

# THE SEVENTIETH INDIANA



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THE SEVENTIETH INDIANA





THE  
SEVENTIETH INDIANA  
VOLUNTEER INFANTRY

IN THE WAR OF THE REBELLION

BY  
SAMUEL MERRILL

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THE BOWEN-MERRILL COMPANY  
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IN MEMORY  
OF THOSE WHO, HAVING  
ENROLLED THEIR NAMES WITH THE FIRST REGIMENT TO  
ANSWER THE CALL OF THE  
PRESIDENT IN EIGHTEEN HUNDRED SIXTY-TWO,  
PLACED THEM BESIDE  
ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S ON THE RADIANT  
ROLL OF HEROES  
WHO DIED THAT THE NATION  
MIGHT LIVE



## PREFACE.

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A New England clergyman with a wide experience in literary affairs, hearing that the author had undertaken the history of the Seventieth Indiana Regiment, wrote to a friend: "I am very, very sorry, for do what he may, he will please nobody, will displease a good many, will consume an immense amount of time, and will make neither money nor reputation."

His prophecy in regard to time has proved true, and very likely the rest of it will be fulfilled, yet as the work was entered upon without thought of any of these things, and only in response to the urgent request of the survivors of the regiment, it is to be hoped that every member, bearing in mind the impossibility of producing anything satisfactory at this late date, will view the result indulgently, and that at least nobody will be offended.

It will be seen by those who read the story, that while the men who composed this organization were the equals of any to be found in other regiments, and far superior to the average of the men who staid at home, they were only human beings; that no effort has been made to hide faults or mistakes, and that the aim of the writer has been simply to give a truthful record of the life of plain American youth, who followed the flag until it floated over every spot from which it had been torn down.

The children of the veterans, who may look in vain for an account of the personal exploits of their fathers, must lay their disappointment to the modesty of those fathers.

## PREFACE

Again and again has come the reply to solicitation, "Oh, I have nothing interesting to tell; I only did my duty." A few whose letters or journals have been preserved have kindly placed them in my hands, and the narrative is largely formed from these sources. Comments made at the time that incidents occurred are far more natural and entertaining, often more exact, than any later composition can possibly be.

The following persons have been of great assistance:

J. C. Bennett, J. M. Brown, P. S. Carson, R. W. Cathcart, J. E. Cleland, W. H. Cooper, J. M. Eades, W. H. Elvin, G. W. Grubbs, F. H. Huron, A. J. Johnson, J. H. Kelly, L. H. Kennedy, J. L. Ketcham, W. M. Meredith, W. A. Miller, W. R. McCracken, M. G. McLain, D. M. Ransdell, A. W. Reagan, S. B. Robertson, Wm. Sharpe, J. F. Snow, J. Stoops, G. C. Thompson, W. W. Wilhite, J. I. Wills, J. M. Wills.

U. H. Farr has been untiring in his efforts to procure information, R. M. Smock in attending to necessary correspondence, and their names should lead all the rest.

Indianapolis, May 30, 1900.

S. M.

THE HISTORY  
OF THE  
SEVENTIETH INDIANA REGIMENT.

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CHAPTER I.

GOING, GOING, GONE !

The failure of General McClellan to take Richmond during the last days of June, 1862, and the great losses of the Union army in the battles near that city, made apparent the necessity for more soldiers. On July first President Lincoln accepted the proposition of the Governors of the loyal States to raise more troops, and decided to call into the service an additional force of three hundred thousand men.

Oliver P. Morton, Governor of Indiana, on the seventh issued a proclamation in which occurs the following sentence: "I therefore call upon every man, whatever may be his rank and condition in life, to put aside his business and come to the rescue of his country. Upon every man individually let me urge the solemn truth, that whatever may be his condition or business, he has no duty or business half so important to himself and family as the speedy and effectual suppression of the rebellion."

On the fourteenth recruiting officers were appointed in all the congressional districts of the State, with power to enlist men for the term of "three years, or during the war." By August twelfth ten companies had been raised in Hen-

dricks, Johnson, Marion, Morgan and Shelby counties, and were encamped on a common west of Indianapolis, where they were mustered into the United States service as the Seventieth Indiana Volunteer Infantry by Col. J. S. Simonson, U. S. A.

While many of the men composing this body of troops were from Indianapolis, and from the towns and villages of the neighboring counties, the majority were from the country, farmers and sons of farmers. The current remark "that the job of suppressing the rebellion had proved too big for the boys, and that it was now time for the men to go to their help," conveys a wrong impression, for many had not enlisted before because they had not attained the required age. It is true, however, that a large number who enlisted were men profoundly convinced that all was lost, unless they made the sacrifice of leaving their wives, their children and their business until the Government should be re-established.

Many incidents in connection with enlistments for this regiment throw a light on the heroism of the national character. One mother exclaimed, "I could not have felt he was my son had he hesitated." Another, "My son, you will be faithful. It is a noble duty." A boy, an only child, who wished to enlist, asked the recruiting officer to see his mother and gain her consent. There was an indescribable radiance on her beautiful face as she replied, "Yes, he may go. How can I refuse to give my son to the country when I remember that my Heavenly Father gave His only son to save the world?"

To the fathers and mothers the enlistment of their sons was a terribly serious thing, and to the man who was leaving wife and children it was inexpressible anguish; but



to the boy, who had been longing for the time when he should be old enough or large enough to be acceptable, the only distress was the fear that the mustering officer would fail to receive him.

U. H. Farr of Company D, who had not yet seen his sixteenth birthday, says: "The fife was playing, the drums were beating, and the new soldiers fell into line. When I saw among them boys no larger than myself I suddenly resolved to see if they would take me, and stepped into the ranks with the others. I kept the step till the war was over."

As the recruits came into camp they were supplied with Sibley tents, each of which was supposed to accommodate twenty men. These conical dwellings, when pitched, were about twelve feet high and fifteen feet in diameter at the bottom. For a door there was a slit in the side, and for the escape of smoke and foul air a hole in the top, over which a cap could be fitted to keep out the rain. At night the men lay facing the same way, with a fit so perfect, that when one restless slumberer turned, all had to turn; a sure disturbance of sleep, and an excuse for ill humor and strong language. Two wall tents were allotted to the three commissioned officers of each company. The field and staff were accommodated in a similar manner.

Experience is a dear teacher, but efficient. When, three or four nights after camp was formed, a heavy rain flooded the ground, the men sprang up with a yell, and learned without further instruction to put a trench about their tents.

Previous to mustering the regiment into the service the recruits were rigidly examined, being stripped by the surgeons and scrutinized, as a jockey looks for defects in

a horse before a purchase. The youth who would admit that he was under eighteen years of age, or the graybeard that he was over forty-five, was dismissed from the ranks by Colonel Simonson as unfit for the hardships of war.

On the morning of the twelfth of August the regiment was mustered into the service of the United States, and in the evening marched to the arsenal and received Enfield rifles. It spent the night on the verandas of the old State house. The following morning, August thirteenth, 1862, the Seventieth Indiana, under the command of Colonel Benjamin Harrison, marched through the streets, crowded by friends, to the J. & I. R. R. station. Company E claimed the honor of shedding the first blood, when just as the engine was about to pull out, Wm. Cooper taught a citizen not to utter unpatriotic sentiments while farewells were being spoken. While the train was on its way southward a huge bull planted himself on the track and disputed its passage. His courage was more commendable than his prudence. The omen was favorable, for this opposer of civilization "made way for liberty and died."

The thousand men and more who composed the regimental organization arrived in Louisville in the evening, thus reaching the country that had been overrun by the enemies of the Government in less than a month from the time the first man was enlisted. It was thus the first regiment from any of the Northern States to enter the region where disloyalty prevailed, all the members of which had been enlisted after the demand made by President Lincoln, July first, 1862.

During the march through Louisville most of the citizens looked on in sullen silence, though from one residence ladies came out bearing waiters full of cakes and pies,

which they offered to the boys; and negroes could not restrain their joyous laughter and cheers. The regiment encamped just south of the city, but on the following evening was ordered to strike tents in a driving rain and enter box cars preparatory to a journey southward. These cars had been used to convey cattle, and the author of Knickerbocker's History of New York would have described them as fragrantly cushioned for the military occupants.

As John Morgan had captured Gallatin two days before, and the train was headed in that direction, there was danger of interference on his part with this movement. Though familiar with firearms used in hunting, our tyros were not accustomed to weapons of war, and had to be instructed hastily in the methods of loading their muskets. As we jolted along at night through an enemy's country, with raw recruits lying on loaded guns, it might be difficult to decide whether the danger was greater from within or from without.

The regiment reached Bowling Green on the morning of the fifteenth, and encamped at the foot of a hill about a half mile from the village. Here it was assigned to a Provisional Brigade, under command of Colonel S. D. Bruce, and was immediately given to understand that war, for the present at least, meant study, watchfulness and work.

## CHAPTER II.

### CAMP EXPERIENCES

The companies were located in camp as they were lettered, A upon the right, K upon the left, and to E was attached the regimental color guard. Reveille was at five o'clock; company drill was from five to six; breakfast at six; guard mounting from seven to eight; officers' drill was from eight till nine; police duty from nine to ten; company drill from ten till twelve; dinner at twelve; non-commissioned officers' drill was from one till two; battalion drill was from two till four; supper at five; dress parade from six to seven; roll call at eight; lights out at nine.

The regiment was supplied with water from a spring near the residence of a disloyal man named Elrod. A guard was stationed by the fountain to see that "first come was first served," and that there was no interference with its purity. On the night of the sixteenth the soldiers had their first experience of being called out after dark. A man, afterwards ascertained to be a young Confederate physician, at home on leave of absence, had crept through the small cedars that grew near and fired at the sentinel, Josiah Deer of Company I, wounding him severely. The noise of the firing was instantly followed by the dismal sounding of the long roll. Then came the hurrying of men to the color line, many half dressed, and a few carrying their clothes in their arms, having in their haste left their guns in their tents. Company K was detached and did much scouting through brier bushes and cornfields in the vain search for an enemy, concluding with the

stationing of twenty men for the night near the point where the firing had been heard.

A few nights after there was a fusillade from the direction of the place where the teamsters were encamped, and with it the hideous clatter of the drums and the exciting cry of "Fall in." An insubordinate from Company E, who was gifted in getting himself arrested and in escaping from confinement, was at this time under arrest, in charge of a guard especially instructed to use watchfulness. At the sound of the firing both guard and prisoner flew to their quarters, and the latter, as his size entitled him, took his place near the head of his company. When the regiment was formed in line Colonel Harrison detached a dozen men from Company E to attend him to the place where the firing was heard. It became evident that some of the teamsters had been drinking and were the guilty authors of all the excitement, but no one would admit that he had fired a gun. Instantly the former guardhouse occupant, who had marched in the darkness by the side of his commander, suggested: "Colonel, if you will put your finger in the muzzle of the guns you will find who did the firing." The Colonel knew the voice, turned and looked at the speaker. He took the advice, but said nothing. What could be done with such a brave incorrigible?

To most of the men the silence of night at home had been broken only by "the watch dog's honest bark," or the clarion voice of the "bird of dawning;" so the diabolical sound of the long roll inspired more terror than courage. It was amusing to hear the confusion in the tents, men searching for their clothes or their arms, tumbling over each other in their efforts to put their legs in their trousers, agonizingly inquiring, "Where's my shoes, my hat, my

accoutrements," as if mother or wife were at hand. It was even more ludicrous to see men standing in line of battle in shirt sleeves, or with white legs, showing their inability to find coats or pantaloons. Some afterwards averred that their hair would not let their hats stay on their heads, and that the last dying words spoken through chattering teeth were, "Tell her I died at the post of duty." The statement was made that after one of the night scares several men were found lying in a hole, and that they emerged only when assured there had been a false alarm. The time came when no man thought of undressing at night.

As an illustration of what experience and discipline did for these men, the words of an officer of the Seventieth, writing from Georgia two years later, may here be quoted: "I could not sleep, and was standing at midnight on the breastworks. Suddenly there was a blaze of light on the picket line, and a volley fired a few yards in front. Instantly, without a word or tap of drum, the defenses bristled from end to end with glittering bayonets."

The road to perfection, however, was a long one and hard to travel. Discipline is hateful to the young soldier, but it is his best friend. It wakes him up. It straightens and strengthens him. It makes him supple. It gives him patience, and endurance, and vigilance. It almost gives him courage. At the least, it is a good backing, for it sets him in control over all his forces.

At the beginning, ignorance prevailed among officers as well as among men. Stories were rife of officers falling flat as they marched backward in front of their companies, of their helplessly rushing men into obstacles, of their expecting wheeling to be done when they gave the order "swing around like a barn door," of their giving command

exactly as laid down in the tactics, that is, without omitting "to the right or left as the case may be," of their commanding "Arms eport," of orders as impossible of execution as going east and west at the same time. However, the men in line had quite as much difficulty in executing properly given orders as those not according to Hardee. Ignorance gradually gave way to intelligent command and proper execution.

Reveille called everybody to business at the first blush of dawn; and from then till darkness forbade further work, there seemed to be continuous drilling, excepting during the hours devoted to cooking and eating. The duties of dress parade, guard-mounting, and inspection were easily learned, and in time the perplexities of company and battalion drill were mastered, but by far the most difficult thing to acquire was obedience to authority; especially when orders seemed to be unreasonable, or were given in an imperious manner by the lately commissioned, who had been boon companions at home. Some of the officers felt sincere compunction when obliged to punish refractory subordinates, that could see no fault, nor even impropriety in disobedience. One such officer writes to his wife: "The hardest thing about this life, and a thing that often makes me feel like resigning, is the necessity of punishing boys, fine fellows in many respects, who take to disobedience as a duck does to water. One cannot keep from feeling that the parents, not the sons, should be punished for having allowed their homes to be little nurseries of anarchy."

The resentment of the citizen soldier to the exercise of authority on the part of his superiors, and his feeling of equality, whatever might be the difference of rank, may

be illustrated by an incident which throws light also on the duties and privileges of all concerned, in the daily recurring labor of guard-mounting. The genial Adjutant Mitchell says: "The boys had been torturing me by talking, laughing, etc., for a long time, so I determined to put a stop to it. To carry out this design, I made a little speech one morning, informing them that the next one transgressing military rules while on duty would be punished. I had barely finished when a man turned sidewise in the ranks, nudged his comrade with his elbow, and began talking. I immediately ordered that gentleman two paces in front, and put him through the manual of arms for two minutes. After I retired that night I heard a noise at the stable, and hastily rushed out, extricated my horse from an entanglement, and started back to my tent. I had not gone far when I heard the stern command 'Halt!' and 'who comes there?' With the reply, 'A friend without the countersign,' I suddenly recollected that I had forgotten in my haste to get the countersign. Here I was outside the lines, confronted by the man whom I had punished in the morning. That man had the authority on his side, and ordered, 'Mark time!' I began to mark time, but told the guard to call for the Sergeant, so I could get the countersign and enter; but he commanded, 'Mark time faster!' I increased my speed. The guard ordered 'Double quick!' That was too much. I stopped and said: 'I'll mark time no longer.' To this came the response, 'If you don't mark time I'll shoot you.' Here was a moment of awful suspense. Would he shoot or not? If I double-quick, he will tell the command that the Adjutant is the biggest coward in the army. He will say he scared me into marking time till I wore myself out. So I said, 'Just shoot.' I heard his gun-trig-



ger click, and I wondered whether he would shoot. In a moment the guard lowered his gun, said he knew me to be the Adjutant, and on second thought believed he would not shoot."

The same officer had great difficulty in teaching a soldier of German birth the language to be used when he was approached at night. About two in the morning the Adjutant had occasion to cross the picket line on which this man was stationed. Of course "Halt!" which is both German and English, rang out, but no "who comes there?" was called. The officer waited a few moments, then started forward, but was abruptly stopped with, "Halt, I zay!" The night was cold, so after a few minutes of hesitation and shivering, another advance was made, to cease instantly with a shudder, at the click of the rifle-trigger, and the angry cry of the sentinel, "Halt, I zay, or I'll do you somedings." Fortunately the Sergeant of the guard chanced to be nearby, and put a stop to what might have been a serious affair.

What added immensely to disciplinary difficulties was the fact that letters were constantly received from disloyal men in the North, encouraging dissatisfaction, and advising desertion. As a result of this treasonable advice, much unhappiness prevailed, and several homesick youths were marked on the rolls for a time as absent without leave. In response to a letter from his father in regard to deserting, J. M. Brown of Company D, whose faithfulness has been rewarded in another world, writes: "You need not be uneasy about my deserting. If I don't get out of the army until I desert it, I will stay in the army all my life."

Attendance on the Sunday service was good, and as there were many excellent musicians in the regiment, Com-

pany I abounding in them, the singing was always inspiring. The exercises were closed on the first Sunday by rather a strange doxology, in the form of three cheers, caused by the disposition of the soldiers, whenever anything pleased them, to express their pleasure by a yell.

At dress parade the Chaplain, Rev. A. C. Allen, led in prayer, the men removing their hats and standing in reverential attitude. Among them was one whose habits of thought had been formed under German skies, and by atheistic influences. He asserted that he would do violence to his conscience if he uncovered his head in recognition of a Being who did not exist. His repugnance to expressions of reverence, or considerations of courtesy, ascribed by his comrades not so much to conscientiousness as to cantankerousness, was the cause of both amusement and vexation to the authorities, but in time a place was found for him in another branch of the service, where his tender conscience was less likely to be wounded.

The Chaplain was a favorite with his little church militant. His venerable form, his head crowned with snow-white locks, his benignant countenance, impressed his youthful flock when he passed by, with the feeling that a benediction had been pronounced. At his kindly approach the flask disappeared, the pack of cards dropped out of sight, and the half-uttered oath died unspoken.

In the mess to which he belonged were three mirth-loving young officers, on whose heads the bump of reverence was not fully developed. Learning that he had never tasted intoxicating liquors, they devised a plan by which they could ascertain whether he had a natural liking for the article so largely manufactured in Kentucky. He certainly had a natural and a cultivated fondness for greens,

so these mischievous youngsters emptied the vinegar cruet and filled it with Robinson county whisky. When dinner was ready, the Chaplain poured on a plentiful supply of the supposed vinegar. After taking a mouthful or two he leaned back, wiped his chin, cleared his throat, and burst forth with: "It's astonishing what a difference a few degrees in latitude make in vegetation. I have been eating greens all my life, but never have I tasted such a delicious dish as this."

A ration or daily allowance of food for each man was composed of twelve ounces of bacon, or one pound four ounces of beef, one pound six ounces of soft bread or flour, or one pound of hard bread; and to every one hundred men were issued fifteen pounds of beans, eight pounds of coffee, fifteen pounds of sugar, four quarts of vinegar, one pound four ounces of candles, four pounds of soap, and three pounds twelve ounces of salt. Rice, potatoes, meal and molasses were seldom issued, but desiccated, compressed, mixed vegetables were sometimes substituted.

When bread gave out the preparation of food from flour was perplexing. The customary method was to make the flour into a batter with water, and boil it in grease, as the boys had seen their mothers cook doughnuts. These slapjacks came dripping from the unctuous fluid, and though not garnished with honey or treacle, were voraciously and imprudently devoured by the self-satisfied cooks. When frying was preferred to boiling, the culinary artists were skilful in throwing the cakes from the frying pans high in the air, turning them in the descent.

The hardtack or sea-biscuit, though by all odds the most wholesome article of food the soldier received, was not

always appreciated. "A good-natured lad," to quote from an officer's letter, "who is toasting a cracker, exclaims, 'Gosh, boys, this here's more'n splendid,' while another who has been pampered at home retorts, 'By jingo, I could cut a nice chunk from a hickory log and make a decenter breakfast of it.'" J. M. Brown writes to his sister: "I am getting so I can wash my shirts as well as any woman. I'll bet I can beat you." Again: "I tell you what, soldiering is good to make a man be punctual, and not be so particular about his eating."

In time, negroes who had escaped from their masters, or who had been deserted by them, attached themselves to the camp. Although most of these vagrants had never seen any instrument but a hoe or an ax, it was taken for granted that they would make excellent cooks, so the culinary department of the regiment was largely placed in their hands. The game of hide and seek was often played in camp by slaves and pursuing masters, but as the negro had the sympathy of the soldiers in the play, a case in which the master won was never recorded. The ignorance and the stupidity of many of the contrabands, as the escaped slaves were then called, were almost past belief. One day a negro walked into camp with a sack across his shoulders, the jug in one end of which was balanced by a stone in the other end.

While the men were at their meals there was much debate on subjects of current interest, as why it was that boiling made a shirt shrink till it became a halter around the owner's neck, while the same process stretched socks till holes in the heels were found on the calves of the wearer's legs? Why a prohibitory liquor law should be ex-

clusively for the benefit of the privates? Why the surgeons prescribed Dover's Powders for rheumatism, measles, typhoid fever, mumps and itch? No one was able to tell why, in the most harrowing circumstances, it was always appropriate and laughable for one fellow to yell "Grab a root," and another a quarter of a mile away to howl in response, "Here's your mule."

Now and then the men were amused, possibly instructed, if an exalted opinion of their own attainments permitted, by watching the evolutions of other troops. "A critter company," as people in the neighborhood called the cavalry, made a charge on the common in front of the regiment. When a trooper ran over a cow and rolled in the dust with the two animals the men of the Seventieth were delighted to find themselves not the only blunderers.

It was naturally hard for Kentucky Union officers to keep from grieving for the devastation that necessarily swept over their State, in having it made the seat of war. The commander of the post, Colonel S. D. Bruce, a very pleasant gentleman, was a Kentuckian, as one might gather from his instructions to a Captain who had charge of a scouting expedition: "Tell your men to beware of entering orchards, or cornfields." "Any other instructions, Sir?" "No! Well, yes. You may also tell them to be on the alert for Morgan." We cannot wonder at the bitter words in a letter of the officer so instructed: "It is more important to keep the men from surprising a cornfield, or a turnip patch, than to keep Morgan from surprising the men. And this, too, while poor fellows from want of fresh food are sickening daily unto death."

The hot days and cold nights of September, the poor

water, the half-cooked beans, the pancakes soaked with grease, the want of variety, resulted in numerous cases of sickness. At first the men from the farms suffered most, as they had been unaccustomed to irregularities in sleep and had not been exposed to contagious diseases, such as the measles, mumps, and whooping cough, but it was not long until almost every one paid the penalty to the radical changes in the method of living.

In spite of all precautions many went to the comfortless hospital, where millions of flies and insects more disgusting rioted, and there remained till their comrades bore them out for burial. Company after company formed with reversed arms and followed the wailing fife and muffled drum, as the wild melody of Pleyel's Hymn, or other equally solemn tune, quivered on the air. When the order came, no more funeral dirges, no more volleys over the sleeping dust, because of the depressing effect on those who tremblingly trod the border line of life and death, all began to learn the stern nature of war. No place for the delicate attentions of affection, no place for tokens of regard for the departed, no place for sighs, no place for tears. "Let the dead bury their dead."

In a letter an officer says: "My company seems to be fated. After I had come to the conclusion that so many had died, surely no more would be taken, four died in less than a week. Strange that life in the open air, with really but little exposure—for we have not seen hard service—should result so unfortunately. I am weary of being Captain. It is so terrible to see men die whom one has persuaded from their homes."

To add to the depression that spread through the regi-

ment, the indefatigable Morgan captured Wilder's command, stationed at Mumfordsville, tore up the railroad tracks, and burned the bridges, severing all connection with the North, so that the men were obliged to live for six weeks without letters from home, hitherto their daily solace.

## CHAPTER III.

### IN FRONT: BUELL AND BRAGG IN THE REAR

Scarcely had the men an excuse for complaining of the monotonous routine of drilling and picket, when the disagreeable, vexatious and inglorious work of guarding trains and chasing the ubiquitous Morgan was assigned to them; duties quite as dangerous as contending in open field with the enemy.

To use the well-chosen language of Miss Catharine Merrill, the author of "The Soldier of Indiana:"

"Morgan was at home everywhere. He entered at night the house of a friend within the Federal lines, slept in the best bed, and departed with only a sly recognition. He walked on the streets of a town which was full of Federal soldiers, chafered with the tradespeople, gave them a wink, and received from them the result of their observations as to the numbers or movements of the enemy. He went into a Federal telegraph office, sent a dispatch to a friend, or an enemy, in the North, and walked off unsuspected, or with threats imposed silence until his safety was secured. He waylaid a train, destroyed the cars and took the passengers prisoners. But his most common performance was a sudden swoop on Federal pickets."

His, however, was the "vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself." The conspirators before the rebellion had promised their deluded followers to carry the war into the Northern States, saying that the havoc would not be in the South, and they put forth frantic efforts to accomplish their purpose, but every attempt was baffled, Gen-



eral Morgan rushing into the penitentiary and General Lee into the stunning defeat at Gettysburg. "Poor Morgan," as his admirers speak of him on account of his fate, whose delight had been to surprise and to kill, escaped from confinement to find that "even-handed justice commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice to our own lips."

How could foot soldiers in a region entirely new to them be expected to catch this bold but wily cavalryman, to whom every road and lane, every stream and hill was familiar? The authorities at Washington did not expect anything of the kind, but the enthusiastic lads, who now made their headquarters at Bowling Green, longed to do the unexpected,—one might say to accomplish the impossible. They were ordered to protect the stores of provisions and ammunition, to guard the bridges and that part of the railroad placed in their charge, and this they did most faithfully, but the desire to put a stop to the career of the audacious guerrilla was irrepressible.

On August twenty-first thirty men under command of Lieutenant Matlock were detailed to guard a train to Franklin, about twenty miles south of Bowling Green. August twenty-sixth Companies A, B, C, D, E, and F went down the railroad on the cars in search of an enemy, but returned in the evening after a bootless chase. September second one of the pickets was shot, and on the following day a foraging party was attacked. September third six companies mounted the train in pursuit of Morgan, who was reported to be in Franklin. Sixteen stragglers were captured by the cavalry that had accompanied the expedition, but the valuable part of Morgan's command was far on its mischievous way. September elev-

enth, just at dark, Companies B and I boarded a train for Russellville, a town on the Tennessee border, secession to the core. It was considered desirable that the Union cavalry regiment stationed at that place should fall back with whatever stores were in its possession, and as an attack was expected, the infantry would be useful in protecting the wagons. On the following day, while waiting for the wagons to be loaded, the men strolled into the neighborhood of the female academy, attracted as steel to the loadstone. Young men are always interested in woman's education. They were saluted with cheers for Jeff Davis.

At night the column moved northward, a squadron in front, the infantry and wagons in the center, and the rest of the cavalry in the rear. As the darkness was intense, there was much stumbling over rocks and stumps. On the following day the march through the heat and dust was exhausting, and when Bowling Green was reached in the evening, the forty miles having been done in twenty hours, the men declared each foot weighed a ton. A day or two later an officer of Buell's army remarked: "That new regiment, so finely dressed, will soon play out on a long march." Whereupon Colonel Bruce spoke up with, "Don't you fool yourself! That regiment is hell on a march. It outmarched a cavalry regiment the other day." This toilsome journey was the last J. W. Howard of Company I, was called upon to make, for he was drowned in Barren river on September fourteenth.

Just at this time Buell's command made its appearance in its great race with Bragg northward. The Seventieth regiment had no language strong enough to express its delight at meeting old friends, and its admiration

for the noble veterans composing the retreating army. The men enjoyed chaffing their acquaintances of Buell's troops, for being outgeneraled by Bragg, but received the retort that the good-for-nothing bridge protectors had failed to keep the road from being torn up, so Buell's whole force had to go back to Louisville to get a supply of clothing for the winter. No attention was paid to the claim of the regiment that no portion of the road it was set to watch had been destroyed.

These veteran friends slipped in at night and carried off the Seventieth's cooking utensils and everything else they could lay their hands on, while they consumed all the fresh vegetables far and near, so the only sauce the unhappy bridge guards had for their fritters during the remaining weeks of their stay in Bowling Green was an occasional excretion of the retreating heroes who knew so well how to take care of themselves. John E. Cleland of Company I writes dolefully: "Our camp kettle has shrunk into a tin cup and our skillet into a sharp stick." However, as the regiment had to do provost duty in town during the few days the army was passing, there was some satisfaction in filling the filthy jail with pilfering stragglers.

At night the rumbling of the wagons of the Confederate army was heard by our men on the outposts. William Sharpe of Company C writes: "While on picket, I was told that there was a large peach orchard about a mile away, close by the road on which the rebels were marching. Three of us struck out for this orchard, but as we entered the lower part we spied some men in gray at the upper end. I heard them cock their guns, and called out, 'Don't shoot! All we are after is a good bite of peaches.' 'That's what we want,' they yelled back, 'and if you won't

bother us we won't bother you.' The truce held good and we reached the picket post with haversacks full of ripe peaches."

Among the myriad living creatures Buell's legions left in exchange for the regiment's valuables were several black men. One of these, a mulatto called Alabam, after the State honored as his birthplace, is worthy of notice on account of the size of his feet, which bulged out as far behind his legs as they protruded in front. As cold weather approached Quartermaster Allison, after much search, found a pair of number fourteen shoes, just long enough, but as Alabam's feet were two story affairs, much of the upper leather had to be slit and some of it removed. Alabam acted as laundryman for Colonel Burgess, and for reasons every soldier will understand, boiled the clothes all night. One evening, for the joke of the thing, the Colonel gave him some soiled paper collars, which Alabam put into the camp kettle to receive the same treatment as the shirts. In the morning the negro rushed to the Colonel's tent in alarm, exclaiming, "O Colonel, dem dar collahs done biled all to pieces, and de graybacks is a swimmin' 'roun' on de bilen water."

This same contraband, to quote Colonel Harrison's words, "improvised a banjo from the rim of a cheese-box and an old parchment. The banjo had only one string, and his song only four words, but the picking and the song had the longevity if not the melody of the brook. Hired by some mischievous fellows, the musician would seat himself by my tent, and begin a serenade more trying to the nerves and more hostile to sleep than bursting shells."

"Purty little Rhody gal, Purty little Rhody gal," going on forever, keeping step to the twang of a banjo string,

brought the sleeping warrior to his tent door, uttering words instructive to the howling musician and highly entertaining to the hidden employers.

On September seventeenth the regiment was ordered to leave the position hitherto occupied and encamp on a slope north and near the foot of College Hill. As at Louisville, striking tents was done in a driving rain, and night came on while work was still unfinished. The new camp, though better for defense, was a mile away from the spring, and water had to be carried in casks. There were few springs or wells near the picket posts, so the men on duty quenched their thirst by taking lighted candles and descending sink-holes, in some places more than a hundred feet deep, in order to find running water. Sunday afternoon, September twenty-first, the church members of the regiment assembled in front of the Colonel's tent and the Chaplain administered the sacrament.

J. M. Wills of Company C writes: "On September twenty-eighth, Captain Ragan and company were ordered to escort fifty paroled prisoners by rail (hog train) to Franklin, and turn them loose. While there we loaded one car partially with cured meats. Where they came from was always a mystery to me. I and Charles Dinwiddie of my mess, looked on these smoked hams with longing, so I took all my clothing out of my knapsack except a pair of drawers and gave it to Dinwiddie. I selected the best-looking ham, wrapped it in the drawers, and put it in my knapsack. On our return trip the boys thoughtlessly began firing at trees along the road. This scared the videttes on outpost duty, so they and the infantry, too, fell back. It so happened I did no shooting on that trip, but while sitting by the door of the car with the muzzle of

my gun hanging out, the minie ball slid out. Captain Ragan tried to stop the shooting, but the noise of the train drowned his voice, and none heard him except those that were in his car. When we alighted from the train at Bowling Green he ordered us to form in line and open ranks. I thought he was going to inspect knapsacks, and if he found the ham it meant a guard-house sentence. To my delight it was only an inspection of guns, and though the ball in my rifle was out, the cap was on the tube. The Colonel made a big growl about the shooting, but the only punishment he inflicted was a reprimand to the Sergeants. The ham did not belie its looks in the least; it was as sweet as I ever ate in my life."

At nine o'clock A. M., September thirtieth, five hundred men of the Seventieth Indiana and about one hundred from the Eighth Kentucky cavalry and from Company K, Sixtieth Indiana, all under the command of Colonel Harrison, took stock cars for Russellville, where report said a Confederate regiment was being recruited. As the train approached Auburn it was found that the enemy had burned the bridge over Black Lick, but the enthusiastic work of the men under the intelligent supervision of Captain Fisher, an old railroad contractor, ably assisted by Captain Carson, made an entire change in the condition of affairs. The woods furnished heavy timbers for piers and stringers to span the forty feet of space where fire had wrought destruction. This material was cut, carried and placed in position by the men. Crossties and spikes were picked up, crooked iron rails were straightened, and in less than three hours the ravine was passable.

While the bridge was building, small detachments were sent out in different directions and several prisoners were

brought in. Two companies surrounded the village and cut off communication with Russellville. An officer was ordered to take his company and search the house of Captain Wood of the Confederate army, collect axes, and capture any enemies lurking thereabouts. The dwelling was large and full of enemies, though all were females, the Captain being blessed with ten unmarried daughters. The searchers were not to be envied, followed as they were from parlor to bedroom, from cellar to garret by beautiful anathematizing damsels.

Auburn was a water station, but the tank had been emptied, so the soldiers had to carry water from the creek to the engine. Lieutenant Hardenbrook, in command of fifty men, was left to protect the bridge.

When the train had approached within two or three miles of Russellville, a negro, hearing the rumbling of the cars, left his plow, mounted his horse and came galloping to the track. He reported that there were three hundred cavalry encamped in the edge of the town. A mile farther on, Companies G, I, and K, under command of Major Vance, left the cars, and guided by the negro marched southeastward, much of the way at a double-quick, around the east side of the town, in order to intercept any troops attempting to escape.

The train then advanced about a mile, when the remaining companies, led by Colonel Harrison, moved in line of battle directly southward toward the camp, Company A, under command of Captain Scott, deploying as skirmishers. The enemy was taken by surprise. The men were lying asleep, or sitting in groups about the ground. They fired a few shots, then rushed for their horses, which were tied to trees, fences and stakes, and were without saddles

and bridles, some of the men pulling frantically at the halter straps, while others jumped upon their animals first and cut the fastenings with their sabres afterward. Those not successful in freeing their horses, fled on foot, aided in their flight by a volley from the approaching skirmishers. The mounted were more unfortunate than those who escaped without their horses, for the latter could hide in the houses of friends, while the former attempted to save themselves by dashing through the town.

The three detached companies, when they had moved as far south as necessary, turned to the right, then, separating, marched on parallel streets toward the village; Company K on the road forming the extreme southern limit of the town. All the north and south streets terminated in this road, which was bounded by a high fence, and from which no street emerged southward except one several blocks to the west. The cavalymen who ran the gauntlet and escaped the crossfire of Companies G and I turned into this road just in front of Company K, and never reached the opening to the south.

The Confederate camp was in a beautiful grove, and the ground was strewn with saddles, bridles, blankets, quilts, straw bedding, and dry-goods boxes, the latter filled with bread, butter, fried chicken, roast beef, cakes and pies, furnished by the disloyal citizens of the town and surrounding country. Before sunset the regiment was assembled in the center of the town, pickets thrown out, and houses searched, where negroes reported concealed fugitives.

W. A. Miller of Company B tells with great vividness his experience in hunting for a prisoner. He was ordered just at dusk to enter a warehouse cellar and was by no



means enthusiastic, as, with back to what little light there was, he blindly groped his way among boxes and hogs-heads, his hair fairly standing on end. Suddenly, as his hand fell on the object of his search, he was startled by a loud laugh, and the exclamation, "Damn you! I could a blowed a hole through you just as easy." Charging on a battery where comrade is in touch with comrade, is not the only place where courage of a high type is revealed.

Shortly after nightfall the troops started on their return to Bowling Green, and on the following day attended the funeral of Howard Hudnut of Company A, who fell at Russellville. The battalion marched in slow time at platoon front, keeping step to the muffled drum, non-commissioned officers in command, line officers in rear of their companies and staff officers in rear of the regiment.

Bowling Green, Kentucky, October 1, 1862.

Colonel S. D. Bruce, Commanding Provisional Brigade:

Sir—It becomes my duty to submit to you the following report of the expedition to Russellville, undertaken by your orders on the thirtieth ultimo.

The forces under my command consisted of my own regiment, reduced by double details for camp guard and picket duty, to five hundred men, Company —, Eighth Kentucky Cavalry, Captain Morrow (on foot), and Company K, Sixtieth Indiana, Captain Givens, making together about six hundred men. Having loaded the troops upon and inside of boxcars, we proceeded cautiously down the road, expecting to find it obstructed. As we approached Auburn Station, we were hailed by one of the citizens, and informed that the railroad bridge over Black Lick had been burned the night previous by a party of guerrillas. Upon examination I found that a new bridge, some forty feet in length, would have to be constructed, or the expedition abandoned. Finding upon consultation with those familiar with such work that the con-

struction, in the time required, of a new bridge, capable of passing the train, was not impracticable, I at once determined to accomplish the work, and having sent out two companies to encircle the village and prevent information being sent to Russellville of our approach, I detailed large working parties, and sent out squads to collect axes and other tools. Captain Fisher of Company I, being an old railroad builder, was designated by me to superintend the work, and right well did he justify the choice. In less than three hours he had felled the trees, put them in their place, and laid the rail upon the superstructure, so that the train passed safely over. I cannot too highly commend the skill and industry of Captain Fisher in so rapidly accomplishing this work, without which the expedition must have been a failure. Captain Carson of Company G also rendered valuable assistance in the work.

While waiting the completion of the bridge, I procured a diagram of the approaches to Russellville, after a close examination of which a plan of attack was determined upon in a council of the field officers of my regiment, together with Captains Givens and Morrow. Having left a guard of fifty men, under Lieutenant Hardenbrook of Company H, to protect the bridge until our return, we started on toward Russellville. When within about two miles of the place, I saw a negro riding furiously toward us along the side of the track and immediately ordered the train stopped to get what information I could of the situation and forces of the enemy. I learned from him the exact location of the rebel encampment, but could not so definitely learn their number. I here threw off Companies G, Captain Carson; I, Captain Fisher; K, Captain Merrill, and Company K, Sixtieth Indiana, Captain Givens, under the command of Major Vance, for the purpose of entering the town from the south, while we should attack the rebels from the north of their encampment. I then ran on to within a mile of the town, where I threw off the residue of my troops, and turning off to the right of the railroad, through a cornfield, I deployed Company A, Cap-

tain Scott, as skirmishers, and advanced cautiously toward the rebel camp. Coming into an open field, the enemy were discovered in their camp, when I ordered the skirmishers to advance and open fire, which they did in fine style, their fire being but feebly returned by the enemy. I brought the battalion forward, close upon the skirmishers, but the enemy retreated so rapidly that we could not come up with them so as to open fire. Seeing from the dust that a portion of them were fleeing along the road leading north on the west side of their encampment, I detached Company H, Captain Cunningham, to cut off their retreat, which was effected in good order, a few shots being fired with good effect. Having marched through the rebel camp, we found the enemy had fled in every direction and in the utmost confusion, through the cornfields and into the town, where they were hidden in the houses and stables. Not having heard from Major Vance's party and desiring to know whether the town itself was held by the enemy, I marched my command into the town and occupied the public square, where I was joined by Major Vance, of whom I have the following particulars of the part taken by his command in the fight:

After leaving the cars they made a considerable detour over a very rough and thickly wooded country in order to come into the rear of the town and cut off the retreat of the enemy. As they approached the streets leading to the Nashville and Springfield road they caught sight of the fleeing rebels and were brought forward by the Major on the double quick, each company taking a separate street, all debouching into that upon which the rebels were retreating. As the broken squads of rebel horsemen passed the posts of the respective companies they delivered their fire with great steadiness and precision, killing and wounding a large number. After the detachments had been united in the town, I immediately detailed Companies C and E and sent Lieutenant S. L. Crandall of the Eighth Kentucky Cavalry, who was familiar with the country, to post them as pickets, and detailed squads to search certain houses in which the rebels were re-

ported by the negroes to have taken refuge. I succeeded in capturing ten prisoners, which number would have been largely increased, but, night coming on, further search became impracticable. After loading the horses and other property captured from the enemy on the cars, we returned to Bowling Green.

We captured and brought with us forty-two good horses, some fifty shotguns and muskets and sixty saddles, besides a large number of articles, an inventory of which has been furnished the post quartermaster.

From my own observation and from information received from other sources I estimate the losses of the enemy at thirty-five killed and wounded and ten prisoners.

We lost one man killed—Howard Hudnut of Company A, Seventieth Indiana. He received a shot in the breast, which was instantly fatal; and fell with his face toward the enemy.

Captain Scott and Lieutenant Ohr of Company A led the skirmishers forward with great bravery and deserve especial mention. The company manifested great spirit and steadiness.

Captain Carson, Company G, Captain Fisher, Company I, and Captain Merrill, Company K, Seventieth Indiana, and Captain Givens, Company K, Sixtieth Indiana, acting under Major Vance, and the officers and men under their command, behaved gallantly and executed their part of the plan of attack with great success. Major Vance deserves great credit for the skill and promptness with which he brought his detachment forward and engaged the enemy.

Lieutenant-Colonel Burgess and Adjutant Jim L. Mitchell co-operated efficiently with me in maneuvering my command and were always at the post of duty. Captain Morrow of the Eighth Kentucky cavalry, having been recently encamped on the very spot occupied by the enemy, was of great service to me in directing the line of march and determining the plan of attack. His company was on the left of my line and succeeded in getting a few shots as the enemy retreated.

The forces of the enemy consisted of three companies of

Dortch's regiment and an independent company under Captain Page, amounting altogether to three hundred and fifty men. Dortch's command had the night before burned the bridge which we rebuilt. We took the enemy completely by surprise, the fire of our skirmishers being the first intimation they had of our approach.

