likewise noticed that the rebel sentinel on the opposite side of the stream was unarmed, and in the same way was busy at something at the water's edge. Surprised beyond measure at such hazardous business while on duty by a sentinel, in the face of the enemy, this writer quickened his steps, and by all the authority at command demanded of the sentry:

“What in thunder are you doing or daring to try to do?”

Sentry (very coolly): “Opening up trade and commerce with a foreign country.”

“But I don't understand you, sir.”

Sentry (composedly): “Well, you see this small piece of plank? This is our ship. We have named her ‘Peace.’ Now ‘we uns’ on this side, as ‘they all’ say on that side, discovered that ‘they all’ on the other side had plenty of tobacco. Now ‘we all’ on this side have plenty of coffee, but ‘they all’ have none; and ‘we all’ no tobacco. Now we declared an armistice, established this line of communication, and, Lieutenant, see how it works.”

Saying this the comrade's ship was given the necessary propelling power, and in less time than it takes you to read this paragraph the ship had touched port on the

other side, its cargo of coffee was unloaded, the ship reloaded with tobacco, and safely landed in port whence it started. The sentinel as he unloaded the tobacco triumphantly said :

“ You see, Lieutenant, it is the simplest thing in the world. ‘ *Reciprocity.*’ See? Take a chew ? ”

Then shouldering his gun, and bringing it to a “ present,” he resumed his duty, as the corporal of the guard bore away the tobacco to the “ reserve.”

This author has on a few occasions related this occurrence, but has never claimed for these private soldiers of the two great armies that the idea of “ Reciprocity ” originated with them.

Another incident occurring at the same time and place will bear relating, maybe. The officer in charge of the pickets on the other side, a captain of a Louisiana regiment, speaking, asked :

“ Captain, do your general officers grant leaves of absence in extreme cases to subordinates ? ”

“ Oh, yes,” was replied, “ but why do you ask ? ”

“ Because I have a wife and three children at home, and a few days ago received a letter from her saying :

“ ‘ The children are all sick, and two of them will surely die ; besides, we have nothing to subsist on except what an old mammy in the neighborhood steals or begs for us. Can’t you come, if only to see the children die ? ’ ”

“ I applied,” he said, “ for a leave, accompanying the application with the letter, but the request was not granted.”

The officer sat down, buried his face in his hands and wept.

The writer of this, as a rule, is slow to give way to emotions of any kind, but confesses this little episode or incident became master.

Reflectively : “ After all, it is not on our side only that heroic women are making sacrifices.”

It would seem that such an appeal would have melted a heart of stone, but it did not. Such, at times, are the exigencies of war.





J. B. T. DEARING.

JOHN B. T. DEARING

Was born March 31, 1842, in Washington county, Ky., and is the son of William and Elizabeth (Morton) Dearing. The parents came from the "Blue Grass" State to Pike county, Ind., in the fall of 1844. Here the father died in 1852, and the mother in 1869. At the age of twelve John B. T. was bound out to John O. M. Selby, with whom he remained until he was nineteen years of age, when he enlisted in Company I, 42d Indiana Vol., Sept. 26, 1861. He served faithfully in that regiment almost four years, being honorably discharged July 21, 1865. He was on every march and in every battle and skirmish in which said regiment was engaged, except the battles of "Lookout Mountain" and "Mission Ridge," at which time he was at home in the recruiting service. He received a gun-shot wound in the left hip in the skirmish at "War Trace," Tenn., and was wounded in the chin at the battle of Perryville, Ky. Enlisting as a private he served respectively as a private, corporal, sergeant, and was commissioned first lieutenant March 31, 1865, being mustered in as such May 30, 1865. After returning home he engaged in farming, and since that time has always been a resident of Pike county.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Camp Life in Chattanooga—Cannonading by Rebel Artillery—Arrival of Generals Grant and Sherman.

AFTER the terrible battle at Chickamauga, in which only General Thomas' corps held position, and various moves, the Forty-second took up camp at Chattanooga, where night and day the command was annoyed by shot and shell from Bragg's army, from Lookout Mountain and Mission Ridge, as anticipated in the preceding chapter. The situation of the beleaguered army was critical from the first. All the elevated positions to the front and right and left were occupied by the rebel troops, whose heavy artillery was planted so as to throw shot and shell into any portion of the federal army, while the rear was held by the foe, thus cutting off communication with Nashville. But with the menace of starvation, and the foreshadows of direct disaster, the Army of the Cumberland displayed new vigor and spirit, while the resources of the military division were made tributary to the concentration of forces to operate offensively. While in camp at this point, Gen. John Beatty was transferred to another brigade and Brig.-Gen. William P. Carlin, of the regular army, was assigned to duty in his place. He was a gallant and competent officer, and much beloved by officers and men.

It is impossible to give an adequate description of the actual privations of the soldiers during the siege of Chattanooga, but all the hardships and privations were cheerfully borne and endured by officers and men, as only true, tried and brave men can or will endure.

After various moves to camping-grounds, the 42d Regiment finally went into what was hoped winter quarters, but was not, on the banks of the Tennessee river to the south of Chattanooga. Commissary supplies were very meagre of any kind; and as to meat, a beef on foot to the regiment once a week, to be slaughtered by the men, was the allowance. Of that nothing but the bones, horns and hoofs remained. The hungry soldiers ate all. Many were almost barefoot, and all were more or less ragged, and the weather very inclement. The times were trying.

While the men in this beleaguered city, from Indiana, were gallantly doing their duty, there came a request from Governor Morton that a detail be made from each Indiana regiment, to report at Indianapolis at once, for duty as recruiting parties. Careful selections were made, and the detachment was soon in their old State, actively at work, and meeting with marked success in obtaining recruits from all quarters. This information reaching the front inspired the Indiana men at Chattanooga with fresh courage and zeal, for it was now certain that the depleted ranks of all the "Hoosier" regiments were soon to be raised far above the minimum, if not to reach the maximum.

The long weeks of this siege were perhaps the most gloomy of the whole war for the gallant old Forty-second, as well as the whole Army of the Cumberland. But the arrival of Generals Grant and Sherman with heavy re-enforcements gave fresh courage, new hope and more zeal. The army saw in this that soon the siege would be raised, and that offensive operations were soon to begin. It is said that on "Pulpit Rock," Lookout Mountain, the confederate president had looked down upon our forces, at the time of greatest promise to that cause, and exultingly predicted

their total ruin. But in this the confederate oracle was at fault, as he was in very many other things.

General Rosecrans had been relieved of the command of the department of the Cumberland, and after the arrival of Generals Sherman and Grant, for four weeks the city of Chattanooga was a scene of the most comprehensive activities. Preparations were being made rapidly for raising the siege and resuming progressive operations. The general plan of battle was to force Bragg's right on Mission Ridge to retire, gain Chattanooga valley, his left, and, if developments proved it practicable, to storm Lookout mountain and take it, while a heavy force of federal troops were to be massed in the center, to carry Orchard Knob, then to completely dislodge Bragg's army from Mission Ridge. This was the general plan; and while immaterial changes in the detail were made by General Grant from time to time, this general plan was at last carried out.

General Hooker was assigned the duty of dislodging the enemy from Lookout mountain, and on the 23d of November, 1863, at 4 A. M., he reported ready for operations. At five o'clock P. M. General Carlin's brigade, of which the 42d Indiana was a part, crossed Chattanooga creek near its mouth, and ascended the mountain to Hooker's right, carrying on their persons ammunition for Hooker's skirmishers, in addition to the ordinary supply for themselves. Lookout mountain rises 2,800 feet above the ocean, and 1,464 feet above the Tennessee river, at its base. Thus, the 42d Indiana and Carlin's brigade, having carried ammunition to Hooker's command, as well as for themselves, engaged in scaling this mountain, craggy, rough, and covered with underbrush and dwarf trees as it was. The enemy's artillery, their principal

hope, could not be now used to advantage, on account of the depression. It was that day General Hooker fought the "battle above the clouds." It was grand to look away to the north on Mission Ridge, where General Sherman was pressing Bragg's forces, as the smoke and fog would occasionally clear off for a moment or two, or become less dense, then down into Chattanooga as the federal troops were massing against Orchard Knob, then again into Chattanooga valley, as General Geary was engaging the enemy there; and to hear the roar of light and heavy artillery on all sides;

"Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster."

It was a sight too grand, too glorious in its fast approaching results for so feeble a pen as that of the chronicler of this, to attempt to picture or paint. Next morning at daylight General Hooker, being apprehensive of the withdrawal of the rebels from the summit of Lookout Mountain, dispatched several parties to scale the palisades. Daring soldiers of the Eighth Kentucky were the first to reach the summit, and to unfurl the national banner there. And when the glorious emblem of peace and happiness was first kissed by the morning light, this whole great army seemed to comprehend the completeness of the victory won the day before. There rose from all parts of the army responsive cheers, loud, long and enthusiastic beyond description. Officers rode hither and thither, and the happiness was complete, for the first and important step of raising the siege from that beleaguered city had had been successfully taken, and Hooker had fought his "battle above the clouds." This was November 24, 1863. It was not proposed by General Grant to lose them by any manner of delay. Nor was the 42d Indiana to sit on its laurels. On the following day there was work.

On the 25th, either from fear that he could not successfully withdraw his troops in our front, or with yet a hope of victory, Bragg massed his forces in the center on Mission Ridge. Then the move on the center took place. The federal troops, flushed with the victory of the days before and enthusiastic at the sight of the flag on Lookout mountain, pressed forward with their utmost vigor, many of the commands double-quickening even to the top of the Ridge.

It was between three and four P. M. that six cannon shots from Orchard Knob gave the signal for a general advance on the center.

The battle of Mission Ridge was to be begun, and comrades knew what was to be done. Many of the comrades of other Indiana regiments, on the 24th, had been employed in digging graves, not known for whom—mayhap their own. At the signal from Orchard Knob, these men leaped over graves they had been digging;—to “victory or death.”

The troops, officers and men, when the first entrenchments of the enemy had been carried, were so eager to gain the top of the ridge that they held their fire and the eminence was gained at no less than six points, almost simultaneously. Then came another indescribable scene. The loud huzzas, the cheering all along the Union line, was that which victory only can inspire in the hearts of men whose bravery and patriotism were never excelled, and seldom equaled. The precipitate retreat of the rebels, over the rough roads, down the gulches, into the valleys, hither, thither, here and yonder—everywhere—told how completely they had been defeated, and how substantial the Union victory was.

If the men had been wild with excitement, and overjoyed at the glory of the 24th, they were even more so to

see the rebel wagon trains, their artillery and their soldiery all struggling to their rear.

In all this, the 42d Indiana bore its part. Its loss in the battle of Lookout mountain and Mission Ridge was forty-three in killed and wounded. At every step and every move it added to its already proud history a name and a fame that fully warrants the high and glowing compliments to the command, Major-Generals Rosecrans, Carlin, and Brig.-Gen. John Beatty, give, in letters elsewhere printed, under the head of "Correspondence."

There were many evidences of the high esteem in which the officers and men of the regiment were held by commanding generals, but perhaps none more striking than the one following.

After the battle of Mission Ridge, and when rapid pursuit of the retreating rebels was necessary, coming to Chickamauga river, General Palmer, commanding the corps, indicated that he desired a good skirmish regiment to go forward. The 42d Indiana, though at the rear of the column, was ordered to the front for that purpose, and Capt. G. R. Kellams (afterwards colonel) was ordered first across the river, to encounter or scatter the enemy. Other companies followed, and the regiment remained in the front until Grayville was reached, and further pursuit abandoned. By reference to one of Gen. W. P. Carlin's letters, under head of "Correspondence," it will be noted that he, after a lapse of more than a quarter of a century, remembers the regiment "in particular," on account of this affair.

Near Grayville on this skirmish, from some distance away, some rebels enquired who our men were. Lieutenant Grigsby answered, "Yanks, by G—d, ride in." The boys felt that they wanted the earth, and thought they could take it.

CHAPTER XXV.

*Veteranizing — Public Reception — Governor Morton —
Home Once More.*

THESE battles over, the Forty-second again went into camp at Chattanooga, where, with abundance of supplies, the flush of splendid victories and the welcome reports from home that volunteering had received a fresh impetus, they soon regained all the lost energies from the hardships and fighting they had passed through.

The government having offered inducements to the men to re-enlist, or veteranize, on the first day of January, 1864, at this place, they were mustered as veterans, which meant to the close of the war. There is no doubt but the exalted patriotism of Hon. Oliver P. Morton, Indiana's great war governor, and his unceasing care for the soldiers in the field had a most wonderful and powerful influence on the men to re-enlist. This prompt veteranizing by tried and true soldiers also had a most depressing effect on the confederates, no doubt, for they had abundant means of learning this fact. They understood that, though the time of enlistment of many regiments of federal troops was about to expire, they were yet to meet on the field of battle these same disciplined, schooled and practiced soldiers with whom they had "measured arms" on many a battle-field before. There were but few in the 42d Indiana who did not re-enlist; and after a short time all were granted veteran furlough.

On the 28th day of January, 1864, the regiment reached Indianapolis, where a public reception was given them,

and they were addressed by Governor Morton and other speakers. All the soldiers of the command then became recruiting officers, and worked with a hearty good will to fill the regiment, which efforts were crowned with excellent success.

But, oh, the joy of wives, of the fathers and mothers, on the arrival of these veterans back from the war; at home once more, even though for a short time "grim-visaged war had smoothed his wrinkled front."

There were "tears and kisses, and kisses and tears"—the husband and wife, the mother and son—and the aged father whose form was bended with a weight of years, locks white as snow; all, all were there at the depots to welcome back these veteran heroes of the most holy war ever waged; resultant in the cementing forever, under one banner of light, love and freedom, a Nation in all its original membership.

And as the wives looked upon and listened to their husbands telling of many a thrilling experience of the war, their bosoms would swell with enthusiastic and patriotic pride, and, as if to drink inspiration from the very fountains of their husbands' patriotic souls, they looked and listened; and looked as proud as queens upon thrones. And why? Because they were partners in the heroism and glory of their husbands. They had endured and suffered for the cause of the Union. As they had accomplished well their parts at home and its belongings—caring for the children—had they not a right to a feeling of pride in knowing their husbands had been doing their duty; and that their own sacrifices for their country had not been in vain? Ah, yes, why not?