I should not omit to mention that Lieut. J. W. Wallace, A. A. G., formerly of the Sixteenth Kentucky, and Lieut. J. Andy Wallace, formerly of Company A, Seventieth Indiana, of your staff, and Captain Fee, post quartermaster, who accompanied the expedition as volunteers, displayed great gallantry, advancing in the line of my skirmishers. My entire command, officers and men, manifested the greatest eagerness to engage in the fight, and had the enemy stood more resolutely to give us battle, would, I doubt not, have displayed a gallantry and bravery in the fight commensurate with their eagerness to engage in it.

Respectfully submitted,

BENJAMIN HARRISON,  
Colonel Seventieth Indiana Regiment.

Bowling Green, Kentucky, October 1, 1862.

General—Rebels burnt bridge at Black Lick, near Auburn, Monday night. I sent Seventieth Indiana and part of the Eighth Kentucky down, rebuilt the bridge, surprised the enemy at Russellville and routed them completely, killing and wounding fifty, taking fifteen prisoners and forty horses and saddles.

No enemy in force near here; small parties stealing horses through the country.

I intend to whip them all out.

S. D. BRUCE,  
Colonel Commanding.

General J. T. Boyle.

## CHAPTER IV.

### TRYING "TO WHIP THEM ALL OUT"

The day at Russellville had not been quite long enough, so at two o'clock A. M., October second, the regiment was called out and set off at four to visit that town again. Companies H and K picketed the place, while the other companies loaded the cars with medical stores, shoes, and whatever else could be of use to the army, and a thing or two, the usefulness of which, under the circumstances, was doubtful. Company E brought away a little printing outfit, a hand press, type, chases, and other belongings. While at Bowling Green Wm. Bodenhamer and other typos of the company published a diminutive paper, devoted mostly to criticism of commissioned officers.

On the return trip to Bowling Green one of the flat cars full of soldiers left the rails and went thumping over the crossties, tumbling the occupants about in a very disagreeable manner. The only method of communication with the engineer was through his ears, and as those seemed to be uncommonly dull there was something of a fusillade before his attention could be attracted.

On October third J. C. Bennett of Company B makes the following important record: "Made some apple dumplings, which were fine, and would do to compare with any that women can make." The statement in another diary, October fourth, is: "To-day out of sugar, and no chance of getting more for eight days." One day later Bennett and the dumplings would have had a sour time of it. Nothing could be found to take the place

of sugar, but when candles gave out, gravy, a rag, and a sardine box made a satisfactory light.

On the same day those fine dumplings were made Company K, with a troop of cavalry, was ordered to take the cars for Mumfordsville. The train ran to Green river, where, on account of the destruction of the bridge, all were obliged to leave the cars, and the infantry to wade the stream. The men marched over the late battleground, saw a great many wounded, chased some guerrillas, which even the cavalry could not overtake, and after entering the almost deserted village, returned at dark to the south side of the river.

A Louisville newspaper of September thirtieth, telling of the death of General Nelson, and giving much other information, was prized more highly by members of the regiment, who had been benighted for a month, than the fifteen thousand pounds of bacon that was captured. Shortly after nightfall the infantry took the cars for Cave City, threw out pickets and awaited the return of the scouting cavalry. At one A. M. of the fourth the troop came in, all boarded the cars, reaching Bowling Green at daybreak. The only amusing incident of the trip was that the Captain in command rolled off the top of the box-car where he was trying to sleep, and limped for a week, taking to himself the credit of being the only man wounded on the expedition.

On Sunday, the fifth, nobody complained of lack of religious instruction, for three sermons could have been heard, and company Bible classes were open for attendance. A sarcastic observer said: "The Devil with chuckaluck, his profanity, and his liquor drinking, made a big battle with the good Lord, and many a poor wavering fellow had

a tough time fighting first on one side and then on the other."

Company G, under command of Captain Carson, on the tenth of November, took the train as far as Mumfordsville, then marched to Elizabethtown, the men putting their knapsacks in the empty wagons they were expecting to fill with clothing at that village. Although a heavy rain was falling, the thirty-seven miles were traveled in eleven hours, the latter half of the journey in the night. After a breakfast furnished by the citizens the following morning, the wagons were loaded and safely guarded to Bowling Green. The Captain reported that the only casualties of the march occurred when a squad made an assault, without orders, on a liquor saloon.

On October fifteenth five companies of the Seventieth and five hundred cavalry under command of Colonel Bruce started on the train for Russellville. It was a very slow journey, as the track had been badly torn up. The night was spent in a fine grove, a former Confederate encampment, just at the edge of the village. In the morning an advance was made about three miles beyond Russellville, and the day was spent under the trees. The privates felt that they were rewarded for all their disciplinary hardships, when Colonel Bruce ordered an aide and a surgeon out of a turnip patch. Why should officers be permitted to fill themselves with raw turnips when the men in the ranks had to go empty? Two hours after dark the troops were loaded on the cars to return ingloriously to Bowling Green, without even a turnip to show for the trip.

At eleven P. M., October nineteenth, the regiment was called out and marched to the station, where the men stood



around till the train started at three o'clock next morning. Hanging on the top of a box car as it swings around the curves of a road that has again and again been torn up, momentarily expecting to be plunged into a ravine by the omnipresent John Morgan, is exciting enough to satisfy any lover of adventure. Then, too, if a man is gifted with a sense of the ludicrous, he can laugh till he weeps at the amazing display of trouserless legs that have waded Green River and are climbing its steep banks.

The men lingered around Mumfordsville all day, feasting on wild grapes, walnuts and pawpaws, then slept in an immense appleless orchard. This was on the slope of a hill, and R. M. Smock of Company G began his slumbers at the top, but was found the next morning at the bottom still asleep. "Blessings light on him that first invented sleep." On the afternoon of the next day the regiment took the train up the road to Elizabethtown in pursuit of the railroad destroyer, but as usual found that the bird had flown after accomplishing his plundering work. By sundown the return trip to Bowling Green began, and continued till the morning of the twenty-second.

The arrival of an immense mail of over three thousand letters, containing the first news from home since September eleventh, threw the regiment into an ecstasy of joy; even the poor fellow who received only one epistle declared it was better than any Christmas he had ever seen. Then came friends from the North, bringing dainties for the palate, letters and encouraging words, but their visits grew infrequent as time advanced and distance from home increased.

One of these lady friends wrote home: "All Saturday and Sunday we sewed hard, putting linings and pockets

in overcoats, as the boys brought not only their own, but the coats of all their friends to us. It is delightful to do anything for them. But it is the funniest thing in the world to see the poor fellows stand before our big looking glass. As they have nothing but little bits of pocket mirrors, which reflect one feature at a time, of course they have not seen themselves—sunburn, buttons and all—since they became soldiers. They can hardly tear themselves away. When, after many a lingering look, they do get to the front door, they are sure to run back for something they pretend to have forgotten—in reality to take a parting glance. They haven't a bit of modesty about it. I think I should die laughing if I wasn't so sorry for them. I tell them they put me in mind of the young men in the town of Union at the beginning of the war. Captain Cramer was the first to volunteer and get a uniform. Of course he had his picture taken. And what should every fellow in town do but borrow the captain's suit, run down to the wagon—the daguerreotype office was a big covered wagon—and get his likeness. Perhaps it gave them resolution to enlist, for they did one and all."

Near midnight, October twenty-third, Companies E, G, and K stowed themselves away in army wagons, fourteen in a vehicle, and accompanied by a squadron of cavalry and a section of artillery, made a rapid movement, under the command of Major Vance, in an attempt to surprise the enemy. About an hour before day a deserted camp was discovered with fires still burning. Here the infantry left the wagons, took up the double quick, and the whole command pushed on to Woodbury, where several prisoners, a number of horses, besides arms and saddles, were captured. The command hurried toward Morgantown,

threw a few shells at the enemy's scampering rear guard, then turned homeward. After supper at Woodbury, given at the citizens' expense, the men stumbled for four miles across the country, through a dense forest, halting shortly before midnight, to be on the march again an hour before day. The food in the haversacks had given out, so ravenous appetites were quieted by haws, wild grapes, crab-apples and persimmons. When on the afternoon of the twenty-fifth the men reached camp, well prepared to appreciate hard tack and bacon, it was amusing to hear them tell their comrades who had not accompanied them how superior numbers had been chased, of the hairbreadth escape of both the enemy and themselves, and of the delicious feast at Woodbury.

With this expedition, some say with the Russellville fray, comes upon the stage an animal, that as a representative of his important branch of the service, perhaps deserves mention. While he was attending one of the regimental reunions, the editor of the Martinsville Republican extracted from the grayhaired lads, who were standing around patting the horse, the following facts for his biography: "Billy was formerly in the ranks of John Morgan's celebrated raiders, and was captured at Morgantown, Kentucky, in October, 1862, by the Seventieth Indiana. He was bought of the Government by the Chaplain of the regiment, and shortly afterwards sold to another officer, with whom he took part in that memorable and glorious march to the sea, doing his duty faithfully, and always evincing a desire to be at the head of the regiment. During the march to Atlanta all the horses in the brigade died from starvation except Billy, who was pulled through on a diet of leaves, and was in quite a reduced state when he par-

anticipated with Sherman in the capture of that city. Billy was of a very mischievous disposition, and it was impossible to tie or confine him in any way except with a chain and lock, and even then he would sometimes manage to slip the chain over his head and go cantering about the camp searching for provender in the haversacks of the soldiers, his joy culminating when by biting and kicking the other animals he could make them break loose and charge among the sleepers in a general stampede. While at Wauhatchie Valley his owner was annoyed by losing on Lookout Mountain, miles away from camp, a large bandanna handkerchief that had been sent to him by a friend in the North. That night Billy slipped his chain and roamed at will on the mountain ridge. In the morning he came tearing into camp, red bandanna in mouth, and it was only after a tantalizing chase of a host of laughing pursuers that he was captured and induced to give up his find. Once during his nocturnal meandering he was mistaken for a 'Reb' by a nervous picket, who fired at him, causing a general alarm. Billy was never known to break a buggy but once, and that was when, viewing a Democratic procession, a picture of the presidential candidate was turned suddenly towards him. This was too much for the old war horse, and he proceeded to demolish the buggy and leave that vicinity instantly. Billy showed no attachment to any individual, but he was extremely fond of the regiment as a body, and very restless when separated from it. Some weeks after his arrival at Indianapolis, the war being over, he escaped confinement, and made a bee line for the South in search of the Seventieth. When six miles on his march through the country Captain Carson chanced to meet and halt him." Billy passed his

last days in leisure and comfort, and died a natural death at the ripe age of thirty-two.

Bowling Green, October 29, 1862.

Colonel Bruce:

Sir—The order imposing upon me the command of an expedition in search of Morgan in the region of Brownsville or Woodbury was received at 11:30 Thursday evening, October twenty-sixth. By twelve o'clock the column was in motion. Inasmuch as the order left the "point and mode of attack open to the discretion of the officers," it was unanimously agreed to direct our march upon Woodbury, as indications of the presence of the enemy there were much stronger than at Brownsville, and in case of failure there the latter place might be included in the return route. The command consisted of the following detachments, moving in the order they are mentioned: Companies of the Eighth Kentucky Cavalry under Major Weathersford, two pieces of artillery under command of Lieutenant Swaner; three companies of the Seventieth Indiana Infantry under command of Captain Merrill; one company of the Ninth Pennsylvania Cavalry; eight companies of the Fourth Kentucky Cavalry under Captain Kurfuss. I was convinced it would be impossible to reach Woodbury, twenty-two miles distant, in time for a daylight attack, for the artillery and infantry necessarily rendered the march slow. Every precaution that advanced guards and videttes could insure was taken to prevent information of our approach being conveyed ahead. By three o'clock we had marched ten miles. The videttes here reported suspicious fires ahead. The column was halted and Major Weathersford was sent forward to investigate. He reported what he believed to be a rebel camp, indicated by numerous fires burning brightly. The infantry was instantly ordered forward. Scouts and skirmishers were sent out to ascertain the force and locality; they returned and reported that the enemy, apparently in small force, had left after putting out their fires. I might as well state here that upon our return march

the owner of the ground where they had encamped told me that a squad of thirty or forty had stopped there for the night and were notified of our approach by the noise of the artillery lumbering over the rocky hills. At eight o'clock A. M. we stopped to feed the horses four miles from Woodbury. It was now evident that dispatch alone could insure any success. The roughness of the road rendered the advance of the artillery and infantry very slow. I therefore ordered the cavalry to dash rapidly on to Woodbury, leaving the artillery and infantry to follow as expeditiously as possible. We continued our advance on the main Morgantown road to within two miles of Woodbury, where the column took a branch road to that place to the right. At this time the vidette guard of three men with Lieutenant Morgan were out of sight ahead. The guide with them had forgotten the order to take the branch to the right at this place (the main Woodbury road leaving the Morgantown road two miles farther ahead) and had continued upon the main road. The whole column had not yet entered the branch road, and I had sent an orderly forward to see if the videttes had, as I suspected, taken the wrong road, when half a dozen pistol shots were fired from the Morgantown road to the left and almost abreast of us. A moment afterward a negro on horseback and carrying a basket came galloping through the woods from whence the firing took place. We halted him and learned that the videttes had exchanged shots with three rebel cavalymen to whom he had just been sent with provisions. (We retained his horse). In the meantime Lieutenant Morgan had galloped back to the forks of the road and found all the column but four companies of the Fourth Kentucky Cavalry had entered the Woodbury branch. These he detached and took rapidly along after the videttes. The column then took the double quick until it reached Woodbury. A few squads of rebel soldiers loitering upon their horses, twenty or thirty in number, were taken completely by surprise and laid down their arms. We here learned that at nine o'clock five hundred rebel cavalry had passed through on their way to Mor-

gantown, where it seems Morgan was having a general rendezvous. All accounts seemed to place his whole force at about two thousand at least, with one piece of artillery. There were besides his own men, Duke's and Gano's regiments and Breckinridge's battalion. A council of war was held and it was unanimously decided to proceed to Morgantown with our six hundred and sixty-nine men as soon as the artillery and infantry came up. We left at twelve o'clock. Before leaving I dispatched two men with a guide to inform the four companies on the Morgantown road that they were to await further orders at the intersection of that road and a byroad uniting it with the road from Woodbury to Morgantown. After proceeding some distance a courier from these companies overtook us and informed me that they had followed the three men who fired on our advance so rapidly as to reach their camp of about sixty recruits, situated two miles from Morgantown, before they had made all preparations for one of their characteristic departures; that his men discharged their revolvers with no other known effect than a marked acceleration of their speed; that several prisoners and horses had been taken and a quantity of camp equipage and blankets. About a mile from Morgantown I detached the remaining three companies of the Fourth Kentucky Cavalry and sent them across by the above mentioned byroad to join the four companies on the Morgantown road, with orders that together they should enter the town upon that side. As we neared the hill on which the town is situated a troop of rebel cavalry disappeared through the woods on the hill to the left of the road. Their unfinished dinner evinced that they had just left their camp, which lay at the foot of the hill and on both sides of the road. I ordered the artillery into position and began shelling the woods where they disappeared and the road beyond the hill, while the infantry and cavalry dashed up the road into town at the same instant the Fourth Kentucky entered upon the left. We found that the rebels had retreated, John Morgan, who had spent the night before in the place, having received information of

our approach and left half an hour before with all his force except those encamped at the foot of the hill. He had taken the road to Russellville, but the dilapidated state of the cavalry, for whom this was the eleventh consecutive day of incessant travel, rendered further pursuit out of the question. I returned to Woodbury, where I had ordered an ample supper for my whole command to be prepared; after which we marched four miles toward Bowling Green and encamped for the night. Captain Waltman, with a company, met us there and returned with us next day. We reached Bowling Green at five P. M. on Saturday. We captured forty-five horses and accoutrements and forty prisoners, of whom twenty-five were Morgan's men with arms and equipments. Of the behavior of the command, for which the order held me responsible, I will only say that with a few individual exceptions, it was unexceptionable; the cavalry and artillery troops, hungry and exhausted at the start, displayed an alacrity and obedience and an enthusiasm in the pursuit that was highly commendable. Major Weathersford, every inch a gentleman and a soldier, rendered me valuable advice in our consultations and aid in the execution of our plans. Lieutenant Morgan deserves especial mention for his active efficiency as my aid.

I have the honor to be very respectfully yours,

SAMUEL C. VANCE,

Major Seventieth Indiana Volunteers.



## CHAPTER V.

### NEW COMMANDERS AND NEW SCENES

The Seventieth Regiment was now assigned to Gen. W. T. Ward's Brigade, and to the Twelfth Division, under command of Gen. E. Dumont. Before bidding goodbye to Bowling Green four hundred men of the regiment took the train and started in the direction of Russellville. A disloyal engineer had succeeded in running off one of the finest locomotives belonging to the L. & N. R. R., and now that its services were so badly needed, its loss was seriously felt. The stolen engine ran fourteen miles, when the water gave out, and its boiler was injured by the fire; then it was deserted by its purloiner. The all-night trip through the frosty air made all admit, before the engine was recaptured and returned, that one iron horse thief could do much damage and produce much discomfort.

An order was received from General Rosecrans detailing two men from each company to join the force that was to constitute the Pioneer Corps. The following letter shows how valuable this organization became:

Los Angeles, California, September 24th, 1894.

Ebenezer Harbert, Esq., Whiteland, Johnson County, Ind.:

Dear Sir—In reply to your favor of August 25th in regard to the services of the Pioneer Corps of our Army of the Cumberland, I beg to state that no branch of the service was more necessary or did more efficient or faithful work. When I arrived to take charge of the army I found it had no pioneer corps, no sappers, miners, or pontooniers, no bridge train, so indispensable to the efficient work of an army, in the midst of a country interspersed with rivers and mountains. Although

the regiments were much depleted from the full complement of men, I found it necessary to draw from them for a force to constitute the "Pioneer Corps," and detailed two men from each company of infantry accordingly.

To show how proficient and skilled in its work this organization became, and how necessary to the army the Pioneer Corps was, I will say this force, later on, constructed at Caperton's Ferry across the Tennessee River a pontoon bridge at the rate of five feet a minute, completing between 7 A. M. and 11 A. M. a bridge of twelve hundred and fifty-four feet in length.

These men deserve the highest commendation, as they were detailed on special duty and were under the disadvantage of being separated from their original commands, and were thus prevented from keeping up official records, and were cut off from the pathway of promotion.

Regarding the incident of the gun trial in the bed of Stone River, in which you participated, I remember the affair well, as it was the first official trial of the celebrated "Gatling Gun," which was afterwards improved and came to be so effective a weapon. With fraternal regards and wishes for your welfare, I remain,

Yours very truly,

W. S. ROSECRANS.

On the afternoon of November tenth General Dumont's command moved out eight miles and encamped on Drake's Creek, continuing the march next day and reaching a permanent encampment at Scottsville on the twelfth. While remaining in this town the troops were aroused every morning before the first streak of day by the roar of a cannon, and stood in line of battle till sunrise.

The people in the neighborhood of Scottsville were typical poor whites, ignorant and credulous. Some of the soldiers took advantage of these characteristics, and claiming that everything was fair in war, used the little cards attached to the clothing, on which were the tailors' size

numbers, as currency, in trading for chickens and sweet potatoes. Even canceled postage stamps became valuable in unscrupulous hands, and were exchanged for eggs and cornmeal. Some of the citizens of this hilly region, in spite of their credulity, were so suspicious that they insisted on having new postage stamps marked before receiving them. When a soldier was pining for fresh vegetables, and had nothing but virgin stamps to trade, he had to be something of a moral philosopher to refuse to deal with people who insisted upon being swindled.

Unfortunately two or three men in the regiment, with little temptation, acted on the belief that "wit and wisdom born with a man," were to be used in getting the better of their fellows. "All is fair in war" covered a multitude of peccadillos. One such, at a later date, meeting a citizen near Nashville, asked the time of day. When the watch was taken out he exclaimed with an air of surprise: "That is mine!" "No," said the stranger, "I paid the jeweler sixty dollars for it." "That may be, but it was stolen from me, and my name, M. T. Tobias, is engraved within the case." Sure enough the name was there, and the watch was delivered to the claimant, for the owner was not shrewd enough to guess that the inscription was the name of the manufacturer.

Later still, in North Carolina, a simple-minded couple were induced to put their trust in and confide their possessions to a make-believe relative, only to find their confidence betrayed. If "it must be that such offenses come," one could wish that a comrade were not implicated, and that other comrades would not laugh at transactions that had more treachery than fun in them.

A rather peculiar desertion occurred in Scottsville. A

strolling, half-witted preacher had been encouraged by his parishioners to enlist, and seemed brightened for a time by patriotism or discipline or the semi-roving life of the soldier, but his greed was such that he could not pass a shirt or trousers thrown away in the fatigue of the march; and as he always donned these acquisitions, never taking them off to wash, his presence became offensive. When one night, clad in nine shirts and five pairs of pantaloons, and, as many averred, a sheet-iron coat of mail, he rushed by the sentinel shouting, "John Derusha Hopkins will not halt," everybody commended the guard for not shooting.

On the twenty-fifth of November the division moved from Scottsville southward. A number of wagons had been pressed into the service by the inspector-general on General Dumont's staff, and many of the men who were not well rode from time to time, and many also quite imprudently relieved themselves of their knapsacks. As some of the wagons did not keep up with the advance troops, there was shivering on the hillside the first night.

The following day, the line separating Kentucky from Tennessee, marked by a large stone, was crossed. The Chaplain mounted this landmark and proposed three cheers, which swelled into bursts of shouting as the men approached the stone and discovered for what they were yelling. The band struck up Dixie, and there was rejoicing, as if new territory had been gained. The slightest ripple on the monotonous current of drill and guard and march was welcome to the boys. They were highly amused when a rabbit suddenly jumped from the brush into the road, at seeing General Dumont put spurs to his horse and pursue the fleet creature till it disappeared in a culvert. The general was on foot in a twinkling at the

entrance, and the frightened animal sprang from the other end of the culvert into the hands of Captain Braden, the chief of staff.

The regiment reached Gallatin on the evening of the twenty-sixth, and the Seventieth encamped immediately adjoining General Dumont's headquarters. The general, observing the difficulty the men had in going over the great distances necessary to obtain wood, made the remark that he thought the situation would justify them in taking the top rail of a near fence. The bottom rail was soon the top one, and everybody was well supplied with fuel.

Snow fell a few days after the troops arrived, and many schemes were devised to make the tents comfortable. Two sergeants from Indianapolis entered an engine house, took the brass dome off a locomotive, hung it on a rail, and started to camp, expecting to use it as a stove. They were arrested by a guard and marched threatening, swearing, protesting and pleading every step of the way to General Thomas' headquarters. The language of the General was anything but mild as he asked them, among other questions, what kind of material they thought they were made of that they needed a five hundred dollar stove to warm themselves with? The guard was ordered to make them return the "stove" to the engine that would have been ruined without it. There was little pleasure to these non-commissioned officers in carrying the heavy thing a mile, but the spectacle afforded unbounded delight to the privates, who cheered them on their line of march.

The regiment was put to work on a fortification under the superintendence of the chief of engineers on General Rosecrans' staff, who kept the spades going by night as well as by day. Captain Meredith writes: "It was fun

to see the Company E boys, many of whom had been printers' devils, but few of whom had ever handled a pick or shovel before, pitch into that work. Frank Myers, a German, and Joe Landormie, a Frenchman, gifted mimics, began jabbering an imitation of Irish laborers, and soon the whole gang was making the air green with the sweet brogue of Erin. The regular army officer in charge of the work congratulated himself on his good fortune in getting hold of so many Irishmen, and when the company was relieved actually complimented the men on the amount of work accomplished."

Shoveling around the fort cut short somewhat the hours of drill, but this was not the only interference. J. H. Kelly, of Company I, tells of a pugnacious billy-goat that roamed over the common, picking up any food dropped by the boys, and then lurching on a canteen. He was ready to fight on the smallest provocation, and gave the officers not a little trouble when they were moving backwards in front of their companies, for he seemed to know that even the bravest could not stand an attack in the rear. When he grew weary of tormenting the Captain, he would fall behind the company, there to have his wrath aroused again by some mischievous soldier in the rear rank challenging him with the shake of a coat tail. There was always a charge, and as often a rout.

A letter from J. M. Brown, Gallatin, December third, states: "We are living on cornbread now. We press corn and take it to a mill about a mile from camp and swap it for meal. Then we make hoe cakes and all such good things."

One of the privates tells a shocking story of the way his Captain was made to "look sick." When a man was caught in some misconduct, the Captain's stereotyped com-

mand to the sergeant, made in a deep guttural tone, was, "Put him on extra duty." One night at roll call the Sergeant was running down the list in a perfunctory way, and repeated a name three times without receiving a response. The Captain, who was standing by, growled, "Put him on extra duty," when a voice from the ranks that made the air chilly cried, "O Lord, Captain, he's been dead and buried two weeks."

Under the light of subsequent events a quotation from a letter of Captain Meredith reads curiously: "The way the Copperheads have been acting at home caused a mass meeting of indignant soldiers, over which General Paine, our post commander, presided. There were good speakers, General Dumont among the rest, and there was great enthusiasm. Our Colonel, Ben. Harrison, was the junior officer on the platform, and his speech did not come until the others were through. Right away he riveted the attention of that mass of men, held it undivided for about an hour, and was cheered vociferously when he closed. General Paine slapped me on the back and exclaimed, 'By George, Captain, that Colonel of yours will be President of the United States some day.'"

On December twelfth the regiment broke camp and moved down the Nashville road to engage in the work of guarding railroad bridges. Companies A, B, C and D were located at Drake's Creek; E and F at Edgefield; G and H at Saundersville, I and K at Pilot Knob. The men at the latter place, when not drilling and off duty, amused themselves by running foot races and snowballing. The companies were pitted against one another during a snow-storm, and when the contest took on the form of deciding which was the strongest, by capturing the chiefs, the cap-

tains found themselves in rags at the conclusion of the struggle.

Again a quotation from J. M. Brown: "December twenty-fourth, ten miles below Gallatin. You say you killed hogs last week. Well, we kill hogs every day or two. Jim and Lou and I are washing to-day and making hominy. We are fixing for Christmas." Letters not only give a view of army life, but glimpses too of home affairs. The same lad thus teases his sisters: "I expect you see a great old time of a Sunday night? Do you spark in the parlor at our house, or do they come home with you from meeting and then go home without coming in?" Then a thought seems to strike him that arouses his patriotic indignation: "I think if a man is big enough to go with the girls he is big enough to go into the army."

As the old year was dying and the new year was approaching with melancholy tread, and while the men of our regiment were watching the connections with the North of General Rosecrans' struggling army, the deep low boom of artillery at Stone River, forty miles away, could be heard; and inexpressible anxiety was felt for the result of the battle.

For some reason Quartermaster Allison, though he made every possible effort, was for a long time unable to get clothing for the regiment, and many of the men were absolutely in tatters. At last about a dozen pairs of trousers for each company was received. The distribution to each of their commands, as the captains described it, was very amusing, but that of Company E, as being more characteristic, is best entitled to a place in history. The Captain of this company reported: "In order to determine who needed the pantaloons the worst the company



was mustered in one line for inspection. The front view was bad enough, but when the command about face was given the aspect was fearful. The rascals had received a hint of the object of the muster, and had made preparations accordingly. They were all so ragged that it was decided to determine by lot who should take the trousers; and the disappointed ones were busy the rest of the day sewing up the rents they had made."

The same officer continues in a more serious mood: "While we were at Edgefield Junction Sergeant Wm. Griggs died. He was a fine soldier, a noble young man, and greatly beloved by all his comrades. A messenger was sent to headquarters with the request that the Chaplain come and conduct the funeral services, but we were informed that he had gone to Indianapolis on 'leave.' Then we concluded to bury our dead comrade with such services as we could improvise. The Captain read a chapter from the Bible, spoke a few words, and others made remarks. An appropriate hymn was sung, and we were about to lower the coffin into the grave, when one of the soldiers, looking up, saw our Colonel riding over the hill behind us. He had come down to supply the place of the Chaplain. He dismounted, uncovered, walked to the edge of the grave, extended his hands over the coffin, and offered one of the most feeling and eloquent prayers to which we had ever listened. Then the remains were lowered into the grave, the earth thrown in, the salute fired, and the sad rite was finished. It was a touching scene, the funeral of that soldier on the hillside in Tennessee, away from his young wife, his parents, and his many dear friends at home."

On February twelfth, 1863, the Seventieth returned to

Gallatin, leaving, however, small detachments from E, F, G, H and K to continue guarding the bridges, under command of Major Vance, until his resignation was received, and afterwards under command of Captain Carson. Instructions were given to these efficient officers by General Paine to have the property holders whose land adjoined the railroad cut and haul to the track sufficient quantities of wood for the use of the locomotives, and also to arrest all citizens who had failed to obey the order, issued some time before, requiring them to take the oath of allegiance and receive protection papers.

Permission was granted to capture twenty horses, bridles and saddles from the disloyal for the purpose of mounting scouts to scour the neighboring region, suppress guerrillas, apprehend furloughed Confederate soldiers who were visiting their homes, and to thwart the schemes of those who were planning destruction to the railroad. Negroes furnished invaluable assistance by coming with information at night. Many a Southern officer, had he known all, would have attributed his removal from his bed about midnight to stripes he had in years gone by laid on the backs of his slaves.

An attempt in March to wreck a passenger train was frustrated by the vigilance of Lieutenant Carey. Rails had been piled on the track, where a culvert made it easy to wedge them till they became a formidable obstacle. Three sisters lived nearby, and as their shoes exactly fitted the tracks leading from their house to and around the rail piles, they were arrested, taken to Gallatin and imprisoned. General Paine felt sure they had designed murder; yet as all the evidence was circumstantial, and perhaps

because the guilty parties were women, they were admonished and released.

A detachment from Companies G and H, under command of Lieutenants Hardenbrook and Record, crossed the Cumberland River in search of horses. After marching a mile or two on a road winding through the woods they encountered and arrested Captain Duncan, who had the reputation of being a desperado. Benjamin Ransdell was left behind to guard the prisoner, while the others continued their journey. After the detachment had passed on, an armed Confederate soldier, who had been concealed in a neighboring farm house, escaped, and evidently not having observed the guard with his captive, ran down the road toward them. This diverted Ransdell's attention. While he was getting his gun ready for the approaching enemy, his prisoner, knocking him down with a stone, threw himself upon him. There was a furious struggle, in which the men, mad with rage and fear, fell and rose three times. The last time of rising the Confederate drew a dirk from his boot, while the Union man, gaining semi-possession of his rifle, fired and wounded his enemy in the wrist. The crippled man rushed to his horse and mounted, only to be felled to the ground by a blow from Ransdell's musket. The prisoner then ran, while his adversary was hastily loading his rifle. There was deliberate aim, but the weapon had been bent in the conflict and failed to carry the bullet to the mark. The man from the house did not stay to see the conclusion of the duel, but disappeared in the woods, and the panting Ransdell was left alone with his crooked gun.

Meanwhile the scouting party, having captured several horses, learned that seventy-five armed Confederates were

nearly, and started on a hurried return. However, Lieutenant Record, feeling that one more prize was desirable, stopped at a house and bridled a fine pacing mare. A stout lady and her stouter daughter seized the bridle, braced themselves on each side of the animal's head, and bade defiance to the officer. The Lieutenant, disdaining to struggle with women, leaped on the steed, loosed the throat latch, slipped out the bit, vigorously used his spurs, and paced rapidly away, calling out to the astonished women, who held the bridle, "This is a Yankee trick."

While the detachments under the command of Major Vance and Captain Carson were engaged in their important duties in the region immediately north of Nashville, the main body of the regiment was encamped at Gallatin, employed in work similar to that in which it had been occupied at Bowling Green. Drilling was incessant, and no one could escape unless he was out on picket or his company was off on an expedition. Perfection in outpost duty was not attained by some of the soldiers without great difficulty. John Maloney, an Irishman of Company K, when detailed for this kind of service never could recollect the countersign if it were a word he had not before heard. One evening the officer of the day gave the countersign, Solferino, to Sergeant Secrest, who in turn was to communicate it to the men on the portion of the line of which he had charge. When he came to Maloney he said: "Now, Johnnie, I don't want to have any trouble with you stopping the grand rounds to-night, so you must get the countersign right end foremost in your head, and don't you forget it." Then in a low voice, "It's Solferino, Solferino, Solferino. Have you got it now, Johnnie?" "No, Sairgint; say it agin." So it was repeated over and over.

"Yis, Saingint; I've got it now, and it's the bist countersign we iver had." "Tell it to me so I can be sure you know it," demanded Secrest. "Sock it to 'em," growled Maloney.

The first of March the regiment went from Gallatin to Goose Creek, beyond Hartsville, into a region where trouble seemed always breeding. The people were disposed to give encouragement to the enemy, who crossed the river for supplies or for information, and an occasional visit of Union troops became a necessity. By way of payment for the long march, ninety-eight barrels of flour, designed for the men in gray, were removed to Gallatin.

J. C. Bennett's diary gives the information that "six companies of infantry, one of cavalry and sixty scouts, under command of Colonel Harrison, started at eight A. M., March eighteenth, bound for Carthage. We had in our charge sixty head of cattle and seventy wagons. Passing through Hartsville we bivouacked at Dickson's Springs after forming the wagons into a circle of defense. The next day the cavalry drove the cattle on to Carthage, but the rest of us, dividing into parties, took different directions, and while most of the wagons were loaded with corn, hay and oats, some were taken to the mill and loaded with barrels of flour. We spent the night at Hartsville, and started the following morning for camp through the rain and mud."

Henry Farley of Company B says: "I took part in a scouting expedition under command of Lieutenant Record. Just at daybreak we captured two men at a dance and three in a blackberry patch. I was left with some others to guard these prisoners, but hearing some firing and thinking there were plenty to take care of the pris-

oners, I mounted my horse and hurried in the direction of the shooting. Presently I saw a Johnny coming out of a lane with Templeton Smith, of our company, after him. At sight of me the Johnny changed his course of flight, but his horse slipped and fell and Smith took him captive. It was a game of bluff on Smith's part, for he chased him with an empty gun. The Johnny had done pretty well though, for he had put one bullet in Lieutenant Record's hand and one in his thigh. The Lieutenant's blood was up now, and he said, 'Boys, I'm told there were fifteen men at that dance, and we must have some more of them.' So we started again, but I got separated from the rest and came out on the Nashville pike. I struck a blacksmith's shop and saw a man dressed in gray lying inside, a couple of pistols in his belt. I crept to the back door of the shop, presented arms with the words, 'Hold up your hands or die.' While I was unbuckling his pistols the blacksmith said, 'No one man could capture him while he had two guns.' This gentleman had the pleasure of looking into the muzzle of one of the captured guns, and when ordered to march out on the pike with his comrade made no resistance. On recrossing the Cumberland we took with us thirteen prisoners and left two to be buried by their friends."

Sunday morning, April twenty-sixth, the men leaped into wagons and lumbered away at a fast mule trot toward this same troublesome district. The following extract from an officer's letter throws some light on the expedition: "About daybreak General Paine told me to detach four wagons and follow him on a side road, while the rest of the train, twenty-six wagons, went on to Hartsville. We pulled up at a grass widow's house, husband in the

Confederate army, took breakfast and loaded our teams with corn, leaving her just enough to keep the wolf from her door. I was then sent back to station guards around Mr. Smith's house, and to allow no one to escape until the General's return. There we remained cooping up a household of chattering females until two o'clock, while the General went on and told the citizens of Hartsville that on his next visit their town would be burned and every soul driven south if they suffered any more rebels to cross the river.

"The windows and doors of every other house throughout the entire region are nailed fast, and the women have united their families in the occupied dwellings, so that the sentimental soldier has scarcely ceased moralizing over a deserted home before he beholds a house with nine gaunt women in the doorway and countless hordes of youngsters at the broken windows. An old man (a few octogenarians are left) asked me where General Paine was from, when his pretty niece flashed out, 'From the devil, uncle; what makes you ask such a question?' Whether General Paine was from the devil or not, he certainly was a merciful man, according to the Scripture definition, for he always came back with plenty of forage for the animals."

J. C. Bennett: "On the eighth of May five companies of the regiment hurried to the Cumberland River to capture or drive away guerrillas who had fired upon a loaded steamboat on its way to Carthage. A snag had sunk the vessel, and Companies I and K were detached to afford protection while unloading was in progress, and the other three were thrown out as skirmishers to advance on the south side of the river and capture bushwackers. Only four prisoners were caught in the net. From the fifteenth

to the twenty-second of May Company B had charge of Bulls' Branch ferry. The people paid us for crossing the river, and we made thirty dollars in two days, which was put into our fund to purchase things for the use of the company. Several families of refugees crossed at our ferry from whom we took nothing, for we thought they would need all the money they had. They said they were trying to get into the United States, and when we told them they were safe their faces lighted up as if a heavy load had been rolled from their shoulders."

On the twenty-third of May four companies of the Seventieth Indiana, two of the One Hundred and Second Illinois, and a section of artillery, Colonel Harrison commanding, crossed the Cumberland on a foraging expedition, and returned on the evening of the twenty-sixth.

An officer tells the following story: "One day I was sitting in front of my tent, when a man not overly clean, but not quite so dirty as John D. Hopkins, came up from his company quarters and said 'that he could do something I could neither do nor try to do.' Just then the Adjutant approached, and I said, 'Here is a man who says he can do a thing you can neither do nor try to do.' 'Well,' spoke up the Adjutant in that wonderful rich voice of his, 'I would like to see a man do what I can't try to do.' The man asked him to take a seat on a chair and then popped quickly into his lap. Of all the foolish looking men in the world the Adjutant took the palm, as the onlookers cried out, 'Try to sit in your own lap, Adj.' He couldn't do it. He didn't even try."

The Adjutant is responsible for the following: "There were a lot of us sitting around Colonel Harrison one night listening to him, for he is a beautiful talker. He was tell-



ing of a magnificent lady singer, and as he recalled her thrilling voice, he was swept away and burst out with an imitation. The contrast between his wonderful description and the music as he gave it was so amazing that in a moment every seat was vacant."

Our regiment bade a final farewell to Gallatin on the first day of June, boarding a train that took it through Nashville to Lavergne, fifteen miles southeast on the Chattanooga railroad. It occupied quarters just vacated by the Tenth Kentucky. Company C, with a company from the One Hundred and Fifth Illinois, was stationed on Signal hill, two miles away, where Captain Ragan, who was in command and who was punctilious in all military observances, held dress parade at the close of each day.

While we were in Lavergne the paymaster made his appearance. His funds were gratefully received, and a portion as usual devoted to immediate consumption. The rustic soldier's favorite article of food was pie. At home he was glad to have pie for breakfast and supper, as well as for dinner. On pay day he was sure to regale himself with pie, though sometimes disappointed in the quantity and quality. J. M. Brown writes to his sister on pay day: "I have just bought a pie. I tell you they are great pies sure. There is about as much apples in one as I could eat at one mouthful."

Wm. Wilhite of Company D says: "On June twenty-ninth, just after midnight, we were aroused to go on a tramp up the N. & C. R. R., and marched the remainder of the night through a drenching rain. Some of the boys lost their shoes in the mudholes. We arrived about daylight at a place called Antioch, where we remained till noon, and then returned to camp, worn out."

On June thirtieth the regiment marched under the broiling sun and encamped on the Murfreesboro battlefield in a pouring rain. Here in a few days came news of the Gettysburg victory and the capture of Vicksburg. Nothing, not even a pie, is so dear to the heart of the American soldier as a speech, and on this day of rejoicing Colonel Harrison and officers of other regiments in the brigade complied with solicitations and made speeches that refreshed and exhilarated the souls of their audience.

The weather was exceedingly hot, the food very objectionable, and many of the men succumbed to sickness. J. E. Cleland writes: "Our side meat is very active and able to travel, so we drive it down to quarters on foot from the commissary's. Dr. Reagan has just issued forty rounds of quinine pills to each man and three days' rations of Dover's powders for each haversack."

August sixth, Jerry Barker of Company E, Colonel Harrison's orderly, who had been captured a month before, returned, having escaped by bribing his guard. He reported that he killed one of the men who captured him; that his captors took everything he had, even the ring from his finger; that his saddle was sold for one hundred and fifty dollars and his horse for eight hundred dollars; and that he was incarcerated with a hundred others in a single room, from which no one was allowed to go for any purpose, and where the odors were indescribable. A Lieutenant made the man who took his lady love's ring return it, and this was sacrificed by Barker to bribe the sentinel to let him escape.

August nineteenth, the regiment having been assigned to the Second Brigade, Third Division of the Reserve Corps, marched back to Nashville, arriving on the follow-

ing day. Here, in addition to the ordinary duties of drill and picket, was added the unpleasant and dangerous work of guarding trains to Stevenson and Chattanooga. J. E. Cleland: "We take frequent excursions at reduced rates over the Chattanooga railroad, occupying the upper berth on the outside to keep the brakemen from getting lonely."

Gettysburg and Vicksburg had given hope that the war would soon come to an end. But it went on and on, and hope died away. An officer writes to his wife, September sixth: "I want to see the babies more than I can tell. One of the hardest things a soldier has to bear is the thought that his children are growing up without knowing anything of him."

The negroes who attached themselves to the regiment were very anxious to learn, but when McGuffey's Spellers were given them could not believe they could "larn to read in them thar kind of books." Their happiness and diligence were indescribable when a new supply was ordered, and they received the blue back Webster's Elementary Speller they had seen their young masters formerly use. One old fellow, after vainly wrestling with the alphabet for months, sold his book to a younger man for five dollars. As the speller had cost him nothing, his disappointment was attended with at least one consoling feature, that though not a man of learning, he certainly was a man of business.

Ben, the doctor's servant, when paid his month's wages, said he was going to have his "pictur pulled," and asked "if it hurt as bad to have a pictur pulled as to have a tooth pulled." He had probably heard of pictures and teeth being drawn. The doctor, who was in favor of en-

couraging art, thought "not quite." Some of the colored cooks were powerful preachers, and certainly seemed to storm Heaven with their prayers. One always concluded his petitions with, "Hand us down to our watery graves in peace."