You ask for the young men—were the "girls they left behind them" at the depots? Oh, yes. Were there "tears

and kisses and kisses and tears" for the youthful heroes. Why not? Had not their busy fingers knitted many a hand and foot-covering for the "boys," prepared many a bandage for the wounded and dying? Were they thinking of a time they would be veterans' wives? Most certainly, and they did not blush to own it. Kisses indeed! Why not? Yes, and far sweeter than the nectar Jupiter sipped. Love? The purest and holiest.

"None deserve the fair but the brave."

The time thus spent at home was profitable to all, for the promise now was that the war would come to an early close, and when the order to return to duty came the same cheerfulness and same enthusiasm for the cause was manifest with officers and men. The regiment returned by way of Madison, thence to Louisville by river and Nashville by rail, marching to Chattanooga by the roads we had traveled so often before and fought over likewise. This march was made at leisure, though it was not unattended with some hardships, as the roads for the most part were in a very bad condition.

One evening just before time to go into camp the commanding officer of the 42d Regiment sent his adjutant forward to look out a good camping-ground, and when he returned the major commanding asked:

"Adjutant, have you found a good camping-ground?"

Saluting, the adjutant answered: "O, yes, Major. There's Wood, Women and Water."

This alliteration was, however, fatal to nobody's prospects for preferment. These "bad breaks" were overlooked in the army.



W. F. MEDSKER.

WILLIAM F. MEDSKER,

Private, Company F, 42d Indiana Vols. Volunteered as private in Company C. 75th Indiana Vols. Nov. 31, 1864. Transferred to 42d Indiana June, 1865, at Washington, D. C. Discharged July 31, 1865. One of four sons of a Methodist minister, who were in the army. Private Medsker resides at Cambridge City, Indiana, and is a leading attorney-at-law. He was prominent for Jr. Vice Comdr. G. A. R., 1892, and his friends are urging him for this place in 1893.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Campaign Against Atlanta—One Hundred and Six Days under Fire—Rocky Face.

IN the first part of May, 1864, the Army of the Cumberland was well in hand, and awaiting orders. It, with the Army of the Tennessee, comprised 54,568 infantry, 3,238 cavalry, and 2,377 artillery, with 130 guns, total 60,773 effective men. The 42d Indiana, with General Carlin's brigade, joined a large force of our troops at Ringgold, about the 5th of the month, and participated in the almost constant skirmishes along the line of the railroad leading to Atlanta, being from the time the first of the enemy was encountered, to the day the Chattahoochee river was reached, one hundred and six days under fire of the rebels almost constantly day and night. But it will not suffice to generalize. Come follow the regiment as "we go marching along." Before we start let us take a look at our new organizations. Gen. William P. Carlin became brigade-commander, and the 42d Indiana, 88th Indiana, 15th Kentucky and 104th Illinois as the old brigade, which was augmented by the addition of the 2d Ohio, 33d Ohio, 10th Wisconsin and 38th Indiana. The designation was First Brigade, First Division, 14th Army Corps, Army of the Cumberland.

Now take up the line of march. At Ringgold, Ga., we met the enemy in force, and for the one hundred and six days the "fighting and staying qualities" of the regiment were put on exhibition, and of these the reader must be the judge of the facts in evidence, as collected from official

sources or personal observations of the author, which will be borne out by the memory of the comrades living.

Not in anything that is here written is it intended that a syllable in disparagement of other regiments from Indiana or any State is meant, or harbored even in thought, but the author is recording the deeds of the comrades of his *own* regiment, and immediate co-operators, living and dead, of which there are potential reasons for pride. Besides, as age and infirmity are rapidly increasing in all human probability, this tribute of respect and love, of pride in and for his comrade's heroism and valor, is his last till we meet at "roll-call," over yonder.

"The first of May, 1864, was the crisis of the war. The two great armies, East and West, were in readiness to move at the bidding of the lieutenant-general. The second day of May was first named by General Grant for the advance of the great armies, but finally the 5th of May was announced in orders."

However, General Thomas, of the Army of the Cumberland, in which the 42d Indiana served continuously, began his dispositions on the 2d. This grand old hero of Chickamauga was always ready, and always a winner. On May 3, Gen. R. W. Johnson, who commanded our division, closed upon the other divisions of the 14th Army Corps, at Ringgold, Ga., so the whole army of the Cumberland moved in compliance with orders, on the 7th day of May.

On the 8th of May our brigade, Gen. W. P. Carlin commanding, supported by the balance of the First Division, commanded by Gen. R. W. Johnson, felt the enemy's lines at Buzzard Roost. The loss in killed was not great, but many were wounded.

This was continued, the regiment engaging in nothing

like a battle, but on the 12th of May the 42d Indiana was ordered up under the shadow of Rocky Face to relieve the 33d New Jersey from picket and skirmish duty. The enemy's sharpshooters occupied the heights and from the summit of Buzzard Roost their artillery had an enfilading fire almost all along the line of our skirmishers. The ground was exceedingly rough, and there were so many ravines, and abrupt craggy places, that it was difficult to get standing places for the men. Captain G. R. Kellams, Company H of our regiment, was in command of the skirmish line—one of the best skirmish line officers in the whole brigade. For a little over twenty-four hours, during which a heavy rain fell almost all the time, the command held this line, constantly annoyed by sharpshooters, and shot and shell from the enemy. Very little, indeed nothing, could be done by our troops directly in front but to menace the enemy as much as could be, and hold them in position, while other movements to our right were being made for the purpose of capturing or driving the enemy from Dalton. The rebels on the heights of Rocky Face were out of range of our small arms, and the elevation was too great for artillery to be effective. A few men were wounded there slightly, but none were killed, though so much exposed. The most trying situation soldiers can be placed in is to be compelled to remain where an enemy can effectively reach them, and they be situated so as not to be able to retaliate. This was the embarrassment of the Forty-second, while in front of Rocky Face.

This writer aided Captain Kellams on this occasion and while in the position an order came to reconnoiter our front to ascertain if it was practicable to charge the enemy entrenched on a sort of tableland on the left of

Rocky Face, and about half-way from the summit to the level ground below, or Mill-creek Valley.

In compliance with this order for a reconnaissance this author was instructed by Captain Kellams, in person and alone, to get the desired information. By crawling on hands and knees over a hundred yards on the sharpest and roughest of stones and through thick underbrush, a point of observation was reached behind a fallen tree where the whole situation could be taken in at a glance.

This bench on which the enemy had entrenched, behind heavy works of logs and earth, with a full battery of six-pounder brass pieces in place, supported by infantry, was not wider than the length of a depleted regiment. To the right of it rose perpendicularly almost the abrupt termination of Rocky Face hundreds of feet; and to the left a drop of the ground was made of hundreds of feet into the valley below. Such was the place the 42d Indiana was destined to assault by bayonet charge.

Reporting the situation to Lieutenant-Colonel McIntyre, in command of the regiment, he in turn reported to General Carlin, commanding the brigade, who presented himself in person, and, together with this narrator, traveled over the ground on hands and knees, to the point of observation named. The general shook his head and we retired "in force" in good order, "contesting every inch of ground on hands and knees" for perhaps a little over fifty yards, on the sharp stones, when the general intimated "that he had almost as soon be shot," arose to his feet.

Scarcely had he become erect when a dozen balls or more from the enemy whistled about his head and all about him, cutting the branches of the trees, but doing the general no harm.

He then declared he did not intend to "stand on the

order of going," and he didn't—he went at once, leaving the writer to bring up the rear. We heard no more of the order to charge the enemy in our front, which, if it had been attempted, would have meant no more nor no less than total annihilation.

However, even under such circumstances, there often occur things that will, despite the annoyance of such a situation, furnish amusement. A cannon shot from the enemy fell within a few feet of a recruit of the regiment, who for the first time was under fire. Pale with fear and tremblingly excited, he sought Captain Kellams to know if he might not change his position. The Captain answered:

"No. Lie down in the very spot the shot fell, sir. The rebs will never hit that again."

This duty accomplished, the 42d Indiana, which "marched up the mountain, straightway marched down again," and took up the tramp through Snake Creek Gap. The following is General Sherman's report:

HEADQUARTERS, MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI,

IN THE FIELD, LAUREL HILL, GA.

May 10, 1864.—7 A. M.

MAJOR-GENERAL HALLECK, WASHINGTON, D. C.:

I am starting for the extreme front in Buzzard Roost Gap, and make this dispatch that you may understand Johnston acts purely on the defensive. I am attacking him on his strongest points—viz., west and north—till McPherson breaks his line at Resaca, when I will swing around through Snake Creek Gap, and interpose between him and Georgia. I am not driving things too fast, because I want two columns of cavalry that are rapidly coming up from the rear—Stoneman on my left, and Garrard on my right—both due to-day. Yesterday I pressed hard to prevent John-

ston from detaching against McPherson, but to-day I will be more easy as I believe McPherson has destroyed Resaca, when he is ordered to fall back to the mouth of Snake Creek Gap, and act against Johnston's flank when he does start. All are in good condition.

W. T. SHERMAN,
Major-General.



CHAPTER XXVII.

Dalton Reached—Strategy Successful—Our Brigade and the Enemy.

THE strategic movement for gaining Dalton while the enemy was held in position at Rocky Face having been successfully accomplished, the command then descended from this uncomfortable situation late in the evening, and the next day moved to the right. On the way to Dalton, our comrades first looked on General Kilpatrick, who had been wounded in a fight with Wheeler's cavalry that day. Late in the evening the regiment filed into position at Dalton, where the men slept on their arms for the night, as indeed had been the custom almost every night since leaving Ringgold.

The enemy having been driven from this position, partly by fighting, but more largely by strategy, on the 14th, for most of the day it moved in line of battle through thick woods and underbrush. General Carlin's brigade was the first to encounter the enemy in his new position. About 2 o'clock p. m., the whole brigade charged down a hill, across Camp Creek, and into an open field where the rebels were entrenched, sustaining with wonderful courage and intrepidity a heavy and severe fire from artillery and musketry. So near was the charge made to the confederates' breastworks, that often our brigade was obliged to fall back to the bank of the creek, which gave shelter and a parapet. During the lull in firing occasionally the commands of the enemy's officers were distinctly heard by our troops. The men lay flat in the

creek to load, and evèr and anon would pour a heavy volley into the confederate lines or at them, but not with great effect, since they were protected by very good breastworks.

An officer of the 42d Regiment while talking with an officer of the 2d Ohio (Captain Jacob Fortel) depreciating what was apparently a useless move since nothing of good could be accomplished, and each standing by a large poplar tree, changed places, each facing the enemy as the change was made. No sooner than this was done, Captain Fortel received a gunshot in the right thigh passing through it, severing the main artery, and blood from both sides of the thigh in streams as large as a man's finger spurted all over the officer of the 42d Indiana, who, seeing the condition of affairs, grasped Captain Fortel, assisting him to a seat on a log not a yard distant; but before the Captain could be seated, the glassy look of the eyes indicated the immediate presence of death. He never spoke after the shot. Two seconds of time could not have passed or intervened between the shot and death.

Marching through as thick underbrush as was ever found, just before reaching this fatal spot, no less than a death-trap, Private Harrison Risley, of Company G of the regiment, marching as file leader for his brother Jackson, moving in line of battle, received a death-wound and was buried in a trench quickly dug by the musicians and ambulance corps, just and only deep, long and wide enough to admit the body, the covering from the loose earth being not over six inches deep.

Jackson, the brother, only had time to stoop and kiss his brother and say good-bye forever, then forward into the fight. Musician Seth R. McCormick, of Washing-

ton, Indiana, carved the initials of his comrade's name on a part of a boot-leg, placed it on the gravé, and that was the only thing that could be done.

Near the spot where Captain Fortel, as related, was so quickly bled to death, a private of Company G of the Forty-second (or rather an enlisted but not mustered man) received a shot exactly in the forehead, just above and between the eyes, the ball passing below the base of the brain, and lodging against the skull directly in line, in the back part of the head. For a time in the field hospital little attention was given him, the case being thought a hopeless one; but the comrade recovered, and some months afterward was walking about the streets of Chattanooga.

In this unfortunate charge the Forty-second sustained a loss of six or seven wounded and one killed. Orders must be obeyed, though often to those executing them they are known to be mistakes. It was impossible for the brigade to know the exact situation of the enemy there until it had been developed.

After remaining in this very disadvantageous and uncomfortable position all day, with no hope of harming the enemy and sure death for almost all who raised head above the banks of Camp creek, under the shadow of night the 42d Indiana and 2d Ohio, which regiments doubled, quietly withdrew, and as they did the enemy did likewise.

The next day the regiment participated in the further battle of Rensselaer, and finally with the brigade drew up at Seven-mile Range, or Pumpkin Vine creek, where the rebels had strongly entrenched, as the following from General Sherman will explain:

HEAD-QUARTERS, MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI.
NEAR DALLAS, May 28, 1864.

GENERAL HALLECK, WASHINGTON, D. C :

The enemy discovered my move to turn Altoona, and moved to meet us here. Our columns met about one mile east of Pumpkin Vine creek, and we pushed them back about three miles to a point where the road forks to Altoona and Marietta. Here Johnston has chosen a strong line, and made hasty but strong parapets of timber and earth, and has thus far stopped us. * * * * *

W. T. SHERMAN, *Major-General.*



LUCRETIA COCKRUM.

This lady was born January 4, 1839, about three miles from Oakland City, Ind., her present residence. She is of Scotch-Irish descent and the mother of nine children, eight of whom are living, all industriously providing for themselves.

“Aunt Lou,” as she is familiarly known among General Baptists, is highly respected. Respect, however, is not quite the word. It is respect glowing with a warmer feeling. It is not many women blessed with being the mother of such a family of eight children, all except one members of the church, and the exceptional one standing high in the esteem of his fellow-men. There are not many women more devoted to religious duties, not many more faithful or reliable in church affairs, not many whose heart is more open to the call of humanity.

While the important service by Mrs. Cockrum, rendered in the direction of founding and endowing a college of learning under the direction of her chosen church, *post bellum* has been her noble work, her bright particular major-general's stars were won in the care for; and careful training of her three children (one of whom is now Deputy U. S. Attorney, Ind.) left her while her husband was “off to the war” nearly four years; eight months of which time were passed in that foulest of living hells—Libby Prison.


It is in this field of domestic glory that the thousands on thousands of soldiers' heroic wives of this land—of whom the portraits of two are here brought as representatives—won crowns that dim the lustre of the diamond-bestudded ones worn by the proudest queens of earth. Comrades, take off your hats and salute.



MRS. COL. COCKRUM.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Pumpkin Vine Creek—A Seven Days' and Nights' Experience—Nothing Could Exceed it.

 UR brigade brought up sharply against the enemy, as foreseen by the above official report to the war department by General Sherman; and for seven days and nights such an experience may in the history of armies have been equaled, but never exceeded, as the 42d Indiana had there in particular. The principal lines of the two armies were so close together that when the picket lines were drawn they were not fifty yards apart in the 42d Indiana's immediate front. To offset the enemy in the matter of parapets, our commands, working night and day, very soon had strong works made by felling trees and throwing up the earth upon them from the inside; while a deep ditch that let a man in up to the waist was cut out, thus affording excellent protection in case of a direct assault. It was while fixing a picket line to protect the men while at work that the brave Captain Wagner, of General Carlin's staff, was killed, and a fight of half an hour to recover his body followed, and the wounding of several on our side—and we knew not how many on the enemy's.

But that ditch! Oh what an experience for the time named. It rained almost incessantly. To get out of the ditch on high ground to the rear, with the enemy's pickets so near, was almost certain death by day-time, and little less so in the night-time. Constantly the ditch gathered water, from ankle to knee-deep, according to

the rainfall, and those of the men not on picket duty were kept busy bailing out the water, so as to make it possible to cook their rations; indeed as a matter of fact no cooking could be done, except to once in a while "cook coffee," for the men for the most part of the time ate the balance of the rations as they were drawn from the commissary. Sleep? Would you think it possible under such conditions? Mud and water halfknee-deep all the while. And yet tired nature must give away. Men slept sitting, standing, kneeling and every way except lying down. During all that time—seven days and nights—the firing of small arms was incessant; and sometimes twice or three times a day or night, all along the whole brigade line, the picket fighting was as sharp as in pitched battle. It was impossible after the men were once on picket to relieve them without bringing on a sharp fight, by any other method except to deploy them in the rear, as skirmishes, and advance them to the parts of duty in that way, and this could only be done at supper time, or just after nightfall. And even after this was done it often occurred that in an hour, or perhaps less time, the same men relieved from twelve or twenty-four hours duty were ordered out to re-inforce the pickets that had relieved them. This happened once with Capt. G. R. Kellams, Company H, who was always ready for duty, and he was not ten minutes out of the ditch behind the breastworks until he had one of his best men killed, and one or two more wounded. The bringing out of such realistic incidents as this in detail is what creates a necessity, if justice to the men in full is to be done, for individual histories of regiments. It is proper to say here that the detail for picket duty was made from the whole regiment, always, and if support was needed it was given

by companies in regular detail ; therefore, what has been said respecting Captain Kellams and Company H of the regiment in this regard was true of all the companies. However, it happened that others did not fare quite so badly on the picket line at this place as Company H. Skirmish and picket duty is by far the most risky of any, in the face of a stubborn foe.

The author has no accurate data that would enable him to bring the losses of individual regiments in this Atlanta campaign, for the reason that the day's and month's losses were reported in the aggregate, and not in detail.

During the month of June, 1864, however, the Army of the Cumberland lost 5,747 men—67 officers killed ; 259 wounded and 8 missing, and 873 enlisted men killed, 4,300 wounded and 40 missing. The army captured 742 prisoners, including 37 officers. The 42d Regiment comes in for a share of all of this, except under the head of "missing."

If the reader will take pains to scan with care the roster of companies as printed in the beginning of this book, it will be noticed that only eight men are marked "deserted," six of those were volunteers and two were substitutes. Practically there were only six deserters, for "substitutes" were not looked upon in the light of volunteers.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Kennesaw Mountain—A Series of Strategic Movements.

THE operations near Kennesaw and Lost mountains were a series of complex and strategic movements united, and covered a period of time from June 9th to about July 15, 1864, almost one month.

The rainfall for days in succession in this vicinity was almost incessant, and if there was sunshine it was only long enough to, if possible, aggravate the condition of the men by the hot vapor created thereby.

The many positions of the regiment during these days would make it tedious to go into detail of each, therefore a single position must suffice, and that in the center or near the center of the line.

The batteries on our side were planted so as to check-mate those of the enemy, and in consequence were very near each other, probably not three hundred yards apart in many of the positions. The guns of our division were six and twelve-pounders, and covered a distance of more than a mile. It was here a German captain of artillery, the boys called Leather-breeches, introduced the practice of firing his battery by volley—a most effective method—for the enemy once in range was sure to suffer severely. It was in the support chiefly of the artillery that our infantry, like that of the rebels, were deployed as skirmishers the greater part of the time, and, as a matter of fact, upon this part of the line the chief purpose with us was to hold the enemy in as great force as possible, simply with as little direct assault as might be. There

was, however, a good deal of heavy fighting all along the line, and to some of the commands heavy losses, but the purpose of General Sherman, as above intimated, is made plain by the following report by him to the War Department, for be it known the work of scaling mountains, barricaded at convenient distances for the enemy to fall back upon, either of gradual or abrupt ascent, and the charging of a thoroughly fortified enemy, is not one a wise general having great care for the lives of his men will indulge every day, no matter how many flattering offers may be given him, as were in the vicinity of Kennesaw and Lost mountains. General Sherman's report is placed here:

HEADQUARTERS, MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI,
MARIETTA, GA., July 3, 1864.

GENERAL HALLECK, *Washington, D. C.:*

The movement on our right caused the enemy to evacuate. We occupied Kennesaw at daylight, and Marietta at 8:30 A. M. Thomas is moving down the main road towards the Chattahoochee; McPherson towards the mouth of Nickajack, on the Sandtown road. Our cavalry is on the extreme flank. Whether the enemy will halt this side of the Chattahoochee or not will soon be known. I propose to press the enemy close till he is across the Chattahoochee river, when I must accumulate stores, and better guard my rear.

W. T. SHERMAN,

Major-Gen. Comd'g.

It will therefore be no trouble to discover the reason for the long time employed at Kennesaw and Lost mountains, nearly one month. The problem of these battles being solved, lay in the success of General Sherman's strategic movements, by which he gained the name of the "great flanker." Hence the boys would say, when we

drew up against the enemy: "Now just watch 'Uncle Bill' flank 'em out their hole."

After days on days of such fighting as was described immediately preceding the official report of General Sherman, on the last Sunday in May, 1864, the regiment had rest, but was not beyond the range of the enemy's cannon, nor even the balls of sharpshooters. It was the first Sunday for one hundred days the men had unbuckled their waist-bands for twenty-five minutes at a time.

The chaplain, a very devout man (Rev. H. O. Chapman), seeing his opportunity, called the men together, and there amidst the roar of artillery re-sounding and re-echoing for miles to the right of us, to the left of us, in front of us; hymns of praise were sung, a short address by the chaplain delivered, and prayers offered by comrades to Almighty God, the Commander-in-chief of all, asking his assistance and blessing, and praising his name for so many blessings and mercies.

The author has in a life of more than three-score years witnessed many assemblages, full of devotion and prayer, but nothing seemed so earnest, before nor since, or equaled that which possessed this handful of war-worn veterans for the period of half an hour.

Among those who had thus participated in prayer was Corporal John W. Smith (color bearer) Company E. When the short service had concluded, Corporal Smith thought for a purpose or another to remove the 'flag from the place he had planted the staff in the ground to another. At the moment he had stepped forward with it, a stray shot from the enemy instantly brought death to him; and as he fell the lovely folds of the flag, kissed by the breeze or wind, wrapped round his body as he fell, as if to be his winding sheet.

Thus, as Corporal Smith poured his life-blood on the flag of his country on that Sabbath day, but a few moments after engaging in prayer to the GREAT Commander, his spirit went back to God who gave it. This was a Christian soldier's death on the field of battle. Could he have found a prouder death?



CHAPTER XXX.

A Fourth of July—Another Feature of War—What Ambition will Lead to.

IT was on the 4th of July, 1864, that the rebel rear fortifications were encountered again. On the brow of a hill in a woodland, about six miles from Chattahoochie river, the confederates were entrenched with an open field, a fourth of a mile in width perhaps, immediately in their and our front. The breastworks of the enemy were mounted with no less than six pieces of artillery, supported by a strong line of infantry, and all could be distinctly seen by our men and officers without the aid of a field glass. It was about 12 meridian when this point was reached. The position was elevated, and far away to the right and to the left, the roar, the thunder and the rumble of artillery was heard, telling us that a few more strategic moves and Atlanta would be a beleaguered city, or the enemy routed.

It was about 2 P. M. of that 4th of July, being so grandly celebrated by these armies all along the line, that orders for the 42d Indiana were received by Lieut.-Col. W. T. B. McIntire to put his command in readiness to charge through the open field in front, and storm the enemy's fortified position. It looked like a charge:

“ Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouth of hell.”

But in ten or fifteen minutes the command was ready, and in line awaiting further orders. They came, but

were in the nature of a change ; the Forty-second was to move to the right and take position to the enemy's left, acting as a support to the 11th Michigan (whose colonel was ambitious of promotion to be a brigadier-general), and who had sought personally, as we understood, to make the charge. The new position of the 42d Indiana having been taken and the men hard at work entrenching, it was about 3:30 P. M. that the 11th Michigan (if memory is not faulty) marched into the open field to storm the fortified position of the confederates. This command proceeded about half way in splendid order when the enemy opened on them with a terrific fire of musketry, and cannon, grape and canister. The action did not last more than probably twenty minutes. The colonel—name not recollected—had his left leg shot away below the knee ; several of his officers were killed, and all of the line either killed or wounded, while the loss in the ranks was particularly heavy. All the Forty-second had to do was to keep up a constant firing into the enemy's flank, but the distance was so great that this had but little effect.

Night closed on us there, and the next day we marched to the heights above the Chattahoochie river.

Probably this 4th of July was one of the most significantly celebrated of any since it was made memorable by Revolutionary fathers. General Grant on that day a year before occupied Vicksburg. Lee had been defeated in Pennsylvania near the 4th, and Sherman now was rapidly compassing the defeat of Hood's army, and the capture of Atlanta. The lines of the two armies on this 4th of July, 1864, were not less than fifteen miles in extent, and the whole day from dawn till dark a cannonading was kept up it seemed by every piece of artillery on both sides, aggregating well up to the thousand. The

campaign was a hard one, but as we approached Chattahoochie river, logically, the men looked for a rest. Thus closed the 4th of July by a most wonderfully unusual amount of heavy firing by artillery.

Before the next day had dawned, perhaps it was about two o'clock on the morning of the 5th, our picket lines being so close to the enemy that speaking and hearing were easy, one of the 42d Indiana boys called out:

“ Hello, Johnny Reb, we are coming for you at about 5 o'clock.”

The answer: “ Rats! Oh-ll. You will have to come before that if you want to find us. We are on the jump. We'll jump Chattahoochie river before 5 o'clock, and don't you forget it.”





COL. G. R. KELLAMS.

COL. G. R. KELLAMS.

Gideon R. Kellams was born June 6, 1828, near Gentryville, Spencer county, Ind. His parents were poor, but well educated; consequently, his early educational training was such as his parents were able to impart, consistent with their duties on the farm. This was the beginning. However, he had some advantage of the schools of that day, in the neighborhood, later on in life; but his chief schooling was on the farm in agricultural pursuits. By dint of industry and application, he progressed in his studies far enough to begin reading law in 1857 with Judge L. Q. De Bruler, of Rockport, Ind; continuing until 1861, when the war began, at which time he abandoned the law profession to enter the U. S. Army as 1st lieutenant of Company H, 42d Indiana Volunteers. He was married in February, 1849, to Maria Egnew, of Spencer county, this State. The fathers of husband and wife were Irish, the mothers German.

He was 33 years old when he entered the U. S. service as 1st lieutenant, and was among the first line officers to master the drill. His previous studious habits stood him well in hand in this case.

From 1st lieutenant of his company he rose to the rank of captain, then to major of his regiment, and finally to colonel of the command, in which rank he was mustered out of the service with the balance after the war closed.

In all the relations of an officer with the men, whatever his rank, Colonel Kellams had their entire confidence, and he likewise enjoyed, to the fullest, the confidence of his superior officers at all times.

After the war he was admitted to the bar as a lawyer, in 1874, in Spencer county, and is engaged in the practice of his chosen profession now, and in addition to law practice is an attorney of record in the adjudication of pension claims, etc., of the Pension Department.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Chattahoochee River—A Six Days' Rest—Inspiration of Music.

JULY 5th, 1864, the 42d Regiment, with the whole great army, moved up to points along the Chattahoochee river. The Forty-second occupied a height overlooking the river and the valley, and by the aid of a field glass one could see the church spires in Atlanta. The time and place for a rest as indicated in General Sherman's report preceding this had come, and been reached. It has been written: "Six days shalt thou labor," etc., but here we were one hundred and *six*, and no rest till the one hundred and seventh. So we were inside the decalogue, barring the one hundred days.

During all this time there was not a day nor an hour, waking or sleeping, that musket balls, shot or shell—generally all together in an avalanche—did not fall in the line of the 42d Regiment.

When Chattahoochee river was gained, it afforded another sight to the eyes of the federal forces especially gratifying. Before us the rebel wagon trains, horses and mules at the top of their possible speed could be seen struggling for Atlanta. Occasionally a wagon would break down, or get "stuck" in the mud; then the confederates would set fire to it, and up would ascend the flames and smoke from the burning rebel stores, and an enthusiastic and exultant shout from the Army of the Cumberland would go up. While the conquering heroes were looking and feasting their eyes on this gratifying

scene, all at once every brigade brass band almost simultaneously struck up the "Star-Spangled Banner," and followed it with "Yankee Doodle." The national airs were always grand and inspiring to the soldiers, but never so much so as then. During all this long weary march no music save the battle calls of fife and drum had been heard, so when these bands of music broke out the whole army cheered, while every flag was unfurled, and the "boys in blue," joining in the chorus of our national hymns, shouted and cheered long and loud, as they instinctively "rallied around the flag."