J. C. Bennett: "While we were at Nashville among the recruits who came to us was Edward Dill. When he drew his first rations he received of course a piece of bacon, and came to his quarters in disgust, declaring that he could not eat such fat stuff. Bob Angleton inquired in an innocent way, 'Why didn't you tell the orderly to give you ham instead of that?' Then added in a confidential manner, 'I'll tell you what to do. Take it to Colonel Harrison and he will give you ham pound for pound.' Off went Dill and walked into the tent without either knocking or saluting. The Colonel looked at him in astonishment and said, 'What do you want?' Holding up the greasy chunk he told his errand. 'Who sent you to me?' asked the Colonel. 'Bob Angleton,' was the reply. The officer of the guard was called. Ed and Bob had a guard house experience, and the latter in addition was given ample time to enjoy his joke while doing 'extra duty.' Angleton, however, had better luck with his next jest. Another recruit, John Peak, taking his first meal, bean soup was the dinner that day, seeing the radicles floating on the savory dish, asked Bob, 'What are these?' Angleton replied, 'Oh, nothing but skippers the quartermaster saves from old bacon to season our broth. They give it a splendid taste.' This first view of soldier fare was too much for John, and he left the dinner to be devoured by his messmates."

On November thirteenth an incident occurred which interested and amused every person in the regiment. Lieu-

tenant-Colonel Burgess was a man with very charming manners. It was not in his composition to say no. Seldom left in charge of the regiment, as Colonel Harrison had not yet taken permanent command of the brigade, responsibility for discipline did not weigh heavily upon him. He never had to punish anybody, as the unenviable duties of provost marshal had been assigned to the Major. When a man applied for a pass the Lieutenant-Colonel's first thought was, "Poor devil, let him have a little fun, for he will see grief enough before he gets out of this scuffle." It was quite possible for one who was far better off in camp than out to take advantage of such lenity, secure a pass to the city, obtain a drop too much, enjoy a fight or two with the provost guards, return to camp under arrest, enter the guard house, and while in durance vile have his picket duties performed by his better behaved comrades. Of course the indulgent Colonel was the most popular man in the regiment.

The following paragraph is taken from the diary of U. H. Farr: "Colonel Jim Burgess was always easy on the men, while Colonel Ben. Harrison was quite strict. Some private conceived the idea of complimenting Burgess and at the same time scoring one against Harrison by making a present to the former of a handsome sword. So a subscription was started among the non-commissioned officers and privates. Everybody understood the twofold purpose of the present. A sword was purchased for one hundred and seventy-five dollars, a big box was placed between the field and line officers' tents, and everybody gathered in a mass meeting. Sergeant John E. Cleland, a fine scholar and good speaker, mounted the box and made the presentation speech. Burgess could not make a speech and

was embarrassed. The regiment was hungry for a speech and would not be disappointed; so the cry went up, 'Harrison, Harrison.' ”

Colonel Harrison, who was reading in his tent, feeling perhaps that his presence might throw a coldness over the audience, immediately appeared, stepped upon the box, commended every excellence it was possible to discover in the character of Colonel Burgess, and concluded with a thrilling appeal, which was received with deafening cheers, to every man to offer himself anew with undying devotion to the service of his country. Shortly after this incident Colonel Burgess returned to Indianapolis and took command of the One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Indiana.

A. J. Johnson, Company I, writes: “General Grant reached Nashville in November on his way to the front, having taken command of the Army of the Cumberland. An escort of thirty men was detailed from our regiment, of which I was one. We noticed that the General, although quite lame, walked to the station, while his staff rode in carriages. After arriving in Chattanooga the General told his orderly to take a box of his cigars and pass them around. Several of the boys smoked for the first and last time, simply because they were General Grant's cigars.”

About this time the Government undertook the organization of negroes into regiments officered by white men, and quite a number of the members of the Seventieth, presenting themselves to the Board of Examination, were deemed worthy of holding highly important positions. There was a division of opinion, however, among the soldiers. Some were so loyal to the regiment as to exclaim, “We would rather be corporals in the Seventieth than commissioned officers elsewhere. To us there is more

pleasure, usefulness and honor where we are, among friends and with a company raised at and standing for home, than in any position to be reached by leaving the boys with whom we enlisted." It is a great satisfaction to know that a Lieutenant who had received his entire military education in the Seventieth had the honor, as commander of a brigade, of ordering around Colonel Shafter, afterwards Major-General Shafter, the hero of Santiago de Cuba. What a pleasure would this privilege not have been to a certain newspaper reporter!

The following letter from Lieutenant Grubbs will give an idea of how pleasantly Christmas eve was spent at Nashville: "Dress parade was over and all retired to their quarters. Here, there, and all over the regiment you could see the boys gathering in knots and busily engaged in discussing some apparently important project. The crowd gradually increased, and the talk grew more animated, until company streets became full. It was easy to see that something was meditated, and yet that the boys were hesitating somewhat. The officers noticed that something unusual was up, but could not imagine what it was. I had gone to supper at Captain Fisher's, and we were quietly eating, when we heard a wonderful yelling up on the right. 'Company E is at something,' says Captain Fisher, and a look convinced us of the truth of the remark. Coming down the street was a noisy crowd of perhaps thirty men, and elevated over their heads was Captain Meredith. They rushed him to the sutler and demanded a treat. Of course he complied, and soon every man was puffing away at a cigar. Another crowd now came rushing down amid shouts and laughter, and this time it was Company G, and on their shoulders they bore Captain Carson, one of the

stadiest old men in the regiment. The Captain seemed a little perplexed, but took it all good humoredly. Officers stood around laughing uproariously at the unlucky wights whom the boys had seized, and not until ominous crowds had gathered around them and rough hands were laid upon them did they realize that their time had come. I had just stepped out of the tent, and was watching Company C hurrying their Captain, a spruce old widower, up to the sutler's, and was laughing at his vigorous struggles to get away, when I heard a shout, 'There he is, there he is,' and turning around I saw Company F coming toward me on the run. I started to run, too, but was caught, mounted upon a dozen shoulders, and taken double quick to the sutler's. I called for a box of cigars, handed them to the boys, and was free. Then I could laugh at the others. Not an officer escaped. Even Captain Fisher was taken from the table and subjected to the same ordeal. Colonel Harrison and Major Merrill were each with their wives out of camp. But the boys were not to be disappointed. They found a Government wagon, fifty strong arms seized hold of it, and away they went after them. They drew the wagon up in front of the house where the Colonel and Major were boarding; half a dozen waited on and informed them of their business. Only giving them time to get their hats, they bore them to the wagon and started with headlong speed for the camp. There the regiment joined the wagon pullers, and a long, loud shout went up from five hundred voices. After the treat a speech was called for, and the Colonel made us one of his happiest little speeches. Then with three times three cheers the crowd dispersed and that part of the performance was over. As the beautiful moonlight evening came on, crowds began



to gather in the broad street, violins were brought forth, sets were formed, and the awkward but entertaining dance of the soldier began. Music and dancing was the order until taps, when everything grew quiet and the sports of Christmas eve were over."

As the last night of the year approached, a cold wave from the North drove the mercury many degrees below zero, and produced indescribable suffering. The exposure on the picket posts was very great, but the distress of the sentinel who could be relieved and could approach the log heap fire once in two hours was mild compared with the agony of the train guard, who rode on top of the box cars to and from Stevenson, Alabama. Some were frozen to death, and many contracted diseases that terminated fatally, or crippled the unfortunates for life.

Captain Meredith: "Company E was detailed for picket duty that morning, with outpost on Granny White pike, about one mile from company quarters. Realizing that it was very cold, the Captain double-quickened his men nearly all the way to the outpost. Arriving there he found that both his ears were frozen stiff. Others of his company were slightly touched, but he most severely. There was snow on the ground, and Private Wm. R. Hushaw collected some, rubbed his Captain's ears, thawing them out. The men were relieved every half hour, were double-quickened on their beats, and were allowed to build fires wherever they could. We were not apprehensive of any other enemy than Jack Frost that day. At noon came Colonel Harrison on his rounds. Seeing the Captain with his head bandaged, he inquired as to the reason, and when told became humorous. 'The idea,' he said, 'of a Northern man coming to the sunny South to get frostbitten was

ridiculous.' 'Colonel,' the Captain said, 'there is a peculiar blue tinge about your nose.' The Colonel removed his glove and gently fondled his nose. Then he dismounted. 'By George, Captain,' he said, 'my nose is frozen.' Billy Hushaw made the snow application and the Colonel resumed his rounds in a thoughtful mood."

Captain Meredith continues: "The location of the quarters of Company E and the tents of its officers, so convenient to those of the field and staff, soon became a source of much unhappiness, uneasiness and disquiet, both among men and officers. The company became the scape-goat of the regiment, and it was blamed for many an escapade of which its members were not guilty; in which they had no share. The Captain of Company E became what Lieutenant Record of Company H termed 'the regimental hell catcher,' and the Captain thought the title well placed. If there was a disturbance in any part of the camp, the Colonel, or the officer in command, would come charging down or send the Adjutant to see what the devil was the matter in Company E. The company next on the right, Company D, was a noisy company, and the one on the left, Company F, was not an example of quietness, but E company had to catch it just the same; had to come in for a good share of the blame for the noise and confusion, the fuss and the fun in the other companies."

A youngster in a company adjoining, writing to his parents, mentions E as "a rowdy company, made up at Indianapolis, always taking the lead in everything questionable." If he meant that they were a jolly set of fellows, boiling over with fun and cutting pranks that sometimes bothered the officers amazingly, no one could find fault with the language. When a hat almost as tall as the stove-

pipe was issued to each member of the regiment, and the officers were anticipating a magnificent display on dress parade, the privates of this company appeared in the center of the line with their hats cut down so that they looked more like the mortar boards worn by university students than the imposing headgear intended. The effect was excessively ludicrous, and the officers, who ought to have swollen with rage, were convulsed with laughter. If some things were "questionable," it must be admitted that a gayer lot of lads, with merriment more contagious, never carried the colors. An incident comes to mind, when trudging was the word to describe the forward movement on The March to the Sea, some whistlers of this company, gifted with flutelike tones, struck up "Johnny fill up the bowl." Instantly the strange music swelled up and down the column, and the whole battalion was keeping time to the cheerful melody with that beautiful swaying movement seldom seen except when troops are passing in review. Those who brighten life and lighten its burdens are not "rowdies," they are benefactors.

On January second, 1864, the Seventieth Indiana was transferred to the First Brigade, First Division, Eleventh Army Corps, commanded by General Howard. General Ward was placed in command of the division and Colonel Harrison of the brigade. The shelter or dog tent, as it was nicknamed, was issued on the thirtieth of this month. A piece of light canvas about six feet square, with a row of buttons or buttonholes on three sides, was given to each man. The soldiers usually united two or four of these pieces, then stretching them over a horizontal pole, raised on forks about three feet high, fastened the short ropes attached to the corners to stakes in the ground. The

patriots entered this dwelling on all fours. The single piece of muslin and a small oilcloth was carried by each man, and by them he was protected at night from the dampness of the ground and the pelting of the tempest.

A strong effort was made by the authorities at Nashville to keep the brigade from moving southward, but the desire on the part of most of the men, who had been so long in what was called the rear to be on the front line, had grown more intense as the months passed. The officers were even more anxious to get away from the city, with its temptations, than the soldiers they had to restrain. One in rather a sweeping way writes, January twenty-first, 1864: "I have a hard company to manage. The men will get drunk whenever they can get whisky, and soldiers can adopt many expedients to get that article. It is the curse of the army, from general down to private. If I had never been for temperance in principle and practice before, my experience and observation in the army would make me uncompromising and unyielding upon that subject." There were men and women in the city, who in their dens of pollution preached from the text, "Let us eat and drink for to-morrow we die," and as there were hundreds in the regiment who were not yet of age, what wonder that some, out from the restraints of home, listened to the damnable doctrine.

Yet the Seventieth Indiana as a whole, was the better for its varied experience. This experience had been of a nature that but few, if any other regiments had enjoyed. Many troops entering the service about the same time were hurried into battle without preparation, and were sacrificed in the vain struggle to stop the advance of General Bragg's veterans. Our regiment while cut off from home

and from the rest of the army, and for a long period outnumbered by large bodies of the enemy on every side, was taught there was nothing to depend upon but constant watchfulness, and confirmed in the determination never to be captured, a fate known to be worse than death. Night after night it was called out and formed in line of battle, and day after day the monotony of drill was relieved by expeditions against and skirmishes with marauders. Discipline was severe, for the commander, Colonel Benjamin Harrison, knew that without discipline a thousand men are no better than a mob. He proposed to form a battalion that in the day of battle would move as if animated by one soul. He had the intellect and the will, and he accomplished the work. If vigilance and labor could keep the men supplied with food and clothing, nothing was wanting. Such was the care for the health that no other Indiana regiment in the service for three years, lost as few by sickness, except the Thirty-second, which was composed for the most part of veterans who had seen service in Germany and were inured to hardships of war. The regiment was fortunate in having for the first eight months of its history, a superior drill master in the person of Maj. S. C. Vance. Under his able supervision the battalion moved with clock-like regularity. Now after a year and a half of invaluable experience in discipline, drill, skirmishing, scouting, bridge guarding, railway and train guarding, provost duty in village and city, picket duty, regimental, brigade and division evolutions in the field, it was ready to take a place at the front, and enter upon a campaign, which was not to end until the surrender of all the Confederate armies in North Carolina, and upon a march which was not to cease until it passed through Atlanta, Savannah, Raleigh and Rich-

mond, and entered in triumph the national capital, Washington.

Headquarters Eleventh and Twelfth Corps,  
Lookout Valley, Tenn., February 12, 1864.

Maj. Gen. Hooker:

General—I would respectfully report that in compliance with your order, I visited Nashville.

My opinion in the premises is that the interests of the service would be best promoted by moving General Ward's Brigade, if not his division, to the front. Their present condition near Nashville, with its temptation to soldiers, will not be improved. The command is represented to be in a very high state of discipline and perfection in drill.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

DANIEL BUTTERFIELD,  
Maj. Gen., Chief of Staff.

## CHAPTER VI.

### ON TO RICHMOND

The column moved out on the Murfreesboro pike at seven o'clock on February twenty-fourth, 1864. On this date an officer writes: "I rose at four o'clock this morning to prepare for the march, and was just dressed when an old black fellow knocked at my door and asked whether I could give him a coffin. 'A coffin, old man! What ails you?' I said. 'My chile ten years ole died to-night and I'se gwine wid de rigement, and you said my wife couldn't go long, and she ain't got noffin wid her to bury de chile in.' So I woke up the regimental carpenter, and set him to work on some old boards." Of the first night out the same officer writes: "The boys of the regiment became cold about midnight, and rose howling over the camp fire till dawn. I sleep with my overcoat for a night gown and take off my boots;" then referring to a statement his correspondent had made, he adds, "and so did General Dumont until he went home, and if as you say he gets into bed now booted and spurred, it's to give his family some idea of the terrors of war."

Of the second evening he writes: "Our camp ground is full of rabbits, and we have caught at least one hundred and fifty and one fox. The boys stewed Reynard, but I can't say they succeeded in eating him." Then on the twenty-eighth: "To-day we passed through a beautiful country, inhabited for the most part by loyal people. The doors of the houses along the road were filled with ladies greeting us with waving flags. It began raining at night and continued for thirty-six hours, changing at last into a sleet. I

can't tell how many times I heard remarks similar to these: 'Wouldn't my mother think her boy was gone up if she could see this?' 'What would your wife say if she could see you now?' Twenty-five of our mules died in the harness, but the men bore up wonderfully; indeed it would have made you cry to hear them cheering each other. Now and then some poor fellow stumbling, would sink down under his gun and knapsack, and groan in a semi-ludicrous manner. 'O God, boys, I'm ready for peace on any terms.' When after wading through knee deep mortar the troops were encamped at night in a swamp near Tullahoma, it was thought wise to issue a ration of whisky to each man. Many refused to accept, but passed it on to those who felt the need of a double or triple dose, and as a result, not a few became howling drunk."

J. H. Kelly: "The regiment marched in rear of the brigade, and Companies I and K, in charge of the wagons, behind everything. The rain and the tramping in front soon put the dirt road in a fearful condition, so that we struggled and floundered along all day in the red, sticky Tennessee mud. When night came we found ourselves left alone, with the train stuck fast. It was so intensely dark we could see nothing, but found some rotten logs by feeling around with our feet, and breaking them up, placed them side by side as a platform, with top above the surrounding water. On this we kindled our fire with bark stripped from the side of a tree that was least soaked. Fuel was so scarce and poor that it kept one or two busy hunting it up to replenish our fire. There was no place to lie down or even sit, except on a water-soaked log or chunk. Men would go to sleep leaning against a tree, slip and fall into the water. At intervals through the night could be



heard above the pattering rain and the dashing sleet the struggle of a mule as he fell, having succumbed to fatigue and exposure, and sacrificed his life for his country."

An officer writes: "I gave my tent and blankets to Captain Fisher, for he is an old man and not very well. There was little or no self denial in this, for I was so wet that it seemed safer to sit through the night by a smouldering log heap than to fall asleep in damp clothes."

J. E. Cleland, dating his letter two days later, "Twelve miles beyond Hell," writes: "It took six gallons of commissary to drag Companies I and K through the mud, ice and water into camp." J. M. Brown: "It was the coldest rain I ever saw. I lay in the water about three inches deep all night, so you may know how I slept." The following day many were engaged in extricating the wagons from the mire, many of the whisky drinkers were on the stool of repentance, while the commanders of the regiments made the monthly muster.

On March fourth the wrong road was taken, and the troops tramped many miles over the mountains unnecessarily. Instead of retracing their steps, they wisely made their tiresome way through woods and over rocks till they arrived at the point they should have reached hours before. Daybreak on March ninth found the regiment on its way across the Tennessee pontoon bridge, into the region of dead mules. The road was lined with decomposing carcasses, forty or fifty lying within a few rods in some places, so that from Bridgeport to Wauhatchie it was impossible to draw a pure breath.

The tenth of March, after a dozen miles of trudging, brought the regiment to the Wauhatchie encampment on a picturesque hillside, under the frowning heights of Look-

out Mountain. Major General Howard, the Corps commander, met it on its arrival, and inspected it minutely. The men were exhausted by the last day's march through the hot sun and the polluted atmosphere, and some fainted as they stood in the ranks, while General Howard was riding along the lines.

For several days the weather was exceedingly unpleasant, the winds roaring around the base of the mountains, as if determined to carry even the lowly shelter tents into the river. All were astonished at a snowfall fourteen inches deep, but thought Northerners ought not to complain as long as the Southern army nearby had to endure the same affliction.

As soon as the weather made it practicable timber was cut on the mountain side, lumber was made by splitting logs, and the men built what they called frame houses, into which they could enter without stooping. Hewed log dwellings with old fashioned hospitable fireplaces were erected for the officers. Pine and fir trees were transplanted from the heights to the streets of the little city, and graceful arches of cedar spanned them at either end. A beautiful decoration composed of evergreen, moss and flowers embowered headquarters, and the whole place was more like a park than a camp.

Lieutenant Grubbs: "If you could step into my cosy little home and notice how neat and nice and warm it is you would think the soldier's life was not so hard after all; that at least it had its hours of enjoyment, as cheerful as ever one knew in other days and other places. A fire never sparkled more brightly, or sang more merrily than mine, nor could any throw its genial warmth throughout the room more completely. Soldiering here is such that

the most romantic can enjoy it. And yet our work is incessant. We have not passed an idle day since our arrival. We worked hard at our encampment until now, despite all the disadvantages we labored under; we have the most neatly arranged and comfortable camp we have had since we entered the service. And now that our encampment is finished, our houses built and our trees planted, the old orders for drill have again sprung into life, and four hours out of each day we must spend perfecting ourselves in the evolutions of the soldier.

“The men imagined that when we should leave Nashville, style would play out in the Seventieth, and congratulated themselves on the speedy coming of that auspicious day. But we have learned that in proportion as we approach the front and draw near the lines of the enemy, in that proportion does the thoroughness and rigidness of inspections and reviews increase. On Sunday at regimental inspection, though there was not a spectator, the regiment never appeared so well. Guns never shone more brightly nor clothing looked more neat and clean. Many a man will learn lessons of neatness and tidiness in the army he never knew at home. How many men at home will go to church with their shoes unblackened and their clothes undusted? But the soldier who dares venture on Sunday morning inspection with unpolished shoes and dusty clothes receives a public reprimand, and is fortunate indeed if he escapes so easily. I could march my company into a fashionable church on Sabbath morning and they would do no dishonor to its cushioned seats and carpeted floors.”

A letter from another officer: “Major Generals Hooker and Butterfield called the other day and walked around, expressing themselves as perfectly delighted with the ele-

gance and cleanliness of the camp, and the healthy appearance of the men. General Hooker was enthusiastic, exclaiming that he had never seen anything to equal it, that the whole camp was as perfect as a parlor. Without exception the men agree that they never had a finer camp and never felt in better humor."

On the organization of the Twentieth Army Corps the Seventieth was assigned to the First Brigade, Third Division, in which it continued till the close of the war.

The following extract from a letter by Lieutenant Grubbs, dated April twenty-ninth, should be inserted to show how well the Third Division of the Twentieth Army Corps could move at the command of one of the greatest men the war produced, Gen. George H. Thomas; how thoroughly it was prepared for the great movement in which it was about to engage, and above all, how little a sham battle is like a real one. "Yesterday we held a division drill and went gallantly through all the maneuvers of a sham battle. We moved from camp at ten o'clock and marched four miles to the drill ground. There we rested while the other brigades came on the field. A half hour later General Butterfield and staff rode up and the long line was formed. We stood at attention while Generals Thomas, Hooker, Brannon, Whipple and others rode through the lines and took their station on an eminence that overlooked the entire field. In the center were the dense columns of troops, on the right and left batteries, in the rear ambulances.

"We maneuvered for an hour, now advancing, now retreating, now forming heavy columns, then breaking into line of battle, moving first in quick, then in double quick time; then there was a rest for a few moments, then the work commenced. To repel a charge of cavalry we were

first thrown on the double quick into squares. Sections of artillery were formed in the angles, and a heavy fire was opened on the imaginary enemy. Then we were moved eastward a short distance, and the four miles of the valley lay before us. We had provided ourselves with forty rounds of blank cartridges and were anxious to use them. One regiment was thrown forward as skirmishers, and extended its lines clear across the valley and up the hills on either side. Two long lines of battle two hundred yards apart were formed across the valley, while our regiment and the Thirty-third Massachusetts were held in column in reserve. Our two right companies were sent to the extreme right to cover and support the battery which had commenced to play from a little hill that looked out upon the valley.

“The call sounded and the entire division moved forward. We were advancing upon the enemy and it was our first even sham battle. Soon the sharp crack of guns in front proclaimed that the skirmishers were engaged. We had been advancing about five hundred yards, and the firing was rapid and continuous in front, when we came upon a small ridge that ran directly across the valley, and the whole field opened like a map before us. A quarter of a mile beyond was the beautiful line of skirmishers, swaying from hillside to hillside as the men alternately halted to load and fire, and then advanced, the white puff of smoke springing from the guns and curling above their heads as each one shot. In rear of them and a hundred yards apart were two long lines of battle, each three thousand strong, moving steadily forward and keeping pace with the skirmishers. Imagine now a fight; the skirmishers drawn in, the troops that were yet in column thrown into line on the

double quick, we hastening a mile around to the left; the roll of musketry, the thunder of cannon."

A few days before the campaign began quantities of potatoes, onions and sauer kraut were issued, with instructions, it was said, from General Sherman, to eat enough in a week to keep off scorbutic diseases for the summer.

It may not be amiss, in order to give some idea of what was in store for us, to quote a few lines from a letter by Major General Lawton, who, as an officer in the Thirtieth Indiana, took part in the Atlanta campaign, and also distinguished himself in Cuba and the Philippines. "You ask me to give a comparison of the two wars. There is no comparison to be made. The war of the Rebellion was one of the greatest conflicts the world has ever known; the war with Spain is probably one of the least, so far as actual operations are concerned, that has ever been fought. The exposure of the Cuban campaign for a few days was very trying, but it was nothing to compare in time or conditions to our civil war. The rations in Cuba were better than anything we ever had, or believed it possible for an army to have in the war of the Rebellion. It is true that for a few days in Cuba we were short, but that was for lack of transportation, and then we were never without some portion of the ration, and that portion was better than our soldiers had at the best during the civil war."

The following is a statement of the strength of the army Sherman proposed to throw against the enemy:

Army of the Cumberland.	General Thomas.
Infantry .....	54,568
Artillery (Field Guns 130).....	2,377
Cavalry .....	3,828
	<hr/>
	60,773

Army of the Tennessee.	General McPherson.
Infantry .....	22,437
Artillery (Field Guns 96).....	1,404
Cavalry .....	624
	<hr/>
	24,465
Army of the Ohio.	General Schofield.
Infantry .....	11,183
Artillery (Field Guns 28).....	679
Cavalry .....	1,697
	<hr/>
	13,559
Aggregate Men.....	98,797
Aggregate Cannon.....	254

It is but human for men who before a conflict think that one man on the side they represent is equal to five of the opposing force, after defeat to convince themselves, and to attempt to convince the world that the result was owing to overwhelming numbers, but an extract from a document issued at the Executive Office in Richmond, by President Jefferson Davis, throws a light that clearly reveals the situation as it existed on the Atlanta campaign:

“I could not discover between the forces of General Johnston and General Sherman any such disparity as was alleged, nor do I believe that our army in any military department since the beginning of the war has been so nearly equal in numbers with the enemy as in this last campaign of General Johnston. As the loss in killed and wounded, sick and prisoners, in infantry and artillery alone was 22,000 men, and would probably be swollen to 25,000 by adding the loss in cavalry, and as the force available on the 10th of July was about 62,000, it is deduced that General Johnston had been in command of an army of about 85,000 men fit for active duty to oppose Sherman, whose effective

force was not believed to have been much in excess of that number. The entire force of the enemy was considerably greater than the numbers I have mentioned, and so was General Johnston's, but in considering the merits of the campaign it is not necessary to do more than compare the actual strength of the armies which might have joined the issue of battle. When it is considered that with forces thus matched General Johnston was endeavoring to hold a mountainous district of our own country with numerous fortified positions, while the enemy was in the midst of a hostile population and with a long line of communications to guard, it is evident that it was not the want of men or means which caused the disastrous failure of his campaign."

JEFF'N DAVIS.



## CHAPTER VII.

### IN THE FACE OF THE ENEMY

On Monday morning, May second, 1864, the regiment entered Georgia, and encamped in the evening near Lee and Gordon's Mills, remaining there one day. On the fourth we moved out toward Buzzards' Roost or Rocky Faced Ridge and found the enemy strongly entrenched at Dalton. A letter dated Sunday the eighth says: "There was a large turn out to preaching this morning in God's first temple, for the poor fellows of our regiment feel pretty solemn at the prospect of a coming battle." Until the ninth, brisk skirmishing was kept up, then an advance was made through Snake Creek Gap.

General Sherman states his conviction in his Memoirs that if McPherson had pushed things as instructed, Johnston's army would have been badly crippled, if not destroyed.

An extract from the diary of Wm. Willhite gives information as to the happenings of the first days of May. "We broke up camp at seven A. M. and marched in the direction of Lafayette, Georgia, crossing over the nose of Lookout Mountain, through Rossville and Rossville Gap, over Chickamauga battle field, and reached Lee and Gordon's Mills about four P. M., where we went into camp with tired limbs and blistered feet, having traveled about sixteen miles. Thinking we were to remain here for a while, we built on the next day very respectable cabins out of pine poles and occupied them through the night.

"Marching orders came on the fourth, so we very reluct-

antly left our newly constructed quarters, and turning off the Lafayette road, crossed the Chickamauga on a very treacherous bridge, partially burned by the rebels, and moved toward Ringgold. Company D was on the flank and we could hear firing in the direction of Tunnel Hill. The weather was very warm, but we marched thirteen miles and halted within two miles of Ringgold. We lay in camp on the fifth listening to the occasional firing in front. On the sixth we started at seven A. M. and halted for the night at Nickajack Gap on Chapman's Farm. The weather was very hot, and our progress was hindered by the rebels having blockaded the way with timber.

"On the seventh we set out at six A. M., crossed Taylor's Ridge where our advance encountered rebel scouts, routing them and capturing some prisoners, arms and horses. We marched through the heat thirteen miles and halted within six miles of Dalton. May eighth we lay in camp with arms stacked ready to move at a moment's warning. We remained in camp on the ninth while quite a battle was raging at Tunnel Hill and Rocky Face Ridge, in which part of our Corps was engaged. While we were lying in camp on the tenth we heard heavy firing in the direction of Rocky Face Ridge and Tunnel Hill which ceased in the evening, and the news reached us that the rebels were falling back to Resaca, where they would probably make a stand. After a rainy night we were aroused at four o'clock on May eleventh, prepared a hasty breakfast, marched with wet blankets and clothing through very muddy roads ten miles to Snake Creek Gap. The next morning we moved out about four miles and remained there the rest of the day and night, while firing in front was to be heard.

"May thirteenth we marched at seven A. M., but only

moved a short distance, when we halted and saw Generals Sherman, Schofield, Hooker, Thomas, McPherson and Kilpatrick holding a council nearby. After awhile they went to their different commands, but soon Kilpatrick, at the head of his troops, dashed to the front. 'Twas not long till heavy firing was heard, and the news came back that the General had run into an ambush and was badly wounded. He was soon brought back in an ambulance, and we fell in and moved forward, being in the second line of battle. There was heavy skirmishing, but the rebels kept falling back. Occasionally one killed or wounded was brought to the rear, and now and then a cannon ball came crashing through the trees above our heads, and the minie balls came singing their unwelcome music. About sundown we were ordered to relieve the advance line, and passing the Twelfth Indiana, learned that Captain Peoples had been killed.

“While we were in the second line lying back in the woods, Colonel Merrill, who was inclined to be a little jolly sometimes, was standing holding his horse, and when the small shells came crashing through the trees, as we thought uncomfortably low, he began to poke fun at the boys for rather drooping their heads. Presently he mounted his horse and we were ordered forward a few rods. When we halted the Colonel took off his hat, hung it on the pommel of his saddle, took out his handkerchief and was leisurely wiping his brow, when one of those big shells that comes as if it were saying you! you! you! and you can't tell which you it means, came whizzing through the trees, and passed just above his head. Of course the head went down, and then it was the boys' time to laugh. After they had got somewhat through, the Colonel, enjoying the joke as well

as any of them, looked around and said, 'Boys, you may dodge the big ones.'

"The rebels were soon driven into their works, and the firing ceased for the night, except an occasional shot. We halted at the edge of a thick woods, made some coffee, after which we moved farther into the woods, sent out skirmishers and were ordered to lie down on our arms and rest. On May fourteenth heavy firing began at the first peep of day between our skirmishers and the rebel sharpshooters. About nine o'clock Company D was deployed as skirmishers, and ordered to move down to the foot of a steep bluff in front and halt till further orders. We immediately moved down under a raging fire, and halted behind a low brush fence. After lying here for a while, and before being ordered forward, I was wounded and taken to the rear."

Going back to the thirteenth, we marched toward Resaca, coming up with the enemy in the evening. After being formed in line of battle and waiting till dark we moved to the left and took position on a ridge in the front line. At the foot of the hill was a field about fifty rods wide which lay between the ridge and a forest occupied by the enemy. Pickets under command of Captain Carson were thrown out for the night, and were relieved the following morning by Company D under command of Captain Tansey, who later in the day cautiously advanced the skirmish line.

About one o'clock, in order, it was said, to attract the attention of the enemy while a charge was being made a mile or two to the left by the First Division, the regiment descended the hill and lay down by a fence, prepared to advance across the field should the order be given. Here an incident with both an amusing and a serious phase oc-

curred. A sharpshooter from the crest of the ridge in the rear fired several shots at the enemy's skirmishers. At each crack of his rifle at least a score of bullets as a reply would whiz about the ears of our unprotected men beneath. One of the field officers, provoked by his thoughtlessness, sent a Sergeant back to arrest and bring him to the front. In a short time the Sergeant returned unaccompanied, and reported that Major General Butterfield had possessed himself of a telescopic rifle and ensconced behind a tree was improving his marksmanship at the expense of the Confederate pickets, and especially of his own troops. After one or two more shots, probably to show the Sergeant that he could not be intimidated, the double starred sharpshooter ceased firing.

While we were in this exposed position, unable to make any response on account of the danger to the Union pickets in front, two enlisted men were killed, and Lieutenant Martin and ten men in the ranks were wounded. After looking out over the unattractive field for some hours the men were ordered to retire, a few at a time, to the position formerly occupied on the ridge.

J. L. Ketcham: "We were nearly all night getting ready for the fight. Found ourselves next morning on a woody hill and the rebels just opposite. They were on a hill, shaped it seemed to me something like an egg, and with an open space all round it, the strongest natural fortification I ever saw. Then they had three or four lines of intrenchments. Between us and them, in the open space, was a deep, muddy ditch, so it would have been folly for us to make a charge there. We sent out skirmishers, who hid behind stumps in the open field, and shot and were shot at all day. One good thing our hill was round, too,

so we could get behind it. Bullets from rebel sharpshooters kept flying past us all day, wounding a man now and then. General Ward couldn't keep still, he wanted to make a charge so bad. At last he ordered the brigade forward, so our regiment, the only one that advanced, went over the hill in about ten seconds (no exaggeration) and hid behind a fence at the bottom. It would have taken us three quarters of an hour to cross that open field. What would have been our loss had we advanced? We waited behind the fence till dark."

On the morning of May fifteenth the regiment was relieved and marched to the left several miles, and as it was Sunday saw men of other organizations engaged in religious services. As the report gained credence that a charge was to be made on the enemy's works, some humorous semi-solemn remarks were made by men who were not frequent listeners to the Chaplain's sermons, as to the desirability of halting and spending the day in devotional exercises. At last there was a halt, and a command to unsling knapsacks and fix bayonets. The Seventieth was formed in line of battle and behind were the other regiments of the First Brigade in similar formation, the whole in a column of battalions, with intervals of forty paces between each regiment. General Hooker, attended by other officers, rode forward and stated that some guns belonging to the enemy on the opposite hill were to be taken.

For a few moments there was a stillness in which we could hear a leaf fall. No wonder, for there were men in that line who were to live but a few moments longer. Alas, not all were ready for the sacrifice! One man said, "Captain, let me fill the canteens at that spring and bring them to the boys." Canteens nor man were ever seen

again. Many a dying soldier cried in vain for water because of this cowardly perfidy. One of those, however, who looked death in the face said, "I can feel the little hands of my babies around my neck, and hear my wife whispering goodbye." Another, as he threw away a pack of cards, "I don't want to be killed with these in my pocket." Another, "If I fall and you survive take what you find in my knapsack to mother."

The thoughts of the older man who has left a family have a wider range than the younger. The breastworks, the rocks, the trees, the armed men sink out of sight, and the husband and father is in his Indiana home where the little children cling to him, and wife breathes what seems to be an eternal goodbye. It is a heartbreaking moment, but the little fingers are quickly loosened, and again he is in Georgia under bonds to duty. What matters what happens? If this is all there is of life, if love means agony, it is well to have all ended quickly. Or if this be but the threshold of existence, then it were well to storm the ramparts defended by death and burst into the realms of life eternal.

We remember the silent movement of the line through the woods, the ringing cheer for Indiana, the sweep across the field, the odor of resin as the canister burst above us, the sand thrown in our faces by the shot that struck before us, the rush through the thicket, the dash into the redoubt, the breastworks in rear deserted by the flying enemy, the agonizing cry to our men behind to stop firing on us, the determined feeling as we lay on the ground and clung to the captured lunette, while bullets from front and rear, from right and left pattered like hail on the leaves by our side. Ah, that might have been a glorious day had the

Generals in command of the Second and Third Divisions started all the columns at once, and instead of staying behind, gone with their inexperienced troops, as General Sheridan would have done; for then we would not merely have captured the battery, we would have driven the Confederates into the river.

The narrative requires descriptions with increase of details and suppression of feeling.

Just at noon,—two of the regimental commanders however in their official reports say at eleven o'clock,—the command "Forward" was given in a low tone and the regiment moved silently and with perfect alignment through the woods. When the foot of the hill was reached, and a comparatively open space appeared, Colonel Harrison in a ringing voice commanded, "Cheer men for Indiana! Forward! Double quick! March!" The cheers swelled into a grand shout as the whole line rushed forward. The cannon in the lunette thundered a reply, but there was no stopping till all the gunners but five were either killed or taken prisoners. For a little while there was a wild scene in the lunette, artillery men defending their guns, Union officers firing their pistols, and the men their rifles; now using their bayonets, now clubbing their muskets, now leaping on the cannon and waving their hats. The infantry in the works beyond the fort, seized with a panic, left their coats and spades in the trench where they had been working, and disappeared for the time through the woods in the rear.

At this moment when the center was occupying the lunette, and the right and left wings of the regiment were curving about it, shots from the rear added to the intense excitement. There were thrilling cries of "Stop that



firing in the rear! For God's sake don't kill your own men!" Then came the rally of the enemy to the breastworks behind the lunette, and the falling to the ground of our men in a semi-circle about the fort. An enfilading fire of the enemy's batteries far to the right and left, mistaken by those who came later on the field as coming from the harmless lunette, and the continuous rifle shots from the concealed infantry twenty yards away, could not drive the regiment from its exposed position, or weaken its determination to see that those guns never again come into the hands of the original owners.

In the course of time men in the other brigades and divisions of the Twentieth Corps charged gallantly up the hill, where the First Brigade was lying, but none were exposed to the shots of the now silenced guns, and no hand touched them again all that long afternoon, though several brave men of the Second Brigade and one or two of the Second Division fell in making the attempt.

As evening approached those who could extricate themselves without crossing what might be called a dead line, were moved a little to the left, where a repast of crackers, dinner and supper combined, was partaken, while a large number under command of Captains Carson, Meredith, Scott and other line officers, aided by officers and men from the First and other brigades, protected the captured guns. Subsequently Captain Carson was recalled and ordered to take the fifty men of Company G still left and report to an officer in Colonel Coburn's command, who, with one hundred and fifty men detailed from regiments of the Second Brigade, was to draw the captured cannon from the lunette under cover of the darkness. The firing from both sides continued after night, three or four times

swelling into what might be called a volley, but the extrication of the four Napoleon twelve pounder brass pieces from the fort, was accomplished with little loss, and before midnight the Confederates had evacuated their works and all was quiet.

Personally it matters but little to the survivors of the Seventieth Indiana who felt in their faces the hot breath of the battery as it made its last discharge, that others claim the credit of silencing its guns, yet when they think of their comrades who sleep on that hillside, they utter a solemn protest in behalf of those whose voices are stilled forever. An officer who led the advance of the Second Division and came on the field after all the artillery men had vanished from the scene, reported to General Geary, "We moved steadily forward until within fifteen yards of the battery when I ordered the regiment to halt and lie down. The position was one of extreme peril, but we held it from 12:30 P. M. till night." Whereupon the General commanding this Division reported to General Hooker, to say the least not very grammatically, that this body of troops had the honor of "leading and forcing its way through the jaws of death till they had their hands upon the guns."

General Hooker was close in rear of the compactly massed assaulting column, so no subordinate General was needed there, and if the General of the Second Division, while other troops were silencing the battery, had been on time and led his command over the deserted breastworks in pursuit of the flying enemy, there would have been glory enough to supply the whole Corps, and no necessity would have arisen for him to claim the capture of guns already silenced. His action was that of a sportsman, who would stop to pick up and gloat over game a hunter in front had

dropped, instead of pushing through the woods and capturing his own prey. Alas, many a man of the Seventieth Indiana tossed in distress through the night as he lay on the ground, forgetting any honor that might come from the taking of a little lunette, in the awful loss of his comrades and in the thought of the great victory that might have been achieved.

“For of all sad words of tongue or pen,  
The saddest are these, ‘It might have been.’”

One has only to read the modest report of Colonel John Coburn commanding the Second Brigade, Third Division, who was on the field and had far more to do with holding and extricating the guns after they were captured than the commander of the Second Division, to discover what a wide difference there is in men. Not to mention the loss sustained on that day by other regiments of the Third Division, the mortality of the Seventieth Indiana alone exceeded by more than thirteen per cent that of all the twenty regiments and two batteries combined of the Second Division. A sad testimony, yet eloquent for the truth.

The historian Gen. J. D. Cox states the following: “The guns remained between the armies till night, when they were taken and brought off by a detachment of the Fifth Ohio (Second Division) under Colonel Fitzpatrick.” To which Captain Frank D. Baldwin, now Captain of Fifth Infantry, U. S. A., then Captain in the Nineteenth Michigan, replies: “It is a fact that some detachment of troops, probably the Fifth Ohio, did come up, as above stated, and bring the guns off. The men who had captured them being fully engaged in caring for their dead and wounded comrades, did not notice that the guns were being taken

away at the time, as it was not thought for a moment that this detachment had come for any other purpose than to assist in caring for the wounded and dead." No wonder General Coburn when his attention was called to General Cox's statement exclaimed, "In reading some of the accounts of army history of which I supposed from my personal presence and participation I had some knowledge, I have been led to doubt my personal identity, and to believe that I must have been laboring under a hallucination while the events related were transpiring before my eyes." Then in his usual generous way he added, "But what matters it who did it! We all helped; we gained the day; we sustained the great cause." Still let the fallen again bear mournful witness, so that history may not be a black and cruel lie. The loss that day of the Fifth Ohio was killed three, wounded twelve. Of the Seventieth Indiana killed twenty-six, wounded one hundred and thirty

Lieutenant Grubbs: "The Twentieth Corps was massed that Sabbath noon for an assault upon the enemy's works. The assault was ordered by the Third Division, General Butterfield, to be supported by the First and Second Divisions. The First Brigade, Third Division, consisting of the Seventieth Indiana, One Hundred and Second Illinois, Seventy-ninth Ohio, One Hundred and Twenty-ninth Illinois, and One Hundred and Fifth Illinois were massed by regiments in the order named for the assault. They were to be supported on the right and left by the Second and Third Brigades of the Division. In this order the assault was made, down a hillside, into a valley across an open field along which ran a roadway, up a wooded ridge, to a hill crowned with a redoubt, from which four guns poured into our ranks shot and shell. With our ranks thinned by

the deadly fire, and broken somewhat by the rough ground, with a wild yell, and without a halt we reached the summit of the hill, dropped to the ground as we saw the rebel gunners in the act of discharging their pieces in our faces, then springing to our feet, in a moment we were over the earthworks among the guns and they were ours.