There comes times in the lives of the faithful soldiers when their patriotism and zeal for the cause becomes overpowering, and they will weep for joy. The times are such as have been portrayed, after victory has perched upon the standard of every regiment, and the day of rest has come. It is then thoughts turn to home, to friends, wives, children, fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, lovers; in the fond anticipation of joys to come. It is no sign of weakness to see a tear drop on a soldier's cheek.



CHAPTER XXXII.

*Battle of Peach Tree Creek—Lieut. Emory Johnson Killed
—Capt. James H. Masters Wounded—Siege,
Fall and Occupation of Atlanta.*

THOUGH there was such a stampede of the enemy's forces with his wagon trains, a sufficient force was maintained in our immediate front to require heavy pickets. These were maintained, and constant firing kept up on the lines, until important moves by our troops, right and left, compelled the confederates to retire still further in the direction of Atlanta. By a combination of movements, important advantages for the federal forces had been gained, and on the 20th, after having crossed the Chattahoochee river, the 42d Indiana had position at Peach Tree creek to protect the left flank of Gen. J. B. McPherson's command. It was while General McPherson in person was making dispositions to protect his flank that he was killed very near our regiment. This engagement was not of long duration on the part of the Forty-second, but it was very severe while it lasted. During this battle, Capt. James H. Masters, Company K, was severely wounded, together with quite a number of men of the command, and Lieut. Emory Johnson of the same company was killed and buried on the field. Hon. Alvah Johnson, of Evansville, a brother, caused the body to be removed and appropriately buried. It was a great disappointment to the living brother, who idolized Lieutenant J., and fondly hoped, on the close of the war, to admit the young army officer, who had made a brilliant record, as partner in business with himself.

The battle was at hand and for the federal forces a decisive one. Hood lost about 5,000 men, while the total loss of the Army of the Cumberland was 1,600, but included in this was an unusually large number of officers killed and mortally wounded. The Forty-second after this battle occupied various positions about Atlanta, but were not engaged in any further fighting until after the fall of that city. In the battles and skirmishes of this campaign the regiment lost one hundred and three officers and men killed and wounded.

The operations about that city on the part of the federal army were crowned with success at every action. It has been said the battle of Peach Tree creek was decisive. It was so, for the battle plan of the able generals of the confederate army was defeated by less than half of the number of infantry and artillery on the part of the Cumberland Army. On the morning of the 21st of July the Army of the Cumberland advanced a mile and a half, and close to the enemy's breastworks. Heavy skirmishing was maintained all day, and thus our front was strongly intrenched. That night the confederates retired to the immediate defense of Atlanta. The next morning General Thomas followed, advancing his line and intrenching as close as possible to the enemy's works. Thus from day to day, General Carlin's brigade had always a part in the front, immediately opposing the rebels in their intrenchments and fortifying under heavy fire at almost every point.

It is by no means the purpose to attempt a detail of the operations about Atlanta, only in so far as they affect the history of the 42d Indiana. On the morning of the 1st of August, the enemy had practically abandoned Atlanta, General Hardee's forces having been defeated

the evening and night before and driven by direct assault upon his works. With the evacuation of the city, the confederates blew up their arsenal and carloads of ammunition, the explosion being heard for many miles around.

As Colonel Coburn, who commanded the advance on September 2d, was approaching the city, he was met by the mayor, who made a formal surrender of the place. It was found that Hood had destroyed eight locomotives and eighty-one cars loaded with ammunition and supplies which he could not remove. Thus after a campaign of four months, Atlanta was gained by a combination of strategic movements on a grand scale. Then there was general rejoicing all over the North; and congratulations from Washington City to our commanding general, served to still further inspire the men with zeal and enthusiasm. The actual losses to the Army of the Cumberland from the 1st of May to the 6th of September were one hundred and ninety-six officers, and two thousand eight hundred and forty-five enlisted men killed; eight hundred and ten officers and fourteen thousand nine hundred and seventy-three enlisted men were wounded; one hundred and four officers, and two thousand six hundred and three enlisted men captured; in all, 21,534 men. During this campaign, General Braunan reported the expenditure of 86,611 rounds of artillery ammunition, and 11,815,229 rounds of infantry ammunition. During that period the Army of the Cumberland captured 8,067 men from the enemy, receiving 2,162 deserters, as reported by Colonel Parkhurst, provost marshal-general.

On September 3d, General Sherman announced the conclusion of the campaign, and the armies returned to Atlanta. After the fall of Atlanta, the 42d Indiana marched to Kingston, Rome, Resaca and through Snake

Creek Gap, and from thence to Gaylesville, Alabama, in pursuit of Hood's army, and then back to Rome and Atlanta. It will be observed by the reader in passing along that this regiment, in addition to the large number of battles and skirmishes it participated in, also performed many long, weary marches; in fact it bore a conspicuous part in the discharge of any and all kinds of duty known to the infantry service. Its veterans living have every reason to feel proud of its organization and record.

[Extract.]

IN THE FIELD, SUMMERVILLE, GA.,

October 19, 1864—12 M.

MAJOR-GEN. HALLECK, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Hood has retreated rapidly by all the roads leading South. Our advance columns now are at Alpine and Melville Post-office. I shall pursue him as far as Gaylesville. The enemy will not venture towards Tennessee, except around by Decatur. I propose to send the 4th Corps back to General Thomas, and leave him that corps, the garrisons and new troops to defend the line of the Tennessee, and with the rest to push into the heart of Georgia and come out at Savannah, destroying all the railroads of the State. * *

* * We find abundance of forage in the country.

W. T. SHERMAN,

Major-Gen. Commanding.

MAJ.-GEN. W. S. ROSECRANS.

In presenting the engraving of Major-General Rosecrans in this book, it is done that the comrades of the 42d Indiana, who so much admired him, may look on his picture. The engraving is made from a photograph sent the author of this book, and if the artist has done his duty the comrades have a good picture of the man who led us to victory on that bloody field of Stone River, and the man who won the first substantial Union victory at Rich Mountain, Va. In this fight the gallant 14th Indiana, commanded by Col. Nathan Kimball—afterwards brigadier-general of the “Iron Brigade”—participated and won laurels, as the “Hoosier boys were always wont to do.”

In another part of this book Gen. John Beatty is quoted as saying: “We all glory in the obstinacy with which Rosecrans clings to his position.” It was that obstinacy that endeared the commanding general to the 42d Indiana, and perhaps its fighting and staying qualities that made “Old Rosy,” as the boys called him, remember the 42d Indiana after more than a quarter of a century has passed. Comrades, look on his picture. You may never see him personally, but you’ll meet him on parade—“over yonder.



W. S. ROSECRANS.
(Brevet Maj.-Genl. U. S. A.)

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Regimental Changes—Scattering Remarks—Brigade and Division Commanders.

AFTER the operations about Atlanta, Col. J. G. Jones, who had been acting provost-marshal general of Indiana, at Indianapolis, was mustered out of service by reason of expiration of term, and Lt.-Col. W. T. B. McIntire was promoted to the colonelcy of the regiment. Shortly after that he resigned his commission, and Capt. G. R. Killams was promoted to be colonel, and in turn of events Capt. William M. Cockrum, now of Oakland City, made lieutenant-colonel and Capt. John A. Scammahorn major. These were the field officers when the regiment was mustered out; James G. Stubblefield being the adjutant. Capt. James L. Orr, Evansville, had been promoted from regimental to brigade quartermaster, and further to be division quartermaster with the rank of major. There also came promotions all along the line of offices in consequence of resignations by those who were obliged to leave the service from disability, or by death vacancies occurred.

The roster of officers named in the first part of this book, compiled from the records in the office of adjutant-general of State, gives all the data of succession; dates of, etc., and those are therefore not repeated here—need not be. The part of the book containing this roster will interest all, officers and privates alike.

In this connection it is proper to say that by recruits received from time to time the minimum of the regiment was never reached; consequently, a full quota of officers,

field and line, could and should have been maintained throughout; but, after beginning the "March to the Sea," and through the Carolinas, rail communication with the authority at the capital of the State was practically suspended; consequently neither commissions nor muster to rank were prompt, could not be.

Reference in other parts of the book, my comrades, has been made to an important fact that you performed much detached service, and that fact somewhat emphasized as evidence of the confidence reposed in you, as an organized body. Nothing in the history of a regiment could be better evidence of your efficiency, for, in every instance of detached service, possibilities and probabilities of increased danger were involved, and good judgment was in all these required of the officers and men, in the command's individuality. In some instances these orders for detachment, emanated from the corps, and even department commander, the regiment by its State and number, individually, being named in the order for such duty. This point is regarded as a strong one in your favor, my comrades, and is thus emphasized.





From "Hist. Coll. of Ohio."

GEN'L JOHN BEATTY.

GENERAL JOHN BEATTY.

GENERAL JOHN BEATTY was born near Sandusky, Ohio, December 16, 1828. His education was obtained at the district school of a pioneer settlement. His grandfather, John Beatty, was an anti-slavery man of the James G. Birney school; from him the present John imbibed in boyhood his first political tenets, and to these he has adhered to somewhat obstinately ever since. In 1852 he supported John P. Hale for the presidency. In 1856 he cast his vote for John C. Fremont. In 1860 he was the Republican presidential elector for the district which sent John Sherman to Congress. When the war broke out in 1861, he was the first to put his name to an enlistment roll in Morrow county. He was elected to the captaincy of his company, subsequently made lieutenant-colonel, then colonel, of the Third Ohio Volunteer Infantry, and in 1862 was advanced to the position of brigadier-general of volunteers. He was with McClellan and Rosecrans in West Virginia summer and fall of 1861; with General O. M. Mitchel in his dash through southern Kentucky, middle Tennessee and northern Alabama in the spring of 1862. Returning with General Buell to the Ohio river, he joined in the pursuit of Bragg, and on October 8, 1862, fought at the head of his regiment in the battle of Perryville, Kentucky. In the December following he was assigned to the command of a brigade of Rosseau's division, and led it through the four days' battle of Stone River, closing on the night of January 3, 1863, with an assault on the enemy's barricade on the left of the Murfreesboro turnpike, which he carried at the point of the bayonet. He was with Rosecrans on the Tullahoma campaign, and after the enemy evacuated their stronghold overtook them at Elk River, drove their rear guard from the heights beyond, and led the column which pursued them to the summit of the Cumberland. While the

army rested at Winchester, Tennessee, he was president of a board to examine applicants for commissions in colored regiments, and continued in this service until the army crossed the Tennessee river and entered on the Chattanooga campaign. On the advance into Georgia his brigade had the honor to be the first of Thomas' corps to cross Lookout Mountain. He was with Brannan and Negley in the affair at Dug Gap, and took part in the two days' fighting at Chickamauga September, 1863, and in the affair at Rossville. He was recommended by General Thomas for promotion for "gallant and obstinate defense in the battle of Chickamauga against overwhelming numbers of the enemy," and was in the list of those specially mentioned by General Rosecrans for creditable service in that battle. At the reorganization of the Army of the Cumberland, he was assigned to the command of the second brigade of Davis' division, Thomas' corps, but was with Sherman in the battle of Missionary Ridge, and when the Rebel line broke he led the column in pursuit of the retreating enemy, overtook his rear guard near Graysville, where a short but sharp encounter occurred, in which General George Many, commanding the opposing force, was wounded and his troops compelled to retire in disorder. Subsequently he accompanied Sherman in the expedition to Knoxville for the relief of Burnside, and the close of the campaign ended his military service.

General Beatty was elected to the Fortieth Congress from the Eighth Ohio district, and re-elected to the Forty-first and Forty-second Congresses, serving first as a member of the Committee on Invalid Pensions, then as Chairman of the Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds, and finally as Chairman of the Committee on Public Printing. In 1884 he was one of the Republican Electors-at-Large; in 1886-7 a member of the Board of State Charities, and at present is president of the "Ohio Chickamauga National Park Commission." He has since 1873 been engaged in the business of banking at Columbus, Ohio.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The March to the Sea—Reports of General Sherman—General Beauregard's Appeal to the People of Georgia.

DURING the last days of October the time was spent in preparation for this grand "march to the sea," and by the 11th of November the army, consisting of 60,000 infantry, 5,500 cavalry, and one piece of artillery for every thousand men, were well on the way. Brev. Maj.-Gen. Jeff. C. Davis commanded the 14th Army Corps, to which the Forty-second had always belonged from the time of its organization, and Gen. Wm. P. Carlin, formerly our brigade commander, now had command of the division.

Before starting, General Sherman forwarded the subjoined report to the War Department, Washington City, District of Columbia :

[Extract.]

HEADQUARTERS, MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI.
IN THE FIELD, KINGSTON, GEORGIA,
November 11, 1864.

MAJOR-GENERAL HALLECK, U. S. ARMY, *Washington, D. C.:*

My arrangements are now complete, and the railroad cars are now being sent to the rear. Last night we burned all the foundries, mills and shops of every kind at Rome, and to-morrow I leave Kingston with the rear guard for Atlanta, which I propose to dispose of in a similar manner, and to start on the 16th on the projected grand raid.

All appearances still indicate that Beauregard has got back in his old hole at Corinth, and I hope he will enjoy it.

My army prefers to enjoy the fresh sweet-potato fields of Ocmulgee. I have balanced all the figures well; am satisfied General Thomas has in Tennessee a force sufficient for all probabilities; and I have urged, the moment Beauregard turns south, to cross the Tennessee at Decatur, and push straight for Selma. To-morrow our lines will be broken, and this is probably my last dispatch. I would like to have Foster to break the Savannah and Charleston railroad, about Pocotalgio, about the first of December. All other preparations are to my satisfaction.

W. T. SHERMAN, *Major-General.*

The following by General Beauregard to the "People of Georgia" will explain that General Sherman was right in his conjecture that he was "in his old hole at Corinth."

[Extract.]

CORINTH, November 18, 1864.

TO THE PEOPLE OF GEORGIA: Arise for the defense of your native soil. Rally around your patriotic Governor and gallant soldiers. Obstruct and destroy all roads in Sherman's front, flank and rear, and his army will soon starve in your midst. Trust in an over ruling Providence, and success will crown your efforts. I hasten to join you in the defense of your homes and firesides.

G. T. BEAUREGARD.

No doubt, comrades of the Forty-second, General Beauregard would have gladly moved into Georgia, and gathered "the people" together to fall upon the supply train you were guarding, but for the fact that General Thomas was at Nashville watching him, and would not let Mr. Beauregard go to the "defense of homes and firesides," as the sequel proved.

In presenting this book for the inspection of comrades, the purpose, as well as giving the individual history of the regiment, has been to blend historic facts connected with the 14th Army Corps, as a whole, after the Forty-second had become a part of it.

It would be impossible to do otherwise than this, and present information of historic importance, for not only comrades to read, but their children and grandchildren to read and ponder over. Therefore, when allusion is made to the 14th Army Corps, or the Army of the Cumberland, it must be understood that in all these operations the Forty-second Indiana was a "factor" and to demonstrate "what factor" the regiment was, has been the aim of the author.

The "march to the sea," then, was divided into three stages of campaign work, and on the 23d of November the right wing of Sherman's army reached Gordon, and the left wing, Milledgeville, Georgia. "General Sherman," says an authority, "had interposed his army between Macon and Augusta, and the enemy, in his doubt as to his destination, and his utter inability to prevent him, wherever he might go, was paralyzed completely.

"The orders for the second stage of the campaign sent the two wings of the army on parallel lines to Millin and Kilpatrick, to destroy the railroad between Milledgeville and Augusta, and on the 2d of December the central columns of the two wings were at Millin, and the extreme corps were abreast and ready for the third and last stage of the campaign or 'march to the sea.'

"The instructions for the third and last stage of the campaign required the convergence of the wings upon Savannah," and by the 18th of December, 1864, the columns had reached there, and the enemy had been driven within the fortifications, and the investment, in a great part of Savannah, accomplished. The right of the 14th Army Corps—Gen. Jeff. C. Davis, an Indiana production—connected with the 17th Corps near Lawson's plantation. Thus, the third stage of the campaign was practically completed. It only remained now to possess the city by investment, or by compelling the enemy to withdraw.

Says the authority before quoted from: "On the 17th of

December, General Sherman demanded the surrender of the city; but on the next day received a positive refusal from General Hardee, who reminded him that his investment was not complete; that his guns were four miles from the city of Savannah, and there would be no justification for capitulation while he had an open road to Charleston. * * * The issue proved that the necessity for surrender did not exist."

General Sherman did not abandon the idea or propose to close the Charleston road; though from the left flank it was abandoned, he had in contemplation its closing from another direction. Accordingly on the 19th of December he set sail for Port Royal to arrange with General Foster for a movement on the road, so vital to General Hardee. He returned on the 22d to find the city of Savannah in quiet possession of his army.

The next problem for this great army of Sherman's to solve was by far a greater one, and it was devolved upon him by General Grant, and that was to move his army to assist in the reduction of Richmond, and it is to that movement that the next and last chapter of this history of the 42d Indiana will be devoted. But, before entering upon that, comrades, let us indulge a little singing.

“WHEN SHERMAN MARCHED DOWN TO THE SEA.”

[Air: Red, White and Blue.]

All hail to the heroes of Sherman!

The “Bonnie Blue Boys” of the West,
The pride and the boast of the Nation,
The truest, the bravest and best;
'Twas these who in triumph bore o'er them
The gallant old flag of the free,
And drove all oppressors before them,
When Sherman marched down to the sea.

They came from the bench and the anvil,
The forest, the field and the shop;

And when they took aim at a Rebel,
 Then something was certain to *drop*.
 And theirs was the nerve that could lead them
 Wherever their chief might decree ;
 And naught could withstand or impede them,
 When Sherman marched down to the Sea.
 All hail to the heroes of freedom
 Who fought 'neath the Stripes and Stars,
 Ye all are the greatest of victors,
 Who won in the greatest of wars.
 But none has a future before him,
 More freighted with honors than he
 Who fought with our flag floating o'er him,
 When Sherman marched down to the Sea.

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

Bring the good old bugle, boys, we'll sing another song,
 Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along,—
 Sing it as we used to sing it, fifty thousand strong,
 While we were marching through Georgia.

CHORUS—" Hurrah ! hurrah ! we bring the Jubilee !
 Hurrah ! Hurrah ! the flag that makes you free !"
 So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,
 While we were marching through Georgia.

How the darkies shouted when they heard the joyful sound !
 How the turkeys gobbled which our commissary found !
 How the sweet potatoes even started from the ground,
 While we were marching through Georgia.—CHORUS.

Yes, and there were Union men who wept with joyful tears
 When they saw the honored flag they had not seen for years ;
 Hardly could they be restrained from breaking forth in cheers,
 While we were marching through Georgia.—CHORUS.

" Sherman's dashing Yankee boys will never reach the coast !"
 So the saucy Rebel said, and 'twas a handsome boast ;
 Had they not forgotten, alas ! to reckon with the host,
 While we were marching through Georgia.—CHORUS.

So we made a thoroughfare for Freedom and her train,
 Sixty miles in latitude,—three hundred to the main,
 Treason fled before us, for resistance was in vain,
 While we were marching through Georgia.—CHORUS.

The following from General Halleck to General Sherman is of interest in this connection, as it is very suggestive, especially as to the prospective fate of Charleston, from which place the flag on Fort Sumter was first fired on by the Rebels:

[Extract.]

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 18, 1864.

MY DEAR GENERAL: Yours of the 13th by Major Anderson is just received. I congratulate you on your splendid success, and shall very soon expect to hear of the crowning work of your campaign in the capture of Savannah. Your march will stand out prominently as the great one of this great war. When Savannah falls then for another wide swath in the center of the Confederacy.

* * * * *

Should you capture Charleston I hope by *some* accident the place may be destroyed, and if a little salt should be sown on the site it may prevent the growth of future crops of nullification and secession.

Yours truly,

H. W. HALLECK,

Major-General, Chief of Staff.

Major-General W. T. SHERMAN, Savannah.

OFFICIAL REPORTS.

HEADQUARTERS, 42D INDIANA VETERAN VOLUNTEERS,
NEAR GOLDSBORO, N. C., March 23, 1865.

CAPT. J. W. FORD. *Acting Assistant Adjutant General,
1st Brigade, 1st Division, 14th Army Corps:*

In accordance with orders, I have the honor to make the following report of the part taken by this regiment in the campaign commencing 20th January, 1865, and ending 23d March, 1865. On the 20th of January, the regiment with the brigade left Savannah, Ga.; arrived at Sister's Ferry on the Savannah river on the 29th of January; laid in camp until the 6th of February, taking up the line of march on

the 6th. Nothing of note occurred until the 12th, when we struck the Charleston & Augusta railroad near Branchville, S. C. On the 13th struck the South Edisto river, on the 14th reached the North Edisto river. Next point of note was Lexington, C. H., which we reached on the 15th; marching from thence on the 16th we reached and crossed the Saluda river, 17th reached Rockville. Nothing of note on the 18th; 19th crossed Broad river near Monticello, 20th camped at Ebenezer Church, 21st arrived at Winnsboro, S. C., 22d struck the railroad at White Oak station, 23d camped at Rocky Mount, P. O., at which point we laid two days; 26th reached Wateree river at Rocky Mount Ferry, 27th laid still, 28th crossed the river, three men captured. March 1st camped near Hanging Rock. Nothing of note until the 6th when we crossed the Pedee river near the South Carolina line; nothing of note until the 11th, when we arrived at Fayetteville, N. C.; nothing of note occurred until the 16th, when we came up with the Twentieth corps near Black river. they having been engaged for several hours with the enemy. I was ordered to relieve a regiment of that corps. Skirmished briskly with the enemy for about two hours, when darkness closed the scene for the day. During the night the enemy withdrew, leaving us to follow at our leisure. Nothing worthy of notice occurred until the 19th inst., when the brigade came up with the enemy near Mill Creek. I was then ordered by Lieutenant-Colonel Fitch to put my regiment into position on the right of the road and throw out skirmishers, who immediately became engaged briskly with the enemy until about 1 P. M., at which time the enemy had pressed back the line on my left so far as to the rear of my line. At this time I was ordered by Lieutenant-Colonel Fitch to retreat, which I did, with the other regiments of the left wing of the brigade, falling back about 400 yards, where we reformed the line and again fought until the enemy had gained our left flank and rear, and having exhausted all the

ammunition we were compelled to fall back a short distance in rear of the 2d Division, 14th Army Corps, where we remained the remainder of the evening.

In this engagement I lost one officer and one man killed, one officer and seven men wounded. On the morning of the 20th the regiment was thrown into position and threw up a line of intrenchments. Remained there until the 22d; the enemy having withdrawn, we resumed the march, arriving at Goldsboro, N. C., on the 23d of March, 1865, having lost two officers and eleven men during the campaign.

Very respectfully,

G. R. KELLAMS,

Major, Commanding Regiment.

HEADQUARTERS, 1ST BRIGADE, 1ST DIVISION, FOURTEENTH
ARMY CORPS.

GOLDSBORO, N. C., March 25, 1865.

CAPTAIN: In compliance with circular received from Headquarters, First Division, Fourteenth Army Corps, dated March 23, 1865, I have the honor to submit the following report of the operations of this brigade from the 20th day of January, 1865, to the present time. On the morning of the 20th of January my command marched with the Division from Savannah, Ga., on the Louisville road, and about 2 P. M. of the same day we bivouacked in a swamp about seven miles from the city. The roads were considered impassable and the troops were delayed for several days at that point. On the morning of the 22d I sent one regiment, the One Hundred and Fourth Illinois, to repair the road towards Savannah. On the 25th we resumed our march to Sister's Ferry, by the way of Springfield, and camped January 28th near the pontoon bridge on the Georgia side of the Savannah river. On the morning of the 4th of February I moved my brigade to the upper landing on the South Carolina side, and relieved Colonel Selfridge of the Twentieth Army Corps, who

was then in command of the post at that place. On the morning of the 6th of February we again resumed our march on the Orangeburg road at Robertsville. We took the left hand road, and passing Brighton, Lawtonsville, Mathew's Bluff and Barnwell, arrived at White Pond station on the Augusta & Charleston railroad, where this brigade destroyed one mile of track. From this point to the South Edisto river, and crossing at Davis bridge, we proceeded to Hopsy's bridge on the North Edisto river and thence by way of Lexington we marched to Youngier's Ferry on the Saluda river, about five miles from Columbia. From this point we marched to Rockville postoffice, near which place we crossed the broad river, and thence marched via Winnsboro to Blackstock station, on the Columbia & Charlotte railroad. After having destroyed one mile of track at this point, we changed our direction, and passing through Gladdin's Grove we reached Rocky Mount on Catawba river. At this point we were detained for several days on account of the swollen condition of the river. Butler's rebel cavalry in considerable force for a number of days were scouting about our camp, capturing a few of our foragers, but they attempted no regular advance on our line until about 12 m. of the 28th of February, when they moved forward and opened a lively skirmish with my pickets, which continued until I withdrew my brigade by order of General Carlin, and we crossed the river. On the following morning we resumed the march, passing Russel's Place, Hanging Rock and Clyburn's store. We crossed Lynch's Creek at McMannis bridge, thence by way of Mount Croghan and Marysville to the great Pedee river. Having crossed the Great Pedee river at Pagnis Landing, we marched on the Rockingham road to Wolfpet, where we changed direction, crossing Drowning creek on Blue's Bridge. We reached Fayetteville on the 11th day of March. On the 13th the brigade crossed Cape Fear river and marched towards Averysboro. On the 16th

our advance having found the enemy in force, my brigade with the division was marched rapidly to the front, and about 2 o'clock I received an order from General Carlin to move my command to the right for the purpose of supporting General Jackson's division of the Twentieth Army Corps. I immediately moved my brigade as directed and massed it in columns of battalion at a point designated to me by an officer of General Slocum's staff. About 4 P. M. I relieved Colonel Howley's brigade and skirmished with the enemy until dark. In this position I lost but one enlisted man killed, three enlisted men wounded and one missing. During the night the enemy retreated, and in the morning I rejoined the division and resumed the march towards Goldsboro. On the morning of the 19th, at 7 o'clock, the brigade marched from camp in advance of the division on the Goldsboro road, and at 10 A. M. we met the enemy posted behind a line of rail-works which extended for some distance on each side of the road on which we were moving. I immediately formed my brigade in two lines, the right wing of the brigade consisting of the Eighty-eighth Indiana Infantry, Captain Voris commanding; Thirty-third Ohio Infantry, Captain Hinsan commanding, and the Ninety-fourth Ohio Infantry, Maj. W. H. Snyder commanding, formed the first line under command of Lieut. Col. C. E. Briant, Eighty-eighth Indiana Infantry. The left wing, consisting of the Twenty-first Wisconsin Infantry, Maj. C. H. Walker commanding; Forty-second Indiana Infantry, Col. G. R. Kellams commanding, and the One Hundred and Fourth Illinois Infantry, Maj. J. H. Widmer commanding, formed the second line, commanded by Lieut. Col. M. H. Fitch, Twenty-first Wisconsin Infantry. As soon as these dispositions were made I ordered two companies as skirmishers from each regiment in the front line. These companies being deployed, I at once charged the enemy, driving him from his works through the woods and undergrowth beyond and across a large field east of Cole's house

to his main line, a distance of more than a mile. As soon as the front line of the brigade gained the house in the centre of the field, the enemy opened a heavy fire from a battery about two hundred yards in our front. The line immediately commenced constructing works in front of the house. Having discovered a good position in the pines a short distance to the left and front of the house, I ordered the Thirty-third Ohio to move to that point and throw up works. About an hour after moving the Thirty-third regiment to the left, I received an order from General Carlin to move the Eighty-eighth Indiana and the Ninety-fourth Ohio to the left of the Thirty-third regiment. These regiments threw up works in prolongation of the line of works already built by the Thirty-third Ohio. About this time the Second Brigade came into position on my left, when I received an order from General Carlin to charge the enemy, and discovered what force was in our front. I found my right wing in front of out works; the Thirty-third Ohio on the right, the Eighty-eighth Indiana in the centre and the Ninety-fourth Ohio on the left, connecting with the Second Brigade, and moving steadily forward, driving the rebel skirmishers back to their main line. My line having arrived within a short distance of the enemy's works, it received a very heavy fire, and the left at this moment giving way, the whole line returned to the works in our former position. Having discovered the enemy in force, I immediately ordered my line to be strengthened as much as possible. About 2 P. M. the rebels in great force advanced on my line and driving my skirmishers in rapidly, they came down on our works in such overwhelming numbers that my line was compelled to give way; not, however, until the enemy had gained our right and rear, which threatened the capture or annihilation of our whole force. Having fallen back through the woods, I rallied my line in the field near the position held by the First New York Artillery, and immediately threw up works. About 7 P. M., by order of

General Carlin, I moved my right wing across the Goldsboro road and took position on the right of the Second Brigade, at which point my left wing joined me during the same evening. For the information of the operations of the left wing of my brigade I respectfully refer you to the report of Lieut.-Col. Fitch, Twenty-first Wisconsin, which I append to this report.