‘Men from several of the regiments of the Brigade entered the redoubt, and their dead and wounded lay on or near the works and among the guns. No one regiment may claim the honor of the assault and the capture, but that it belongs to the First Brigade, Third Division, there can be no question. Men, especially of the Second Brigade, (General Coburn’s) came to our aid, and all that long and terrible afternoon they helped us to hold these guns, else we would have been compelled to relinquish them.

“These facts are clear. First: No other troops except a thin skirmish line were in front of the First Brigade, Third Division, as it advanced to the assault. Everything was clear in front, and there was not an obstacle to interfere with our progress until we came within range of the enemy’s fire. Second: From the time the advance was commenced no halt was made, except for a moment, until we were in the enemy’s works. Our line was not fifteen feet from the embrasures when the guns were discharged in our faces. Third: The guns were silenced then and not another shot did they fire that afternoon. Fourth: From that moment those guns were not out of our possession. We could not drag them away, but we could and did hold them. We repelled assaults made to recapture them. We lay for all that long afternoon clinging to those guns under so hot a fire that to raise head or hand was an invitation to a rebel bullet. The fact is, our commanders in the

rear, and the men sent in by them after our assault, did not know we had taken and were holding those guns, but supposed our assault had failed, and certain regiments from the Second Division that were sent in an hour or more after we had captured them, came up the hill and went back faster than they came, and yet claimed the capture, because some of their men remained with us and helped us hold them until the end came."

J. L. Ketcham: "We formed in line of battle on a hill in a beautiful grove of large trees. Word was whispered down the line, 'Fix bayonets.' The order was obeyed quietly. The importance of the command seemed to be appreciated. Some of the boys told their comrades what word to send home 'if anything happened.'

"It was high noon. I recollect looking at my watch and saying that my folks at home were just returning from church where they had doubtless remembered me in their prayers.

"I had no sense of danger in that battle. My ambition was to be the first on the enemy's breastworks. At the next battle I was not quite so ambitious.

"Being Sergeant Major I could 'form in line' anywhere, so I selected the extreme left of the regiment, as that position seemed nearest the supposed line of the enemy. I say 'supposed' because we soldiers did not know where the enemy was. We only saw a hill opposite our hill and an open field between the two hills. The enemy's hill was covered with a dense thicket. There was no firing; we could only surmise what was proposed. We slipped quietly down the hill. The first sound that broke the stillness was the ringing voice of our Colonel: 'Cheers for Indiana.' Then such a shout and a rush!

“Being on the extreme left and a good runner, I kept a little in advance; remember looking along the line and noticing how straight it kept, notwithstanding all were running at full speed—no better line on dress parade. When we reached the thicket we pushed up as fast as the obstructions would admit. The enemy’s artillery opened fire while we were crossing the open field, and the sound indicated that the right of the regiment faced the guns.

“After I entered the thicket I noticed nothing until I found myself on the enemy’s breastworks. Evidently these breastworks protected rebel infantry supporting their artillery. But where were the infantry? I stood some moments wondering what had become of them. I could see every evidence of their having been there; their fires were burning for cooking; their haversacks and knapsacks were there. I thought I could hear them stampeding down the hill. The breastworks were in a semicircle and obstructed my view. Why did not our boys come? I shouted ‘Come on!’ Then I realized that I was alone and that my comrades had been drawn by the sound of the cannon to the right. I hastened in the same direction to shout my discovery. The thicket was dense. I could only see a few feet ahead of me. Before I made much headway the enemy’s infantry rallied and opened on us a deadly fire. At that moment there came to me a keen sense of disappointment. I can never forget it. We would have won a glorious victory that day had not the sound of the cannon drawn the regiment toward the enemy’s artillery and away from their infantry breastworks, which they briefly abandoned, and which we ought to have occupied. However, we obeyed instructions. We captured the guns. The Second Division supporting our left

should have started when we did and swept over the breast-works."

Wm. Sharpe: "In charging up that hill our Company C happened to be so located in line as to go directly into the battery. When we were nearing the summit the artillery made their last shot, and the guns were so close to us as to blow the hats off our heads, but without halting we were instantly inside the fort."

J. C. Bennett: "We advanced in common time trailing arms till we came to an open field, and then commenced the double quick, while the shot and shell were coming thick and fast. When within a few feet of the breastworks we were ordered to fall down, and the next moment the guns fired over our heads. Then we were up and in the fort, taking four twelve pounder brass guns, with several prisoners. Here I saw a rebel hit one of our men over the head with a swab-stick, and Sergeant Thralls hit the rebel over the head with the butt of his gun. Later I saw a color bearer of one of the Illinois regiments roll up his flag, when Wm. Barnes of our company said, 'Let me have it.' Taking it he stuck the flagstaff in the parapet over the cannon, thus having it displayed without danger to life, for the sharpshooters were picking off the men as fast as they exposed themselves. Sergeant Thralls, thinking I suppose that Barnes was meddling with what was not his business, shouted, 'Get out of there or you will be shot.'"

The Historian of Company D: "The advance of our assaulting column poured a heavy volley of musketry into the works, which struck down many of its defenders, yet those remaining continued resistance, some trying to reload the guns, while others struck right and left with swab-sticks and hand-spikes, knocking our men down as



they mounted to the top of the parapet, and only yielding to force. During this heroic defense our regimental banner-bearer was knocked backward off the works as he was attempting to plant the flag. Alonzo Greeson was knocked down and badly stunned, but was able to continue in the fight, and was mortally wounded later. John Wilson parried a blow from a stalwart rebel who stood just within the parapet, and, reaching across, seized him by the collar and literally pulled him out of the works. J. F. Snow was probably the first to enter, and swinging his hat pushed to the middle of the redoubt, calling out, 'Come on, boys; here they are!' He was instantly joined by H. C. Eaton and U. H. Farr, each using bayonet and bullet to vanquish their antagonists. Eaton stopped to reload his gun while Snow and Farr rushed out through the rear of the redoubt in pursuit of five of the enemy—all they saw escape. Just before the flying artillerists entered the breastworks the pursuers fired, but owing to the shifting smoke, did not see the result. E. Shaw, G. Costin and V. Fletcher entered the works at nearly the same moment as the three just mentioned. Fletcher killed a rebel with the butt of his gun. Several of the enemy fell in a hand to hand contest among the guns inside the redoubt. Later in the day, when the firing from both sides over the captured guns was so hot that it was as much as one's life was worth to expose one's head to view, a rebel who had dropped down and had been feigning death from the first of the fight, jumped up and attempted to escape, but was shot by Sergeant M. Costin. Men of the company remained with and in defense of the captured guns till they were pulled out of the works, after the rebel army retreated."

Lieutenant W. R. McCracken: "After the Seventieth Indiana and the brigade of which it was a part had taken the battery and were holding it under a terrible fire from the enemy, a musketry fire was poured into them from the rear. Colonel Harrison ordered me to see what the firing meant. I found that it came from a body of our own men belonging to the Second Division, who were behind some timber. I told them to stop firing or the First Brigade would have to retire from the works they had taken and were holding. The firing was stopped, but by the time I was back to my command it began again. Colonel Harrison then directed me to go back and hunt up General Butterfield, who commanded the Third Division, and tell him of the firing from the rear, and that the Brigade would have to fall back if it was not stopped. I could not find Butterfield, but found General Williams, commanding the First Division, and inquired for General Butterfield and told him what I wanted. General Williams said he did not know where General Butterfield was, but told me where to find General Hooker, who, on being informed, spurred his horse and rode rapidly to the place where the white star troops lay, and the firing ceased."

Captain Meredith: "It seemed scarcely a minute from the time we started until we had charged up the enemy's hill and were among them. To whom belongs the honor of first jumping over the parapet I cannot say, but this I know, that Company E struck that battery square in the face, and that its last discharge was right over our heads, almost in our faces. I remember that after the gallant Confederates had done their best, one brave fellow would neither run nor surrender, but stood there laying about him with his ramrod. I had fired the last two

shots of my revolver at him and had begged him to surrender, but his only reply was a swinging sweep of his ramrod, which was dodged. Then a hand reached over my shoulder, somebody said, 'Captain, let me at him,' a pistol was fired close beside me, and turning I saw Colonel Merrill, smoking revolver in hand. In a few minutes the gunners were overcome, and the battery and the position were ours.

"In the charge up the hill I had lost my cap. While we were cheering over the capture of the guns, Lieutenant Colestock jumped up on one of them and waved his cap and cheered. Then noticing I was bareheaded, he leaped down, picked up a cap from the ground, placed it on my head and began cheering again. A moment later he received the shot which in a few days terminated his life.

"And now while wounded men are being cared for, while prisoners are being taken to the rear, while there is great jubilation and enthusiasm among the victors, occurs one of those awful inexplicable errors, one of those fearful mistakes, one of those real horrors of war, so calculated to unnerve the bravest and to demoralize, for the time being, the best drilled and disciplined troops. A second Federal line of battle, advancing to the support of the first, comes crashing through the brush in the rear. At the same instant the Confederates having been rallied and re-formed in another line of works, pour a deadly volley into the ranks of the brave men who are cheering over the guns they have captured. The second line of Federals, partially encountering the rebel fire, deliver a volley and the soldiers of the first line, who had led the charge, who had driven the enemy and captured the guns, are literally caught between two fires. The scene—the terror of the

moment is beyond description. The cry went up: 'Our own men are firing into us.' When the panic was at its greatest, one or two officers who were in the captured redoubt shouted the command, 'Lie down!' and about one hundred and fifty men crouched behind the earthworks containing the guns, and began skirmishing with the enemy. While we were lying there Captain H. M. Scott came to me and we looked over the situation together. We agreed it was best to stay there and hold the guns in case the enemy tried to retake them by sortie. Accordingly I took command of the force to the right of the lunette.

"About nine o'clock we could see by the light of burning brush the Confederates climbing over the breastworks and forming for an attack. Word was passed along to reserve fire for the command. They advanced cautiously within a few yards of the guns, when the command, 'Fire!' was given, every rifle rang out, and at the same time the advance guard gave a yell. That yell was taken up by our forces in the rear and the Confederates broke and ran, evidently thinking Hooker's whole Corps was 'up and at 'em.' And that was the end of the battle of Resaca."

Captain Carson: "After the capture of the battery Company G occupied a position to the left and a little to the rear of lunette, where we guarded the guns that afternoon and kept the rebels behind their works by constant firing. Other regiments and brigades followed us in quick succession, but none went beyond the established lines we were holding before their arrival. I well remember some of the regiments opened fire in our rear, exposing us for some time to a double danger. Charge after charge was made during the evening, but no one went farther than did the assaulting column. Many men from other regi-

ments, however, took positions with us during the evening and assisted in guarding and holding the captured guns.

“Late in the afternoon, as there seemed to be enough troops to hold the line, Colonel Harrison quietly passed the word for those who could to retire to the rear, for the purpose of drawing rations, since we had been marching and fighting all day without anything to eat. As the command did not reach my company, Colonel Harrison sent for me about sunset and said that the officers of the Twentieth Corps had been consulting together on a plan to remove the guns from the lunette after dark. He stated that he believed I understood the situation as well as anyone, so he would detail my company to report to Colonel John Coburn soon after dark, who would have command of two hundred men equipped for cutting through the lunette and for pulling the guns down the hill into our lines. He said also: ‘I claim for the regiment the honor of having captured those cannon, for the rule is that the column first entering the works and seizing and holding a position beyond which no one passed is entitled to the credit. I reported, as ordered, with fifty-five men, assisted to repulse the enemy three different times while we were at work, and the removal of the guns was successfully accomplished before midnight.’”

Captain B. L. Ridley, C. S. A., of General Stewart’s staff, quite naturally does not appreciate General Sherman, yet in the *Confederate Veteran* of January, 1897, giving his experience in this battle, says: “There was one place, though, where Sherman, had he been the able general many supposed, would have taken some of Johnston’s glory from him. The only time he ever got Johnston ap-

parently in 'a nine hole' was at Resaca, on May fifteenth, 1864."

Carter L. Stevenson, Major General: "Corput's battery was placed in position at the only available point. It had hardly gotten into position when the enemy hotly engaged my skirmishers, driving them in and pushing on to the assault with great impetuosity. So quickly was all this done that it was impossible to remove the artillery."

J. B. Hood, Lieutenant General: "During the attack on General Stevenson a four-gun battery was in position thirty paces in front of his line, the gunners being driven from it, and the battery left in dispute. The army withdrew that night, and the guns without caissons or limber boxes were abandoned to the enemy, the loss of life it would have cost to withdraw them being considered worth more than the guns."

In his report on giving up command at Atlanta, J. E. Johnston, General: "We lost no material in the retreat except the four field pieces mentioned in the accompanying report of General Hood."

James H. Turner, Indiana Military Agent: "I met General Butterfield the next morning on the battlefield, before the dead were collected for burial. He told me to say to Governor Morton and the people of Indiana, 'That the Seventieth Regiment has done its whole duty. Not a man from the Colonel down flinched, but marched up to the breastworks and over. One gunner was shot in applying the match.'"

The following is an extract from a letter said to have been picked up the day after the battle, which, of course, never reached its intended destination: "The Yankees charged my battery and captured two sections. It was a

daring exploit. They threw themselves into the fort, as unconscious of danger as so many ducks into a pond. It was Hooker's command we had to fight here, or else the battery would never have been taken. They all wore a star.

Your husband unto death,

“M. V. CORPUT.”

Z. S. Ragan, Major Seventieth Indiana: “A detail of three hundred men was made from the First Brigade and placed under my command, with orders to collect the arms, accoutrements, ammunition, artillery, etc., and turn them over to the Ordnance officer at Resaca. Being limited as to time it was impossible to make a thorough search, yet I turned over and took a receipt for four twelve-pound pieces of brass artillery, nine hundred small arms and fifty thousand rounds of ammunition. The wagons arriving in advance of me, had been unloaded before my arrival, but were estimated to contain a similar number of small arms and sixty thousand rounds of ammunition. I could not obtain a receipt for these, as I was unable to count them.”

The sixteenth of May was a sad day for our regiment. Twenty-six of our number had sacrificed their lives, and one hundred and thirty had been seriously wounded, many mortally, in this Sabbath day's “baptism of fire.” It was a strange grave by which the surviving members stood. It was six feet long and sixty wide. Into this, side by side, with blankets for winding sheets, were lowered the forms of those who had just died for their country. Evergreen branches were tenderly dropped on the sleeping patriots, to break the fall of the clods, and as a token that their sacrifice would ever be green in the memory of their comrades. With heads uncovered the mourners gathered

about the grave. The Captains of the companies cast in the first earth, and the Chaplain prayed that the sad tidings might not crush the hearts of the mothers, the widows and the orphans. The sinking sun closed the mournful day, and the dead were left to sleep in their glory, while to the living remained the stern duty of pursuing through the night the retreating battalions of the enemy.

General Orders No. 4.

Headquarters Third Division Twentieth Corps.

Resaca, May 16th, 1864.

The Major-General commanding feels it a duty as well as a pleasure to congratulate the division upon its achievements yesterday. The gallant assault and charge of the First Brigade, capturing four guns in the enemy's fort; the support of this assault by a portion of the Second Brigade, the splendid advance of the Third Brigade on the left, with the glorious repulse it gave twice its force, proves the division worthy a high name and fame. Let every one endeavor by attention to duty, obedience to orders, devotion and courage to make our record in future, as in the past, such that the army and the country will ever be proud of us.

By command of Major-General Butterfield.

JOHN SPEED,

Assistant Adjutant-General.

Headquarters Seventieth Indiana Volunteer Infantry.

In the field near Cassville, Ga., May 20, 1864.

General—In obedience to your orders, I have the honor to submit the following report of the part taken by my regiment in the operations of our forces from the 13th to the 19th inclusive:

On the 13th I moved about four miles from Snake Creek Gap, having the advance of the brigade, and under orders from you formed line of battle on the Resaca road and moved



up to the crest of the ridge, connecting on the right with the forces under the command of General McPherson, and having on my left one regiment of our brigade (One Hundred and Second Illinois Volunteer Infantry), which, with my regiment, constituted our front line, and was placed by you under my command. Skirmishers were thrown out to cover the front of the line, and every preparation made for a proper advance when the order should be received. Almost immediately after we had taken position, the line on our right (General McPherson) was advanced and soon became engaged with the enemy, but suffered no loss. About 4 P. M., by your orders, our line was advanced, changing direction gradually to the left, and, having emerged from the timber, was massed on the left of General Harrow's line, who was still skirmishing with the enemy. Shortly after dark we again changed position, relieving the regular brigades of the Fourteenth Army Corps. My regiment was here located on the right of our brigade line and along the crest of a hill, with a meadow of about six hundred yards in width in front and extending from the base of the hill occupied by me to a hill opposite, which was strongly fortified and occupied in force by the enemy. As soon as day dawned on the 14th inst., a sharp fire was opened by the rebel sharpshooters on my skirmishers, which was kept up quite briskly during the day, inflicting some loss on my regiment. Early in the day of Saturday, the 14th inst., instructions were received from your headquarters that we would be ordered to assault the works in our front at some time during the day, and orders were also given by you to strengthen the line. In compliance with the order, I deployed Company D of my regiment, Captain Tansey, relieving the skirmishers under Captain Carson, who had been placed upon the line the preceding night, and a few hours subsequently communicated to Captain Tansey an order received from your headquarters to advance his skirmishers, which was promptly, though cautiously done, the men availing themselves of such meager shelter as the open field afforded. About 1 P. M., and while our line was

resting behind the crest of the hill to avoid a troublesome fire which the rebel sharpshooters continued to pour in upon the crest, the "Attention" was sounded in the regiment on my left and was repeated in my regiment. Not having received any intimation of what movement was intended, I called to Brigadier-General Ward, who at the moment approached my left, to know what the orders were. His reply was "The orders are to advance." Knowing that an assault on the works in our front had been in contemplation earlier in the day, and supposing that the order involved such an assault, or at least that it involved an advance until a halt was ordered by the brigade commander, I put my regiment in march when the regiment on my left moved and passed over the crest of the hill, down its slope to a fence at its base, where I had previously instructed my officers to halt for a moment to reform their line, as they would necessarily be much broken in passing down the hill, which was very steep in some places. Under the cover of the fence I halted, and passed an inquiry to my Major, who was on the left, to know whether the One Hundred and Second Illinois was still advancing with me. His answer was that this regiment had halted on the crest of the hill. After some time I was given to understand by one of the brigade staff, calling to me from the summit of the hill, that it was not intended that I should pass the hill, but that I should have halted on the crest, which had not been previously explained to me. By retiring the men singly or in small squads, I was able without further casualties to resume our former line behind the crest of the hill. My losses during the day were as follows: On the skirmish line, killed, enlisted men, 1; wounded, enlisted men, 3; in advancing over the crest of the hill to our supposed assault, killed, enlisted men, 2; wounded, enlisted men, 10; wounded, Lieutenant Martin, Company I, slightly in the leg. During the night of Saturday, the 14th inst., under orders, I constructed, with the assistance of Lieutenant Gilchrist and brigade pioneers, a line of rifle pits along the front of my line, and had moved in at daylight four companies to occupy them as sharpshooters and

watch the enemy, when we were suddenly relieved by another brigade and marched around to a new position on the left of the Fourteenth A. C. In our new position we were informed that our brigade, supported by the other brigades of our division, was expected to assault the enemy's rifle pits, and without delay our brigade was formed in column of battalions in order of rank. My regiment leading, passed from the crest of an entrenched ridge, occupied by our forces, across an open field in the valley and up a steep and thickly wooded hill to the assault of the enemy's breastworks, whose strength, and even exact location, was only revealed by the line of fire which, with fearful destructiveness, was belched upon our advancing column. I moved my men at double quick, and, with loud cheers, across the open space in the valley in order sooner to escape the enfilading fire from the enemy's rifle pits on our right, and to gain the cover of the woods, with which the side of the hill against which our assault was directed, was thickly covered. The men moved on with perfect steadiness, and without any sign of faltering up the hillside and to the very muzzle of the enemy's artillery, which continued to belch their deadly charges of grape and canister until the gunners were struck down at their guns. Having gained the outer face of the embrasures, in which the enemy had four 12-pounder Napoleon guns, my line halted for a moment to take breath. Seeing that the infantry supports had deserted the artillery I cheered the men forward, and, with a wild yell, they entered the embrasures, striking down and bayoneting the gunners, many of whom defiantly stood by their guns till struck down. Within this outer fortification, in which the artillery was placed, there was a strong line of breastworks which was concealed from our view by a thick pine undergrowth, save at one point, which had been used as a gateway. This line was held by a rebel division of veteran troops, said to be of Hood's command. When we first entered the embrasures of the outer works, the enemy fled in considerable confusion from the inner one, and had there been a supporting line brought up in good order at this junction, the second line might easily have

been carried and held. My line having borne the brunt of the assault, it was not to be expected that it could be reformed for the second assault in time. The enemy in a moment rallied in rear of their second line, and poured in a most destructive fire upon us, which compelled us to retire outside of the first line to obtain the cover of the works. At this point some confusion was created among our forces in and about the enemy's works (several of our battalions in rear of me having come up) by a cry that the enemy was flanking us. This caused many to retire down the hill, and had for a time the appearance of a general retreat. I strove in vain to rally my men under the enemy's fire on the hillside, and finally followed them to a partially sheltered place behind a ridge on our left, where I was engaged in separating my men from those of other regiments and reforming them preparatory to leading them again to the support of those who still held the guns we had captured, when I was informed that General Ward was wounded, and was ordered to assume command of the brigade and reform it, which duty I discharged, and then urgently asked General Butterfield for permission to take it again to the works we had carried and still held, and bring off the guns we had captured. This was refused, and by his order the brigade was placed in a new position on a hill to the left of the point at which we had assaulted, to assist in repelling an attack made by the enemy. To sum up the account of the day's fight, I will add that detachments from my regiment and, I believe, from each of the other regiments of the brigade, held the rebels from re-entering and taking the guns we had captured, until they were brought off at night by a detail from the First and Second Brigades. I would respectfully call your attention to the following points: First, my regiment entered the enemy's works in advance of all others, and my colors, though not planted, were the first to enter the fort; second, the enemy's lines were not penetrated at any other point than where we entered, although, assaulted by other troops on the left; third, my regiment, being in advance, and having to bear the brunt of the assault, accom-

plished all that could have been required of them in entering the works and driving the enemy out. The work of carrying the second line of defense belonged to the support which followed me. The day following the battle my regiment, together with our whole brigade, remained on the battlefield, burying our own and the rebel dead, and collecting abandoned arms and other property. Leaving the battleground about 5 P. M. of the 16th, we rejoined the division at —— Mill. In the engagement with the enemy near Cassville on the 19th inst., my regiment was under quite a heavy fire of shell, but suffered no loss. I append a list of killed and wounded in my regiment, which shows twenty-nine men killed, four officers and one hundred and forty men wounded. Total, one hundred and seventy-three.

I desire, in conclusion, to acknowledge the gallantry of my officers and men. Though never before under fire, they have the testimony of the veteran foe they overcame that they bore themselves with conspicuous courage. I could not, of course, observe every individual act of gallantry on the part of my company officers, but must commend to your notice the following as especially worthy of mention for their determined and successful efforts to hold the captured guns: Captain Wm. M. Meredith, Captain H. M. Scott, Lieutenant M. L. Orr, Captain P. S. Carson, Captain H. M. Endsley, Lieutenant Wm. C. Mitchell, Lieutenant E. B. Colestock. Captain Tansy, who was severely wounded, also bore himself most gallantly. Lieutenant C. H. Cox, Acting Adjutant, was conspicuous for his coolness and his efforts to rally the men. Lieutenant-Colonel Merrill and Major Regan did their whole duty, and have need of no higher praise from me. Dr. Jenkins A. Fitzgerald, assistant surgeon during all our series of operations, was always found with his regiment, dressing the wounds of those who had fallen under the heaviest fire of the enemy, manifesting a thorough disregard of his own safety in his humane desire to give the wounded the promptest surgical relief. Rev. A. C. Allen, chaplain, deserves mention for

his untiring labors night and day to relieve the wants and suffering of our wounded.

I am, General, with the greatest respect, your obedient servant,

BENJ. HARRISON,

Col. Seventieth Indiana Vol. Inf.

Brigadier-General W. T. Ward.

Commanding First Brigade Third Division Twentieth  
A. C.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### MARCHING AND FIGHTING

There was much satisfaction when men were detailed from the Seventieth Indiana to convey and deliver the captured cannon to the Ordnance officer, but the night march of the sixteenth and of the following day was made amid profound silence, for we were all thinking of our dead.

On the seventeenth the regiment was where it could again hear the whizzing of bullets, and on the nineteenth approached Cassville. By some mistake the Brigade took the wrong road, and the troops, as J. M. Wills expressed it, "Were pressed up so close to the enemy that we were almost surrounded by Wheeler's cavalry. Orders came for us to march to the rear at trail arms and for no one to speak above a whisper."

U. H. Farr describes the action of the Brigade after it had moved to the right and back a mile or more and saw demonstrations that indicated not only an attack by the cavalry but also by a heavy mass of infantry: "The word went like a flash along the line to throw up a barricade. Every fence rail, log, chunk and movable thing within reach was instantly appropriated to that purpose, and then the men set to work digging dirt with the bayonet, and scooping it up with frying pans, hands, or anything that could be put to that use, while a strong force was sent out in front to level all the fencing, that the advancing enemy might have no protection in the coming contest.

"Meanwhile the dense columns of rebel gray, un-

checked by the torrent of shells from our two batteries, had reached the valley and formed in line, massed so as to crush all opposition. They were advancing slowly in the center, but strong bodies of men were being pushed out more rapidly from either flank, thus making it plain that they intended to envelop us. All of our men but the skirmishers were now called in, every man was given twenty rounds of cartridges extra, making sixty rounds each, and ordered to get ready for action. Cartridge and cap-boxes were unclasped and slipped to the front of the body so as to be convenient; the commands were given and passed along the lines to aim accurately and reserve the fire till the enemy were close at hand.

“At this moment when within musket-shot of our position, the approaching mass of rebel troops seemed to be affected as if by a convulsion. Someone cried out, ‘Look to the right!’ and there column after column came marching into view, facing in the same direction we were, their bright guns shining in the sun, the Stars and Stripes floating above them. The rebel hosts sullenly but rapidly retired to the wooded hill from whence they came, and after some fighting left Cassville in our hands.”

Ex-President Harrison, in a recent address, referred to this same wonderful scene: “The army of Sherman had been fighting in the chaparral, in the brush, so that it was a rare sight for a man on the right of a regiment to see the flag, and quite out of our experience to see the regiment next to us. We had the faith that Sherman had more men than just ourselves. We could occasionally hear the rattle of guns away off to the right or to the left, but one day when the army was advancing on Cassville we suddenly came out into one of the great meadows or savan-



nahs that stretch for miles along some of the smaller streams, and the whole great army, corps on corps, was revealed to us, banner after banner as it was kissed by the sunshine of the open field. From the center, far to the right and left, the distinctive corps, division, brigade and regimental colors appeared, and associated with each of these was the one flag that made the army one. A mighty, spontaneous cheer burst from the whole line, and every soldier tightened his grip upon his rifle and quickened his step. There was an inspiration in it. Our faith had been strengthened by the vision of those who fought with us for the flag."

Visions of vast armies cannot extinguish one's interest in the individual who helps to make up the great host, so Farr continues: "While we were lying in the valley near Cassville, I took a walk in the quiet woods away from the camps; and when out quite a distance saw someone sitting on a log with his back to me. He had his head down as if in a deep study, one elbow resting on his knee, and his face in his hand. I sauntered on in that direction, and as I came nearer I thought I could recognize something in the form that was familiar. Without thinking of what I was doing it for, I began to step lightly, and so drew quite near. Finding it was an old friend, I reached a position at his back, where I could see what it was he was so attentively regarding. It was the picture of a fair young woman. I stood for quite a while looking at the spectacle. At last becoming ashamed of thus trespassing on what was really a honeymoon scene, though one of the parties was hundreds of miles distant in her Indiana home, away from the noise and tumult of war and battle, I slapped the absorbed figure on the shoulder, at the same

time speaking to him. He sprang to his feet. In response to the question, 'What are you doing?' he said, 'I was looking at a picture of my wife, the prettiest woman God ever made.' "

At Cassville a letter was written by an officer to his sister, which, taken in connection with the above scene, shows that war reveals sharp contrasts. \* \* \* "One of the most faithful men in the regiment was mortally wounded at Resaca, and died two days after the battle. You remember his wife and little child. My God, what a terrible thing war is! She must be very poor. Take ten or twenty dollars for me, and use it in some way for the benefit of the widow and the child."

Shortly after came back an answer to this letter:

"Your money is unspent, and you might have saved your sympathy. Mrs. —— heard the news of her husband's death on Friday, mourned his loss on Saturday, and consoled herself by marrying a stay-at-home patriot on Sunday."

It takes Byron and Scott combined to do justice to the situation. "What a strange thing is man! and what a stranger is woman!"

"Woman's faith and woman's trust,  
Write the characters in dust."

J. M. Wills: "After the enemy gave way at Cassville, we went into camp until the twenty-third, when we moved out and came up with the enemy, engaged him in fight for half a day, and lost several good men."

J. L. Ketcham: "I was asleep in a fence corner the other day, when a shell burst near me. Oh, but they are wicked sounding things. They have an awful screeching, whining tone and seem to say, 'You I'm after, nobody else;'

or, as the darky said, 'Wha's dat nigga? Wha's dat nigga? I want dat nigga!' "

U. H. Farr: "On the afternoon of the twenty-fifth of May it was manifest that a fight was imminent. Troops were hurrying forward, couriers dashing hither and thither, and there was a constant rattle of musketry in front, with an occasional stray ball coming back to where we were slowly marching in column to the front on the sides of the main road, in order that ordnance wagons and ambulances could have free passage. About three P. M. we were hurried forward more rapidly, each of the regiments of our brigade marching in column side by side at battalion front distance in order to be ready for instant use as support for Coburn's brigade in our front. The rebel line of battle could not be far away from the nearness of the artillery fire of the enemy, the supporting line faring about the same as the front line. Our line was thus pushed up close to the enemy, which resulted in considerable fighting, lasting till dark, the battle being known as Dallas Woods or Pumpkin Vine creek.

"I had no gun this day, mine having been ruined by a rebel bullet, but I determined to keep close up and pick one up at the first opportunity. Henry C. Eaton was sick and his gun was turned over to some man of the company who had none, and Eaton was marching with me on the left of our company. As the line of battle was pushed closer and closer to the enemy, and the firing became deadly, Colonel Merrill, who was in command of the regiment, noticed us, and riding to us ordered us to stop in some place of safety (in some ravine we were passing), stating that we were without arms and there was no use of our endangering our lives. But that was not a part of

our plan, so we did not stop, but as soon as he left us we moved on with the command. After some half hour he came back down the line again, and seeing us there, peremptorily ordered us to stop, and pointing out a large tree, ordered us to lie down there. We obeyed the order, but discussed the project of keeping close up and if we saw him again to hide; but we had noticed his eye flash forth some fire, a thing not common to him, and we finally decided that he meant that we should obey his order, and that in all probability he would punish us if we did not, so we sat still. After we stopped, our command did not move very far ahead, probably not more than half a mile, where we found it early next morning.

“While we were lying there we were treated to some of the scenes of the rear. I saw several men I knew from another regiment, one of whom had been a neighbor and schoolmate. He came rushing back, jumping down the slope quite lively, and I said, ‘Hello, Jim, what’s the hurry?’ He checked his flight enough to say that in the advance he had fallen down and hurt his leg, and of course, being crippled, was hurrying to the rear; but he was making good time for a cripple. Perhaps the wind from the enemy’s shells and solid shots, which came with fearful velocity, was helping to force him along.

“The second night, while everything was still and most of the men were asleep, the enemy’s batteries opened on us and poured in a tornado of shell for about an hour, and as our batteries replied the din was terrific. The next day we moved a little to the right and put up a line of works. An old log cabin stood in a field some half-mile to the right and front, and was occupied by sharpshooters, who were doing much damage, but a cannon was brought to

the right of our regiment, and the old house was soon knocked to pieces and the sharpshooters fled for their lives amid a shower of bullets from our skirmishers and the huzzahs of our line.

“We often listened to the fighting to our right or left, first the cannonading, then a lull, then the hurraing, sometimes the shrill boyish rebel yell, sometimes the loud, full-voiced, deep-toned, far-sounding chorus of Northern men; then again the roar of cannon, the rattle of musketry, and the awful suspense to the listeners. If, as the noise grew feebler, we caught the welcome cheer, an answering shout ran along to the right or left. But if the far-off rebel yell told of our comrades’ repulse, the silence could be felt.

“About this time General Hooker was riding through his corps, and as he passed through the Third Brigade, the boys yelled ‘Hardtack! Hardtack!’ and as he came to our brigade he heard the same complaining cry. He went to Colonel Coburn and asked what it meant, and Coburn told him our two brigades were out of rations and had been for some time. There had been some mistake, perhaps; favoritism, perhaps, but be that as it may, Hooker saw that things were righted and we were soon gladdened with the sight of commissary wagons.”

On May twenty-seventh Wm. J. Rouse of Company F fell and the following tribute to his memory is by Lieutenant Grubbs. It will be read with moist eyes by his comrades:

Bill Rouse was his name. He belonged to “Co. F,” “greasy F,” the boys called it, not that it was literally and always greasy, but rather because in neatness and cleanliness it was not, in its early days, up to the high average

of the well-ordered regiment. He was the fat boy of the company, jolly, sturdy, awkward and slow of motion, with a round, good-humored, yet stolid face, pale blue, expressionless eyes, a nose that was a cross between a Roman and a pug. He was, perhaps, nineteen years old, a Shelby county boy; had " 'nlisted," he said, "becoz he liked Old Cap Ensley! the other boys were goin' " and he wanted "a hand in savin' the Guverment."

He was not gifted nor clever, was a rude, unlettered, but not unmanly boy; brought up in poverty and in the woods, he had few ideas or aspirations above duty, but he had a large capacity for physical enjoyment, a nature that was bubbling over with good humor, a courage that was innate and marvellous and a readiness and willingness for duty and service that, tested again and again, was never strained and never failed. He was the butt of many a good-humored but rough joke; much merciless and even spiteful raillery was vented upon him, and many a private in the ranks and chevroned Sergeant and Corporal cursed "Bill Rouse" because they dared not curse anybody higher. Once, shortly after my assignment to the company, I interfered when I thought the rough jokes and ill usage exceeded even the license of the camp, and shamed the big, bearded men who were the chief offenders, and after that Bill, wonderingly and hesitatingly took up with me, became my fast friend, my best man, my champion in the quarters. Thenceforward he swore by the "Little Looten't," as he dubbed me, and would fight for me at the drop of a hat and drop it himself. Bill was a forager of no mean repute in an orderly regiment, and many a juicy piece of pork or freshly cured ham I afterwards found in my quarters that some wink of the eye or some artfully

dropped word told me I owed to Bill. Sometimes it was a fowl that had unwisely roosted too low, sometimes delicious honey "snaked" from a gum securely hidden on the back porch of some loyal (?) Kentuckian. On such occasions I smiled and asked no questions. I knew it was Bill. Naturally Bill Rouse was not a success in drill. He was slouchy in walk, waddled around in ranks as clumsily as the performing bear, took all his time trying frantically to "catch step" and never knew where his gun was. Around him in the ranks was always confusion, "cussin'" and hilarity. He had difficulty in distinguishing "support" from "right shoulder shift." When the command came, "order arms," he would nervously "present." He was always three motions behind in loading. So when "Company F" went out to drill, Bill was often given "fatigue duty" on a convenient stump where he could delightedly see the "boys" "double-quick," "wheel," "form square," "lie down," "advance firing," etc., or with some comrades as luckless as himself he would be put in charge of a Corporal and made to "mark time" and go through the "manual."

But on a dangerous picket post or a hot skirmish line, Bill Rouse was in his glory. There he seemed bubbling over with high spirit. He was utterly indifferent to danger. Proximity to the enemy seemed to bring out the serenity and alertness of his nature. The whizz and zip of a minie ball was music to his ear. He would watch for a dangerous "Johnnie" as patiently as an Indian. A puff of white smoke from the line in front, the glimpse of the "boy in gray" brought his Enfield to his shoulder like a flash. A moment it stood poised as his eye glanced along the barrel and then "look out, Johnnie, there's death in the

air." When a truce was declared along the skirmish line and Yank and Johnnie came out of their burrows and exchanged sharp compliments and good-humored repartee or traded rank Virginia for Uncle Sam's best coffee, Bill was the jolliest of the crew. Lounging upon his rifle pit, he could chaff the Johnnies to his own delectation and much to their and our amusement. Many a gem of rude wit and rough banter we then heard and enjoyed. Bill would roar out a boisterous challenge to out-knock, out-jump, out-shoot, out-wrestle, out-cuss, out-eat any Johnnie from old Jeff down, and then exuberantly laugh at his own conceit. Then suddenly changing to a most plaintive tone, with a suspicion of tears in his voice, he would cry out: "Say, Johnnies, why don't you'uns quit this foolishness? We'uns want to go home."

When he had spent his rough pleasantry he would throw himself backward into his rifle pit, yelling as he went: "Hunt your holes, Johnnies, shootin's goin' to begin."

Once upon a reserve picket post he lay down beside me and with the stars looking down on us, he began in his quaint, uncouth way to talk about the war. I can't tell nearly all he simply and earnestly said to me that night, nor frame it in his somewhat rude dialect, but it revealed to me that in the heart of this rude, unlettered boy there burned, upon a pure altar, the genuine fire of patriotism, that deathless love of home and country that has inspired the matchless deeds of the centuries. He could not have told what patriotism was, he knew nothing of constitutions or human rights, of Pilgrim or revolutionary fathers; he cared nothing for the woes of slavery; he had a natural antipathy for the negro, but he loved the flag; he hated a rebel and he was ready to die that the Union cause might triumph.



Very earnestly he said to me: "You won't believe it, Loo-ten'nt, but if 'twould end this thing I'd step out to-morrow morning and let the rebs put a dozen holes through me." I believe he meant what he said, and to-day I would match the instructive spirit of loyalty and self-sacrifice of this unlettered boy against the most finished product of school or university.

On the Atlanta campaign and to the hour of his death Rouse was always on duty. He was never known to answer "sick call," perhaps didn't even know the delights of "quinine and Dover's." He seemed impervious to disease, bullets and exposure and, the boys said, even gray-backs couldn't make it pleasant for him. When it came my turn to take charge of the detail for picket or the skirmish line, I always saw Bill's smiling face in the ranks. He would "swap" with any of the boys on such occasions. One day late in May or early in June, I cannot at this date be more accurate, I had charge of the skirmishers and Bill was on the front line. The opposing works were not far apart and the skirmish lines were pushed so close that safety lay in closely hugging the ground and the slightest exposure or want of caution meant death or painful wounds. The shots came hot and fast and vicious that day and they came to kill. Between the lines were open woods. About two o'clock that day I was skirting the edge of the woods trying to inspect the skirmish line and detect any change in the situation. As I neared that portion of the line where Bill Rouse was stationed, I heard his voice above the scattering shots. The first words I could distinguish were: "You're afraid to, you cowardly reb!"

"I ain't any more afraid than you are," came a voice from the rebel line.

"Then why don't you stand out like a man and gim'me a fair shot?" I heard Bill say.

"Why don't you?" came back the answer.

"I will if you'll gim'me a shot at you."

"All right! Gim'me first shot?"

"Yes."

And then before I could realize what it meant or call a warning word, I saw Bill Rouse, clad in blue, gun in hand, rise up out of his rifle pit, step out, stand erect, pull back his coat from his broad breast and call out, "Shoot away." I saw a flash, a puff of smoke, perhaps a hundred yards away; saw the figure in blue throw up one hand, quiver for an instant and then Bill Rouse sank down in his tracks. I was by his side in a flash, knelt down, tore open his shirt and saw at a glance that he was mortally hurt. His eyes looked bravely into mine, a faint smile flitted across his face, he tried to speak, gasped and was dead. We carried his body tenderly back into the lines. He was given a hasty soldier's burial in the woods and left to sleep. I suppose no one has ever found his grave, but what matters it? For I trust and believe that when, at last, the Great Father of us all gathers his jewels, Bill Rouse will be among the number.

An officer writes, May thirtieth: "Even if one has to remain quiet, the constant firing and the continued waiting exhaust body and spirit. Scarcely a night passes without an attack, and no words coined on earth can describe the terrific nature of such affairs. One could hardly imagine that the bursting of all the fiends from the pit would be

able to create so fearful a confusion. I thought I had been in some terrible thunder-storms, but I feel now like David after he had taken the census, and was offered a choice of punishments; I should rather fail into the hands of God than of man. We are gaining very slowly. Indeed, our regiment occupies the identical ground we seized about a week ago."

June sixth, J. M. Wills: "We went into camp near the foot of Lost Mountain. It rained almost daily, and we had to cut brush to sleep on in order to keep out of the mud and water. While in this camp we were short of rations, and the boys gathered waste corn around the mules' feeding places, and after washing, drying and parching, ate it."

Lieutenant Grubbs writes home, June seventh: "We came into our present position yesterday afternoon at one o'clock, amid a beating rain, and from two o'clock until night worked hard on entrenchments. By dark we had strong and substantial breastworks. Batteries were placed in position, troops were disposed for battle and everything was admirably arranged to give a welcome and fitting reception to Johnston's army should it precipitate itself on our corps. We are now upon the extreme left of our army and somewhat detached, as we necessarily must be from the remainder, we are probably in more danger of an attack than any other portion of it. So we march a part of the day, drive in their skirmishers, until we gain a good position, and then work like bees until we have strong breastworks to protect us. We had pretty heavy skirmishing during the afternoon, but towards night it grew quiet. This morning there are occasional volleys along

the skirmish line, but as yet nothing indicates an engagement.