On the morning of the 20th I took position on the left of General Morgan's division in one line, with my left refused, facing the Goldsboro road, where my brigade remained until the morning of the 22d. The rebels having retreated during the night of the 21st, we resumed our march, and crossing the Neuse river at Coxe's Bridge, we arrived at this place on the 23d instant.

The losses of this brigade from the 20th January, 1865, to the present time are as follows :

REGIMENTS	KILLED			WOUNDED			MISSING			AGGREGATE		
	C. O. . . .	E. M. . . .	TOTAL.	C. O. . . .	E. M. . . .	TOTAL	C. O. . . .	E. M. . . .	TOTAL.	C. O. . . .	E. M. . . .	TOTAL.
	C.	E.	TOTAL.	C.	E.	TOTAL	C.	E.	TOTAL.	C.	E.	TOTAL.
Eighty-eighth Indiana	0	5	5	4	27	31	0	3	3	4	35	39
Thirty-third Ohio	0	5	5	0	31	31	1	23	29	1	64	65
Ninety-fourth Ohio	0	2	2	0	11	11	0	8	8	0	21	21
Twenty-first Wis.	1	2	3	0	25	25	0	20	20	1	47	48
Forty-second Indiana	1	1	2	1	7	8	0	3	3	2	11	13
One Hundred and Fourth Illinois	0	2	2	1	13	14	1	11	12	2	26	28
AGGREGATE - - - -	2	17	19	6	114	120	2	73	75	10	204	214

Inclosed you will find a list of casualties by name. I also forward herewith the official reports of the several regiments.

In conclusion I would state that Lieutenant-Colonel Briant, 88th Indiana Infantry, and Lieut.-Col. M. H. Fitch, 21st Wisconsin Infantry, are deserving of mention. They have acted as wing commanders during the campaign, and I am much indebted to their energy, care and bravery, both on the march and in the battle-field, for the remarkable preservation

of the brigade. My Staff, Capt. J. W. Ford, acting assistant adjutant-general, Captain Sherlock, inspector, and Lieutenant Whittaker, aide-de-camp, are also well deserving of mention. Their prompt and valuable assistance and gallant conduct during the perilous campaign deserve my highest acknowledgments. Captain Van Valkenburgh, assistant quartermaster, and Captain Steuart, assistant commissary of subsistence, also deserve to be mentioned for the able and energetic manner they have managed their respective departments.

I am, Captain, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

H. C. HOBART,

Brevet Brigadier-General, Commanding.

TO JAMES E. EDMONDS, *Captain and Acting Assistant Adjutant-General, First Division, 14th Army Corps.*



GEN'L WILLIAM P. CARLIN.

General Carlin, who for a period of time in the war ably commanded the brigade of which the 42d Indiana was a part, was born on the 24th day of November, 1829, in Greene county, Illinois, and graduated at the military school at West Point, New York, having received his appointment as cadet thereto by or through the recommendation of Hon. Stephen A. Douglas. He began his military education at the age of 20 years and 7 months. Before entering West Point he worked on a farm in his native State. On his mother's side (the Goodes) he was descended from Revolutionary blood or parentage.

His first service after graduating was as brevet second lieutenant, at Fort Snelling, Minn., 1850-51. August 15, 1861, he was appointed colonel of the 38th Illinois Regiment of Infantry, having been granted leave of absence from the regular army for that purpose.

At the battle of Murfreesboro, Tenn., on the 31st day of December, 1862, he was wounded, and also in the battle of Chickamauga, Sept. 19, 1863.

Soon after the battle of Chickamauga he was assigned to the command of the 1st Brigade, 1st Division, 14th Army Corps, which included the 42d Regiment Indiana Volunteers, and remained in command until after the capture of Atlanta, Ga., when he was assigned to command the division, in which capacity he closed his service with volunteers.

During the war, he was made brigadier-general of volunteers, and subsequently breveted major-general for meritorious service. He is now colonel of the 4th U. S. Infantry, at Fort Sherman, Idaho, and soon will be retired from active duty as an officer. Comrades of the 42d Indiana will readily recognize Gen. Carlin's picture in this book.



BREVET MAJ.-GENL. WM. P. CARLIN.
(U. S. A.)



CHAPTER XXXV.

*March Through the Carolinas—Battle of Bentonville—
Washington City—Indianapolis—Home.*

THE army occupied Savannah until January 20, 1864, and took up the line of march for Goldsboro, through the Carolinas. Official reports follow the detail of the march, and the incidents thereof worthy of note, therefore it is not given here.

On the night of the 18th of March the 42d Regiment encamped on the Goldsboro road, twenty-five miles from Goldsboro, and five miles from Bentonville, at a point where the road from Clinton to Smithfield crosses the one to Goldsboro. It was not known that the enemy, General Johnston's army, was in the immediate proximity, but it was supposed that only cavalry would be met on the road to Goldsboro.

Says Thomas B. Van Horn, of the regular army: "Scarcely had General Carlin's division of the 14th Corps, in advance of the left wing, wheeled into the road to push on to Goldsboro, when Dibrell's division of cavalry was met whose stubborn resistance indicated that their support or that its courage had given a new type to the conflict of cavalry with infantry. Being under orders to press on, and supposing that cavalry alone was in his front, General Carlin engaged the enemy vigorously, and soon the responsive roar of artillery announced the opening of a battle which General Joe Johnston was delivering in expectation of crushing the 14th Army Corps at least."

This battle was particularly hard on the 1st Brigade of General Carlin's division, to which the 42d Indiana belonged and a number of men were wounded, and Lieut. John Q. A. Steele, of Company F, was killed instantly, and Lieut. Ephraim Rutlege, of Company E, so severely wounded that he died a few days afterwards. This was the regiment's last engagement, and in it the command fully demonstrated, as on all previous occasions, its "fighting and staying qualities," of which General Rosecrans wrote.

The battle of Bentonville, by all reports from commanding officers for the time employed in the deliverance, was one of the most stubbornly contested on the part of the enemy of any of the whole war. The rebels fought like demons, or like soldiers determined to die, only in the "last ditch," but the prowess of the 1st Brigade and Division, 14th Corps, was equal to the occasion and sustained itself in the defeat of the enemy, and in routing them fully. Once more, and for the last time, General Joe Johnston's army of as brave men as ever fought under any flag was defeated. O joy for the armies! Peace and home were now in the very near future.

After the battle the 42d Regiment moved to Goldsborough, thence to Raleigh, thence to Richmond, thence to Washington City, District of Columbia, and participated in the grand review of the whole great army in that capital of the nation, so often during the war menaced by the enemy.

On April 9, 1865, Lee had surrendered to General Grant at Appomattox, and it only remained for General Joe Johnston to surrender to General Sherman to complete the work of the Union army. The manner in which this was accomplished will be readily understood by the following :

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION THE MISSISSIPPI.
IN THE FIELD, RALEIGH, April 20, 1865.

MAJOR-GEN. WILSON, Commanding Cavalry of the U. S.
Army in Georgia:

Gen. Joseph E. Johnston has agreed with me for a univer-
sal suspension of hostilities, looking to a peace over the
whole surface of the country. I feel sure it will be made per-
fect in a few days. * * * *

W. T. SHERMAN,
Major-Gen. Comd'g.

GREENSBORO, April 19, 1865.

Via Columbia, 19, via Augusta 20th.

MAJ.-GEN. HOWELL COBB: Inform the General command-
ing the enemy's forces in your point a truce for the pur-
pose of a final settlement was agreed upon yesterday, between
Generals Johnston and Sherman, applicable to all the forces
under their command. * * *

G. T. BEAUREGARD,
Gen. 2d in Command.

Reply:

My force being a portion of General Johnston's command,
I proceed at once to execute the terms of armistice, and have
issued orders for the carrying out of the same. * *

HOWELL COBB,
Maj.-Gen. Comd'g.

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION THE MISSISSIPPI.
IN THE FIELD, RALEIGH, N. C.

April 24, 6 A. M., 1865.

GENERAL JOHNSTON, Commanding Confederate Army,
Greensboro:

You will take notice that the truce or suspension of hos-
tilities agreed upon between us will close in forty-eight
hours after this is received at your lines, under first article of
our agreement.

W. T. SHERMAN,
Major-General.

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION THE MISSISSIPPI.

IN THE FIELD, RALEIGH, N. C., April 24, 1865.

GENERAL JOHNSTON, Commanding Confederate Armies:

I have replies from Washington to my communication of April 18. I am instructed to limit my operations to your immediate command, and not to attempt civil negotiations. I therefore demand the surrender of your army on the same terms as were given General Lee at Appomattox, April 9th inst., purely and simply.

W. T. SHERMAN,
Major-Gen. Comd'g.

And this was the end. It remained only for the formality of muster-out of the service for the Army of the Cumberland, the 42d Indiana included, to return home "purely and simply."

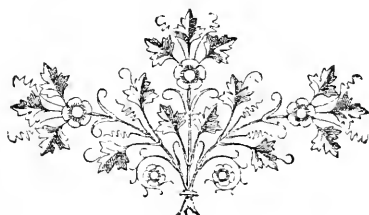
In due course of time the command arrived at Washington City, and from there proceeded by rail to Louisville, Ky., where on the 21st day of July, 1865, the regiment was mustered out, having been in service three years, eight months and eleven days. The history of the regiment is a proud one, but imperfectly written here. It participated in the battles of Wartrace, Perryville, Stone River, Elk River, Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain, Mission Ridge, Ringgold, Rocky Face Ridge, Resaca, Altoona Mountains, Kenesaw Mountains, Chattahoochee River, Peach Tree creek, Atlanta, Jonesboro, Savannah, Charleston, Averysboro and Bentonville, besides skirmishes too numerous to speak of—from seventy-five to one hundred at least.

SUMMARY.

The following summary of the whole regimental loss will be of interest: Whole number killed, wounded and prisoners, 629; officers killed on field, 4; men killed on

field, 86; officers wounded in battle, 14; men wounded in battle, 443; officers taken prisoners, 11; men taken prisoners, 89.

The regiment, however, had borne on the muster-rolls from the date of beginning of service to the date of discharge, or muster-out, 1,475 rank and file, 218 having been discharged from time to time by reason of disability.



A BRIEF SUMMARY.

And now, comrades, this volume is nearing its *finis*, and this brief summary is made, but first let the author say to you individually : God bless you all.

Evidences of, or by competent authority, for reasons for pride within you, have been recorded in plenty. This author knows your officers were and are proud of you : then you have a right to be proud of yourselves.

These pages evidence by every movement you made, the confidence reposed in you by superior officers, commanding generals, and that the confidence was not misplaced. Of your "fighting and staying" qualities, General Rosecrans promptly attests ; and your brigade and division, as well as corps commanders, bear you honorable testimony. Your children should feel proud of you for the honorable part you bore in the war, that gave to them to enjoy, when you "sleep in the windowless palace of Rest ;" a united, happy, prosperous and glorious country to enjoy.

Recapitulate—Wartrace, Perryville, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain, Mission Ridge, Ringgold, "Buzzard Roost," Resaca, Kannesaw Mountain, "Big Shanty," Snake-Creek Gap, Chattahoochee River, Peach Tree Creek, Jonesboro, Atlanta, and a hundred skirmishes, on the campaign thereto, including a seven days' and nights incessant fighting at Seven Mile Range, or "Pumpkin Vine" creek, all rightfully and honorably are on your banner, that you never suffered in fighting to trail in the dust.

You bore it aloft and in triumph, in the "March to the Sea," into Savannah, through the Carolinas, in the battle of Benton-

ville, N. C., through Richmond, the rebel capital, to Washington city in glory, and back to your native State, unsullied; not a star missing, or a stripe obliterated—although riddled with balls, to again be kissed by the breezes of your proud State, and as heroes and as victors passed in review in the capital of your State, before a grateful people, to your homes and to those you loved.

You have a right none dare dispute to feel proud of your brigade, your division, corps, and the Army of the Cumberland; and its grand commanders, who withhold no words of praise for you.

You belonged to an army—"The Cumberland;" of which T. B. Van Horn, U. S. A., and an author of no inconsiderable merit, said: "This army (of the Cumberland), in its unity, never gave but one field to the enemy. But when it had yielded the bloody field of Chickamauga, it had revealed under conditions of battle greatly unequal its invincibility with fair terms of conflict. But even here, it gained the fruits of victory, under the semblance of defeat, as it held Chattanooga, the objective of the campaign."

As commander of the 14th Army Corps, on that dreadful Sunday in September, Major-Gen. Geo. H. Thomas, with the men he loved so well, well earned the title of the "Rock of Chickamauga." In looking back over the bloody fields he commanded you on, comrades, do you not feel like honoring at your every gathering the master-spirit of that grand hero, General Thomas? Like you and I soon will, he has passed beyond all human praise, aid or harm; but while we live, let us teach our children to honor him.

GENERAL GRANT TO THE ARMY.

[Special orders No. 108.]

WAR DEPARTMENT ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 20, 1865.

Soldiers of the Armies of the United States: By your patriotic devotion to your country in the hour of danger and

alarm, your magnificent fighting, bravery and endurance, you have maintained the supremacy of the Union and constitution, overthrown all armed opposition to the enforcement of the laws, and of the proclamation forever abolishing slavery—the cause and pretext of the rebellion—and opened the way to the rightful authorities to restore order and inaugurate peace on a permanent basis, on every foot of American soil.

Your marches, sieges and battles, in distance, duration, resolution and brilliancy of results, dim the luster of the world's past military achievements, and will be the patriot's precedent in the defense of liberty and right in all time to come.

In obedience to your country's call you left your homes and families, and volunteered in its defense. Victory has crowned your valor, and secured the purpose of your patriot hearts; and with the gratitude of your countrymen, and with the highest honor a great and free nation can accord, you will soon be permitted to return to your homes and families conscious of having discharged the highest duty of American citizens. To achieve these glorious triumphs, and secure to yourselves, your fellow countrymen and posterity the blessings of free institutions, tens of thousands of your gallant comrades have fallen and sealed the priceless legacy with their lives. The graves of those a grateful nation bedews with tears, honors their memories, and will ever cherish and support their stricken families.