“Since I wrote you last we have had a hard time. We were relieved in the center by the Fifteenth Corps on the second of June, and since that time have been marching and fighting every day. To add to our discomfort it has rained torrents every day, until the roads have grown frightful. For three days and nights we were wet to the skin, not a dry article of clothing on us; each night our beds were the wet and muddy ground, without even fires, lest we should discover our position to the enemy. I never knew what hardship was before. There is an intense meaning in that word now. How men can stand for week after week what we have stood, I confess was a mystery before this campaign commenced. But they do stand it cheerfully and bravely. The only thing I have noticed that can disturb their equanimity and set them to grumbling is short rations. Let men be all day and night on the skirmish line without a thing to eat, or work all day on entrenchments without even a cracker, and if the most patient and patriotic of them don't have something to say in regard to it, I am mistaken.”

A letter from J. L. Ketcham is dated Sunday morning, June twelfth: “In the woods three miles below Ackworth. Rain! Rain! Rain! I never saw the like. Thunder-storm after thunder-storm. Rain all night. It was nine o'clock this morning before it stopped long enough for me to crawl out (the only way to get out of these little tents) and make a cup of coffee. We were ordered to pack up the other morning at daylight; just as we got ready, it commenced to rain, and we waited and waited for further orders all day in the rain. The hardest rain I ever saw

fell the other day when our regiment was on picket, but I'll give an account of the whole day. At daylight we were called up unexpectedly to be ready to march in ten minutes. We were ready, and waited for two hours; couldn't take off our things to get breakfast. At dinner time we stacked arms, but couldn't leave ranks to get dinner. Resting about an hour, we went several miles farther and put up our tents for the night. Just got them up when an order came for the whole regiment to go on picket. Then the rain came down by the bucketful, and constant firing was kept up all night. The supply train can't get up, and we are on half rations. I have seen fellows offer twenty-five and fifty cents for a hard tack. In passing a battery near us yesterday I saw a fellow from our regiment picking up a few grains of corn which a battery horse had left. We are having rough times, sure! It won't last long, though, and I don't mind it at all while I am well.

"We haven't been under fire now for several days, though we can hear cannon now and then on our right. We were under fire almost a month every day from the tenth of May to the first of June, skirmishing or fighting. We had over eight hundred men for duty at Wauhatchie, and now haven't four hundred—half of us killed, wounded, and played out. And this, I'm afraid, is only the beginning."

On June fourteenth, Lieutenant Grubbs: "We are mud-bound. Almost incessant rain for a week past has rendered the roads so near impassable that as unwieldy a body as an army can scarcely move at all. I wish you could have seen us in our camp, or rather stopping place, yesterday and day before. From morning to night there was scarce a moment's cessation of rain; it overflowed our

ditches and came streaming into our tents. Blankets, oil-cloths, clothes, and everything else were wet."

Several letters refer to the affair at Golgotha or New Hope Church as an occasion when "The First Brigade went out to feel the enemy and got felt." J. M. Wills: "I heard General Butterfield tell our brigade commander that he wanted him to make a reconnaissance only, and let the right of his brigade rest on the road that ran out toward the enemy. The Seventieth was on the right and moved off at the command, but had not gone far until it found the enemy's pickets in their pits. Then came the order to charge double-quick, and with a Hoosier yell we went for them, and for some minutes it was hard to tell who would get in first, the rebs or the Yanks. In making that charge our regiment was thrown to the right of the road in an open field, and we pursued the enemy through that field and into a wood within three or four hundred yards of his breastworks, which were as strong as science and labor could make them.

"When we came upon their *abattis* and *chevaux de frise*, which were almost impassable, we halted. In a few minutes the enemy began to pay us his respects with solid shot, and kept it up until nightfall. Orders came for every man to protect himself as best he could, so some lay flat upon the ground, some behind chunks and logs and some behind trees. We remained in that position for four long hours, and had a number killed, and all by solid shot from the battery. When night came we were relieved by a Michigan regiment, and, going to the rear, prepared something to eat, then took up the march and were put to making works for our protection on the front line. I used

my bayonet to dig with, and others moved the dirt with boards."

U. H. Farr: "At Golgotha, or New Hope Church, we were formed in line for an attack, and advanced across undulating fields into rather thin woods. There we found the rebel skirmishers in strong force, who fell back slowly, loading and firing deliberately. At each report one of our boys would fall. This was more trying to men's nerves than being in battle, for there shot could be returned for shot. When we came to where the bushes had been cut down, and could see the top of the enemy's works, Colonel Harrison commanded his regiment to fix bayonets and said: 'Men, the enemy's works are just ahead of us, but we will go right over them. Forward! Double-quick! March!' Every man sprang forward with a yell, and we soon came to a dirt road, where a terrific volley was fired into us, from what we supposed was the reserved skirmishers of the enemy. We saw the flash of their guns and dropped to the ground, so the volley did us but little harm. Then we were up and went forward with a rush and a yell across a little field into another strip of heavy oak woods. When close up to the *chevaux de frise* the enemy opened on us from a battery, and continued to pour shot and shell into us for several hours. We would await a discharge from a cannon and instantly fire at the flash, knowing from what we had seen of their works before, that protecting sand-bags were arranged to fall as soon as the cannon sprang back from the port hole. We did execution with their gunners, as was seen by the pools of blood where their guns stood when we occupied the works two days later.

"We kept the fight going till it began to grow dusk,

when the order was passed along the line to cease firing and we were relieved by the Nineteenth Michigan. About midnight we marched to the front again, going to the left and taking position, then gathered logs and built breastworks. As soon as daylight of the sixteenth came, the enemy's skirmishers poured in such a terrific fire that our skirmish line had to be reinforced. This skirmishing was the most severe we experienced at any time on the Atlanta campaign, and many of our men were killed or wounded. Both lines being heavy, the contest was more like a battle than a skirmish. Batteries, twelve guns in all, were placed in our breastworks, and the uproar caused by their discharge and by the shells sent from the enemy made the day long to be remembered."

Not far from Marietta, June nineteenth, Ketcham writes: "We started on our journey again after the rebels, and on the afternoon of the fifteenth got into a fight. We ran on one of their strong forts, and how we ever got out again is wonderful. They had eight guns playing against our regiment. The shot and shell were terrible, but only some forty were wounded and a few torn all to pieces. Some had very narrow escapes. A bullet struck a spy-glass in Major Ragan's pocket and afterward a cannon-ball cut his belt in two, and only bruised him. One man had his haversack torn all to pieces, another his gun bent like a hoop. After dark we went back for ammunition. The men had nearly all shot their sixty rounds. After midnight we went forward again and built breastworks. All day we fought behind our breastworks, and the rebels behind theirs. The skirmishers out in front did most of the fighting. We lost several wounded during the day. I was making a detail, when a ball passed under my chin



and struck a man right by me. I have a ball in my pocket now that hit me. It was a spent ball and didn't hurt.

"Toward evening the rebels opened eight guns on us for about ten minutes, but did not hurt a man. Next day the rebels fell back, and we followed, passing through the fort. This fort was the strongest I ever saw. The rebels had cut down trees in front, and sharpened every limb, so that a rabbit could hardly have got nearer than ten feet. We flanked them, though, and they had to skedaddle. That day we had advanced in line of battle, but were not in the front line. Had a rest that night and all the next day, though it rained in torrents.

"To-day is shower and sunshine, and we are encamped in an open field, the first time for nearly two months. Glad to get out of the thick woods, where we were nearly tormented to death by bugs, ants, scorpions, snakes and creeping things of every description. A black snake two feet long came crawling up by my side one day while I was lying in my tent. You better believe I jumped. One ten feet long was killed not far from where I was sleeping."

J. M. Wills: "From the seventeenth of June to the twenty-first we slowly followed the retreating enemy, doing little but skirmish till we reached the base of Kenesaw Mountain. On the twenty-third we moved to the right through sparsely timbered ground nearly to the edge of a cornfield, on the opposite side of which, a few hundred yards distant, were the rebel works. We carried logs and rails through a field of dewberries, and the temptation was great to pick the fruit, even though the sharpshooters were doing their best to pick us off. With bayonets for picks, hands and messpans for shovels, we soon had a good strong line of works. The enemy came out on our right

in front of the Twenty-third Corps and gave battle. General Butterfield's batteries, which we were supporting, poured in shot and shell and the attack was soon over."

An officer writes: "In the midst of battle, June twenty-seventh. A terrible fight is raging all along the line, but as it is made our duty to hold the center and prevent the enemy from breaking through, I can lie under the breastworks and beneath the flying balls and pencil a few lines to you. We have rumors of our repulse on the left, but no dependence can be placed on reports here, as every soldier has his mouth and ears full of them.

"My experience leads me to believe that about one-fifth of the Confederates fight as well as our best troops, surpassing us in bitterness and desperation, but on an average our soldiers are much superior to theirs. In numberless cases we have carried their works, but I have yet to learn of one attack upon us in which they have been successful.

"It would be wise, however, to write little on this subject, as we are in a position before which the enemy is supposed to be massing his forces, and we may not be able to hold our ground. It is hard to write, the battery we are supporting keeps up such an uproar, almost lifting one's scalp at each discharge. When the war ends I am going to retire to the wilderness every Fourth of July to prevent myself from hearing the hideous noise made by exploding gunpowder.

"Just as this point I had occasion to call out, 'Put on your shirt and accoutrements, sir! This is no time to be looking for vermin.' One of the horrors of this kind of life is that the men's bodies and clothes are alive, and nothing can be done to relieve them, as they have no change of clothing and seldom have an opportunity to

bathe. The officer can escape the affliction, but the poor private drags his tormented carcass in utter hopelessness to the end of the campaign.

“Every man from Colonel down to private is broken out horribly, and cannot enjoy a moment’s rest for the intolerable itching. Such things may appear only disgusting to you, but I consider them as constituting the chief hardship of the soldier, and the man who endures them for his country is worthy of the highest respect.”

Again he writes, July first: “I had to laugh at Jane’s prescription for my health, in which she tells me to have Jerry toast me a slice of bread, to take so much butter and such a quantity of tea, and a little cinnamon, and, if approved, a pinch of ground cloves mixed in a bowl. Bless her kind, suggestive heart! Doesn’t she know that from bread to bowl we are lacking, and that she might as well prescribe ice cream to be eaten from a golden goblet, three times daily? As for the pudding that we are to bake in a skillet, tell her that our only cooking utensils are a fruit can for coffee and a tin bucket in which Jerry fries the meat. The bucket Jerry stole. He ‘wasn’t gwine to hab everything stold from him and not have nothin’ to cook in.’”

U. H. Farr: “On July second an order came for the skirmishers to be called in and for the men to load and shoot from the works at the enemy’s works, and this incessant fire was kept up for several hours. A little after midnight on July third I was listening at the breastworks. The stillness was oppressive. The firing along the lines had been continuous for many days, but now all at once an ominous quiet had fallen. Suddenly the report of a rifle rang out, and I heard a ball strike the rebel works plainly.

A man near them cried out, 'Don't shoot, I'm coming!' Then for a few minutes everything was as still as if no human being was within a thousand miles. Then came wafted across the cornfield the same voice, 'Where are you, Yank? I'm coming.' Then the voice of the man who shot, 'Here I am, lay down your gun and come on.' Then the reb: 'All right, I've laid it down. I'm coming!' After four or five minutes the reb called, 'Where are you?' and was answered, 'Here!' and then he spoke out loud and distinct, 'Why don't you all go on and take possession of the works; there is no one in them. Our army left them hours ago?'

"Soon the camp was in a bustle, fires were burning, breakfast was eaten, and before light a long line had climbed over the enemy's breastworks and were hurrying after the retreating foe. About a mile in rear of these works we came to a log church, and some prisoners we had taken told us that the day we fired from the works some of the bullets came that far and killed some men, showing that our rifles would throw balls more than a mile with sufficient force to kill.

"We were continually picking up stragglers who came out of the thickets or ravines and surrendered, saying they had enough of the war, and that it was no use to fight any longer. One can easily imagine how this cheered us, for we saw the end coming, and the time approaching when soldier life would be over and we could enjoy our peaceful homes.

"A little before noon we came in collision with a rebel battery stationed on a hill about a mile distant. Battery I, First Michigan, was brought up and placed on an elevation near an old cotton gin, and our brigade was formed

just behind it, so as to act as support in case of attack by infantry. An artillery duel soon began, each side sending shells into the other as fast as possible. The men from our brigade were lying down some sixty feet behind the battery, and the shells from the enemy's guns could be seen for a half mile or more before reaching us, coming generally end over end. Many of them passed entirely beyond us and stirred up the musicians, cooks and all who made it a business to stay in the rear during a fight. Most of the shells fell, however, among the battery men or horses, or, passing them, dropped among the infantry. Occasionally a shell plowed under some of our boys who were lying down, threw them into the air, and emerged from the earth to burst in the rear. Things soon became exciting, for the enemy was getting the range of our position, and was cutting his fuses so accurately that nearly every shell burst in our midst. Finally a shell penetrated a caisson that was full of ammunition and caused it to explode, sending its contents in every direction, killing a man, a horse, and wounding two men.

"General Hooker ordered up another battery, and climbing into the cotton gin, field-glass in hand, began to look over the position of the enemy's battery, and to see if the shots from our guns fell right. The enemy saw him enter the gin, and dropping a shell or two into it forced him to evacuate it rapidly. As the duel was being too much prolonged, another battery of our division was brought up, soon ending the contest. Our column moved forward at a rapid pace and went into camp at sundown. The weather was very hot, and many of our men fell from the ranks and were kept alive by their comrades pouring cold water on their heads, then fanning and rubbing them."

Lieutenant S. B. Robertson's diary: "We were awakened this morning at two o'clock and ordered to get breakfast and be ready to march at daylight, as the enemy had left our front. We started about half-past five, and after marching four miles came in sight of a battery which shelled us. We got up a Michigan battery, which replied, and when both parties ceased firing we advanced one-half mile in a piece of woods to support another battery, which had opened a brisk fire on the enemy. When the enemy fell back our boys made coffee and resumed the march. After marching and countermarching over every ridge in Georgia, as it seemed to us, we found ourselves three miles south of the point which we left in the morning, and bivouacked about sunset. July fourth: At early dawn the camps were enlivened by several bands playing the national airs. In the evening we were again cheered with music."

Lieutenant Grubbs: "The enemy evacuated his strong position on the night of the second of July, and on the morning of the third we pursued. We passed through four lines of works, the last two so strong and skillfully constructed that it would seem no column could successfully charge them. About four miles out we came upon them on a ridge with a battery planted and commanding the road we were advancing upon. They opened upon us before we got into position, and for a time hurried our movements up a little. But we soon got into line, put a battery into position, and returned shell for shell. For about an hour it was an exceedingly hot place; shot and shell flew over us and burst above us entirely too closely for our comfort or content. We lay in column on the ridge of a hill and fortunately most of their balls either plunged into

the bank in front of us or passed screaming over us. Some plowed up the ground among the ranks, but not a man of the Seventieth was killed. Two shells burst in our battery, which we were supporting, killing one man and wounding two others, together with several horses. I assure you it was not a desirable place at all. I could see the shell passing as plainly as you can see a bird flying through the air. But we soon routed them and pursued the march.

“I think their army is fast becoming demoralized. Up to noon on the third I saw two hundred and fifty deserters, all of whom came into the lines of our brigade. They seemed as rejoiced as schoolboys on holiday, glad to get out and glad to see our columns. We marched ten miles on the third and went into camp at sundown. On the fourth there was music and shouting and general rejoicing. At three o’clock we were ordered forward, and after marching eight miles put up works. On the sixth we marched six miles to our present position, within view from tree-tops of Atlanta.”

U. H. Farr: “In some places along the Chattahoochie River a truce would be arranged between the pickets, and the men would trade rations. Our boys had coffee and hardtack and the Rebs had tobacco and corn-bread, so they would strip, find shallow places, wade into the middle of the stream and exchange.”

Lieutenant Robertson: “Wednesday, July thirteenth, Captain Sleeth went to corps sutlers and got four cans of fresh peaches at one dollar and fifty cents per can. Sunday, July seventeenth. The day is fine and bright. We had our weekly inspection at eight o’clock, and divine service at nine, conducted by Chaplain Allen, who gave our

company four housewives, which were drawn for by lottery."

Another officer writes: "I had a funny experience about two o'clock on the morning of the twentieth, while I was going around the picket lines as division officer of the day. In making my way through the woods from one post to another, I became confused and wandered between the two lines until I lost all idea as to which was which. There was no resource but, as the boys say, 'to chance it.' After floundering about as quietly as possible, I came at last upon some logs that certainly indicated a picket post. Creeping cautiously toward it with my pistol cocked, for I didn't propose to be taken prisoner, I was chilled by seeing a head, on which was a light-colored, broad-brimmed sombrero, such as the Southerners wear, rise from behind the logs. The sentinel should have called 'Halt,' but I spoke first: 'What regiment?' and my bones froze as he answered, 'Twenty-first Kentucky!' since for the instant Kentucky meant Confederate. Then, as the contrary thought and hope flashed into my mind, flashed out, as I prepared to shoot and run, 'What corps?' 'Fourth corps,' was the reply. The chill vanished, my bones grew warm as I calmly asked, 'Which way are the Twentieth corps pickets?' However I could not keep from meditating on the bad taste of a Union soldier wearing a hat taken from a dead Confederate, and so giving me the worst scare of the campaign."





*S. Merrill*



## CHAPTER IX.

### THE BATTLE OF PEACH TREE CREEK

On the seventeenth of July, 1864, our regiment moved to the left and crossed the Chattahoochie river above Vining's Station, and about eleven o'clock on the twentieth passed over Peach Tree Creek, a deep and muddy stream, on a bridge of rails and poles, and stacked arms in the bottomland not far from the water. The men soon scattered, some getting dinner, some going to the creek, some picking blackberries. About the middle of the afternoon the skirmishers on the hill in front began to fire at a furious rate, and some of our men who had gone up to get a view of the enemy came hurrying down the hill at a break-neck pace. Everybody in our command was rushing into line, the officers calling to men, "Fall in! Fall in!" and the men exclaiming, "O God, boys, they are out of their works! We've got 'em now!"

Then came the order, "Forward, double-quick!" and off we rushed. We could see the skirmish line doubling its efforts in loading and shooting from behind the few rails used for protection. Just as we reached the top of a low ridge, about one-third as high as the big hill and parallel to it, and were about two-thirds of the way from the creek to that hill, we saw the collision between the Confederates and our skirmishers, the latter being forced back, loading and firing as they yielded. The One Hundred and Twenty-ninth Illinois was formed in front of the Seventieth Indiana, but when it had passed over the ridge down into a ravine, we fired a volley over its head and lay down. As

the enemy, attracted by the fact that our division was the only one unprotected by breastworks, came rushing over the hill, the Illinois troops obliqued to the right and gave the Indiana men a chance to move forward. Down the ridge we went, through the sassafras bushes, over a gully some four feet wide and seven feet deep, up the high hill, on the top of which were the piles of rails thrown together by the skirmishers. The Confederate line broke in our regimental front and fled down the hill, but on the right a few hundred of the enemy made a determined fight to stem the tide of the brigade's advance. There is a struggle for and the capture of flags by the regiments of our brigade to the right, and then the hand-to-hand contest is over.

As our adversaries hastened down the hill and through a wide field in the direction of Atlanta, volley after volley was poured after them, dotting the field with the dead and dying. Along the slope of the hill inclining toward the city, deep gutters had been washed by the rains, and the foe had hidden in them as a protection from the infantry. Some of these washes were subjected to an enfilading fire from the batteries. The next day these ravines were found to be filled with the mangled remains of Confederate soldiers. A retreating regiment left a flag with the staff stuck in the ground about a quarter of a mile in our front. As night approached a couple of our men added it to the six already captured by the Third Division. In the course of the afternoon as the supply of ammunition ran low, men from each company were sent to the ordnance wagons in the rear for boxes of cartridges. We had seen famishing men crowd for food and water, but now there was a greater rush for powder and ball. As soon as the enemy

had been driven from the top of the hill every rail and chunk that could be found was used to form a breastwork.

Just after the Seventieth had won its final position on Peach Tree Heights, while the rattle of musketry was almost drowned in the awful roar of the artillery, for it was not only "cannon to right of them, cannon to left of them," but cannon behind them also, firing over their heads, an aide came dashing up to the officer in command of the regiment, exclaiming, "General Sherman sends word, 'Hold your ground and he will take Atlanta before sundown.'" The response was: "We'll die right here," which doubtless voiced the determination of every man who held that hill. The men were ready for the sacrifice, but many more patriots than compose a regiment gave their lives before Atlanta fell.

The scenes of the battlefield are never to be forgotten. The Mexican war veteran, Captain Carson, empties his pistol at the enemy after he had aligned his company, and exclaims as the One Hundred and Twenty-ninth obliques to the right and gives the left wing of the Seventieth freedom to move: "Colonel, can't we go forward?" Captain Endsley, another Mexican veteran, shouts, "The day is ours, but keep back there on the left." Captain Matlock laughingly answers an anxious inquiry as he is assisted from the field: "Yes, hit just as I expected." Matthias Stuck, faint from the uphill race and from the sight of a dead comrade, asks the officer in command of the regiment to let him shift his position, so that his head may be shaded by a sassafras bush, but is restored to his senses by a bullet through the leg, so as to be able jokingly to ask if he can't find a shade a little farther back. Captain Meredith, who ought to be in the hospital, moves at the head

of his company with countenance in which pain and triumph mingle. Acting Adjutant Cox, beautiful as a girl, brave as a lion, rushes through the left of the Illinois regiment to the hilltop, his form as he reaches the crest outlined against the sky, waves his hat exultantly, and beckons a command "Forward!" for no voice could be heard in the uproar. Hundreds of brave names and brave incidents would be mentioned, were memory called on to tell all the occurrences of that eventful afternoon.

Captain Meredith: "A few days before the battle of Peach Tree Creek, while the regiment was advancing in line, Private Matthias Stuck was discovered loitering in the rear gathering dewberries, which were plenty, ripe and luscious. I spoke to him, 'Stuck, what are you doing there? Step up to your place in the ranks; we may be engaged directly.' Stuck arose from his knees, holding his gun with his left hand; he had been gathering berries with his right, and said, with a salute, 'I'll get right into my place, Captain.' Just then a stray bullet from the rebels whirred along, grazed Stuck's leg between knee and thigh, and punctured his trousers. 'Golly,' said he. 'Look at that, Captain!' 'Yes, I see, sir,' I replied. 'If you had been at your place in the ranks you wouldn't have got that.' 'That's so,' said Stuck, and cheerfully joined his company. Shortly after we encountered the enemy's fire I saw Stuck holding his gun in his left hand, using it as a cane, while he was making a tourniquet of his right. There was a fearful bullet hole in his leg. 'Yes, I see that you are wounded,' I exclaimed, as the soldier approached. 'Get down to the hill in the rear as soon as you can and be cared for.' But the soldier continued to approach, halted, bowed and said, 'I just wanted to tell you, Cap. that if I had been

back there gathering dewberries I wouldn't have got this.' ” It is possible that the shot that found him under the sassafras bush would have missed him in the ranks.

Those who have read the “Red Badge of Courage” can easily see where the author got his idea of a battle, not in the front line, but in the rear. The hillside and valley behind the advancing lines were alive with non-combatants, cowards, cooks, and mules laden with frying pans, rushing wildly from the impending storm. Juniper, the cook for Company B, was a powerful negro. He could take a barrel of whisky by the chins and drink from the bung. It was amusing to hear him tell how his long legs helped him to beat the Fourth Corps down “dat ar hill. No, sir! Didn't see no Seventieth Rignement boys runnin'. When I struck de crick I runned out on a long log and jumped, but went chock in de mud way 'bove my knees. Didn't have no time to lif' one foot till a soger, and den a nigga, lit wif bof feet on my back, and went a flyen to de shore. Dar dis chile war stuck in de mud, playen leap-frog wid dat ar whole coah.”

J. H. Kelly: “We advanced in two lines, the One Hundred and Twenty-ninth Illinois in our front. Just as the Seventieth reached the top of a low ridge and the One Hundred and Twenty-ninth a small ravine in our front the enemy came pouring over the hill. Both regiments opened fire, the one in front from the ravine, and the Seventieth from its more exposed position on the ridge. The rebel lines continued to advance in face of our two lines of fire. The lay of the ground enabled the second line to fire over the heads of the first. The rebels were losing heavily, and began to halt, waver, kink up, and finally break for the rear. Their front line in going back

broke up their two rear lines; so there was a complete rout. In the morning we gathered and buried sixty rebel dead in a space the length of our regiment."

An officer writes home: "As twilight crept slowly over the scene, the hideous clamor of battle ceased, and a wondrous quiet took possession of the hillside. Men in low tones inquired of the wounded and spoke of the dead. In every heart was a strange conflict, exultation over the victory and grief over the fallen. I had been in charge of the pickets of our division the day and night before, and now 'gentle sleep, nature's soft nurse, was frightened and would not steep my senses in forgetfulness.' All night long I sat on an ammunition box looking out toward Atlanta, so near and yet so far, or up to the stars, chilled by the un pitying way they held themselves aloof from the awful suffering beneath. In long lines on either side of me lay the exhausted heroes wrapped in their blankets, but clinging to their rifles. In the solemn stillness of midnight, questions never answered came with overwhelming power. Why are men forever dashing themselves against and over the breastworks that separate life from death? Why should these youthful sleepers, many of whom, with all their manliness, have not yet entered on manhood, fling all away and rush into the unknown? Why, amid death scenes that should be terrifying, and carnage that is revolting, is one lifted up into a thrilling consciousness of immortality? Mystery of mysteries, all is mystery."

Color Sergeant Frank H. Huron: "As soon as the darkness stopped the firing, I took my canteen and those of two dead men lying beside me, and filling them from the little brook in our rear, went to the wounded rebels in our immediate front, who were crying for water. After



a few trips I found myself perhaps two hundred yards in advance of our line, giving water to one whose feeble cry had drawn me to him. While he was drinking I heard the click of a musket, and turning quickly, saw by the starlight a man not twenty feet away, half hidden in a ditch washed out by the rains, with bayonet fixed and gun leveled at me. To say that I abhorred a man who would shoot another while he was giving water to his wounded comrades is putting it too mildly. I wanted to kill him so bad that I could taste it, but just then a faint voice behind him called, 'For God's sake, somebody give me a drink of water,' and my decision was made in a moment. I would go to the man who was ready to shoot me, as if he were the one who was calling, give him a canteen, and while he was drinking, would snatch his gun, whirl it round, and if he didn't surrender, bayonet him before he could dodge. He left his bayonet pointing toward me until I was almost against it, then drew it to one side, when I saw there were two others beside him squatted down in the ditch with guns in their hands and bayonets fixed, and I knew they intended to take me in. One canteen was empty, so I could not get the three drinking at once, but I handed them the two containing some water, thinking one of them at least would lose his gun while drinking, and if they killed me I would first get one or more of them. Death was better than Andersonville. But they began drinking, holding their guns on the other side of the ditch, with the third man watching. Just then the weak voice behind them called again, 'Oh, for one drink of water, water, water!' I called to him I would bring him some, and asked them not to drink it all, and I would bring them some more (but I didn't intend to do it). They left a little in one canteen,

and I went past them to the other man, thinking to get his gun, but he had none in sight. Then I decided to make a zig-zag run for our line and risk them hitting me, but as the man drained the last drop and begged for more, I promised to return as soon as I could fill the canteens, and started back past them, thinking it safer to make them believe I was coming back with more water than to run.

“Just as I got to them an impulse seized me to take them in. So I began telling them, if they were not too badly wounded, I could help them in to our surgeons, who would take as much pains with them as with our own soldiers; and of our hospital supplies, especially the good eating, and the women nurses, and the splendid barracks and good living they would have after leaving the hospital, or the immediate freedom if they wanted to take the oath and quit fighting; that everything was so plenty in the North we could take the best care of them, and as their comrades knew they were wounded they would of course expect them to be captured, and it would be perfectly honorable for them to go where they could be best cared for. I pledged them all this on the honor of a soldier, but was getting uneasy, wondering what to say more, when one of them blurted out, ‘What do you say, boys?’ and another answered, ‘Darned if I care,’ and I instantly took hold of their guns, pulling them as though it was understood that I should have them, and they let go. I pitched one gun behind me and took the gun from the other man before he had time to protest, and remarking that I would carry the guns and they could help each other, I took a step toward our lines, and all three of them climbed out of their ditch and walked with me, saying just before we got to

where the surgeons were sawing off arms and legs, 'that they didn't need any doctors.' "

It was often the painful duty of an officer to announce sad tidings to relatives, or to transmit to them information additional to the dreadful news already harshly proclaimed by the telegraph. The following letter tells its own mournful story:

Headquarters First Brigade, Third Division, Twentieth Army Corps.

In the trenches before Atlanta.

Malcolm A. Lowes, Esq.:

My Dear Sir—Your son was interred with all care possible in a box of heavy dressed lumber found in a mill near the battlefield, and the place of his burial can easily be identified should you desire at any time to disinter his remains. I trust you will permit me to tender you, his bereaved parents, and to the young wife, whose widowhood has followed so soon upon her bridal, my heartfelt sympathy in the heavy grief which has fallen upon you. Your son's courage and enthusiasm led him into the fight when his condition of health might well have excused his remaining in the rear. The only sources of consolation to which I can direct you are the promises of God to the afflicted, and the fact that your son fell bravely fighting for the country and government of Washington and the Fathers.

I am, sir, very truly yours,

BENJ. HARRISON.

Rarely is it that the joy that accompanies successful conflict is not followed by profoundest grief. Thoughts of the courage and loyalty of those, who in their death gave the full measure of patriotic devotion, for the time at least, envelope all hearts in the deepest gloom. The inspiration that comes from contemplation of their lofty heroism is not for the present, but for the future, when

the awful sacrifice has been glorified by the lapse of years. It was animating to see young life expanding as duties were discharged, difficulties overcome, hardships endured, sickness disregarded, and death confronted. But just as the boy stood on the threshold of manhood, promising everything glorious to home and country, to one seeing him cold, dead, gone forever, there could be no words, or if any, only Burke's cry, "What shadows we are; what shadows we pursue."

An officer writes: "You can't tell anything about a man until he is tried. There was in our regiment a long, loose, gawky, simple fellow, just filling the idea some people have of a Hoosier, who was astonishingly changed by the thunder and blood of Resaca. He was a new man. His eyes were bright. His face was thoughtful. He even moved with a manliness you might call dignity. He continued to improve and develop until he fell before Atlanta. I venture to say that man lived more in his last three months than in all the twenty preceding years. I've seen others fine at talking, good at understanding, right enough in feeling perhaps, lose command of themselves and slink to the rear, to be ordered with scorn and curses to the picket line in front."

One who fell in this battle, James C. Spaulding, can stand for many that might be mentioned, did space permit, who quietly did their duty and gave their lives for their country. The advantages his widowed mother was able to give him before he entered the army were but few, so he was known only as a private in the rear rank. The thought of ever attaining the position even of corporal seemed not to have entered his mind. His voice was seldom heard except at roll call, or in halting one who ap-

proached his post. But nothing kept the stripling from his allotted work, and at last, in the roar of battle, his comrades found that the boy had become a man and the man a hero. Truly the Union was bought with a great price, for the men who are moving heaven and earth for position are plentiful, but many an ingenuous lad who forgot himself in devotion to duty sleeps on the hillsides of Georgia, and the country is the poorer for his loss.

U. H. Farr: "The next morning after the battle the rebel dead were buried in trenches about six feet wide and twenty feet long. During the day General Hooker, accompanied by his staff, rode down the line from left to right to congratulate the men on the result of the battle. He had not proceeded far when he was shown a captured battle flag, and in complimenting the exhibitors he took off his hat and bowed his head. Putting it on again he started forward, but had not gone far till another flag was shown him, and as every few steps a captured flag was brought to view, he concluded it was not worth while to wear his hat, so he held it in his hand and rode slowly down the line of works, bestowing praises amid the men, who made his passage a triumphal procession."

J. H. Kelly: "General Hooker resigned command of the Twentieth Army Corps, and as he rode along the line taking leave of the officers and men, a mortally wounded rebel soldier heard the men cheering and inquired what it meant. He was told Hooker was coming. He requested some one to raise him up to see him go by, for he had heard so much about him and wanted to see him before he died."

J. L. Ketcham, July twenty-first: "We had a glorious fight yesterday. I don't know the results of the whole

fight, but our division repulsed the rebels and threw up works on the battlefield, where they lay killed and wounded, five to our one, that I know.

“At midnight we were ordered to get ready, and at daybreak we pushed forward. Halted at noon in a cornfield and ate a cracker for dinner—the sun so terribly hot. Our division was so fortunate this time as to have an open field. The Fourth Corps, on our left, and the other divisions of our corps had woods to fight in. We were soon in line of battle, and waited for orders in the hot sun. The battle began at four o’clock and lasted until after dark. It began on the Fourth Corps; they were a little in advance of the line and had all their non-combatants with them. Of all the skedaddling, running and confusion! I never saw the beat! It amused us at first, but when the firing began on our line amusement sobered into alarm. Then the hot work began on the left. Both right and left sent to Hooker for reinforcements. All the answer they got was, ‘Forward!’ ‘Fighting Joe’ had his bodyguard (so I hear from Colonel Harrison) draw their sabers and push forward the skulking parties of those who asked for reinforcements. At this moment we advanced. On we moved in steady line; we couldn’t see the rebs yet. ‘Colonel Merrill will take that cedar knoll.’ When we reached the top our lines weren’t in so good a shape—the lines of our division I mean. But no wonder. Some regiments had a steep hill to climb, to pass through a cornfield, through thickets, blackberry bushes, to cross a creek and a deep gutter, all of which our regiment did before we at last reached the top of the cedar knoll. And there were the Johnny rebs on a ridge just opposite us advancing on us. The thickets, blackberry bushes and small but deep

ravines offered a good place for skulkers. One little cuss stopped and commenced picking blackberries. A regiment on our right had nice ground to advance on and was ahead; the lieutenant-colonel and a rebel colonel were in a hand-to-hand fight for a rebel flag; but, strange to say, the rebel colonel got away, limping. Some of our regiment, tired or excited, stopped on the cedar hill and commenced firing. Others were in the ravine in front and starting up the slope to meet the rebels. Now! who would win? The rebels advancing, some of our men faltering. We had nothing to fall back on but a muddy creek we had taken several hours in crossing on one small bridge. Had we broken how terrible would have been the slaughter—our men killing their comrades and themselves in trying to cross the creek! There was a desperate attack on our batteries on the right and left. Colonel Harrison's adjutant came flying along the lines and shouting, 'Forward! They are driving us on the right and left!'

"But our artillery helps us. Canister shot is fired into them from the woods on our right, and we give them a volley. They halt, waver, lie down. Hurrah! They break and run. Our boys take steadier aim now and advance with enthusiasm. They don't retreat without giving us several volleys. We gain their hill, passing over their killed and wounded, and lie down behind some fence rails the skirmishers have thrown up and fire into them, retreating. They made several attempts to rally and recross the open field, but without success. I got a gun from a wounded man, pocketed some cartridges and caps, and had several shots. We were at work nearly all night throwing up earthworks. We didn't suffer as much as we did at Resaca—other regiments, though, a great deal more. Our

loss was five killed and twenty-seven wounded. Captain Matlock and Lieutenant Reed were wounded. Englehart was wounded and Spaulding killed. Lieutenant Lowes was killed. He was sick and ought to have been in hospital, but he wouldn't stay behind. It is impossible to describe a battle correctly. Every one has a different story to tell. Some had very narrow escapes. Captain Carson had three bullet holes in his hat. Colonel Merrill had a bullet pass through his coat sleeve. I didn't get a scratch. No one knows how many narrow escapes he has in battle. It was a sad, sad sight to see the dead and dying on the battlefield. The rebel wounded couldn't all be taken off till morning. They lay from four o'clock in the hot sun. One poor fellow prayed for help; another, too far gone to pray for help from us, I heard uttering his last prayer. He was dead this morning.

"General Ward is proud of his old brigade. He rides a large, splendid looking horse, and is of pretty good size himself. When excited he pulls at his tremendous gloves. He was greatly excited when we commenced driving the rebels, and jerking first at one glove, then the other, he called out to his aid, Lieutenant Harryman of our regiment, 'Ha'yman, Ha'yman, come hea'. Look how the Fust Brigade, my old brigade, goes in!' Some one tells a good story of General Thomas. He was standing on a hill on the opposite side of the creek. He is always working at his short, thick whiskers. When satisfied he smooths them down, when troubled he works them all out of shape. The rebels were advancing on us and we on them; we met in a hollow between the cedar knoll and the hill we afterwards occupied. The general could see neither party, and it was at that moment, when our right



and left, fighting in the woods, seemed ready to give way, he had his whiskers all out of shape. He gave orders to his bodyguard to hold the bridge across Peach Tree Creek and cut down any armed soldier who attempted to cross. But when he saw the rebels running, with us after them, he took off his hat and slung it on the ground and shouted, 'Hurrah! Look at the Third Division. They're driving them!' His whiskers were soon in good shape again. I can hardly understand why the rebels lost so many. They had a long way to charge, but it was a fair, open field fight. The most of them were shot after they started to run."

Maj.-Gen. H. W. Slocum, in his report made September 29, 1864, mentions two infantry swords and scabbards captured July twentieth by Lieut. Charles H. Cox of Company E and Private George C. Thompson of Company G. Another was captured by Private W. A. Miller of Company B and turned over to the proper authorities, but seems to have escaped attention.

Headquarters First Brigade, Third Division, Twentieth Corps.  
Before Atlanta, Ga., Aug. 12th, 1864.