U. S. GRANT, *Lieutenant-General.*

APPENDIX.

As a matter of interest, and for preservation in convenient form, some selections of a choice nature for the comrades are here presented; notably the wonderful word-painting by Col. R. G. Ingersoll at a soldier's reunion at Indianapolis, Indiana. Probably this production by Colonel Ingersoll, in the matter of word-painting, has no equal in the English language, or, perhaps, any other. It will bear reading and re-reading.

A VISION OF THE WAR.

COL. R. G. INGERSOLL.

The past rises before us like a dream. Again we are in the great struggle for National life. We hear the sounds of preparation—the music of boisterous drums—the silver notes of heroic bugles. We see thousands of assemblages and hear the appeals of orators; and we see the pale faces of women and the flushed faces of men, and in those assemblages we see all the dead whose dust we have covered with flowers. We lose sight of them no more. We are with them when they enlist in the great army of freedom. We see them part with those they love. Some are walking for the last time in quiet, woody places, with the maidens they adore. We hear the whisperings and the sweet vows of eternal love as they lingeringly part forever. Others are bending over cradles, kissing babes that are asleep. Some are receiving the blessings of old men. Some are parting with mothers who hold them and press them to their breasts again and again and say nothing. Kisses and tears, and tears and kisses—divine mingling of agony and love! And some are talking with wives and endeavoring with brave words spoken in the old

tones to drive from their hearts the awful fear. We see them part. We see the wife standing in the door with the babe in her arms—standing in the sunlight sobbing—at the turn of the road a hand waves—she answers by holding high in her loving arms the child. He is gone and forever!

We see them all as they march proudly away under the flaunting flags. Keeping time to the grand wild music of war, marching down the great streets of cities—through towns and across prairies—down to the fields of glory, to do and to die for the eternal right.

We go with them one and all. We are by their sides on all the gory fields—in all the hospitals of pain—on all the weary marches. We stand guard with them in the wild storm, and under the quiet stars. We are with them in the ravines running with blood, in the furrows of old fields. We are with them between contending hosts, unable to move; wild with thirst, the life ebbing slowly away among the withered leaves. We see them pierced with balls and torn by shells; in the trenches by forts, and in the whirlwind of the charge, where men become iron with nerves of steel. We are with them in the prisons of hatred and famine, but human speech can never tell what they endured.

We are at home when the news comes that they are dead. We see the maiden in the shadow of her first sorrow. We see the silver head of the old man bowed with his last grief.

The past rises before us, and we see four millions of human beings governed by the lash—we see them bound hand and foot—we hear the strokes of the cruel whips—we see the hounds tracking women through tangled swamps. We see babes sold from the breasts of mothers. Cruelty unspeakable! Outrage infinite!

Four million bodies in chains—four million souls in fetters! All the sacred relations of wife, mother, father and child, trampled beneath the brutal feet of might! And all this was done under our own beautiful banner of the free!

The past rises before us. We hear the roar and the shriek of the bursting shell. The broken fetters fall. These heroes died! We look. Instead of slaves, we see men, women and children. The wand of progress touches the auction block, the slave-pen, the whipping-post, and we see homes and fire-sides and school-houses, and books; and where all was want and crime, and cruelty and fear, we see the faces of the free.

These heroes are dead! They died for liberty—they died for us. They are at rest! They sleep in the land they made free, under the flag they rendered stainless, under the solemn pines, the sad hemlocks, the tearful willows, and the embracing vines.

They sleep beneath the shadows of clouds. careless alike of sunshine or storm; each in the windowless palaces of Rest! Earth may run red with other wars—they are at peace. In the midst of battle, in the roar of conflict, they found serenity in death. I have one sentiment for the soldiers, living and dead:—"Cheers for the living, tears for the dead."

THE CHALLENGE.

Slowly o'er the distant mountain sinks the glowing sun to rest,
 Gilding with its lingering splendor the horizon of the west;
 And the twilight, softly falling over forest, field and hill,
 Brings the hour of peace and comfort; bidding all the world be still.

Save the faint and hollow murmur of the distant waterfalls,
 Or some bird returning homeward, to its mate a greeting calls;
 Save the far-off drowsy tinkle from the herd upon the hill,
 All the sounds at length grow fainter, nature sleeps—the world is still.

Now are seen amid the darkness fires glowing warm and bright,
 For beside the Rappahannock two great armies meet to-night;
 On its banks they build their fires, on its sod their arms they lay;
 On one bank the Blue are camping on the other side the Gray.

Soon there comes from o'er the river strains of music loud and grand;
 'Tis the sound of martial measure from the Union army's band;
 And "We'll Rally Round the Flag boys," was the soul-inspiring air;
 To cheer the weary soldier's heart there's none that's half so fair.

Now at length the strain is ended, and the army of the Gray
Quick the challenge has accepted, but another air they play ;
" The Bonnie Blue Flag " in lively measure, with its accents sweet
and clear,

Giving hope to every soldier, driving from them thoughts of fear.

Then again from o'er the river, from the gallant boys in Blue,
Came the notes of " Hail Columbia " loud and joyous, firm and true,
Swelling like the voice of nations, borne on wings of music grand ;
Born within the hearts of freemen, uttered by the Union band.

Scarcely has the lingering echo, from the mountain died away,
When " Away Down South in Dixie, " from the army of the Gray,
Speaks their dearest wish and purpose, tells of hopes as strong and true,
As were those so dearly cherished by the army of the Blue.

Sweet the sound of martial music, floating on the evening air ;
Terrible the dark forebodings that their lively measures bear ;
To the ear it brings its beauty, to the heart the throbs of pain ;
Thus together joy and sadness blended in the same refrain,

All is hushed. The silvery rippling of the river flowing near,
And perhaps the faggots crackling are the only sounds they hear ;
Not the faintest echo answered from the hills now lost to view,
All are waiting for the answer, from the army of the Blue.

But within one soldier's bosom there is borne a gentle strain,
And his comrades' untrained voices join him in the sweet refrain ;
But it bears no word of challenge, has no thought of party pride,
For its visions are of loved ones, and the hallowed fireside.

" Home, Sweet Home, " the notes float upward, out upon the quiet night,
Others now have caught the meaning, and their melody unite,
As the chorus still is swelling every voice prolongs the lay,
Rendered by the word and music now from both the Blue and Gray.

Fuller, stronger grows the music, swelling upward through the air,
Even to the gates of Heaven, and perhaps it enters there,
Where the notes are sweetly blended with angelic singers' lay,
Blending, all in one grand chorus, there is known no Blue, no Gray.

The song is o'er, the closing measure softly now has died away ;
But we hear no challenge further from the Blue or from the Gray,
For the theme, so aptly fitted to each weary soldier's heart,
Brooks no thought of civil warfare, and no words of hate impart.

As each soldier, worn and weary, on his humble couch is lain,
 Something in his dusky features takes away the powder stain.
 Can it be the dews from Heaven, falling on the sleeper's face?
 Or do tears thus undiscovered down the soldier's features trace?

—*T. T. Kenower, in Toledo Blade.*

DEAD OFFICERS.

The following list of officers, killed in the army, or who have died, is incomplete, but the best that could be done; the date of death and circumstances in most instances being out of the question to secure.

COLONELS.

James G. Jones and W. T. B. McIntire.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL.

James M. Shanklin.

ADJUTANTS.

DeWitt C. Evans and W. L. Dorsey.

QUARTER-MASTER.

Owen O. Walker.

CHAPLAINS.

Wm. Atchison, N. M. Patterson and H. O. Chapman.

SURGEON.

W. D. Taylor.

ASSISTANT SURGEONS.

John Maginniss and W. P. Hornbrook.

CAPTAINS COMPANY A.

Charles G. Olmstead and John Trimble.

COMPANY B.

Joseph Kirkman and Elijah Enlow.

COMPANY C.

Sam'l D. Smith and W. W. Combs.

COMPANY D.

F. M. Edmonds, Henderson McAdams and James D. Saunders.

COMPANY E.

David F. Embree, W. A. Watters, Ephraim Rutlege and Francis Wade.

COMPANY F.

John Q. A. Steele.

COMPANY G.

Eli McCarty and I. W. McCormick.

COMPANY I.

John Burch and William Allison.

COMPANY K.

James H. Masters, Edward M. Knowles and Emery Johnson.

“SON OF A VETERAN.”

(A Memorial Day Recitation.)

BY CAPT. JACK CRAWFORD, “THE POET SCOUT.”

Son of a Veteran? Yes, sir, and proud of the title, too ;
 Proud that my sire, now sleeping here, once wore the honored blue;
 Proud of the record that he made in Dixie's blood-flecked land;
 Proud of the country such as he saved from the wrecker's hand.
 Proud of the starry flag that floats so gallantly above
 A country reunited in bonds of patriot love;
 Proud of the blest assurance that above those cloudland banks
 My father's soul now musters in the spirit soldier ranks.

True, I was but a lad, sir, when the battle summons came,
 And had no real conception of the patriotic flame
 Which glowed with lurid luster in each loyal Northman's breast,
 And drew them to the colors, my father with the rest.
 But often in the evening, when the lamp was burning dim,
 My head upon my mother's knee, she'd talk to me of him,
 And in my youthful bosom grew a patriot love as bright
 As that which nerved my father in many a bloody fight.

All through those years of carnage my mother's gentle face
 Seemed the dread fear to mirror which in her heart found place—
 Fear that her soldier husband in the battle front might fall,
 And die amid the conflict, pierced by disloyal ball.

How eager she scanned the papers that brought us news of fight,
Her eyes would with loyal gleaming and patriot fire be alight,
As she read how the corps had never for a single moment swerved—
The gallant old Fifteenth Corps, sir, in which my father served.

One day near the close of the conflict the news of a battle came,
And in the long list of wounded appeared my dear father's name—
With lips all trembling and bloodless, my mother read this to me :
“ John Lane—gunshot wound in the ankle—amputated above the knee.”
With a moan of piteous anguish she clasped me close to her breast,
And as to her throbbing bosom my boyish form she pressed,
She cried to the God of battles to with comforting hand sustain
The dear one who far in the Southland lay writhing in keenest pain.

My father came home on crutches, in his faded suit of blue,
And into his arms my mother with a cry of happiness flew ;
Forgotten the roar of battle ; forgotten the weeks of pain,
As he cried : “ Thank God, old mother, I live to see you again !
You haven't as sound a husband as you placed in the hands of God,
And sent to the front of battle ; for 'neath Mississippi's sod
I left one good leg behind me, but its loss I'll never regret,
For our dear old country is safe, mother, and the old flag is waving
yet.”

But the hardships and exposures through those years of deadly strife,
The trials and the rigors which cling to the soldier's life,
Had fastened their deadly clutches in my father's system, and
He became a helpless cripple, scarce able to lift a hand.
At last by his loving comrades his body was hither borne,
To await the reveille summons on the resurrection morn,
And here, as a sacred duty, on each Memorial Day,
These wreaths of beautiful flowers o'er his cherished form I lay.

Son of a veteran ? Yes, sir ; and I glory in the name ;
The thought of my father's valor sets my youthful heart aflame
With the fires of patriotism, the same that filled his breast,
When with his valorous comrades to the battle front he pressed.
And if again in the future our country should threatened be
By hand of domestic traitor or foeman from o'er the sea,
I'll spring to the front at the summons, and try to battle as brave
As the hero warrior sleeping 'neath flowers in this honored grave.

INCIDENTS.

Below, or in this connection, are presented a few incidents trivial in nature, but in exhibition of characteristics of men, under different circumstances, and the humor of men, often under more or less trying conditions.

On the field of battle of Stone River, in what was known as the "Cedar Woods," the trees were small, but the underbrush was so thick men could only push through it with the greatest difficulty. The balls from the enemy were flying thick and fast, and singing like bees of death, with an occasional solid cannon shot plowing its way through the underbrush, when on meeting Captain Cockrum, Lieutenant-Colonel Shanklin said, laughing :

"Captain, it would be much safer here, if those trees were five or ten feet through."

In a few moments the lieutenant-colonel's horse was shot dead under him.

Capt. Elder Cooper, Company D, was a typical Irishman. Adjutant James G. Stubblefield, passing the captain's quarters, said :

"Captain, did you know there were plenty of Irish potatoes for sale just a little way outside of the guard line?"

"No," said Captain C. "Where? I'll have 'em at any cost."

"Just over there," said the adjutant, pointing in a certain direction.

The captain in great haste hurried to the place designated. He found no Irish potatoes, but said he did find out it was the first day of April.

Company A of the Forty-second had a number of Irishmen in it. It is told that on picket duty an Irishman captured a rebel, taking him prisoner on the line.

Going back to the reserve guard with his prisoner, the sergeant of the guard said :

“Mike, you’ll have to go back on duty. I’ll takè the prisoner to headquarters.”

“Not a bit uv it,” said Mike. “I’ll do it meself. If you want one, go and ketch him. The bush is full uv ’em.”

Richard Pride, Company G, Forty-second, (a prosperous farmer of Pike county now,) was a character at all times for drollness as well as good humor. On a day at Huntsville, Ala., Capt. W. M. Cockrum received an order for a detail of one hundred men, to go some miles to the south of Huntsville, on the Memphis & Charleston R. R., to cut timber to be used in constructing stockades in Huntsville. Orders were imperative under severe penalty against foraging. Rations gave out and the men had nothing to eat, or almost its equivalent—a little dry bread.

One morning Comrade Pride with his axe was before Captain C’s quarters, pounding on a telegraph pole vigorously. Captain C. said:

“Dick, what in the world are you doing?”

“It’s a ground-hog case, captain. We are out of meat. I’m hungry, and am telegraphing for rations.”

At the battle of Perryville, Ky., October 8, ’62, it being the first general engagement by the Regiment, like the most of troops under like conditions, the men exhibited symptoms of fear; seeing this, Capt. John Eigenman stepped to the front of his Company “D,” and put the men through the manual of arms. His example was followed by other officers, with good results. Great presence of mind by such an act was gained by officers and men. In battle it is needed. But such *extreme* cases are rare.