Captain—I have the honor to submit the following report of the part taken by my brigade in the battle of the 20th of July (Peach Tree Creek): After crossing Peach Tree Creek, on the morning of the 20th, the division was massed in a corn-field in the rear of Newton's division of the Fourth Army Corps, and while in this position skirmishers were pushed down the creek to connect with those of the second division of our corps, and then advanced to a point near the crest of a large hill in an open field, which intervened between the right of General Newton's division and the left of General Geary's. I was then ordered to move my brigade down the valley of the creek, and to form in line at the foot of the hill referred to, connecting my left with the Second Brigade of

this division (Colonel Coburn's) and my right with the left of General Geary's division. On arriving at the point indicated, I found that General Geary had already occupied the crest of the hill to which I have before referred, and that his left was resting in the edge of the timber bordering on a corn-field, where he had some artillery in position. At this point, the whole field, which afterward became the battle ground, could be overlooked, though the crest just here was not so far advanced as that portion of the ridge afterward occupied by this division. The view of the ground thus obtained enabled me to direct the movements of my brigade in the action which followed with much greater certainty and success than I could otherwise have done. When Colonel Coburn's brigade was formed and his right established, I found that I could only have room enough for one regiment in the interval between his right and General Geary's left, and reported this fact to the division commander, when each of the other brigade commanders were ordered to throw one regiment on a second line and to close to the left so as to enable me to bring into the first line two more regiments. This change was at once executed, and my brigade was then formed in the following order, viz: In the first line, on the right, the One Hundred and Second Illinois Volunteer Infantry, Captain Wilson commanding; in the center the Seventy-ninth Ohio, Lieutenant-Colonel Doane, commanding, and on the left the One Hundred and Twenty-ninth Illinois Volunteer Infantry, Colonel Case commanding. In the second line, on the right, the One Hundred and Fifth Illinois, Major Dutton commanding, and on the left, the Seventieth Indiana Volunteers, Lieutenant-Colonel Merrill commanding. After these dispositions had been made the troops were permitted to rest until the residue of the line should be in readiness for the attack, which it was intended to make upon the enemy's lines. In front of my two regiments of the front line on the right there was quite a steep bluff, at the top of which there was a level field cultivated in corn some four hundred yards across, and beyond which the ground

again sloped down toward the bed of a small creek. Between these two regiments and the left regiment of the front line, a small stream ran from the southwest upon which, about three hundred yards from where we lay, was a grist mill. On the left of this creek immediately in front of our lines, was a low ridge covered with small pines, and still beyond this and a ravine which intervened, was a high cleared ridge, which was the line finally occupied by our troops. This ridge was the key point to the whole position. If held by the enemy, we should have been forced to retire beyond Peach Tree Creek. At this time I received orders to relieve the One Hundred and Thirty-sixth New York Volunteer Infantry, then covering my front as skirmishers, by a detail from my brigade when the advance should commence. One hundred men, chiefly Spencer riflemen, from the Seventy-ninth Ohio and One Hundred and Second Illinois Volunteers, under the command of Captain Williamson, Seventy-ninth Ohio Volunteer Infantry, were detailed for this duty and held in readiness to advance when orders should be received. While thus formed and waiting I met Colonel Coburn, commanding Second Brigade, who informed me that his skirmishers reported the enemy advancing to attack us, and suggested that our line ought to be advanced to the crest of the small ridge which extended itself in front of his line and a portion of the left of my brigade. I concurred in this suggestion and Colonel Coburn immediately went to submit the matter to the Brigadier General commanding the division, and very soon afterward I received an order in case the enemy advanced to move forward to the crest of the ridge mentioned. Very soon afterward, I saw from the high ground where the left of the second division rested, the enemy's advance push out of the woods and press rapidly towards us. I at once ordered my brigade to advance to the crest of the small ridge in our front and there to halt, which was speedily accomplished. Returning to my post of observation, I watched the enemy's advance over the crest of the higher ridge in our front and down its slope toward us, until their lines were scarcely separated by a distance of one hun-

dred yards from ours. During this advance the artillery on the left of the second division had been pouring into the enemy quite a destructive fire of case-shot and shell, and the skirmishers on my front, re-enforced by the detail of one hundred Spencer rifles, which I ordered forward at the beginning of the attack, were punishing the enemy severely. This, together with the long distance the enemy had charged over on the double-quick had broken his front line to some extent, and I could observe many of his men lying down and a few even turning back, while the officers, with drawn swords, were trying to steady their lines and push them forward. Believing it to be of vital importance to strike a counter blow before the rear lines of the enemy came up, and while his advance was in disorder, and to secure the high ridge in our front, I sent Captain Dunlevy, Acting Assistant Adjutant-General, to order my three regiments on the left of a small creek which intersected my line, to advance and attack the enemy vigorously while at the same time I brought forward the two right regiments to the farther slope of the hill, which at this point had not been passed by the enemy, in order to cover the left of General Geary's line and to connect with my left when it should push the enemy back over the crest. The order borne by Captain Dunlevy was promptly and vigorously executed by the regiments on the left. Our advance, though desperately resisted by the enemy, was steady and unfaltering; the fighting was hand to hand, and step by step; the enemy was pushed back over the crest in our front and the key point of the battle won. When this advance was ordered, the two regiments in my second line, the Seventieth Indiana and the One Hundred and Fifth Illinois Volunteer Infantry, were obliqued to the left, in order to extend my line and cover that flank, and came up into the first line. My line, though thus extended, was still uncovered on the left and the enemy for a time were on my flank and rear. Captain Dunlevy reported to me that my left regiment, the Seventieth Indiana, would certainly be cut off if its left was not refused. He said he suggested this to Captain H. M. Endsley, commanding the

left wing of the regiment, but that grizzly old veteran had only stopped to say, "I can't see it," and he pushed on for the enemy in his front. This danger was soon removed, as I was sure it would be by the splendid advance of Colonel Coburn's brigade, which, after fighting its way desperately to the top of the hill, connected with me on the left. After reaching the crest the line was halted, as a farther advance would have exposed both flanks, but the battle was continued for above two hours, with the enemy on the farther slope, who was endeavoring to reform for another attack. The destructive fire we continued to pour into him finally compelled him to retire, broken and thoroughly whipped, to his rifle pits, which were observable from this point in the woods beyond. The two regiments on my right, though not engaged at such close quarters as those on the left of the creek, owing to the fact that the marshy bed of the creek, which turned to the west along their front, prevented the enemy from pushing up to close quarters, did quite as good service, and suffered rather more severely than those on the left. Their fire, which was chiefly oblique, was delivered with coolness and was very destructive. The One Hundred and Second Illinois, on the right, poured its fire by a right oblique into the columns of the enemy, who were pressing General Geary's front, and aided very essentially in supporting General Geary's battery, which was at one time very near falling into the hands of the enemy. The Seventy-ninth Ohio, next to this regiment on the left, delivered a left oblique fire, which very essentially aided the line on the left of the creek near the mill, at which point the enemy was pressing in heavy force. While the battle was at its height, I observed some of the artillery of General Geary's division on my immediate front, retiring toward Peach Tree Creek, in the rear of our division, and inquiring of the officer in charge, was told that the right of the second division had been broken, and that he was trying to retire his battery a section at a time. While I was conversing with him the situation was made more apparent to me by a heavy fire of musketry being poured into the field where we stood from the

rear. A moment's reflection satisfied me that whatever other portions of the line might do, we must hold our line and fight where we were. The creek (Peach Tree) in our rear at this place, ten feet deep, with very miry banks and bed, had not been bridged, and to attempt to cross it would have been utter destruction. Concealing the situation (which was rendered more critical by a temporary giving way of Newton's division on our left) from my officers and men, we continued the fight, trusting to the brave troops on our right to recover their ground. While this danger was most apparent a staff officer, who is still unknown, but supposed to be from some command on our right, came to Captain Wilson, commanding One Hundred and Second Illinois, and told him if he did not retire his regiment, it would certainly be cut off. The Captain very coolly replied that his regiment had been placed there by me and should stay there until I ordered it away. As the fire slackened, rails were gathered and a temporary breastwork thrown up, which, after night, was strengthened and made secure. At one time during the fight our ammunition began to get low and considerable uneasiness was felt lest it might be exhausted. I at once dispatched Lieutenant Mitchell, aide-de-camp, to have a supply brought up, while Captain Scott, Acting Assistant Inspector General, and others busied themselves in cutting the cartridge boxes from the rebel dead within our lines and distributing them to the men. The enemy in my front greatly outnumbered me, three distinct lines of battle being discernible as he advanced, while my brigade from the first fought in a single line. The enemy's dead to the number of 150 were left within our lines and buried by us, while several hundred others were seen upon the open field between the lines, but couldn't be reached for burial. Among the dead buried were one Lieutenant Colonel, two Majors, two Captains and three Lieutenants. We took 155 prisoners, as near as the number can be arrived at, of whom ten were commissioned officers, two stand of colors and 200 stand of small arms were also captured. The loss sustained by my brigade was very light compared with that of the enemy, ow-

ing to the fact, as I believe, that the enemy, having the higher ground, fired too high. The following is a brief summary of my loss: Killed, one commissioned officer (Lieutenant Lowes, Seventieth Indiana), thirty-one enlisted men. Wounded, five commissioned officers, 144 enlisted men; total, 181.

I desire before closing this report to speak of the bravery and soldierly conduct displayed by the officers and men of my command. The advance was so fierce, steady and well sustained that nothing could withstand it, and was only equaled by the firmness with which having gained the ridge, they held it against all the attempts of the enemy to repossess it. Captain Wilson, commanding the One Hundred and Second Illinois Volunteer Infantry, though unused to regimental command, managed the regiment with marked skill and deserves special mention. Lieutenant-Colonel Doone, Seventy-ninth Ohio Volunteer Infantry, though quite ill, led his regiment into action, and with the assistance of Captain Samuel West, a young officer of great merit, handled it with great effectiveness. Of Colonel Case, Major Dutton and Lieutenant-Colonel Merrill and the other field officers of their respective regiments, I need only to say that they bore themselves as they have ever done during the campaign, with conspicuous courage. To the officers of my staff—Captain H. M. Scott, Acting Assistant Inspector General; Captain Dunlevy, Acting Assistant Adjutant-General; Lieutenants McKnight and Mitchell, Aides-de-Camp, and Lieutenant Merritt, Provost Marshal—I must express my thanks for the courage with which they bore my orders on the field, amid storm of shot, and the active intelligence with which they assisted in their execution. The reports of my regimental commanders are sent herewith.

I am, Captain, very respectfully, your obedient servant,  
 BENJAMIN HARRISON,  
 Colonel commanding First Brigade.

Captain John Speed,  
 Assistant Adjutant-General.

## CHAPTER X.

### CAPTURE OF ATLANTA

U. H. Farr: "On the twenty-second of July we moved forward and to the left in close proximity to the strong defenses of Atlanta, and were welcomed with a terrific fire of artillery and a stubborn resistance on the part of the rebel skirmishers. The crash of cannon in our front and the exploding shells among us prevented our hearing the fearful battle on the left, in which McPherson was killed.

"On the twenty-eighth, hearing heavy firing, our brigade left its works, to be filled by other troops, and hurried, double-quicking almost a mile, toward the sound of the battle to reinforce those who were engaged. However, the rebels, after making seven desperate assaults on Howard's corps, retired, and we were sent to the extreme right of the army, where we were joined the following day by Coburn's brigade, which was placed still farther to the right, but refused to the rear."

An officer writes: "July thirtieth, Saturday.—The Confederates appear to us entirely heathenish, for they make no effort to remove their severely wounded, leaving them to fall into our hands after a day or two, and never exerting themselves in the least to bury their dead, who, when we find them, are most loathsome. Sunday.—Just at twilight this morning the Thirty-third Indiana band played Old Hundred grandly. I am not often nowadays conscious of being immortal, but as that glorious tune swelled forth, the past, the present and the future seemed to melt into one, and all our loved who have gone before were



with me listening. Of late I have been touched with pity for our deluded enemies. It is very sad to read letters written by men just before they died, or to see a corpse deserted by every one except a howling dog."

U. H. Farr: "August second we were ordered to the left again, where our regimental line was bisected by a pike running near and parallel to the railroad. We worked day and night constructing defenses, but as soon as they were finished the engineers devised new works nearer the enemy. The last advance was to a point in plain view of a rebel fort, out of whose portholes heavy siege guns would send shells to burst over our heads. The trench on the inside of our breastworks was several yards in width, and in front too wide to be leaped across, and six feet deep. Holes a foot or two in depth were dug and concealed with brush, and telegraph wire was fastened to little stumps and pegs parallel with the works, and everything that could be made an impediment to an assaulting column was brought into play, for our line had been so extended that even if reinforced by the retiring skirmishers, the men would still have been several feet from one another. Every night after dark the skirmish relief would move along some ravine leading from the line of breastworks to the front, and then crawl from pit to pit. The skirmish lines were now so close that the Union men could hear the Confederates talking. Often at night our brass bands would play the familiar notes of national hymns or the favorite tunes we had often heard in the churches at home, and while the music was rendered the stillness would be profound, not a shot would be exchanged."

J. L. Ketcham: "August fifth.—I had to make details last night at nine, eleven, two and five o'clock to work on

a new line of trenches. We have just occupied them this morning. This makes the third, and in some places, the fourth line of works. We are creeping in on them. Will dig our way either in or around the city. We were on the extreme right three days ago; are now near the center. A heavy old siege gun sends a shell into the city every five minutes as regular as a clock. It has been firing about thirty-six hours. The shell goes screeching and howling. The boys call it the Atlanta Express."

Lieutenant Grubbs: "August twelfth.—Yesterday we again commenced the work of advancing our lines. Are moving them one hundred yards to the front, and within three hundred yards of the rebel works. Working parties have been busy since yesterday morning constructing, under a sharp fire of artillery and musketry, a new line, and to-day the work is almost complete. The Johnnies, taunted by the sound of the Yankee axes and picks, have been firing most viciously all the morning. One man of Company G was killed on the breastworks; others were wounded, but the work still went on."

Another officer writes: "August fifteenth, Sunday.—A bullet just now went through my tent, with force enough to have gone through me twice over. I was lying down reading. If I had been standing, it would have been good-bye, books. We had three men killed day before yesterday, and two wounded yesterday, by what are called stray bullets. I was affected as the boys carried Private Johnnie Newton on a stretcher to the rear to die, by his calling out, 'Good-bye, Colonel!' One feels so helpless in the presence of death."

On the same date, Lieutenant Grubbs: "I came in off the skirmish line last night at nine o'clock, after lying there

without sleep or relief since eight the evening before. Our line and that of the Johnnies are not more than two hundred yards apart, and each watched the other all day long like hawks to see if a head or limb exposed gave the chance of a shot. We have rifle pits for the skirmishers, as well as breastworks for the main line. They are constructed in the night under cover of the darkness, as near the rebs' line as possible without arousing them. A few rails or logs are piled up, and in rear of them a deep ditch is dug and the dirt thrown in front of the rails, forming an embankment.

"I don't want to be in a hotter place than we had all day yesterday. Shortly after daylight they sent out their sharpshooters, who posted themselves on a rise a little to our right and front. There was considerable underbrush, and it was some time before they discovered us or we them. But soon one sharper-eyed than his comrades saw a Johnny stealing through the woods, and in a moment more spied their secure retreat. Of course the boys could not but fire away whenever one would show himself, and they too looked out our post, and soon were returning the compliment with interest. We soon found out that they were not simply pickets, they fired too accurately for that; they were trained sharpshooters, who could put a ball almost anywhere they desired. And they put in many a shot that afternoon far closer than was comfortable for us. We had an arbor of leaves above us as a shelter from the sun, and they shot two of the poles which sustained it clear off. They splintered the rails which formed our protection, and showered the dirt and bark on us. Nor did we submit to it all quietly. With guns ready and aimed we would stand at the works, and when a Johnny would show himself at

him would go a volley. Sometimes we would watch them so closely that they could not fire a shot for an hour. Then in turn they would keep us as close for an hour, and so the game went on all day, firing growing so sharp sometimes as to almost bring the men in camp to the trenches. It's tiresome work, but still exciting, and this morning I feel as if I had done a week's hard labor. The whole woods here look worse than Chickamauga battlefield. Underbrush and trees six or eight inches in diameter are mowed off with bullets, until what was an impenetrable thicket is now almost a clearing. You can scarcely imagine how glad I was last night when I heard the relief coming, for I was tired and sleepy and wanted rest sadly. This morning, just before daybreak, we had an alarm and were called to arms. It was only a sharp skirmish fight, however, and extended no farther."

U. H. Farr: "The night of the twenty-fifth of August those who were detailed to go on picket were told to take everything with them, as they might not come back there again. At the hour for roll call, when the drums were beating furiously, there could be distinguished the rumble of artillery in the works, and the heavy tread of moving masses of men. At the usual time for the bands to play they poured forth the finest music the pickets had ever listened to, and when they heard the solemn but mournful tunes that have come down through the ages, the feeling that they had been deserted, and the loneliness of their position, was overpowering. Just before break of day the order came to move out. When they had reached a point overlooking and about a mile to the rear of the works, it was light enough to see the smoke of the rebels' morning

campfires. Everything seemed as quiet as the grave, not a shot could be heard in any direction.

“A horseman was waiting at this elevation to observe the movements of the enemy. When they had marched a mile farther he overtook them and reported that he saw the rebels make the discovery of our supposed retreat. While they were getting breakfast they seemed to notice there was no smoke coming from our works, when some of them looked awhile, and one more venturesome than the others proceeded to step across the space dividing the skirmish lines, and finding them empty, hurried at a somewhat faster pace to the main line of our fortifications. Mounting these he motioned to his comrades, and soon they were lined with the jubilant enemy. Before long a body of cavalry emerged from the works and sallied in the direction of the retreating pickets, but did not overtake them, for by nine or ten o'clock they had rejoined their commands.”

August thirtieth, Lieutenant Grubbs: “To-day the entire Twentieth Corps lies upon the banks of the Chattahoochie, guarding communications and protecting supplies, while Sherman undertakes new and important operations against Atlanta. We had orders to have everything ready to march at eight o'clock on the night of the twenty-fifth. You may imagine it was no easy matter to slip out from under the eyes of the watchful enemy, who lay so near us. Only a hundred yards in front were hostile pickets, and we could scarce make a single movement without their knowledge. Already they seemed to have some hint of our going, for at early daybreak on the morning of the twenty-fifth they had shelled our lines vigorously, evidently thinking that we had gone, but our

artillery soon convinced them that we were there. After dark tents were silently struck and baggage prepared for instant move. Bands all along the line struck up their liveliest notes, drums rattled their loudest, but it was only a clever ruse to drown the harsh rumbling of the artillery as it moved to the rear. Fires, too, glistened all along the line, as they had each night for weeks. Regiments were formed in the trenches, and at the signal, Yankee Doodle, by all the bands, all moved silently and quickly rearward. Half an hour passed and we heard taps sounded by the buglers left behind to a deserted camp.

“Thus was effected our first withdrawal from the face of the enemy. We marched a mile to a good position on a hill, and there we lay in line while all our trains and plunder passed us. At two o’clock we marched for the river, six miles, reaching it just before day. That day and the next we lay in support of our First Division while it fortified. On the morning of the twenty-eighth we moved across the river and occupied old rebel works resting on the river and crossing the railroad. We are now on a ridge in a beautiful place, with a fine view of the surrounding country.”

U. H. Farr: “On the night of September first we heard the crashing of shells and heavy explosions in Atlanta, and could see a fire raging in the city. Early on the morning of the second we marched hurriedly through our old works, through the rebel works, into the city; the leading troops of our division skirmishing with a few rebel troops in the streets. The effect of our artillery and musketry fire was everywhere visible. Not a building but one or more shell holes through it, and many houses were dotted with minie balls. Long trains of cars had been destroyed the night

before, and fires were still burning. Lead from melted bullets had settled in depressions and cooled in masses a foot in thickness. It was very pleasant to see ammunition used in this way by the rebels which had been intended for our destruction."

Lieutenant Grubbs: "We entered Atlanta yesterday with flying colors, and are now encamped southwest of the city on the Augusta road. In all the northern end of the city there is not a house but has been riddled from fore to aft with shot and shell. Every residence, too, and front yard has its gopher hole, as well the lordly mansion of the aristocrat as the humble cottage of the laborer. And when our shells came singing overhead, the silken-clad hostess of the mansion doubtless ran as nimbly to her house of refuge as did she of the cottage. War is no respecter of persons."

At last, after unflinching persistence and sufferings indescribable endured by the Northern men, the city of Atlanta lay helpless at the conquerors' feet. Only those who took part can know of the sickening horrors our army endured while it tried to wear the enemy out. Mosquitoes, fleas, ticks, lice, graybacks, snakes, spiders, tarantulas, scorpions, itch, scurvy, poison vines were our light afflictions. Our grievous affliction was lying night after night in the accumulated nastiness that the filthy foe we were driving before us, inch by inch, had left behind.

Doubtless the delicate reader who has had no such experience will be disgusted by words that describe all too mildly the horrors of such a campaign. Let him not turn away in dismay from the truth, but think for a moment of the private soldier from a clean and comfortable home bearing this thing through the hot months of summer, his

skin eaten off by devilish, disgusting insects, his one suit of woolen clothing reeking with filth, his tortured body a target for bullets by night and by day, his misery ended only when his comrades, envying his release, cover him in the sand.

A battle is terrible, but in all its terrors, and in all its grandeur, it can be described. Not so the wearing out of an enemy by enduring evils only hinted at above. Bravery is the brilliant, is the attractive virtue, but patience is the essence of many a grace, and to it the supremacy must be given. It should be kept in mind that our soldiers were but boys, bearing what might stagger men. A self-denying, uncomplaining spirit grew as these lads, night after night, looked up to the holy light of the stars; it spread as the reveille bugle music ran from brigade to brigade at each morning's dawn; it deepened as in darkness on lonely outpost the thought of home came with heavenly sweetness; it increased in the din of battle till the modest youths unconsciously displayed every virtue that manifests nobleness of soul.

Back of bayonets must be men. It is iron in the blood, not weapons of iron, that wins. Reverence for right is what gives dignity. That men can be found who do not flinch, but who quietly see the thing through, is what gives life its real grandeur. Moments or years are short or long, little or great, only as they contain experiences. Many an hour has more of "glorious life" than have ages when "wealth accumulates and men decay." In scenes like these shine forth virtues that prove the soul more priceless than the stars. The bright orbs above us have their years and cycles that speak of time and end, but majestic actions



and holy emotions foretell an existence whose scope is eternity.

Our young men did not become prematurely old or unnaturally serious. Far from it. As long as they could keep with their companies there were the uniformly cheerful voices, ringing out in merry laughter at call of strange adventure or ludicrous surroundings. As the thrush on topmost twig of tallest tree, pouring forth his song till air above and air beneath quivers with the melody, suddenly ceases his minstrelsy forever, when sportsman's cruel shaft flings him fluttering with broken wing to darkened thicket and the shades of death, so the sound of boyish merriment is still only when fatal disease or mortal wound sends the drooping lads to the dreaded hospital.

On September ninth an officer writes: "Darky Tom, while yawning just now, swallowed a yaller jacket, as he called it. The lazy scamp did some lively dancing for a few minutes. Tom is the gentleman of whom another African said, 'Lord, how dat ole nigga Tom yander did clime dat ar day de big fight on Peach Tree Crick.' All of us, however, ought to make good dancers or fine racers, for like prize fighters under training, flesh has been reduced till the calves are gone from our legs, and they are as straight up and down as a horse's. There is no danger now of receiving a flesh wound, for it's bone or nothing."

J. M. Wills: "After the surrender of Atlanta we camped in and around the city for one month, and when General Hood flanked Sherman and began his disastrous campaign, our brigade, on October second, went north eight miles, crossed the Chattahoochie River, going into camp four miles south of the crossing at Turner's Ferry, on October fifth, where we remained until Sherman was

ready to start on his march to the sea. While in camp here the presidential election of 1864 took place, with Lincoln and McClellan as candidates. The Hoosier boys were not granted the privilege that was given the boys of the Buckeye State, of voting and having their ballots counted. However, a Board of Election Officers was appointed, and an election held. Each man was supplied with two tickets, one with the name of Lincoln and the other with the name of McClellan, and without fear or intimidation deposited his ballot. Out of over five hundred votes cast Lincoln received all but ten. In a few days after the election we marched back to Atlanta, and the veterans and recruits of the Twenty-seventh Indiana were consolidated with our regiment."

J. H. Kelly: "October twenty-first.—Great rejoicing over Governor Morton's re-election by thirty thousand majority. October twenty-seventh.—The Seventieth was paid ten months' wages. Company I sent home more than three thousand dollars. November second.—Orders for every man to provide himself with two pairs of shoes and sixty rounds of cartridges."

Captain Carson: "Of the seventy-five men in my company who started on this campaign only fourteen answer to their names. While the regiment was at Turner's Ferry, on the Chattahoochie River, after the fall of Atlanta, Company G, with a detail of ten men from each of the other companies, while on a scouting expedition, came in conflict, some miles from camp, with a division of rebel cavalry at Mitchell's Cross Roads. The detachment was promptly deployed as skirmishers, and began pushing the enemy, who being ignorant of the small number of his opponents, gradually fell back, finally retreating. The de-

tachment returned safely to camp, rejoicing in the success of their bluff, and in the knowledge that five of the enemy had been wounded."

U. H. Farr: "In the bottoms along the river grew large quantities of peas or beans, which the planters had raised for the purpose of feeding their stock, human and otherwise, the animals eating the stalks and pods, and the slaves the contents of the pods. As we were short of bread we found these peas wholesome food. A small piece of meat put in the boiling pot with these peas made a dinner that was pronounced by those who partook as both rich and splendid; and if a pumpkin was found and added, the joy of the diners was unconfined. Now and then wild grapes, stewed with much sugar, garnished with persimmons, made a repast which all declared fit for General Sherman or Abraham Lincoln. As rebels were prowling about, there was some skirmishing, four companies being called out one day and the river bottom on each side scoured, and much distance-shooting done. Just before we left our camp at Atlanta we assisted the prisoners in pulling down a railroad bridge that spanned the river. A long rope was fastened to it, and our vigorous efforts swung the tall trestles out of balance, so that the whole structure fell into the stream with a mighty crash."

The following is an extract from the report made by Capt. H. M. Scott touching the surrender of Atlanta:

Headquarters Third Division, Twentieth Army Corps.

Atlanta, Ga., September 3, 1864.

General—I have the honor to submit the following report of reconnaissance made yesterday, which resulted in the occupation of Atlanta by our forces: Taking the advance with cavalry, I proceeded out Turner's Ferry road and, scouting coun-

try thoroughly to right and left, advanced without opposition to the works in front of Atlanta formerly occupied by our division. Soon after passing through the works, a body of men was observed coming out from the city. Advancing rapidly toward them, I discovered that they were citizens bearing a flag of truce. Going forward, I asked them what proposition they had to make. One of them then made himself known as the Mayor, and said that he had come to surrender the city and ask protection for non-combatants and private property. In answer to further interrogatives he said that General Ferguson's brigade was just retiring from the city, and that the General had agreed to withdraw without offering us resistance in order to insure the safety of non-combatants. Notwithstanding the assurance of the Mayor that resistance would not be offered us, we had scarcely entered the city before we were fired upon and a spirited skirmish ensued. I notified some of the citizens that we considered this as a violation of good faith, and that if the rebels continued to fire from behind houses they need expect no protection for persons or property, and that they had better communicate this fact to the enemy. The Mayor afterward went out and endeavored to stop the firing, but came back reporting that he could do nothing with the men; that it was but a few drunken stragglers, and that they had come very near shooting him. The infantry skirmishers were then pushed forward and with the cavalry cleared the city. We first entered the city at about 9 A. M., and about one hour afterward the surrender was made. About 2 P. M. part of the First and Second divisions came up, and soon after General Slocum arrived and took command. Attached hereto find copy of capitulation.

I am, General, very respectfully, your obedient servant.

H. M. SCOTT,

Captain Seventieth Ind. Vol. Inf. and A. A. I. G., Third Div.,  
Twentieth A. C.

(Brig.-Gen. W. T. Ward, commanding Third Division.)

Atlanta, Ga., September 2, 1864.

Brigadier-General Ward, Commanding Third Division, Twentieth Corps:

Sir—The fortune of war has placed Atlanta in your hands. As Mayor of the city I ask protection to non-combatants and private property.

JAMES M. CALHOUN,  
Mayor of Atlanta.

Attest:

H. M. SCOTT,

Capt. and Actg. Asst. Insp. Gen., Third Div., Twentieth Army Corps.

J. P. THOMPSON,

Lieut. and Actg. Aide-de-Camp, Third Div., Twentieth Army Corps.

Executive Mansion,

Washington, D. C., Sept. 3, 1864.

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

ABRAHAM LINCOLN,  
President of the United States.

Headquarters First Brigade, Third Division, Twentieth Army Corps.

Chattahoochee Railroad Bridge, Sept. 14, 1864.

Captain: I have the honor, in pursuance of orders received, to submit the following report of the operations and movements of my brigade from the 21st day of July, 1864, to the 2d inst.:

On the 21st day of July, my brigade rested in the breastworks built the night previous after the fight of the 20th was

ended, save such details as were necessary to bury the rebel dead within our lines. The enemy's works were plainly visible at some points in my front, and a good deal of movement was observed during the day within their lines. There was but little skirmish firing during the day, though some burial parties that were sent out in front of my works to collect and bury the rebel dead were fired upon by the enemy and compelled to retire. After this exhibition of bad faith, I made no further effort to reach the rebel dead that could be seen between our lines, and many were left when we moved the next morning, unburied, and so remained for several days. On the morning of the 22d of July the pickets discovered that the enemy had retreated, and orders were soon received to follow him. My brigade, having the advance of this division, moved out rapidly on the Buck Head road, with two companies of Spencer riflemen as an advance guard, the skirmishers having already moved forward on a line covering our front. The advance was made with rapidity, as the impression prevailed among most of the officers and men that we would be able to enter the city of Atlanta without further opposition. After moving about three miles, sharp skirmishing commenced on our right, and I at once brought two regiments into line to support the skirmishers and resist any sudden attack that might be made upon us. At this time the enemy's skirmishers were seen in an open field to our right, and not being able to determine whether they were advancing or retiring, and having at this time no connection with other troops, either on our right or on our left, we remained here a short time to await the appearance of other troops. The brigadier general commanding the division having in the meantime moved on with the advanced guard, I received an order through Lieut.-Col. C. W. Asmussen, assistant inspector-general Twentieth Corps, to leave the road on which we were marching, and move obliquely to the right, in a southwesterly direction, to a high ridge and take position. Having formed my brigade in two lines, I moved to the point indicated, the Second and Third Brigades following by the flank, and took up a position where

I was directed by Col. Asmussen to remain until I received further orders. In reconnoitering the ground and looking about for the Second Division, with which we were to connect on the right, I found that we were far in advance of any other troops, and it was not till we had been some half an hour in this position that the skirmishers of the Second Division moved past me. The enemy's skirmish pits and skirmishers were in sight, and their main line of works not over 1,000 yards distant. While lying in this position, I received several orders from the brigadier-general commanding the division to move my brigade forward, he being some distance in advance with my advance guard, but after submitting to his consideration the orders already received by me, I was left in position, and the Second Division was put in position on my left and the Third Brigade on my right, some distance retired. Intrenchments were at once constructed, at first of a frail character, but as the enemy very soon opened upon us with artillery they were made stronger. The brigade remained in this position until the 26th without anything important occurring, except that the line was advanced about forty rods on the 24th. On the 26th our entire division was relieved by the Second Division, and was put in reserve, where we remained until the 29th. On the 29th the entire division was removed to the extreme right of the army to support a reconnoissance to be made by Davis' division of the Fourteenth Corps. The reconnoissance was made without any fighting, and our division rested for the night in a large field about one mile in advance of the works of the Army of the Tennessee. On the day following, Davis' division again moved to the right, and went into position, and our division formed in the rear of the right of that division, and at right angles with it to cover the flanks. A line of works was here constructed, but no enemy was seen even by our pickets. We remained in this position during the 31st day of July and the 1st day of August, and on the 2d moved to the left of our line and encamped for the night near the railroad.

On the morning of the 3d of August my brigade moved up

and relieved Moore's brigade, of the Fourteenth Army Corps, in the works, my left resting on the railroad. On the day following we built and occupied an advanced line of works and continued to hold them without any change of importance occurring until the 11th of August, when the right of my line for the length of three regiments was again advanced. On the 14th and 15th I planned and constructed a lunette on the left of my line for the four guns stationed at that point (one section Battery I, First Michigan, and one section Battery C, First Ohio) with a view to give better range and more security to the guns. From that time until the night of the 25th no change took place within our lines.

During all the time we lay before the city very active picket firing was kept up, and frequently we were subjected to a severe and well directed fire of shell from the enemy's forts. Almost every day casualties occurred within my lines, and it was in many places impossible to show a head above the works without it being made a target for rebel sharpshooters. The men were compelled to keep continually under cover and suffered great constraint by being kept so continuously in the ditches, which were frequently very wet and muddy. Many casualties occurred while men were sitting in their tents close behind the works, and several were killed while asleep in their bunks. The enemy's works were not more than 600 yards from my lines, and their gunners could be plainly seen from my lines with the naked eye when using the rammer. Our picket-lines were in some places not more than fifty paces apart. On the afternoon of the 25th of August I was ordered to report to Brig.-Gen. Williams, commanding Twentieth Army Corps, for orders, and having done so, was ordered by him to report to Brig.-Gen. Knipe, commanding the First Division, Twentieth Army Corps. From the latter I received orders to withdraw my brigade from the works at 8 P. M. and form it in mass on a range of hills about a quarter of a mile to the rear, near the Marietta road, there to await the movements of the Fourth Corps to the right of the army, and then to move in the rear of Brig.-Gen. Ruger's brigade by the



Marietta road to the Chattahoochee river. These orders were executed, and the brigade arrived without loss at the river about daylight on the morning of the 26th, and was put in reserve until it should be ascertained whether the enemy would follow up our movement. On the afternoon of the 27th, I was ordered by Maj.-Gen. Slocum to report to him for orders, and was by him put in position on the north side of the Chattahoochee river in the old line of rebel works for the purpose of covering the trains, and commissary and ordnance depots, my flanks resting on the river, where I have remained until this time, except that when the First Division moved into the occupancy of the city of Atlanta, I was ordered to put one regiment into position on the south side of the river to cover the bridge.

Not having had the opportunity in former reports rendered from me during the campaign suitably to acknowledge the services of Lieut. George W. Gilchrist, my pioneer officer, I take this occasion to say that his skill in his department, his energy and courage, deserve the highest commendation. He was ever ready to go to the skirmish line or beyond it, if work was to be done there, and any work entrusted to him was promptly and skilfully done. I submit herewith the reports of my regimental commanders, and also a list of killed and wounded for the period embraced in the report. List shows 1 officer and 8 men killed, 1 officer and 52 men wounded. Total, 63.      Respectfully submitted,

BENJAMIN HARRISON,

Col. Commanding 1st Brig., 3d Div., 20th Army Corps.

Capt. John Speed,

Assistant Adjutant-General.

Headquarters First Brigade, Third Division, Twentieth Army Corps.

Chattahoochee River, Sept. 5, 1864.

Colonel—I disposed of my troops at daylight yesterday morning, according to the directions contained in your letter of the night before. The Thirty-third Massachusetts was

placed on the south side of the river, covering the bridges, as I thought it could be best spared from my line on this side. This morning I have ordered that regiment forward to Atlanta, in obedience to a telegram received from you last evening, and have put the One Hundred and Fifth Illinois in the place occupied by it on the south side of the river. Moving these two regiments from my line on the north, will compel me to-day to take up a new and a shorter line. This I shall do by occupying the shortest line outside of the depot of supplies stored here until these supplies are removed, when I propose to still further contract my lines, and occupy the line of rebel defenses in which our artillery has been. I hope these supplies may be removed as soon as possible, as while they remain, my lines are so extended as to be weak and unsafe. If I am expected to remain here for any length of time, I will construct some blockhouses on the south side of the river for the better defense of the bridge. I think about four good blockhouses would cover all of the approaches on the south side. I would like, if possible, to have some artillery left here, as in case an attack should be made with artillery the bridge might be battered down from some of the many hills about which command it. If the major-general commanding has any commands as to the line he wants me to occupy, or the character of the defenses he desires constructed here, I should be glad to receive them. I hope within a few days to see him in the city and explain more fully my views as to the best defense of this point, but for the present, time is too much occupied to admit of my leaving.

Very respectfully yours,

BENJAMIN HARRISON,

Colonel Commanding.

Lieut.-Col. H. W. Perkins,

Assistant Adjutant-General, Twentieth Army Corps.

Near Atlanta, Ga., Sept. 22, 1864.

The regiment marched from Wauhatchie Valley at 6:30 A. M. on May 2, 1864, marching via Gordon's Mills, passing three miles south of Ringgold. Whilst crossing Taylor's

Ridge Lieut. Hardenbrook, in charge of a squad of ten men, surprised the enemy's pickets, capturing three men, together with some other things. Encamped on the night of the 7th in front of Dug Gap, where the regiment was held, in expectation of being engaged, until the morning of the 11th; marched at 5 o'clock into Snake Creek Gap; spent part of the day cutting out and widening the road; marched then in the direction of Resaca. During the afternoon of the 13th of May we met the enemy and were shelled by them till late in the evening; moved out to the front line; moved to the left and were placed in position in the front line at 10 P. M.; picket firing during the night without any casualties. On the morning of the 14th, at dawn of day, brisk skirmishing commenced. During the fore part of the day Company D was sent out to ascertain the strength and position of the enemy; had not advanced far until the firing was so heavy as to compel them to seek shelter, where they were under the necessity of remaining until after night. The regiment at 1 P. M. was ordered to advance, but the fire of the enemy was so terrific as to soon check them and to satisfy all of the strength of the enemy, and that it was not practicable to attempt to charge them across an open field with a deep and swampy creek running through it. The regiment lost during the day three men killed and thirteen men wounded. A detail worked all night on rifle-pits.

On the morning of the 15th, moved to the extreme left of the line; unslung knapsacks and formed in five lines just beyond the crest of a hill in front of the rebel fort and breastworks. At 1 P. M. the Third Division, Twentieth Army Corps (with the Seventieth Indiana leading the charge in front of the fort) charged the fort and earthworks and captured the battery, consisting of two sections, 12-pounder brass pieces, mounted. During the charge and taking the artillery out of the fort, the Seventieth Regiment lost, in killed, 26 men; wounded, 126 men and four commissioned officers; aggregate, 156. On the 18th our forces came in contact with the enemy near Cassville, and were engaged all day in skirm-

ishing and artillery firing, the Seventieth had one man wounded. May 25th, ran into the enemy in front of Lost Mountain, near Dallas. On that evening the Seventieth was not engaged in the fight, yet had one man killed and several wounded by shells. The regiment was engaged all night building breastworks. From May 25th to June 1st was part of the time in front line and part of the time in second line, and had her quota on the skirmish line, with loss of only a few men. The brigade moved to the left from time to time until the 15th day of June, when our forces advanced on the enemy, driving him from his first line of works, and about 5 P. M. drove their skirmishers back into their strong works, at which time the First Brigade attacked them on the Sandtown road at Golgotha Church. From some want of a correct knowledge of the ground or pressure from the left the Seventieth Indiana was thrown across the Sandtown road in an exposed position in front of the enemy's masked artillery, where Cleburn's division fired 135 rounds of shot, shell and canister at our line during the hour and twenty-five minutes that the regiment lay in its perilous position. The casualties of the regiment were 3 commissioned officers and 43 men wounded and 3 men killed. From the 15th day of June to the 20th day of July, the regiment was more or less engaged more or less of the time in skirmishing, supporting batteries, etc. During that space of time there was quite a number of casualties. On the 20th day of July the Seventieth was engaged in battle on Peach Tree Creek; in the formation was in second line, yet during the engagement, a charge was made and they passed through the first line, and intrenched themselves on the crest of the hill in the front line. The regiment lost in that battle 1 commissioned officer and 4 privates killed, and 2 commissioned officers and 25 men wounded. Total, 32.

On July 22 the Twentieth Corps moved in the direction of Atlanta till our advance was repulsed by the shot and shell from the enemy's forts around the city. Our brigade (First) took a position on the north of the city, and built breastworks midst the bursting shells of the enemy's artillery; participated

in some warm skirmishing, and after a few days advanced some 200 yards, and built a second line of works. On the 28th our brigade was ordered to the right to support the Fifteenth Corps, where it remained for one week and then returned to Atlanta and went into the works west of the Chattanooga railroad. The brigade advanced and built two new and very strong lines of works, with more or less casualties every day till the 25th day of August, when the Twentieth Corps was ordered to fall back and the Seventieth took a position on the north side of the Chattahoochee, where our regiment was employed in picket duty, and fatigue in unloading and storing commissaries, ammunition, etc., till the 16th day of September; marched into Atlanta and went into camp on the south side of the city. Respectfully submitted,

Z. S. RAGAN,

Major Commanding Seventieth Indiana Vol. Inf.

Headquarters Seventieth Indiana.

Turner's Ferry, Oct. 21, 1864.

Colonel—I have the honor to make the following report relating to information elicited to-day from a reconnoissance made by a portion of my force:

The enemy that my men encountered on the 19th appear, from the discoveries since made, to have been four brigades of cavalry, Gen. Armstrong, commanding division; Gens. Jackson, Ferguson and one other General (name unknown), commanding brigades. They were mounted on mules and horses, many of them without saddles. They came in on the Gunpowder road, via Powder Springs, and seemed to have intended crossing at this and Howell's Ferry, but my detachment, meeting their advance guard at two different points, deployed, drove them back a mile and a half, and doubtless they were deceived and thought my force to be the advance of a strong force. They fell back (the citizens say) in great excitement across or in the direction of Sweet Water. They crossed their cattle over the Chattahoochee that night about midnight, yet the force were still encamped seven or eight

miles below here last night. Have no intimations of their movements or intentions since. The signs of the enemy seen by my men to-day corroborate the statements of citizens and negroes in that vicinity. There was no artillery seen; they had forty-one Union soldiers prisoners, reported to have been captured at Smyrna.

Very respectfully your obedient servant,

Z. S. RAGAN,

Maj. Commanding Regiment.

Col. F. C. Smith,

Commanding First Brigade, Third Division, Twentieth  
Army Corps.

Headquarters Seventieth Indiana.

Turner's Ferry, Chattahoochee River, Ga., Oct. 23, 1864.

Lieutenant—In compliance with a request of Gen. Slocum, I have the honor to transmit the following detailed account of the skirmishing of part of my command with the rebels on the 19th instant:

About 11:30 A. M. information reached me that rebel cavalry were seen down the river. I ordered out immediately Capt. Carson, with thirty men instructed to proceed cautiously down the river at about two miles distant, and parallel the river. Lieut. Hardenbrook, with thirty men, was ordered down between Capt. Carson's force and the river, with instructions to support each other in case of necessity. Capt. Tansey and Lieut. McCracken, with thirty men, were crossed over the river on the south side, and sent down on that side. After moving out two miles and a half, Capt. Carson engaged the advance guard of the enemy. After considerable skirmishing drove them back one mile and a half near the main force, where they dismounted and occupied some old works and houses, and kept up a fight for several hours. During this time Lieut. Hardenbrook had come in contact with another party, on or near the river at Howell's Ferry. Toward night the enemy retreated and fell back onto their main force, which by this time became apparent from the noise, confusion, and hallooing, as though they were driving stock. During the

time that Capt. Carson was so briskly engaged, I sent out Lieut. Stafford, with fifteen men, to support him, and to prevent the enemy flanking or coming around in his rear. Shortly after this, I received orders from brigade headquarters to order my men in, and did so. Owing to the fact that my men were deployed and instructed to keep themselves confined to the woods, so as not to allow the enemy to ascertain their strength, together with the bold dash and rapid firing, led the enemy to suppose they were the skirmish line of a heavy force. Under this false impression, they pulled up stakes and marched till 9 o'clock that evening, crossing Sweet Water. Before, however, they gained shelter under the old breastworks, my men unhorsed a number of them, and a lady, who lives near where the skirmishing took place, states that they pressed her wagon to haul off three wounded men, two of them badly shot through the body, and the other through the shoulder. They also had an ambulance along, but these were all the wounded that the lady saw. There were no casualties on our side. From a reconnoissance made on the 21st by Lieut. Hardenbrook and forty-five men, he ascertained that at the time the skirmishing took place that the enemy lay just below the Howell's Ferry road, and extended from the river to Mitchell's crossroads, a distance of four miles. They had some cattle and forty odd prisoners. Had no artillery that we can learn; were strictly cavalry, without any baggage train; represented to be three or four brigades, by some as being 3,000 strong.

Among the names of officers in command were Gen. Armstrong, said to be commanding division; Gens. Jackson and Ferguson, and one other (the name not given), as commanders of brigades. Their movement was westward, said to be in the direction of Blue Mountains, and not to have crossed the Chattahoochee river. Boasted that they got ahead of Gen. Kilpatrick this time, etc.

Z. S. RAGAN,

Major Commanding Seventieth Ind. Vol. Inf.

Lieut. J. H. Snyder,

Acting Assistant Adjutant-General.

ITINERARY OF THE TWENTIETH ARMY CORPS,  
MAY 3-SEPT. 8.

(From monthly returns. Maj.-Gen. Joseph Hooker commanded the corps to July 27, 1864; Brig.-Gen. Alpheus S. Williams to Aug. 27, 1864, and Maj.-Gen. Henry W. Slocum, the remainder of the campaign.)

The corps, heretofore stationed along the line of communications from Chattanooga to Nashville, was about May 3 concentrated (except the Fourth Division, which remained on the railroad) in the vicinity of Chattanooga, and has taken an active part in the campaign of the Army of the Cumberland.

May 8—The Second Division was engaged at Mill Creek Gap, near Dalton.

May 14—The First Division engaged on the extreme left of the army, near Resaca.

May 15—The whole corps engaged, assaulting the enemy's works on their extreme left at Resaca; captured the works and four pieces of artillery. During the night the enemy withdrew, burning the bridges.

May 16—Pursuit commenced.

May 25—Came up with the enemy near Dallas. An attack was made, in which the whole corps was engaged.

May 26 to 30 inclusive—Held a line in front of the enemy's works near Dallas; skirmish fire constant and heavy, with many casualties.

June 1—Relieved from the position, the corps assumed in front of the enemy's works near Dallas; moved to the left in the direction of Ackworth about five miles, taking again a position in the general line.

June 6—Crossed Allatoona Creek and took position in front of enemy's works near Pine Hill.

June 15—Pine Hill evacuated by enemy; engaged the enemy near Lost Mountain; gained position near their intrenchments.

June 17—Enemy evacuated works in our front, falling back



to a line between Mud Creek and Noye's Creek; corps advanced and again assumed position in front of them.

June 19—Enemy evacuated works in our front, falling back to a line on the east side of Noye's Creek; corps again advanced and took position in their front.

June 22—Corps advanced, driving in enemy's outposts, the First Division moving to the right. A heavy attack was made on it by the enemy, which was repulsed with slight loss to us; enemy retreated to their intrenchments, the corps taking a position in front of them. At the end of the month the position remained unchanged. During the whole month skirmishing with the enemy has been constant and heavy, with many casualties. Total number of casualties during the month, 1,544.

July 1—Corps still in position in front of the enemy near Kolb's Farm.

July 3—Enemy evacuated their works; corps advanced through Marietta, the Third Division having a slight engagement with enemy's rear guard (cavalry and artillery) near Marietta; the Second Division also skirmishing; assumed position in front of enemy's works about six miles south of Marietta.

July 5—Enemy evacuated their works; the corps again advanced; took position in front of the enemy, who were in their works on the north side of Chattahoochee River.

July 9—Enemy withdrew across the river.

July 17—Corps crossed Chattahoochee River.

July 18 and 19—Advancing toward Atlanta, skirmishing with enemy.

July 19—The Second Division crossed Peach Tree Creek.

July 20—Balance of corps crossed. Battle of Peach Tree Creek.

July 22—Enemy evacuated works in our front, retiring to the fortifications about Atlanta; the corps, following, took up position in their front.

July 31—Position remains unchanged.

Casualties for month, 2,007.

By general orders from headquarters, Department of the Cumberland, the artillery of the corps was, on July 27th, detached from the divisions and organized into an artillery brigade, under command of Maj. Reynolds, First New York Artillery.

The whole corps in the trenches in front of Atlanta, Ga., occupying 2 3-4 miles of the line until the 25th (August).

August 25—The corps was moved back to the Chattahoochee River to hold the crossing places and guard the railroad communications, while the balance of the army operated south of Atlanta.

August 26 and 27—Skirmished with enemy, who advanced to feel our position.

August 28 to 31 inclusive—Skirmishing, occasioned by daily reconnaissances sent from our position toward the city.

Position unchanged at end of month. Casualties during month, 240.

September 1—Corps in position, covering the crossing of the Chattahoochee River. First Division, with the First Brigade, Third Division, at railroad crossing; Second Division at Pace's Ferry, and the Third Division at Turner's Ferry; reconnoitering party sent out from the First Division toward Atlanta; found it still occupied by the enemy.

September 2—Reconnaissance sent from each division, and finding the city evacuated, took possession. On this, and the following day, the whole corps, except the First Brigade, Third Division, marched into the city and took possession of the works. This brigade remained at the river to guard the railroad bridge until the 16th, when it was also ordered up, leaving one regiment (the One Hundred and Fifth Illinois) to guard the bridge.

## CHAPTER XI.

### "I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME"

As has been intimated, the hospital was the place the good soldier dreaded, and even now that nearly two-score years have softened its mournful memories, shadows never to vanish linger about the melancholy spot where the sinking patriot breathed his last sigh. Yet no history of the Seventieth Indiana would be complete unless mention were made of these transitory dwelling places of the sick and wounded, of the work of the surgeons, and the noble sacrifices of those nurses who toiled without remuneration.

To the question of the reader, what can cheer the gloom of the field hospital, where the dying soldier longs for home, and tossing in feverish slumbers whispers the name of sister, wife or mother, memory brings the answer. Sweet, self-denying patriotism inspired women to come and bend over the lowly cots and comfort as best they could the last hours of the departing. The menial services of bathing the feet of the tired boy, whose earthly march is well nigh ended, and who is on the brink of a long journey, has in its ministry a tender grace that makes us know what angels are. The heavenly sunlight flooding the rugged landscape, till rock and bush and tree take on celestial beauty, and the roadside pool reflects the azure dome, is but faintly emblematic of the wondrous power of woman's holy love.

"Captain," the author asked of a comrade, "what of all you saw will stay with you longest?" He was silent for

a moment, and then replied:\* “There was a lovely lady who left her home of comfort and refinement and came to the army in the field. One day I entered the hospital and saw her, basin and towel in hand, going from cot to cot, washing the feet of the sick, the wounded and the dying, gently preparing the worn out lads to enter the land of eternal rest. The act was done with such gracious humility, as if it were a privilege, that I turned away with my eyes full of tears, and I say to you now, that after all other earthly scenes have vanished, this upon which a radiance from Heaven falls will abide forever.”

The following extracts are from the journal of Mrs. John L. Ketcham, mother of J. L. Ketcham, Jr., of Company K, who with Miss Betty Bates, aunt of Maj. S. C. Vance, spent several months in the hospitals at Gallatin, Tennessee:

“A company was being raised in our neighborhood for the Seventieth Indiana. All the boys on the hill around us and in our Sabbath school, and all the men in the church between the ages of eighteen and forty-five joined the company or enlisted in some other regiment. While the Seventieth was at Bowling Green I worked in the kitchen at home, putting up quantities of jelly, marmalade, pickles of every variety, anything that would be a relish with their bacon, beans, hard tack and rice. I even tried to make concentrated milk, which the boys thought too good to dissolve in coffee and ate as candy. As a relief to this kind of work I visited the hospitals in the city, and in the evening sat in my corner knitting. One Sunday evening some of the family happened to look at me, and exclaimed at my knitting, just as on week days. I had heard how the

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\*Miss Catharine Merrill who died May 30, 1900.

soldiers suffered for want of socks, and I could not sit still and think of their cold, bare feet.

"When Dr. Bullard returned from Gallatin and told his story of the suffering, he asked, 'Are there no two women who will go?' Miss Bates responded at once. I pondered over it. Leave such a family? But how many husbands had left their wives and children; how many sons their homes. Yes, I could go. I could surely trust the children to those around and to Providence. I might knit on forever, make all the good things I could and send boxes, but in a few weeks' nursing perhaps I could save life. At any rate I could do far more than I was doing. So Miss Bates and I were made ready and were off with speed toward our field of labor.

"Of course we were ignorant, there being no one who could instruct us; so we had to use our own judgment. We reached Gallatin at nightfall. Miss Bates said, 'We are so tired, let us go to a hotel and have a good night's rest first.' Hotel! There was scarcely a place in town that was not full to overflowing with sick soldiers. I said, 'Let us go to headquarters and report ourselves at once.' So we went to the Medical Department. They took us over to General Paine's till they could consider where they could put us. Somebody gave up his room till we could be better situated. We hoped better when we saw the supper and breakfast. A little hill or island of bacon fried to cracklings in the middle of a lake of grease; cold beans, biscuit as heavy as lead, muddy coffee that tasted of anything but coffee.

"The next day we were taken to the place where we were to board. Our room was large, airy, had a high ceiling, bare floor, with a good bed and a wide fireplace. The

back stick would last all night, which was well, for never was there a stick cut ahead. The wood had to be cut every morning before the kitchen fire could be started. As for kindling, they knew nothing better than to split off the chips with their hands, and to wait till the fire burned. Company K was stationed at Pilot Knob, five miles south on the Nashville road. Lew was postmaster, so he had to come to town often, so I saw him and heard from the rest.

“Our hostess was a lady, pretty, good-natured and very kind to us, and what was more, kept a good table. Our host looked like a typical slave hunter, short, stout, with bushy, standing-up hair. General Dumont had him in prison three months in Nashville for being a spy. I have no doubt he was. He was a personal friend of General Morgan. His doors were never locked at night, and I felt they were left open that Morgan might run in at any time for safety, or for a good square sleep. I would think sometimes I heard him coming in.

“They put us in charge of a female seminary building. It was packed with cots, and on every cot was a sick man. Even the platform where the piano had stood was full. It seemed to me when I went into this room in the morning I took my life in my hands, or else it was really in God’s hands. The doctors told me I must take something to prevent that poisonous atmosphere taking hold of me. I talked with my brother. He said his idea was, that when the system let down after the stimulating effect was off, was the time one took disease. That agreed with my idea; so I never took anything, and before we were through every doctor in town had his turn of typhoid fever, and I was the only one who kept entirely well.

“The men and everything looked pitifully dirty, but

it would take time to straighten them out, and I'd have to begin very slowly. I had the soldier nurse take one man, wash him all over and prop him up by the fireside, while he sunned and washed the bed and floor underneath. I felt panic struck—what if the man should die? it would end my work there. But he lived and looked more comfortable; and the cleaning process went on as rapidly as possible.

"It was coming Christmas time. I said to Betty, 'The way to men's hearts is said to be through their stomachs. Let us give them a Christmas dinner.' How she did laugh. 'A Christmas dinner, out of what?' I did not know. The road was broken, no supplies coming in, but we could try. I consulted with the head ones, and they all tried to get lambs and chickens for us. When the animals came they were so scrawny, but little else beside skin and bone. Boiling was the only possible way of cooking anything, so we'd cook them together; perhaps a little of the richness of the lamb would be imparted to the chicken. When they were done they were separated and different gravies were made, and so were served up, and the eaters were none the wiser. Mrs. Paine offered her daughter to help wait on the table, and she brought veritable tea and loaf sugar. I had brought plenty of both, but took hers. We had a strip of white muslin for a tablecloth, and a blessing, which made it seem more homelike. The pitiful looks of the lamb and chicken I can never forget. One little disagreement came up. The doctors and Betty wanted eggnog for dessert. I said I would not have anything to do with that; so I would take charge of those who were too sick to leave their beds. The sick and wounded soldiers ate first, then came the soldier nurses. When the doctors

came to eat, lo and behold the nurses had drunk all the eggnog. The consequence was they were in bed all afternoon sleeping off their nog. The doctors were mad, and I laughed, but only in my sleeve.

“One of my first suggestions was to make all clean on Saturday, preparatory to keeping the Sabbath. Everybody said, ‘What’s the use?’ I said, ‘Keeping the Sabbath was one of the army regulations.’ We could not have much to eat; Morgan had the road, so we could not get anything from home, even letters, but we could be clean. So every Saturday night there was a grand cleaning up, and the sick in their cots, the men on the fence in their clean white shirts, looked so comfortable. Betty was taken to a church full of sick men, as it did not seem right to put so much force into one building. The doctors showed me jars and jars of tapioca, and asked, ‘What do you do with this?’ I said, ‘I’ll see,’ but I could have done better, only we had so few apples. Some kind of a pudding was made, and the men liked it, but said they would like the apples just as well without that stuff around them. I told them the doctors said it was good for them. There was no need saying how plenty tapioca was and how scarce apples were. The man in charge of the store room said, ‘What do you do with these?’ showing little bags of dried elderberries. I knew people did use them, but I never had seen or tasted one. I said, ‘Give some to me and some jelly.’ So I saw to the stewing and the seasoning with jelly, and had the cook make pies for the nurses. Their’s is a hard berth, and they were so grateful. Give a Hoosier man a pie! One evening the ghost of a man was flitting in and out of the shadow of the stairway in the hall. At last, when I was passing, he got up courage enough to say, ‘Could I have



a piece of pie? I go home to-morrow.' As if they would not feed him on pie there.

"On Sunday, as much as I could, I went around and read from the Bible or hymn book. Once when I read the Thirty-seventh Psalm one man said, 'Where is that?' Truly it had never seemed so impressive to me. One Sunday I was going through the hall and met one of the doctors rubbing his hands and saying, 'It is wonderful what a woman can do.' Once when I was reading a hymn to a sick soldier another said, 'I shouldn't wonder if she could sing.' So I sang. A dying man, who had noticed nothing, evidently heard it.\*

"The fame of our Christmas dinner went through all the churches and storeroom hospitals, and they spoke of it so enviously that I said, 'I will come around and give a dinner out of the best you have to every one of you.' So I did. The church next me was the Erysipelas Hospital. I dreaded to go in there. One man said, 'Have you any more of that stuff you used to fix with apples when I was in your hospital?' I said, 'I do not remember you. He said, 'I am the one you gave the pillow to.' I remembered then that when two men were brought in, I said, 'There is but one blanket and one pillow. I shall have to give the blanket to one man and the pillow to the other.'

"Our landlady, hearing so much of the sick soldiers, and wishing to know what was going on in her town, invited herself to go around with us. So we took her into several houses. There were thirteen hospitals in all. One of the most direful rooms was up a steep and narrow stair; a storeroom over a store, rough, dark, large, with low ceil-

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\*She had a very sweet voice.

ing, and filled to the utmost. One bright-eyed soldier said, 'I wish I could get well. My mother needs me; my brother died in the army, and she has nobody home with her but a brother too young to know how to help her much.' He never got home. When we got to the foot of the stairs our companion's strength was gone, and she leaned against the house and said, 'Oh Lordy!' How often I have thought the same thing.

"When the road was broken what longing there was for letters. We wrote many for the sick. When the road was open he was happiest who got the most. One old man for whom I had written had been longing to hear. I said 'Why, you got a letter.' 'Yes, but it didn't tell no news.' He never got home either. His wife wrote me a grateful letter after I got back. They were Kentuckians.

"The kitchen like all Southern kitchens was away from the house. I was standing in the door one morning when I saw Lew spring from his horse. While he was tying the animal to a sapling, two men were talking. 'Do you bet he'll go round and come through the house, or make straight for his mother through that mud? I'll bet he'll pull straight through.' I felt a little anxious, but here he came through the soft deep mud straight as an arrow to the mark.

"They must have a visit from us at Pilot Knob. So we were taken down in their coach and four, which was an army wagon. Found their parlor, bed room and all the premises swept and garnished. The Captain had vacated his tent for us. Jerry, his servant, had brought home a turkey for the occasion, to his surprise. 'Why,' said the Captain, 'where did you get this?' 'I was jis gwine long and he up and bit me. I wasn't gwine to have none of that, so I

jis captured him.' So we had roast turkey with corn bread dressing. We enjoyed it all sitting on boxes around the table out of doors. The view was fine.

"On our return to Gallatin we found that our escort, Lew and his friends, would be late in getting back to Pilot Knob, and he had not the countersign. What could he do? Miss Bates, who had the courage for any emergency, said, 'I'll go into the office and ask. An officer gave it to her on a scrap of paper and said, 'Now what if he should be attacked on the way back? Do you realize the risk? If they should get this it would go like light, and bring us no end of trouble.' 'I understand,' she said, 'he will swallow it.'

"After the Hartsville fight eight men were brought in with their legs shot off above the knee, two to our hospital. One died immediately, the other lingered on. The artery was tied again and again, but would still slough off. Then he lay white and still; might bleed to death at any moment. I read hymns, placing myself so that the sound of my voice might surely reach him, and he not see the distressed sympathy in my face. In reading 'O Mother Dear, Jerusalem,' when I would come to that line, 'O God, if I were there,' it thrilled me so I could hardly bear it. When I read, 'On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,' I thought I heard a sound, but he was so weak I did not like to ask if he spoke, when a nurse sitting on the floor by the fire, with head all shaven from erysipelas, and face all discolored with iodine, said: 'He said read it again.' There was an old green house on our ground. About all that was left was a rose geranium 'blooming alone.' I daily plucked some of those leaves and took to him. They looked green and fresh and their fragrance is rare. The nurse

said, 'He held them in his fingers all night long.' I came in one morning, he was not there. The nurse said, 'He held on to them greens to the last, and told me I was to give his respects to you.'

"Brother sent in to me to come down again to Pilot Knob, as Robert Cathcart was very sick. He took me to a cabin that I should think had been there in George Washington's time. They had got a kind of a lounge for Robert, but he had to lie with his head to the fire. When I was starting our Doctor said take everything you want. So I did. I thought rice would be good for them. But as I was opening my stores, my brother looking on, said of the rice, 'You might as well pour that out; the boys have had so much they are sick of it.' One half of the cabin was shut off by a board across, and inside of that was covered with straw, so those who were nearly down sick could sleep there better than in their tents. One coughed so badly I didn't see how anybody could sleep. I watched the sick man, and the process of getting supper. It was mostly flapjacks, flour stirred up in cold water, a little salt, then poured into a long handled frying pan, well greased and hot. When thought to be brown, by a sleight of hand, which must have been learned from the darkies, the cook gave the pan a toss and turned it over. I was so stunned with the idea of their eating such food that I did not notice what else they had. Yes, black coffee strong as lye. And these boys and men made their supper and slept so. John Cleland among them as white as a sheet.

"The next morning Brother and I sat on a pile of limbs and held a consultation. 'Do you see that farm-house away off there?' 'Yes.' 'Now I think we could get you and Robert in there. Would you be willing to stay there

and take care of him? The road is torn up so his sisters cannot get to him.' I replied, 'I would not. First, I would have no material to work with; next, while he would have the best attention in town, I can do so much good beside.' I really felt that never in my life had I done the good I was doing there. 'But,' he said, 'he has got it into his head that no man gets out of a hospital alive, and he won't go.' I said, 'Say nothing to him about it, but get everything ready, and lift him right into the cart.' I do not know what Robert thought, his eyes looked very bright. They fixed a nice bed and carried him out and laid him in. I put my veil over his face to shield him from the bright sunlight. Our horse was an old white one, and the harness was made of old clothes lines.

"The soldiers were out on a grand parade as we neared town. The music set our horse to dancing, and our cart would tip most uncomfortably. So grand and imposing was the sight of the review, it seemed to me it must be the whole Army of the Cumberland. Is there a finer sight? The horses seem made for the men, and the men for the horses. Their arms glittered in the sunlight, the horses seemed to know it, bowed their necks and pranced in their proud gladness. But our poor nag was not accustomed to such magnificence, and we for protection against his antics had to back up among the convalescents by a church hospital, so closely wedged in we could not move, Frank Gillett holding him by the mouth. Miss Bates, who was looking out of the window at us, overheard two soldiers talking. One said, pointing to our cart, 'That's one of them nurses. Now I shouldn't wonder if she rode in her own carriage at home.' When we got to my hospital they came out and carried Robert most tenderly upstairs into

the best room in the house. After he was fixed I sat down on a window sill in the hall and how I did cry. I had taken the whole responsibility on myself, but what a good beginning. One morning I was in his room, the door opened and a voice called out, 'Did — — die in this room? My heart stood still. I glanced at Robert. His startled eyes shone through his bushy hair. When the nurse answered, 'No, we don't die in this room,' what a relief!

"It was difficult to get things palatable; however, the worst was better than camp life fare. I would have the bread toasted, the meat would have to be boiled; of course the water was rich and nutritious. There was no way to manage soup, so the toast was dipped in this water and served as quickly as possible. Then I had them cut off slices of raw beef, and those who sat around the fire put them on long sticks and thus broiled them. They looked good and formed a change from the everlasting boiled beef. One day the bread was raw, it could not be eaten, so I went all through with a small allowance of crust and asked if they knew it was fast day? \* \* \*

"I have always been thankful for the privilege of doing what I did. I have often heard women say they could not realize there had been a war. I can."

Mrs. Ketcham, Madam: As I had not an opportunity of seeing you before you left, I take pleasure in expressing to you by letter the thanks that I feel you ought to receive for your kindness in visiting our post, and for the care and attention you gave the sick in the different hospitals under my charge. You came at a time when, above all others, your services were most needed. Our hospitals were but just organized. We had but four surgeons; few and incompetent attendants; our wards filled to overflowing. We had scarcely any cooking utensils, indeed none of the conveniences neces-

sary for the comfort and cleanliness of a general hospital. Everything looked wretched and discouraging in the extreme.

Yourself and our dear Miss Bates lent yourselves nobly to the work. We began to advance in the way of improvement from that time. Cleanliness, cooking, neatness, all grew better, and, last but not least, the men began to be more cheerful, because there was a woman around, two of them in fact, and working women at that. Many a soldier now in the field will remember with gratitude the kindness received at your hands; and many of our gallant dead have been soothed and comforted in their dying hour by your presence and thoughtful attention.

Allow me, Madam, in behalf of the sick you have so kindly attended, and of the surgeons and officers of the different hospitals whom you have so materially assisted, to tender you our most hearty thanks. Hoping that you may ever have friends as kind to you as you have been to us, that your life may be long, happy and useful, and that God in his mercy may choose you for His own in death,

Most respectfully, ever your friend,

S. M. HAMILTON,

Medical Director, Gallatin, Tenn.

J. E. Cleland: "It must have been the summer of '63 when Harry Meter of Company I, was sent to the hospital with the malady which carried so large a proportion of our army to the lazar house and beyond. The doctors diagnosed an ulcer on every quarter inch of his intestinal gearing. His digestive apparatus couldn't turn a wheel, and he was strictly forbidden to swallow anything but toast and boiled milk, but he had a howling and continuing craving for all real and imaginary food, like a chronic drunkard ravenous for drink. Quantities of microby water, butter-milk, hard fried eggs, green vegetables and fruits were devoured on the sly, when occasion could be found. The

surgeons were amazed, and the nurses horrified, as, from his own mouth and other sources, damaging evidence of his transgressions abundantly flowed. Daily he wasted away, until there was left little promise in him of any further soldierly or other value. Only the regulation amount of bones and enough hide to hold them together were left.

“Some flattering obituary notices of him circulated in the North and drifted back to camp, but he thought it hardly worth while to make any denial, as a little previousness was all that seemed the matter with the necrological facts. His soul, or some other organ of his inner emptiness cried out for relief of some kind, and even death seemed less grim and forbidding than of old. The sick were expected to eat what, and only what, the surgeons prescribed, and Hobson, the nurse, was faithful to his trust and to the doctors. So when Meteer was heard to crunch green apples in the stillness of the night, and when a large supply of half-grown fruit was found under his pillow, the wrath of Hobson was consuming. He not only predicted death, but seemed to derive some satisfaction in the anticipation. In reply, Meteer, in a thin, but resolute voice, squeaked out, ‘I may die, but I will not die empty, and here goes for the rest of that peck of apples.’ He refused to furnish the fulfillment of Hobson’s prophecy, and his voice, now full and strong, may still be heard every Sunday preaching to other sinners, in Utah, if you happen to pass that way. The medical moral of this would seem to be, that unripe apples are good for some sick soldiers, at some times, under some circumstances.”

D. M. Ransdall, Company G: “At Resaca I was standing on my left foot and right knee, engaged in putting a



percussion cap on my gun, the piece resting across my left leg, my left hand holding the cap, and my right the gun, with my thumb on the hammer, which was drawn back. I was thinking of but one thing, and that was to get ready to shoot as quickly as possible. I had forgotten all about danger. Just as I got the cap on I had a sudden sensation as though I had been struck a smart blow across my right wrist with a stick. The next instant the gun fell out of my hand and I noticed the blood gushing in spurts from the wrist. Physiology having been one of my favorite studies in Franklin College, from which I had entered the army, I knew at once that an artery had been cut, and I seized the forearm above the wound with my left hand, and compressed it so as to stop the hemorrhage. I felt little pain owing, I suppose, to my excitement.

"Being now disarmed and wounded, and so unable to continue the fight, I began to realize something of the surrounding dangers and my peril from them. Looking about me as best I could under the circumstances I reached the conclusion that the proper time had come for me to retire, and that if I did not get away with some expedition I might be killed or captured. While I still hesitated I noticed Tom Clark of my company, not more than four feet away on the right. He was lying on his stomach, with head up and gun presented, evidently watching for a chance to make an effective shot. As I looked at him a ball struck him in the throat, and as it entered his vitals, he uttered such a hideous scream as I never heard before or since. It killed him instantly. I waited no longer.

"This incident decided my course and accelerated my movements. I could see no place of refuge. The few trees there already protected all they could cover. There

were bushes, but they afforded no shelter, the most of them having already been cut off by the bullets, as though a woodman had passed through with an ax. It was certain death to stand up, the balls were flying so thickly. But one way of escape presented itself and that I adopted. Lying down flat on the ground I proceeded to roll down the hill the best way I could. I think it must have been nearly one hundred yards. When I reached the foot I got up and ran across, and down the valley still holding my arm. It seems a miracle that I escaped being hit again, for the bullets were humming through the air in a fearful way. I followed the valley a short distance until a bend to the left took me to a place of safety. As I passed on I encountered General Hooker, who was sitting on a horse, with his feet out of the stirrups, studying a map. 'My boy,' said he in a kindly voice, 'you are wounded. You will find an ambulance to take you to the hospital by following this road.'

"I had not proceeded far when I met our chaplain, Rev. Archibald C. Allen, one of the best men that ever lived. He was provided with lint and bandages, and at once took me in charge, gently binding up my wounds, and then making a sling, in which I could carry my arm, suspended it from my neck. He gave me explicit instructions how to find the ambulance, and at last I reached it, but it was already full. The driver offered me a seat beside him, which I accepted, and in this manner was conveyed to the hospital, a large field tent in the woods, and I think nearly two miles from where I was wounded.

"It was now about five o'clock. I was strong and vigorous, being in good health and only twenty years old, and felt so little apprehension about myself now that I was safe-

ly in the hospital, that I went about looking at those who appeared to be worse hurt than I was, and assisting to administer to their wants in various ways. Quite a number were from my own company and regiment, and their condition, lying there so helpless, awakened my liveliest sympathy. But by dark my wound was causing me much pain. It was not until then that I noticed that my hand had turned black, and was greatly swollen. It had not occurred to me that I might lose my arm until I saw the surgeons cutting off the limbs of others. When I realized this danger, I hastened to Dr. Reagan, our regimental surgeon, and asked him to examine my wound. As soon as he looked at it, he said the arm would have to be amputated to save my life. The minie ball in passing through the wrist the long way had knocked out the bones of the joint, and made a bad wound. I had faith in our surgeon, but the idea that I must lose my arm was so preposterous that I was not satisfied until I went to the brigade surgeon, Dr. Potter, who confirmed what Dr. Reagan had said. I cannot describe my feelings, when I fully understood that I was really to lose my good right arm. I was only a boy, with my own way to make in the world, and to be thus disabled at the start, depressed me as no words can express. The present suddenly grew very dark, and my whole future appeared to be blotted out. And yet, as I thought it over, the feeling came back that life was still dear to me. The surgeons had pronounced it a choice between life and death, and I chose the former.

"When all was ready I went to the dissecting table, where chloroform was administered and the limb taken off midway between the wrist and elbow. It was the first operation performed after the candles were lighted. As I

came to consciousness, I experienced a most delicious sensation. I felt as though I had been floating for hours in a place given up wholly to a delightful existence. It was some time before I noticed my pain, and then it was only slight; but the next day it was severe enough. I was also uncomfortable otherwise, being compelled to lie flat on my back, with nothing but a rubber blanket under me.

“The first night a sergeant of my company came and said that he had seen my brother Wharton shot and killed during the engagement. This added greatly to my unhappiness. I had not only lost my arm, but also my brother. The thought was agony. The next day as I awoke out of a deep sleep, I became dimly conscious that a familiar form was bending over me, and when at last my eyes were fully opened, I discovered who it was. It was my brother! So firmly was the idea of his death fixed in my mind that for a moment it seemed as if I myself must be in the spirit land, but when he said ‘Dan,’ in the well remembered voice, I knew that we were both still in the flesh, and my joy was boundless. I had given up all hope of ever experiencing such a sensation again, and this reaction made the enjoyment all the greater. My brother who was dead, was now alive. All else was forgotten in the ecstasy produced by this knowledge. It afterward transpired that the sergeant who had brought me the false report of his death had received a slight concussion of the brain from a shot or shell, and for a time was partially demented, his insanity taking the form of imagining that he saw different members of his company killed, who, in fact, remained unhurt.

“Presently, when I had recovered a little from my excitement, I asked my brother to lift me up from the cot. Every bone in my body ached, and I felt as flat as a wafer.

He objected. He said it was dangerous, and urged me to lie still. I insisted, and at last commanded. Finally he yielded and called a nurse, with whose assistance I was lifted and placed upon my feet. Then I fainted. After this experience I obeyed orders, and kept quiet, but the next day I felt much better, and it soon became apparent that I was making a good recovery. I progressed so rapidly that I was able to sit up on the fourth day and write a letter to my mother. On the same day I left that hospital and went to another at Resaca, whence, after a few days I was sent by rail to Chattanooga. Two days later I proceeded to Nashville. The surgeon at Chattanooga remonstrated, declaring that I was not able to stand the journey; but I was determined to go, and he talked to heedless ears. I was homesick, and Nashville was in the direction of home. I was too impatient to wait for a hospital train, and took a passenger, which was so crowded that three persons occupied my seat much of the time. We were a day and a night making the journey, and the discomforts were great. I suffered from pain, hunger and thirst, and had no one to look after my wants in any way.

"When I arrived at the Nashville hospital my appearance was not at all inviting. I was coatless. What little clothing I had on was ragged and dirty. My hair was long and uncombed. I was emaciated to a degree that made me look cadaverous, and my arm having been neglected for more than twenty-four hours, was in a terrible condition. I was suffering by this time, in body and mind in a way that makes me shudder even now as I recall it. I was given some food, and an hour later a young smart Aleck surgeon came in. He looked me over carelessly as I lay

on a cot, and his first question was, 'What's the matter with you?'

"'You can see what is the matter,' I answered in a tone which did not conceal my wrath at being asked such a question. 'How does it feel,' was the next interrogation, as he set about removing the bandages. 'It feels like the nervous toothache.' 'Did you ever have any toothache that was not nervous?'

"This play upon my words and the patronizing tone in which he spoke, made me madder than ever. I was ready to swear. 'Where were you shot?' was his next question. 'Can't you see it was through the wrist?' 'What is the nature of the wound?' By this time he had the bandage off and was looking at it. 'A minie ball passed through the corpus, fracturing both the ulna and the radius,' I answered.

"Looking at me sharply, he went on silently with his work of dressing the wound for two or three minutes and then asked, 'Did you ever study medicine?' 'No,' I answered indignantly. Then I broke out, 'Do you think a man must be a damned fool unless he has studied medicine?' He gave me another sharp look as I said this, but asked me no more questions. When he had completed his task he went away. Not long afterward a sweet faced sister of charity came, and said that she had been sent by the surgeon to take care of me, with instructions to give me every attention. My swearing seemed to have had a good effect on the smart young surgeon, as similar utterances are reputed to have upon the army mule.

"I shall never forget the good woman he sent to me. She nursed me faithfully and tenderly. Every tone of her low voice, every touch of her gentle hand, every look of

her sympathetic eyes was an inspiration to get well, so that I was soon on the road to recovery again. In a few days I had improved so much that I was forwarded to the hospital at Jeffersonville, Indiana. This time I traveled in a hospital train, equipped with every convenience and comfort for patients, and provided with surgeons and nurses.

"I had been only three days at Jeffersonville when my father found me. He tried to conceal his emotion as he approached me; but the mingled expressions of tenderness and anxiety on his face were such that they remain photographed on my mind to this day. He was as much rejoiced to find me as I was to see him.

"On the ninth of June, twenty-four days after I was wounded, I reached the hospital at Indianapolis, and the next morning my mother, who lived in the vicinity of New Bethel, some eight miles away, was at my side. She wept as she looked at what remained of my arm, but she wiped away her tears and rejoiced when she had time to realize that my life had been spared. It was not so sad to have me brought home a cripple, as it would have been, had I come a corpse, as was the case with so many who had gone away with me to the war. As she reflected on this it brought her relief. I confess, too, that I found it a subject of no little congratulation to be safely at home, after the scenes of death and suffering through which I had passed."

A lad who entered the hospital at Resaca gives an experience that reflects little credit on the refinement, the discernment and the sympathy of an attending surgeon. On the morning of the battle, this boy had put on a striped shirt that had not been worn before, the colors of which were anything but fast. During the battle, while he was lying as close to the ground as possible, with his face to the

enemy, an enflaming bullet perforated his body in such a way as, without touching a bone, to make four painful but not serious wounds. The previous long march through the heat and dust, the race up hill, the perspiration consequent, and the flow of blood, extracted all the colors from the shirt and imparted them to his person, so that his appearance was frightful beyond description. While he was lying on his face in the hospital a group of doctors passed through, deciding what cases demanded immediate attention. One of them threw back the blanket that covered him and exclaimed, "There's no use doing anything for this fellow! He's mortified already." Even now the veteran in telling the story admits a lingering feeling of mortification caused by the rude act and unfeeling language of the physician.

In an interview with A. W. Reagan, Surgeon of the Seventieth Indiana, the following facts were elicited. "There were five assistant surgeons mustered into the service at different times, but most of them resigned after a few months. Dr. John M. White, who came to stay, was a man of mild disposition, always attentive to his duties and very kind to any who applied to him for help. He was put in charge of Hospital No. one in Gallatin, where in failing health he continued his work until his death.

"Dr. Jenkins A. Fitzgerald came to the regiment while we were at Nashville, Tenn., and took part in all its marches and campaigns to the end of the war. He was well qualified and faithful in his duties, and as brave as a lion. On the first day's fight at Resaca, he went to the front line to assist some of the wounded, and as soon as he had them started to the rear, he picked up a gun and began firing at the enemy. He received a wound in the shoulder, but



could not be persuaded to leave the field, and finally had to be ordered to the rear. After the war ended, he was appointed Assistant Surgeon in the regular army, and was filling that position when he died at Washington Barracks, Penn., in 1879.

"The morale of the Seventieth was equal to that of any regiment, and superior to many, and the physical condition of the men was excellent. The Government took good care to have on hand all the medicines and surgical instruments we required. The town boys were less likely to enter the hospital than the boys who came from the country; for instance, the members of Company E, who came largely from the city, were hard to get into the hospital, and hard to hold in, for they had been accustomed to taking life in a rough and tumble way, hence did not yield to any simple ailment; whereas the country boys had been used to leading a quiet life in their homes, hence took better care of themselves when sick. The town boys stood disease and hardship better for the first half of the service, but after that the difference was not noticeable. The articles of clothing and food sent from home by friends and neighbors of our men were beneficial, not only because they were needful, but as an assurance that the people at home were thinking of them, they were an encouragement and a stimulus.

"There was but little, if any, profanity among the men in the hospital; I would not allow it in the first place, but the men were not inclined to indulge in it. There was a great difference between diseases contracted at home and in the field. Those contracted in the field were of greater intensity, and the systems of the men were less able to bear the diseases. The enervating action of the service rendered

the men less able to resist the encroachments of disease. Some of our men died from want of fruits and vegetables while we were in Kentucky and Tennessee. The men especially suffered thus while we were encamped in and around Gallatin during the winter and spring of 1862 and '63; but it was on the Atlanta campaign that they suffered most for the want of vegetables. Many sickened and had to be sent back, some to die; while some recovered apparently, but the dregs of disease, scurvy, etc., were in their systems.

“Not alone was disease difficult to deal with successfully, but wounds did not heal kindly, and many deaths resulted from the unfavorable situation. If the systems of the men had been in good healthy condition, as is the case with people who are at home, and have sufficient food, fruit, vegetables, etc., many who died from wounds and disease would have got well. This was especially noticeable on the Atlanta campaign, for it was not the bullet bringing instant death that occasioned the greatest loss, but the privation, the exposure, the want of the necessaries of life, that ruined constitutions and gave to disease and wounds fatal termination. There were cases when men died from very slight sickness or wounds, and it was not surprising to the physicians, for the powers of resistance to disease or pain had been brought to a very low ebb. The ration at no time was more than just enough to maintain life, and on the Atlanta campaign it did not come up to this, so if in addition, one will take into consideration the exposure to the weather, and the intense strain on the nervous system, it will not be thought strange that men sometimes died from slight causes, or that those who survived were left with impaired health and broken constitutions.

"The hospitals were often so close to the front line in a battle as to be endangered by the shells, and even the minie balls of the enemy. This was the case especially at Kennesaw Mountain and Averasborough, where, while we were examining, operating on and dressing the wounded, shells passed over and burst beyond us, and some passed close to us, and often burst where we were working. Minie balls rained around us; we did not stop, but worked on, taking our chances. The rebels who got into our hospital were treated precisely in the same way as our own men.

"When we were in camp for a while at one place, the men would sicken, and the hospitals would soon be full; but as we moved to another place, or started on the march, health improved at once. In fact the period when the men enjoyed the best health was on the longest, hardest march. More died from typhoid fever than from any other disease. A few died from homesickness pure and simple, but quite a number becoming depressed and reduced in health from that cause, proved an easy prey to any disease to which they might be exposed. Some had become so prostrated, before a discharge could be secured, that they died after reaching home.

"The convalescents generally wanted to return to camp, quite a large proportion before they were well enough. Not more than three per cent were willing to remain in the hospital. The dying often expressed themselves as being satisfied with having given their lives for their country. Chaplain Allen was always cheerful. He would come to the hospital and speak words of comfort and encouragement to the men.

"The day that made the most vivid impression on my mind, was the day we left Atlanta on the March to the Sea.

After reaching the outskirts, I stopped, turned and looked back at the ruined city. The conflagration, the cutting loose from our base of supplies, the going whither we did not know, affected me profoundly. Every one around me was deeply impressed, yet all seemed to be inspired by the thought that they were to have a part in a great undertaking."

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE MARCH TO THE SEA

The feeling so vividly described by Dr. Reagan in the last chapter, stirred every soul as Sherman's army moved away from the ill-fated city. Even now, the participants in the great events and greater results immediately following, have no language to describe their emotions,—they only say, the incident of my life worthy of mention is the March to the Sea.

A conversation between two veterans of the Seventieth Indiana makes a revelation more luminous than any description. "Would you part with your experience for a thousand dollars?" The man addressed was poor. To him a hundred dollars was a large sum. "Well-a-why-no!" "For a hundred thousand?" "Why, no!" "For a million?" "No! There's not enough money in the world to buy from me the consciousness that I had a part in driving the dagger into the heart of the Rebellion." Then as if he thought his manner had been too boastful, or that he might be plucking a leaf from General Sherman's laurels, he added: "God knows I could not do much, for I was only a private, but I did what I could in the death blow that made the Southern soldiers know their cause lost; Jeff Davis could not protect their homes."

As to the envious rivals of Columbus, the discovery of America seemed an easy affair after its execution, so nowadays this expedition is sometimes belittled and spoken of as a holiday excursion. Lincoln feared, Grant doubted. None but the dauntless Sherman dared put fate to the

touch. The London Herald voiced the sentiment of the outside world, when it proclaimed: "The name of the captor of Atlanta, if he fails now, will become the scoff of mankind, and the humiliation of the United States for all time. If he succeeds, it will be written on the tablet of fame side by side with that of Napoleon and Hannibal." It amazes one to see Americans who speak of Thomas' noble qualities, turn aside to fling a stone at Sherman, or Grant, or Sheridan. The four were great. Why try to lift one hero at the expense of another illustrious reputation?

Altogether Sherman's army numbered 62,204, and consisted of the Fourteenth, Fifteenth, Seventeenth and Twentieth Corps, and two divisions of the Sixteenth which were assigned to the Fifteenth and Seventeenth Corps. The artillery trains had charge of sixty-five field guns. Each soldier carried forty rounds of ammunition, and in the wagons there were two hundred rounds for each man. The veterans and recruits of the Twenty-seventh Indiana, one hundred and nineteen in number, had their names transferred to the rolls of the Seventieth on November fifth, but they did not join the regiment until the morning after the start from Atlanta.

It is interesting to read the following frantic Proclamation from the man who was so prominent in the reduction of Fort Sumter.

Corinth, Nov. 18, 1864.

To the People of Georgia: Arise for the defense of your native soil! Rally round 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! Be confident and resolute! Trust in an overruling

Providence, and success will crown your efforts. I hasten to join you in defense of your homes and firesides.

G. T. BEAUREGARD.

J. M. Wills: "All the rations we drew on the fifteenth of November was plenty of coffee."

U. H. Farr: "It was nearly dark when we marched out on the road toward Stone Mountain, as we were the last of the army to leave Atlanta. No halt was made during the night, nor the next day, nor the next night, but only such stops as were necessary to allow the wagon trains to get out of a mud hole, or to mend a broken bridge. Such pauses afforded no time for cooking, eating or resting. By the morning of the second day we were tired out, and the halt then only lasted a few hours. The weather, as a general thing, was all that could be asked, the roads were dry and usually hard, the country full of forage of almost every kind, corn, sweet potatoes, the finest in the world, pigs, fat hogs, cattle, once in awhile a fat goat, honey, molasses, and during the last two weeks, rice. The marching was almost continuous night and day, being regulated by the movements of the wagon and artillery trains. When the nights were dark, the fences along the road made good bonfires to march by, and if a halt of a few minutes was assured us, the opportunity was seized to make coffee, to boil sweet potatoes and meat, and even to cook a pot of mush. We made messes no cook could name, but the variety of food added a spice to our lives."

Lieutenant J. I. Wills: "On the way to Savannah our regiment happened when we had an all night march, to be in the rear of the army. About midnight we passed a large house which was on fire and halted for a few moments a hundred yards beyond. The air was very chilly, and an of-

ficer who was marching by my side said, 'Let us go back to that fire to rest,' but I answered, 'I don't intend to take a backward step on this march if I can help it.' His reply was, 'I am cold and I am going back.' Overcome by fatigue and the warmth, he fell asleep, and as he was one of the kind a cannon or an earthquake has trouble in waking, the regiment marched off and left him. When he awoke all was as silent as the grave. He was in a horrible dilemma, for there were several roads leading from that house, but by luck the right one was taken. He said, 'The rest of that night, and until he caught up late the next day, he could almost feel the rope tightening around his neck, with three or four guerrillas at the other end.' He never slept again except where the pulling and hauling would be done by friends."