In company “G” of the 42d Regiment on being mustered into the U. S. Service, in presence of Col. Jas. G. Jones, it

was found to have on the roll nine (9) men by the name of "Pride," three named "Ham," and one named "Potts."

In a droll way the colonel said: "This company is not lacking in Pride, has good supply of Ham, and Potts to cook the ham in."

The colonel was a jolly sort of a body, portly, and moved slowly, as large bodies are said to. Owing to the bad weather and poisonous miasma, etc., etc., in the Calhoun (Ky.) atmosphere, while in camp there, some officers kept in their quarters a canteen of whisky, and the colonel was not an exception to the rule. Before retiring on a night, Colonel J. had, contrary to his usual custom, pretty well emptied his canteen. As a consequence he slept well till reveille. The sentinel on post before headquarters, being also a little afraid of malaria, had patronized the colonel's canteen to the last drop, it hanging in his sight.

On arising at bugle call, Colonel Jones grasped his canteen—being thirsty—in a hurry. Finding it to contain no anti-malaria, he expressed much disgust by saying: "That d——d Lieutenant-Colonel Denby has been at my canteen, drank it all. He'll be drunk as a lord to-day, by gad he will. A good joke on the lieutenant-colonel—d——d good joke."

While Chattanooga was in seige, the supply of rations was very short for a time. Andrew J. Potts, a robust, large and extraordinarily healthy soldier, who had never missed a duty or battle, one day hastily stuck his head into the quarters of this author, and, with much vehemence of speech, demanded:

"Lieutenant, I want a furlough, p. d. q., must have it."

"Why, Andy, what in the world is up now?"

"Well, I'm so awful hungry. I just want a furlough to get *one* square meal before I die."

This item is copied bodily from Gen. John Beatty's book, "The Citizen Soldier." It is appropriate here. It was Oct. 5, '63. "The enemy opened up on us from the point of Lookout Mountain. He did little damage, however. A shell entered the door of a dog tent, near which two soldiers were standing, and buried itself in the ground. One of the soldiers turned very coolly to the other and said: "There, you d—d fool, you see what you get by leaving your door open."

This is by the same author, and relates to a ride General Beatty took over the battlefield of Stone River, Jan. 5, '62: "I met Generals Rousseau, McCook and Crittenden. They had been imbibing freely. Crittenden was the merriest of the party. On the way out he sang a pastoral ditty, with which the children are familiar:

' Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.'

"McCook complimented me by saying my brigade fought well. He should know, for he sat behind it in the second assault of the enemy in Cedar Woods a short time."

The 16th of January General Beatty again rode over the battlefield and writes in his memoranda: "We stumbled on one grave in a solitary spot in the thick cedars, where the sunshine never penetrates. At the head of the little mound of fresh earth a round stick was standing, and on top of this was an old felt hat; the hat still doing duty over the head if not on the head, of the dead soldier. Soon the grass will grow over the graves, and sticks all get displaced—nothing to indicate that—

' Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of Empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre."

Working on the fortifications at Murfreesboro, for a long time, brigade headquarters became a place of practical joking. In April, 1863, General Beatty wrote in his memoranda: "Lieutenant Du Barry has just been promenading the line of tents in his nightshirt, with a club, in search of some scoundrel, supposed to be Adjutant Wilson, who stuffed his (Lieutenant Du Barry's) bed with stove-wood and stones. Wilson, on seeing the ghostly apparition approach, breaks into song:

"Meet me by moonlight alone
And there I will tell you a tale."

Lieut. J. L. Oarr, Commissary of Subsistence, coming up at this time, remarked that he "is surprised to see him take it so coolly." Du Barry, although thin of dress and the air chilly, expresses himself with much warmth. Clerk J. K. Patterson, and, probably, the offender, now joins the party and, with earnestness, affirms: "This practical joking must stop or some one will get hurt."

While the battle was on in the cedar woods at Stone River, Assistant Surgeon Hornbrook of the Forty-second established his headquarters in a basin, or sink, in the ground, and hung his green sash on a tree, instead of a hospital flag, to note the field hospital.

John D. McCullough, who had seen displayed at the battle of Perryville several State flags, of various colors, mistook this sash for one of those, and as we had changed position several times he thought the enemy had got to our rear, and shot at the supposed rebel flag, but only killed Hornbrook's pack-mule.

The doctor ran to the top of the sink and hallooed out: "For God's sake, stop shooting here. This is the hospital."

McCullough echoed back: "Then take down that d——d rebel flag, if *you* don't want to get shot."

Private Mc, you see, was out gunning for rebel flags, and he did not propose to let any "guilty man escape."

Here is a war joke of a different kind and location, but quite true. At an early day in the war, Jeff C. Davis, who became a major-general, was made colonel of the 22d Indiana. Of those who joined the regiment was Wm. Padget, a resident of near the Shoals, Martin county, but now of Daviess county. Mr. Padget was loyal to the backbone and he hated the K. G. C. as bad as the devil does holy water. "Uncle Billy" (as he is called) left at home a lot of very mischievous boys not old enough to go to war, but they could go as "substitutes" to spark the girls—a war necessity. Going home one night from an expedition of this kind, they suddenly drew up upon the rendezvous of these Knights of the Golden Circle, where some fifty or sixty horses were hitched. In those days every male person large enough carried revolvers. The half dozen sixteen-year-old boys (a young Padget included) saw fun for them. Slipping up to a suitable place, the boys began in rapid succession to fire. The scene is described as of the funniest. Those brave K. G. C. fell over themselves to get to their horses. Some got on the wrong horse, and a few did not stop to get on a horse at all, but "cut-dirt foot-back," as the boys expressed it. It is said one of those gallant K. G. C. resides now less than fifty miles from the scene or place of that sixteen-year-old-boy bombardment, that on that night he *started to run*, and has been running ever since—for office. He did so much to put the rebellion down, he can't help it. But he "makes haste slowly." Unlike a *trained* trick mule, he usually dumps his *load* before he "gets there" unless *some* one will carry it for him.

At Murfreesboro, just before our brigade began the campaign against Tullahoma, General Beatty's staff officers fell into the habit of sleeping till breakfast. The general, who had for quite a while been rising and riding at daylight all alone, issued an order one day that the next morning every staff officer must be in the saddle at the break of day for a

ride with him, and accordingly at the "peep-o'-day" all were mounted, and instantly off at a gallop. This was kept up for a considerable time until the staff were surprised to see the general suddenly halt on a small eminence and command: "Forward into line." Then, "Salute!" "Right dress. Front." Of course all wondered, what next? It came at once:

"Gentlemen, what is that, and what do you think of it? He is king of day," pointing to the sun just risen above the horizon.

Capt. J. L. Orr ventured, saying: "His face looks familiar. I think I *have* seen it. but not so early of a morning."

The General: "The man who'd make his mark in the world must rise with *him* or before him."

Off he dashed for headquarters, and our appetites were good for the ready breakfast.

All who have had experience know that after battle the greatest want of a wounded soldier is water. At Perryville, Oct. 8th, '62, after a fight lasting nearly eight hours by the 42d Regiment, by overpowering numbers, at sunset, we were compelled to surrender the ground that had been fought over, back and forth three times, being held alternately by the federals and rebels, thus mixing side by side the wounded and dead of each army.

As our men were retiring, Corporal Allen Gentry, Company H, was passing a wounded rebel who asked for water. Though at danger, or risk of capture, Corporal Gentry divided his own scanty supply with his enemy of half an hour before. They were no longer enemies.

A similar thing occurred with this writer, except that the call for water was first made by one of his own comrades who lay dying near a rebel. The comrade's thirst slaked, the canteen passed into the hands of a young rebel, he who

also lay dying,—the glassy look of death in his eyes. He drank of the water the last drop, then—as did the federal soldier—laid his head to rest, and the long sleep. “They drank from the same canteen.”

Col. J. G. Jones, after the battle of Perryville, Ky., as all did felt greatly the want of water which was just beyond our reach in plenty, in Chaplin river, until the ninth of October, inside the enemy’s lines. The colonel, suffering from thirst, offered a private soldier \$10.00 to get him a canteen of water. Starting at eight o’clock, the comrade tramped till twelve o’clock that night, not securing a drop of water. All the wells in our lines were under guard for use at the field-hospitals, for the wounded. Upon the comrade reporting his ill-luck, Colonel J. said, “Well, I’ll give you \$5.00 for trying.”

Before and after the war, Colonel Jones was a noted rhymist. If you remember, my comrades, the colonel always covered his saddle and rode on a lady’s heavy woolen shawl, but you did not know its history. It was his wife’s. She gave it to him in her enthusiasm, like the thousands on thousands of other women did, to do something to help the cause. In the monotony of camp-life and routine duty at Huntsville, Ala., Colonel Jones wrote the following, over thirty years ago, and gave the lines to Capt. A. Myler, Grandview, Ind., who recently at a reunion of the “boys,” at Tell City, gave the paper to this author with the request to incorporate the lines in this book, which is complied with, with much pleasure:

MY WIFE’S SHAWL.

I heard my bleeding country’s wail,
 And I obeyed the call,
 And when I sought war’s bloody trail.
 Wife lent me her big shawl.

CHORUS: A large gray-colored shawl,
 A sable-bordered shawl,
 A heavy woolen shawl,
 To keep me warm.

When bleak winds blow chilling blasts,
 Or rain or snow does fall,
 I wrap around me, snug and fast,
 My wife's big woolen shawl.

CHORUS: A large gray, etc.

'Twill serve as mantle, cloak or hood,
 For men both short and tall,
 And nothing else is half so good
 As wife's big woolen shawl.

CHORUS: A large gray, etc.

And memory many a freezing night
 Can vividly recall,
 When I had been in sorry plight
 But for my wife's big shawl.

CHORUS: A large gray, etc.

God bless thee, wife, your heart's so warm,
 You thought the favor small!
 To kindly hang upon my arm
 Your own big woolen shawl.

CHORUS: A large gray, etc.

J. G. JONES.

June 8, 1862, Huntsville, Ala.

An Irishman in Gen. W. Q. Gresham's 53d Indiana Regiment, fighting and shooting, as he leveled his gun to fire, saw a rabbit confusedly running for the rear—and as Pat fired a shot—passed between his legs.

Pat, looking over his shoulder, as the animal galloped to the rear, exclaimed: "Good-bye, cotton-tail. If I had no more reputation to lose than ye'se have, I'd be after following ye'se, an' faith I would."

Probably Pat expressed the "sentiments" of a good many gallant soldiers.



As by the reasonable course of Nature, if there had been no army conditions, to point an earlier period to life for the author of this book—he feels that its preparation and publication will be among his last acts in the drama of life—so the above group is presented here, simply as an object lesson to impress upon all the children of soldiers and comrades, of the 42d Indiana particularly, the high worth of being sons and daughters of veterans:—to transmit to them all, if possible, the zeal, patriotism, and love of country that stimulated their fathers to deeds of honor, and their mothers to great sacrifices, to save the Nation. A saved Nation, is a priceless heritage. Its price was paid in blood.

“Some things are worthless,—others so good,
That Nations who buy them pay only in blood.”

THE AUTHOR'S VALEDICTORY.

Comrades, the author, as you have noticed, no doubt, has used some precaution at least in the use extravagantly of the pronoun I, regarding himself and the deeds accomplished. Possibly the comrades will pardon a personal allusion under the above head. It is in relation to a single occurrence while the regiment was in the cedar woods in the fight at Stone river. If you remember as well as the author does, about the time comrade McCullough killed Dr. Hornbrook's pack-mule, for falsely representing that *he* and not Dr. Hornbrook was assistant surgeon of the regiment by taking protection under what the dumb brute clearly was thinking was a hospital flag; that, together with the dead mule, the hospital, Dr. Hornbrook, etc., the rebels captured the brigade's ammunition wagon, as well. You will remember that this writer was ordinance officer, as well as brigade inspector. You can't fail to remember that many of you reported having shot away your sixty rounds of cartridge. It was just then this author—or your ordinance officer—received imperative order to get a box of ammunition into the cedar woods quickly. No clay-bank colored horse made better time; though the ammunition train was more than a fourth of a mile away, in ten minutes the ammunition was on the way to the front, on the pommel of your ordinance officer's saddle; but it being so heavy, and difficult to balance on such a pinnacle, the ground through the field to the cedar woods was not covered so quickly, but the ammunition was on time, and you never gobbled a hen-roost, my comrades, half as quickly, nor eagerly, as you did that box of ammunition which you gallantly sent to

the enemy with your compliments, forcing him back in that "second and more furious assault" by the enemy, of which General Beatty speaks in his report.

Going to the cedar woods, the writer passed Generals Rosecrans, Thomas and Rousseau, with their staffs in a group, and a remark by one of these generals, regarding the peril of such a ride, obliquely to the left in full view, and easy range of the enemy, was overheard. This had no especially nerve-quieting influence, however, except in the fact that your ordinance officer was trying to do something and these generals noticed it.

After delivering the ammunition near a spot where comrade J. C. Allison lay pretty badly hurt, a supplemental order was to be obeyed, which embraced the re-covering or re-tracing of the same route. Strange as it may seem, going to the cedar woods not a shot whistled near the "under-signed" as heard.

One order obeyed, it was only left to fulfil the supplement. Bracing in the saddle, the woods were cleared, the spur rowels sunk into the side of "Old Clay-bank"—now put on his mettle—reached his length at every jump. Once he humped his back so unceremoniously, as to half unseat his rider forward, and once he shook his head desperately.

Nearing the group of generals referred to—duty lay beyond them—the horse's speed was slackened so as to properly salute when each of these major-generals grasped in turn the hand of your second lieutenant ordinance officer, my comrades, and said words so complimentary that this author felt prouder than ever. Indeed he has not read of any one who *felt* as big—if we except Fitzhugh, of Texas, who, when made a fourth or fifth subordinate of a subordinate door-keeper in the United States House of Representatives—wrote home to his Texas friends, saying: "I'm a d—d sight bigger man than old Grant."

Upon examination it was found "Old Clay-bank" had been shot obliquely across the root of the tail. That made him hump his back. A musket-ball had passed through one ear. That made him shake his head.

"As to his rider?" Ah! A ball through the crown of the slouch hat, and five through different parts of the overcoat. "Close call?" Perhaps. But remember, there was a little woman at home, whose picture you see in the first part of the book with a babe in her arms, praying, "God bless you and protect you."

THE AUTHOR.