U. H. Farr: "The four corps marched about fifteen miles apart, and that afforded an opportunity to reach a wide extent of the country for forage. All the horses found by the foragers were confiscated, and every Bummer was soon well mounted. All horses not so needed were turned over to the quartermaster's department for the use of artillery, or wagon-trains, and the cavalry; and at Savannah the horses and equipments of the foragers were turned over to the Quartermaster. As a general thing no horses or cattle could be found on the plantations. The owners had carried them away on our approach, to the thickly wooded hills or to the islands in the swamps. In these supposed inaccessible places great quantities of household plunder, provisions, poultry, slaves, and white women and children would be gathered, but the Bummer, directed by the loyal negro, would always find them. Provisions in abundance, such as hams, and valuables of every kind, both



on the farms and in the towns, were buried, and every device, such as scattering leaves loosely above, or building a fire over the spot, adopted to throw the Bummers off the scent: but the prodding ramrod of the forager would soon divulge the secret.

“Often while the column was moving along monotonously, someone would begin whistling a familiar tune, and instantly it would be taken up in front and rear by hundreds of men, all keeping step as steadily as if on parade behind the finest of bands. Sometimes after an all-night and all-day march, late in the evening this strange music would fill the air, when, quick as a flash, the drooping men would join in the melody, close up the column and march as buoyantly as if they had just risen from a night of rest, and the enjoyment of a feast. As dusk approached, the sight of men in camp would cheer the marchers up, but the profanity was blasting, as mile after mile was added to the day’s journey, to be ended only when a point in front was reached where the pontoniers needed protection in their bridge-building work.

“In preparing to destroy a railroad, a brigade or division would march by the side of the track, form in line, then stack arms. As soon as the spikes at each end of the line were drawn, the men would lay hold of the ends of the ties on one side of the road, and, all lifting at once, the whole affair would be turned over, the rails going under. Then men prepared with sledges would knock the rails off, pile the ties in square heaps four to six feet high, put the rails on top and set fire to the mass. As soon as the rails were red hot they would twist them like a string, or bend them around a tree or stump, so as to render them useless, except as old iron to be sent to a rolling mill for

restoration to the original shape. Much of the Chattanooga road was so treated, and all of the road from Atlanta to Savannah.

“While at Milledgeville, the State Capital, some of the boys organized a mock legislature, chose a speaker, discussed and adopted patriotic resolutions. At first we were amazed at the sight of the immense knives we found there, thousands of them, but finally came to the conclusion that they were made by the Confederates to fight with in ‘the last ditch.’

At Springfield, twenty-five miles from Savannah, our brigade was hurried forward to engage some rebel cavalry, said to be in some force, but as it had departed when we arrived, we encamped on the edge of the town. Many of the citizens were at home, and talked with the boys, saying that the war was not nearly at an end, and were loud in their prophecies as to the future. ‘You will find you cannot take Savannah; it is too well fortified.’ Some of our boys were back at Springfield about two weeks later with wagons gathering up forage for the mules and horses of the army, and found these boasting citizens utterly dumfounded. They now felt sure Sherman’s army could whip anything.

“As we approached Savannah the troops were thrown into line, the Twentieth Corps being on the left, and extending to the river above the city. Here we were greeted by the heavy guns of the enemy throwing shell and solid shot. At the part of the line occupied by us there was a swamp several feet deep, and our skirmishers occupied one side and the rebel skirmishers the other. Our main line of works was some two or three hundred yards from the swamp. A graded road had furnished passage across the

swamp, but the several bridges in the dike had been burned, and at the farther end of the embankment the road was defended with heavy ordnance, so that to think of an assault by the dike would have been madness. Sappers and miners, assisted by details from each command, occupied the nights in building a bridge across the swamp, probably to distract the attention of the besieged from General Sherman's real design.

"Much rice still stood in the shock, and the negroes were employed to thresh and hull it. We were kept well supplied with this, and if we had had salt to season it there would have been no complaint. As soon as Fort McAllister was taken, tons of mail were delivered, and soon heavily laden wagons were winding their way carrying provisions to the troops, and long lines of horses and mules were seen pulling heavy guns to different positions around the city. We now learned for the first time of the election of Lincoln."

Other diaries and letters furnish additional information of the Georgia invasion. J. M. Wills: "On the twenty-second of November we camped near Milledgeville. We found a few thousand butcher knives with blades two feet long. A great many of the boys started on the next day's march with these cheese-knives, as they called them, hung to their sides like officers' swords, but in a few days cast them aside. The legislature was in session in the State House and no one was eligible to be a representative unless he was a member of Sherman's army. On the twenty-fourth we marched toward Sandersville, twenty-six miles away, and on account of the swamps encountered, it took us three days. We camped at Sandersville over night and left on the twenty-seventh, marching toward Louisville,

where we rested. On the third of December we found the roads strewn with fallen timber. It did not take us half as long to move the trees out of the road as it took the rebels to cut them down. On the sixth we camped at Effingham, on the eighth marched to Springfield and on the tenth came up to the outer works of Hardee's army at Savannah. In a few days Company C was detailed to go with the Seventy-ninth Ohio fifteen miles south, to King's Bridge, the head of navigation on the Ogeechee River, to act as guards, and to help unload supplies for the army, the first we had drawn since leaving Atlanta."

J. C. Bennett: "November nineteenth we stopped over for one day to wash ourselves and our clothes. As we had but one suit, and the weather was warm, we buttoned up our coats while we washed and dried our other garments."

Wm. Sharpe: "As we entered the outskirts of the Capital of Georgia, we saw in front of a negro shanty a white shirt on a pole floating in the breeze and a lot of negro women standing around. One of the boys called out: 'Say, Dinah, what have you that thing up there for?' 'Why-why,' said she, 'that's to let you'uns know that we'uns have surrendered!' A shout went up: 'That's a good joke on Sherman's army.' A negro shanty surrendering, with an old white shirt as a signal, made us feel jolly."

This incident from the same journal shows how easy it was for officers to fall out over a trifling infringement of each other's rights, and the amusement afforded the men by a dispute between those in command: "Not many hours after leaving Milledgeville we were ordered to stack arms on the same camp-ground where Captain Winegar's Battery I, First New York Artillery, lay. Presently the Captain came riding up with drawn sword to Colonel Mer-

rill of our regiment and commanded him to move his men out of his camp. The Colonel replied that he was ordered to stack arms right here, and right here he would stay until told to move by the commanding officer. Captain Winegar became very angry and said: 'I will order General Slocum to move you out of here.' Colonel Merrill turned around to him with a big smile on his face and said: 'Captain Winegar, it does look as if you would try to order General Slocum around.' We boys were mightily tickled, while the Captain's own men began to catch on, and joined in a good hearty laugh at their commander. The enraged officer disappeared for a while, then returned and quietly moved the battery."

Sharpe thus tells how a soldier supplies himself with honey: "He runs his bayonet into the top of the beehive, brings his gun to a right shoulder shift, and takes up the double-quick for his command, leaving the bees to fly out behind as he runs." Woe to the man, horse, or mule that he happens to pass. He might have told of a lad wrapping a hive in a blanket, and the fun he had when the curious boys unfolded the supposed music box; or of their fun later when the joker's dreams were disturbed by a few bees that had stuck to the blanket.

The members of our regiment had a great affection for the men of the One Hundred and Fifth Illinois, and the feeling was reciprocated, but this did not prevent the playing of jokes at each other's expense. The Seventieth boys felt quite sure they knew who had slandered them, and made General Ward assert in his forceful way, "I swah to God, if I could camp over night with the Seventieth in the edge of Richmond, there would be nothing for Grant to take in the morning."

The following stories were told at a reunion after the war, as illustrating this disposition. One night the ropes of the sutler's tent of the One Hundred and Fifth Illinois were cut, and from the ruins cans of fruit, cigars and something stronger than his tobacco disappeared. It was reported at headquarters, under loud protests from the accused, however, that the mischief was done by men of the Seventieth. The protesting innocents declared that they would get even with their slanderous friends.

"The patient search and vigil long  
Of him who treasures up a wrong"

had its reward on the March to the Sea. The Seventieth foraging party, on one occasion, had separated in squads of four. The men of one squad entered an outbuilding attached to a large dwelling, and finding a hogshead filled with molasses, proceeded to stand it on end, knock in the head, and stock their canteens. Just as they had finished, a buxom housemaid, black as night, rushed in at the command of her mistress, crying, "G'way fum heah! Dese our 'lasses!" at the same time striking one of the foragers on the head with an oak paddle, so that he staggered against the side of the shed. Recovering himself, he called out, "Let's baptize her, boys," and the four, seizing, immersed her in the syrup, then let her run. As they emerged from the cabin, the foragers of the One Hundred and Fifth appeared with a large ox wagon they had pressed into the service, and shouted, "What's in there, boys?" "Sorghum!" "Any left?" "Yes, a whole barrel!" In a twinkling the hogshead was on the wagon. That night there was much sweetness in the mouths of the One Hundred and Fifth boys, but much bitterness of feeling with loss of appetite

the following day when told of the cruel joke. Possibly history repeats itself in this incident, for a similar experience is told of another regiment.

The Georgia forager, a unique character such as the world has never seen before, coined for himself the name of Sherman's Bummer. Just at sundown there would join the march or enter the camp a motley collection of wagons, carts, chaises, buggies, sulkies, coaches, anything that had wheels, drawn by anything that could pull. At the head of the procession would be an ancient family carriage, drawn by a goat, a cow with bell, and a jackass. Tied behind would be a sheep and a calf, while the vehicle would be loaded down with pumpkins, chickens, cabbages, guinea fowls, carrots, turkeys, onions, squashes, a shoat, sorghum, a looking-glass, an Italian harp, sweetmeats, a peacock, a rocking chair, a gourd, a bass viol, sweet potatoes, a cradle, dried peaches, honey, a baby carriage, peach brandy and every other imaginable thing under the sun a lot of fool soldiers could take in their heads to bring away. Now leading the goat, now mauling the cow whenever she bawled, would be a gigantic woman, wearing a bonnet decked with ostrich feathers, a silk dress coming down to her knees, a pearl necklace encircling her throat, from which poured forth such blood-curdling oaths whenever the jackass stopped to bray, as would have made Satan shake his sides in rapturous joy. On top of this load would be a man with an antique two-story stovepipe silk hat, a revolutionary swallow-tailed, shad-belly coat, black velvet knee-breeches, legs hideously bare, who pressed to his lips a six-foot stage horn and blew as if his name was Gabriel and the judgment day just at hand.

December fifteenth. An officer writes: "A month ago

to-day we pushed out from Atlanta into the enemy's country, entirely ignorant of our destination. Our nightlong journey was gloomily enlivened by the flames of burning houses, and the distant explosions beneath the ruined city in our rear. Nothing I have ever seen, but this terrible night, is worthy of being compared to that

“‘Day of Wrath, eventful day,  
When heaven and earth shall pass away.’

“*‘Dies irae! Dies irae!’* filled the air, and fell upon the hearts of the inhabitants of doomed Georgia. As we had only three days' rations, our subsistence had to be taken entirely from the country; and as the region through which we passed was a wealthy one, we obtained meal, flour, pork, beef, chickens, turkeys, honey, preserved fruits, sweet potatoes, rice, and, indeed, everything you can think of.

“I think I have eaten more fowls and honey on this trip than in all my life before, and sweet potatoes—well, I've almost had enough.

“The boys have become quite fastidious in regard to the size of the turkey, claiming that a ten-pound yearling just meets a man's wants, while a fifteen-pounder may be tough; and anyhow is ill-proportioned, being a little too much for one man and not quite enough for two.

“As we passed along the road near Madison, the men found an outhouse containing several casks of molasses. Hungry stragglers swarmed around like bees, swearing and pushing and overturning the barrels. A beautiful black-eyed boy of four years sat on the gate-post, calling out, ‘Come out of there, you old mean Yanks, you! Oh, goody! goody! you can't get the chickens, for they're under the house!’



"While we were entering Milledgeville an old black woman cried, 'God bless you! You've come at last. We've been waitin' for you-all more'n four years!'

"The usual invitation of our boys, 'Come on, Sambo! Come on, Dinah!' was responded to in one case by an ebony female rushing into the ranks with a 'Yes, I'se gwine, but some of you'uns must marry me.'

"A fat old fellow stood by his lady on a high fence. As his eye caught me, he cried out, 'Oh, dar's de Captin!' winding up with a locomotive yell, and a backward tumble. It's to be hoped he didn't break his neck.

"A woman greeted us with, 'Lawsee, Massas! I can't larf nuff; I'se so glad to see you!'

"It was very touching to see the vast numbers of colored women following after us with babies in their arms, and little ones like our Anna clinging to their tattered skirts. One poor creature, while nobody was looking, hid two boys, five years old, in a wagon, intending, I suppose, that they should see the land of freedom if she couldn't. Babies tumbled from the backs of mules, to which they had been told to cling, and were drowned in the swamps, while mothers stood by the roadside, crying for their lost children, and doubting whether to continue longer with the advancing army.

"The houses of the wealthy along the line of march were pillaged, their clothes and beds torn to pieces, their barns and gins given to the flames.

"An old planter was walking back and forth, wringing his hands, and exclaiming over and over, 'Oh, I'm a ruined man! I'm a ruined man!' when one of the soldiers, weary of his noise, consoled him with, 'Who in —— said you wasn't?'

"It was melancholy to watch the books disappear from the shelves of the State library, recalling the vandalism of the Arabs in Egypt. Ghost of Hannah More! Think of my stealing 'Coelebs in Search of a Wife!'"\*

"In many of the houses the ladies sat amid the ruins of their furniture and the tattered contents of their drawers and trunks, smiling as if they took all things joyfully. Yet now and then an old lady would have to be reproved by her calmer daughter, 'Please, mamma, don't rar' so!"

"A Confederate, General Harrison, was accosted by one of the men: 'Well, old man, they're handling you rather roughly!' 'Yes,' was the reply; 'they have done about all they can.' 'No,' said the other, angrily, 'we'll burn your house for you and make a desert of your plantation!' The discovery of blood-hounds, which always exasperates the men, and the fact that his son had charge of a prison pen, occasioned special vindictiveness.

"Our men showed more sympathy for an unfortunate dog that appeared underneath a burning house in Springfield, sending forth most dismal howls. He succeeded by the help of the flames in breaking the strap which bound him, but only to find himself caged by blazing palings that fringed the basement of the building. The boys stood in ranks as the column halted for a moment, breathlessly watching the efforts of the poor fellow, whom they could not aid, and burst into welcoming cheers as he seized the red bars with his teeth and tore his way toward them.

"One of the boys found five thousand dollars in Confederate money concealed in a well, besides gold, silver and clothing of the finest quality. I have no doubt that

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\*The book has since been returned.

fifty thousand dollars' worth of silk dresses were found buried, and exhumed and torn to pieces by the men. Silverware, hid away in the ground, fell into their hands through information derived from the negroes.

"An officer may instruct, command and threaten the men, but when foraging they think of the tens of thousands of their imprisoned comrades, slowly perishing with hunger, in the midst of wealth untold, barns bursting with grain, and food to feed a dozen armies, and they sweep with the besom of destruction. The war is with men and with property, but women are always addressed with respect and children treated with tenderness. I gave orders to our foragers, and doubtless other regimental commanders did the same, to shoot down anything in the form of a man engaged in unsoldier-like deeds.

"On a plantation about seven miles from Savannah is a magnificent forest of live oaks, festooned with Spanish moss. Some of the trees are ten feet in diameter, and the distance across from tip to tip of the branches is nearly two hundred feet, far surpassing in grandeur any production of the forest I have ever seen. The English oaks are but dwarfs, and that elm at home, near Virginia avenue, dwindles in my memory until it assumes a size not a third as large as these glorious creations, each one in itself a forest and a temple.

"Before Savannah, Monday, December nineteenth. All the boys seem to be in excellent health. It could scarcely be otherwise, as the march has been easy, the food excellent, and the weather delightful. The days are as sunny and the air as mild as if it were summer instead of winter. The favorite hymn with the men is, 'December's as pleasant as June.' "

One has only to read the following documents from Generals Beauregard and Wheeler to be satisfied as to who it was that insulted women, maltreated children, and committed the crimes falsely charged to the Union foragers. The times were propitious for the "poor white" to show the arrogant planter that "one man is as good as another," and for the revengeful who had cherished a grudge to get even with his neighbor. Wheeler, doubtless, and possibly Wade Hampton, did what they could to restrain their troopers, but hosts of the gallant Confederates had fallen, while all the cowardly cut-throats had survived.

In the Field, Dec. 10, 1864.

Soldiers! While you have been engaged gallantly fighting the enemy a band of thieves and stragglers have spread over the country robbing and insulting the wives and children of your brother soldiers who are opposing the invaders upon other fields. These soldiers expect protection from you, and I appeal to every officer and soldier of this command to assist in arresting and bringing to justice these depredators who claim to belong to the command, and by their conduct are bringing disgrace upon you and distress upon citizens, the families of comrades in arms.

JOSEPH WHEELER,  
Major-General.

Charleston, Dec. 23, 1864.

Gen. S. Cooper, Adjutant and Inspector General: Unless Wheeler's command of twelve so-called brigades can be properly organized into divisions, under good commanders, a large portion of it had better be dismantled forthwith; its conduct in front of the enemy, and its depredations on private property, render it worse than useless.

G. T. BEAUREGARD,  
General.

The destruction of railways, the flames consuming mills and gins, property created by and wrung from the blackman, gave hourly evidence of the awful ruin wrought by a war that would never have existed had it not been for the wrong of slavery. Many drawn battles had been fought in which thousands died seemingly in vain, but now the shackles were broken without a blow, and a vast host of freedmen followed the army to the sea. Wendell Phillips had declared, "I believe American slavery will last a thousand years." Before twelve had elapsed, after this declaration, countless throngs were pressing on the men in blue, shouting in their new-found liberty, "The year of jubilee has come." Gladstone spoke better than he knew, when he said: "Jefferson Davis has created a nation," for that unhappy man's action had resulted in four millions of people, more than originally formed the American Commonwealth, emerging from slavery to a share in the government of a genuine republic, now for the first time in its history without a slave.

J. L. Ketcham: "I just received the compliment of being a great prophet. When in front of Savannah heavy firing was heard in the distance. We had grown used to such little matters, but some negroes who had just come into camp were greatly alarmed. The balls of their eyes rolled uncomfortably. They appointed a committee to wait on me and ask me what I thought of the future. I replied, 'Oh, we will wake up some fine morning and find the enemy has fled.' The frightened creatures would not accept this simple prophetic statement. The next morning, however, the enemy was gone. The negroes were delighted and gathered around their camp-fire to discuss the situation. I overheard one of them refer in high com-

plimentary terms to my prophetic greatness, adding, 'Now, how do you 'spose he knowed s'much?' " Ketcham beat Wendell Phillips at prophesying.

On the night of the twentieth of December Hardee's army deserted Savannah, and early the following morning Sherman's battalions entered the city. The great commander modestly underestimated his captures, when on the twenty-second he sent this dispatch to the President: "I beg to present you as a Christmas gift the city of Savannah, with one hundred and fifty heavy guns and plenty of ammunition, and also about twenty-five thousand bales of cotton."

## CHAPTER XIII.

### IN SAVANNAH

An officer writes: "All the way from Atlanta to the ocean without a fight. Some portions of our army have had skirmishing, but our regiment has not lost a man.

"Before daylight on the twenty-first we discovered that the Confederates had deserted their lines, so we immediately pushed into the city, finding over three hundred pieces of artillery, besides thousands of bales of the king of the South and vast quantities of rice and corn.

"It was a glorious sight, the entering of our steamers into the harbor day before yesterday.

"The city is much more beautiful than either Atlanta or Nashville. Almost every other square is a park, ornamented in many instances with beautiful monuments and sparkling fountains. I had a delightful ride a day or two ago along the river to Fort Jackson, some four miles below the city. Our horses went like the wind along the dikes, which separate rice fields; under brave old oaks snowed over with Spanish moss; through thicketed ravines, more beautiful than Scotland's lovely Hawthornden; over the drawbridge, across the moat, beneath the arch, and into the fortress so lately deserted by the foe.

"One of the streets of the city is very wide, adorned with four rows of shade trees and bordered with magnificent residences, calling to mind the loveliness and grandeur of Unter-den-Linden."

U. H. Farr: "The Twentieth Corps, after the city was taken, went into camp in the suburbs on the upper side

within the defences. Great quantities of rice were stored in the warehouses, in sacks, barrels, hogsheads, and in bulk, and the inhabitants, principally Irish women and children, and a few crippled men, came pouring in to load themselves. I saw some fights between the women, and the air became sulphurous from the curses. Fists were used with vigor, and hair-pulling and kicks indulged in, but tongues were the principal weapons. Starving women, colored and white, thronged the river bank rolling barrels and even huge hogsheads of rice. Our soldiers stood in groups taking in the scene. When a fight occurred among the Amazons, they would cheer and encourage the weaker ones, and despite the roughness of the scene would get some enjoyment out of it.

“No guard was needed in this conquered city to protect the citizens or to keep the houses from being invaded. Soldiers could be seen wandering in groups all over the city, commenting on the structure of the houses, the peculiarities of the shaded streets, and the great number of parks. Camp life soon grew monotonous, and many of the men drifted into gambling as a pastime, the excitement of the game taking the place of the excitement of the skirmish line. One walking on the railroad, down the southern sunnyside embankment, could see every kind of game going on with cards and dice, chuck-a-luck and poker having the preference; and that money was rapidly falling into the hands of the skilful and unscrupulous.

“We drew some clothing, mostly shoes, as the men were barefooted, though many were almost naked, as no regular issue of clothing had been made since spring. A small amount of other wear beside shoes was drawn, but the men did not allow themselves to indulge in needful blankets,



or a change of clothing even, no matter how cold the winter nights might be, as they felt that the halt was of short duration, and such articles could not be carried on the march."

An officer writes: "Sunday Captain Culver and I attended service at the Methodist church, and as it was communion Sabbath and the invitation did not seem to exclude us, we went forward with the members, and kneeling round the altar partook of the sacrament. The members appeared fearfully broken down, as if the heavens were clothed in sackcloth and their hearts were crushed beneath the blackened embers of their blasted homes. I think they were glad to have us there, and yet, clad as they were in mourning and overwhelmed by the thought that all they valued in life was lost, they seemed to personify woe. Some may rejoice in the desolation of this people, but I feel as the Israelites did over the extermination of Benjamin.

"On our return we went into an empty house, doors all open, in search of something to read. Everything the owners did not wish to take in their flight was tumbled on the floors. After finding a little book that suited me, I remarked to a lone African who had gladly welcomed us: 'My man, it's rather hard to be stealing things this way, isn't it?' 'La, Massa, dat's not stealin'. Dey's yours. If dey hadn't fout you, dey wouldn't loss nuffin'.'

"The negroes furnish a comic side to the melancholy pictures seen everywhere, though there is tragedy enough in their comedy. Yesterday, while we were singing, a gray-headed darkey with saw and buck on his shoulders, as he passed by, struck up a dance in spite of age and encumbrances, inspired by the music or the thought of broken chains.

“‘God bress you! God bress you!’ is the language of every crooked-legged, wrinkled-faced, white-haired, black ragamuffin as he pulls off his hat and paws the ground with his right foot; ‘I’se been prayin’ for you dese many years, and I knowed you’s gwine to come, and now you’s done come, thank the good Lord.’

“‘Everywhere you hear old women muttering, ‘O, how I love em!’ ‘But dey is purty!’ ‘Dey isn’t yaller, scrawny little fellers like dem rebels.’ ‘God bress you, dear.’ ‘He opened de door. He take de yoke off our necks. He turn us loose!’ ‘O, Lord! Massa, my young missus tole me de Yankees had horns on der head, and dey would bore holes tru our shoulders for de ropes, and hitch us in wagons, and all dose what couldn’t work, dey’d send off to Cuby.’

“While we were singing ‘John Brown’ and the ‘Year of Jubilo’ this morning, a great crowd of tattered women gathered from the streets, waving their hands, shouting, throwing their arms round each other, kneeling and praying, ‘God bress you and take you, Massas, and all dat you love to heaven, whar you will shine like stars in glory! We owe it all to you! Bress God!’

“It is depressing to see their joy, when one thinks of the impossibility of their attaining their ideal of freedom. Never having known what it is to act for themselves, they are helpless as little children when thrown on their own resources. We laugh now at their wild antics, and marvellous expectations, but cannot shut out the thought that the comedy may soon darken into a tragedy.”

U. H. Farr: “On the morning of the thirty-first of December, 1864, the Third Division crossed the pontoon bridge to an island in the Savannah River, and the pontoon corps attempted to throw boats over the other branch

of the stream; but the rebel troops had stationed themselves on the opposite side of the river, behind a high embankment that served to keep the tide-water from the low rice fields. Our corps batteries were brought to bear on these riflemen, and a vigorous shelling was kept up all day, without much apparent effect, however. As night drew on, a cold wind blew at a furious rate, making it impossible to raise a tent, and as all the fuel on the island was water-soaked, building a fire that emitted any warmth was out of the question. Wretchedness was universal."

An officer writes: "I heard an irrepressible youth singing, as he watched the old year out and the new year in:

" 'In eighteen hundred and sixty-five,  
We'll all go home, if we're alive.'

'Much virtue in If,' I thought, for it looks now with Jack Frost and Jupiter Pluvius after us, and Jeff Davis in front, as if we stood a sorry chance of getting home."

U. H. Farr: "Early on the first of January, 1865, Companies A, B, C and D recrossed the bridge and marched to a point where a small river steamer, the General Hardee, lay. Battery C, First Ohio, was put on the boat and two barges were fastened to either side of the steamer. The boat steamed down the river below the island to a point near Fort Jackson, then headed up the stream, and across to South Carolina. As the steamer approached the shore the artillerymen stood to their guns, and the four companies were ordered to load and fix bayonets. At this moment the batteries on the island literally filled the air with shells, raking the top of the embankment in our front, while the infantry filed rapidly into the barges, seized the poles and pushed themselves to the shore. The men sprang

out and rushed to the top of the bank, expecting each second a crash of musketry from the enemy supposed to be behind it. Hundreds of yards away hundreds of men in gray were seen going pell-mell, trying to escape the shells flying from the island. The sight of the scampering men, some of whom were mounted and were beating their horses furiously, called forth shouts of laughter, and concluded with a cheer of triumph, which was taken up by the six companies of the Seventieth still on the island.

"The steamer now went back for the balance of the regiment, and when all had arrived, we took up our march for the timber by the same route the rebel cavalry had gone. As this was some five miles from the river, it was night before we reached our destination. We could see a bright fire blazing in advance, and when the head of the column reached it, it was discovered to be a burning bridge. The fire was quickly extinguished, and after repairing, wagons and the artillery were enabled to cross. We advanced until we came to the dwelling on the plantation of General Hardee, and there threw out pickets and encamped."

An officer writes home from this place: "It is startling to meet a regiment that has had active service for two or three years, and see how amazingly diseases, detachments, discharges and death have caused it to dwindle. A little incident at the Savannah River crossing illustrates this and may amuse you: Three of us, Acting Adjutant Charles Cox, my man Jerry and myself, were going from our camp on Hardee's plantation to Savannah with the remains of the regimental banners, which were to be sent home. Jerry, mounted on a mule, poked along behind carrying the flags, which, notwithstanding all our care, are reduced to a few tattered stripes, a tassel or two, and shell-shattered staves.

Flags couldn't look more forlorn, and our clothes were faded and ragged. As we suddenly descended the bank, there about seven feet high, we encountered a sentinel keeping solitary guard at the head of the pontoon bridge, who asked: 'What regiment, boys?' Charley answered, 'Seventieth Indiana.' The man took a step up the bank to see the others coming, seemed stunned, dropped the butt of his gun to the ground and exclaimed, 'My God! all dead but two men and a nigger!'

Executive Mansion,  
Washington, Dec. 26, 1864.

My Dear General Sherman: Many, many thanks for your Christmas gift, the capture of Savannah. When you were about leaving Atlanta for the Atlantic coast, I was anxious, if not fearful, but feeling that you were the better judge, and remembering that "nothing risked, nothing gained," I did not interfere. Now, the undertaking being a success, the honor is all yours, for I believe none of us went further than to acquiesce. And taking the work of General Thomas into the count, as it should be taken, it is indeed a great success. Not only does it afford the obvious and immediate military advantages, but in showing to the world that your army could be divided, putting the stronger part to an important new service, and yet leaving enough to vanquish the old opposing force of the whole—Hood's army—it brings those who sat in darkness to see a great light. But what next? I suppose it will be safer if I leave General Grant and yourself to decide. Please make my grateful acknowledgments to your whole army, officers and men.

Yours very truly,

A. LINCOLN.

General Orders, No. 3.  
War Department, Adjutant General's Office.

Washington, Jan. 14, 1865.

The following resolution of the Senate and House of Representatives is published to the army:

Be it Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the thanks of the people and of the Congress of the United States are due, and are hereby tendered to Maj.-Gen. William T. Sherman, and through him to the officers and men under his command, for their gallantry and good conduct in their late campaign from Chattanooga to Atlanta, and the triumphal march thence through Georgia to Savannah, terminating in the capture and occupation of that city; and that the President cause a copy of this joint resolution to be engrossed and forwarded to Maj.-Gen. Sherman.

By order of the Secretary of War.

W. A. NICHOLS,  
Assistant Adjutant-General.

Headquarters Seventieth Indiana Volunteer Infantry,  
Savannah, Ga., Dec. 24, 1864.

Sir—I have the honor to report that on the 1st day of November the aggregate present of the Seventieth Indiana Regiment was 413, which was increased to 532 on the 5th by an addition caused by a consolidation with the Twenty-seventh Indiana. On the 14th we left the Chattahoochee River, reaching Atlanta the same day. On the 15th, the time of moving from Atlanta, there were nine animals in my possession, for which, in the fifteen days previous, there had been drawn only three days' rations, as the twelve days' rations were foraged from the neighboring regions. Thirteen animals were added to the above number, making in all twenty-two, for which the government has furnished no rations, but forage was collected from the country to supply their wants.

The number of rations issued to the men of the command I have no means of ascertaining. Since the organization of

the regiment the supply of food has never been so abundant as during the recent campaign.

The health of the command has been excellent, the average number unfit for duty being less than one in one hundred.

The daily report of the regiment has been no casualties.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

S. MERRILL,

Lieut. Col., Commanding Seventieth Ind. Vols.

Lieut. A. H. Trego,

Acting Assistant Adjutant-General.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### "THEN THEY MARCHED FIVE PARASANGS"

These oft-used words, greeted with such delight by the lazy college student, give wonderful comfort also to one whose only claim to be like Xenophon is that he, too, tells of a journey through an enemy's country. If the gifted disciple of Socrates was driven to repeating, "Then we marched so many miles" again and again, who can criticise if in this unpretending narrative of a tramp through the hostile States of the Carolinas and Virginia there are tiresome repetitions.

When the ten thousand Greeks in their famous march to the sea, at sight of the Euxine threw themselves into each other's arms, weeping and shouting for joy, they forgot for the ecstatic moment that before reaching home fearful hardships were yet to be borne. So, too, our boys, as they looked out toward the ocean, and saw the beautiful flag floating over the approaching vessels, were thrilled through and through, forgetting everything, hardly knowing whether the vision accompanying the view was of heaven or home. Soon the vision vanished, and the certainty that their journeyings were not yet half done, and that hardships indescribable were to be endured, called for all the fortitude and resolution they had in reserve.

U. H. Farr: "We remained at Hardee's farm until January seventeenth, and then moved to Hardeesville, where we stayed till the twenty-ninth. The country around the town is low and flat, and the numerous swamps made it anything but a desirable location. It rained much of the



time, and the camps were flooded with water half ankle deep, and as the ground was spongy, the mud was as deep as the water. Brush was cut from the pine trees, and piled in the tents to keep the men from lying in the water.

"On the twenty-ninth we marched to Robertsville, twenty-five miles in two days, passing through the same low country covered with mud and water. Much of the road had to be corduroyed with fence rails if these could be found within a quarter of a mile of the road, or with poles cut from the woods. We lay in Robertsville two days; leaving on February second and marching on higher ground twelve miles, we reached Lawtonville the same day. Though the land as a general thing lay higher than that near Savannah, yet on either side of the water courses were swamps from a few hundred yards to a mile or more in width, which had always to be corduroyed for the passage of wagons and artillery.

"Some half-mile to the west of Lawtonville was a small creek, and as the head of the column approached the swamp it was fired on by the enemy from the east side of a field on the western edge of the swamp. A skirmish line was thrown out, but met with such a hot fire that the advance was stopped, and batteries were brought up to a rise in the ground of the field, some three or four hundred yards away from the enemy, and trained on the piles of rails along the edge of the swamp. While the division was forming in line the artillery did good work, as every shell thrown was seen to scatter the rails that had been piled, but the enemy somehow held to his position, and kept up a hot fire. When all was ready for a move forward, the skirmish line was strengthened, Companies A, B, C, and D, being added from the Seventieth, when the whole

skirmish line, a mile or more long, advanced with a yell. Such a galling fire was poured into it that after running over two-thirds of the ground to be passed, the men dropped flat to get a good breath, preparatory to a struggle over the rail piles. A determined resistance was expected, but when the command 'Forward!' came every man was up instantly and with a yell the rush was made. No enemy was found, however, for while we were preparing for the last grand rush, he had quietly but quickly withdrawn into the tangled underbrush of the swamp. The column, preceded by the skirmish line, pushed on and camped for the night at Lawtonville.

"Our command now moved rapidly toward the interior and struck the Augusta and Charleston railroad at Graham's Turnout, and in three days tore up some seventy miles of that road, burning the ties and bridges and destroying the rails. We encamped on the opposite side of the river from Columbia, and saw its destruction by fire. Early the following morning we marched eight miles up the river and crossed on a pontoon bridge. We crossed the Wateree at Rocky Mountain and Winsboro was burned; indeed, as we passed through this part of the State we could see from an eminence by the columns of smoke that like a cloud covered the entire front of the armies, how far the foragers had advanced. No house of any pretension was left, no outbuildings, no fences, for the solemn resolve of every man was that South Carolina, the prime conspirator in the rebellion, should be made to suffer for the sorrow she had brought on the country.

"Nothing escaped the search of the foragers, for, guided by the negroes, everything hidden was revealed. Cattle, horses, eatables, everything that could be used was taken,

and the slaves who proposed to follow the army were supplied with their master's clothing. Vast quantities of corn were found and carried to mills in sacks, the foragers turning millers, and coming into camp loaded down with the material for making corn-bread. The foragers sallied out of camp each morning before day, hurrying to the front, or out on either flank of the line of march, in hopes of being first to find some kind of forage to bring in to their hungry comrades. They seldom failed to find something, even though they had to fight the small squads of rebels for it, but often it was very little, and the men had to fast until the foragers were more successful. Then after a failure or two, they would come in loaded with hams, chickens, geese, turkeys, pigs, lambs, rice, potatoes, and honey, and the men would revel in plenty. All through the center and eastern part of the State they found sugar-houses with long lines of barrels of sugar standing around the sides of the building so as to let the syrup drain off, to be carried by troughs into a box and barreled as it accumulated."

It is impossible in the limits of a small volume to mention individuals except as they stand for classes, or to relate incidents except as they illustrate in a general way army life.

W. T. Done, when eighteen years old, in the spring of 1864, enlisted and was assigned at Indianapolis as a recruit to Company D, of our regiment, on his choice, because some of his old schoolmates were in that company. After he had been assigned and had donned his uniform, boy like, he concluded, as he was not sent right off to the front, to go back to his home in the country and show

himself to his mother. She was a widow and her only other son had died in the army.

Done could get no furlough, so he took French leave, having no thought of desertion, but petty officials, seeing the chance for making the Government fee, twenty-five dollars, by catching a deserter, arrested, manacled and forwarded him to his company. It was a long, hard journey for Done, cooped up nine-tenths of the time in jails, with deserters, bounty-jumpers, and criminals of every description. In five months he reached Atlanta, after its fall, while the troops were lying in camps around the city.

Word came that a prisoner had arrived who belonged to Company D, and was at a military prison in town. No one recognized his name, which was misspelled on the papers presented, and no one had heard that a recruit was coming. When an officer brought him to camp not a man knew him, for he was filthy, his clothing in rags, his hair long and uncombed, and he was pale and emaciated from long confinement in vile dungeons. To everybody's surprise he called some of his old schoolmates by name, and added to their amazement by telling them who he was. One humorous old acquaintance exclaimed as he stepped forward and took him by the hand, "Well, now, if you ain't a bird!" and so he became known in the company as Bird.

He proved to be a good soldier, was a regular dare-devil, and made his mark on the Carolina campaign as a first-class forager. He picked up a long-necked, long-bodied, long-legged, bony horse that was called Shellbark. Shellbark was a traveler. When he got under way he was hard to stop. His points were observed and freely discussed by the boys, and the conclusion was that he had been trained for racing.

Some days after the army passed Columbia we entered a fertile portion of the State, but Wade Hampton was in front, and as his host was being constantly reinforced from other sections of the South, foraging was frequently enlivened by fighting. Early one morning some fifteen or twenty of our foragers had pushed far out in front of the army, but had not met with success in their search. As was the custom two of the number rode a hundred yards in advance of the squad as lookouts. They were approaching a farm-house that stood a little off the main road, but was reached by a lane leading from the highway to the dwelling. As they came near this lane, a force of mounted men was seen in the yard, outnumbering two or three to one the squad of foragers. They were dressed in blue uniforms, and our foragers, supposing they were Union men, decided to pass on. After the advance guard was beyond the mouth of the lane, and before the main party reached it, the troop up at the farm-house all at once opened fire on them, and the whole body dashed down the lane yelling, "Shoot the Yankee —— of ——!" One of the advance guards was seen to fall from his horse as if killed, while the other jumped to the ground and darted into the woods.

Our foragers, seeing they were greatly outnumbered, after a volley from such as could shoot quickly, turned and fled the way they came, pursued by what they now knew to be Confederates disguised in clothing taken from dead or captured Northern soldiers. The pursuit and retreat were kept up for quite a distance, our men urging their horses to their utmost speed. Looking down the avenue on which they were rushing, they saw a company of Confederate infantry approaching, and to avoid

them the whole squad turned to the left on an intersecting road, except Bird's old Shellbark. He had steam up and would not obey the bridle. In spite of all Bird could do he thundered straight on down the road right into this new host of the enemy.

The foragers made a detour to the highway on which the main column of our corps was known to be marching, and reaching the regiment late in the afternoon, told of their misfortune—the loss of the two advance guards and Bird's dash to destruction. He surely had been killed, because firing had been heard in the direction he rode. They had brought no forage, being satisfied with their escape.

The men of Company D soon heard the bad news, and talked of Bird as dead, telling of his good qualities, especially of his wonderful daring, and forbearing to mention what a desperate swearer he had become during his dungeon experience. On halting for the night the sad tidings were the sole subject of conversation. When the old darkey cook Bill came up with the camp kettle and mess pans—any horse over six years and any man, white or black, over thirty, was called old by the boys—he listened to the story in silent dejection, amazing in one usually boisterously cheerful, but after "studying" awhile burst out with, "No, gemmen, dey cain't hurt Bud. He will come in all right. Ole Shellbok will fotch him sartin; you'uns will see."

Darkness and thousands of camp-fires were beginning to reveal each other's presence when someone called out, "Run here, boys! That looks like old Shellbark coming over yonder." The road was soon full of staring men, and sure enough it was old Shellbark, loaded down with forage, Bird sitting on top with his legs dangling one side,

while the bridle reins hung loose, the horse taking his own gait and choosing his own way. The comrades sent up a cheer when Bird came up, and the old darkey, pulling him off, hugged him as he cried, "I tole 'em you would come in all right, dat ole Shellbok would fotch you, and sho' nuff heah you is." The boys and old Bill took the load from the animal, which consisted of a hog with the bristles still on, split in two so as to swing from each side of the horse, besides chickens, sweet potatoes and other provisions fit to gladden the hearts and satisfy the appetites of tired, marching men.

As soon as Bird had had his supper he was made to tell his adventures. He said when he came to the forks of the road in the mad flight, and saw the fresh force of the enemy straight ahead, he aimed to pull off to the left with the balance of the squad, but in spite of him his horse rushed right on toward the approaching infantry. He saw them getting ready to shoot, and presently could hear them yelling to him to halt and surrender, but he could not have stopped his horse even if he had wanted to. He expected to be shot, so just shut his eyes and clung to old Shellbark. After a moment which seemed an age, when he knew he must have passed them, he opened his eyes and just then several shots rang out. He could not help wondering what kept them from firing sooner. After going several miles the horse slowed up, and finally dropped into a walk.

Bird found himself in a rich and productive country, dotted with farm-houses, the inhabitants of which had left on the approach of Sherman's army. There was neither friend nor foe to divide or dispute with, so he loaded faithful old Shellbark with the abundant forage, and climbing

on top headed him for the road on which our division was marching.

Thanks to horse and rider, Company D had plenty to eat that night, and some to spare for those who were not so lucky. The remark was made later in not very elegant English: "I guess it must have been that old race hoss Shellbark what cured Bird of his dreadful cussin' and dammin'."

U. H. Farr: "One morning I started out at break of day to forage for our ordnance train, and after trudging along two or three hours, came to a fine mansion, and was conducted by an old negro, the sole occupant of the extensive quarters, to a building containing some two hundred bushels of shelled corn in sacks. While I was watching and waiting for the train a Lieutenant with a squad of men searching for forage for the Second Division took possession and ordered me to move on. As soon as the Third Division, which was in advance that day, came in sight, I saluted General Ward and told him the circumstances, and asked for a detail of a Captain and ten men. The General turned in his saddle and ordered a Colonel to do as I requested. As I now had a Captain under my command, I proudly marched back to my forage and ordered the Lieutenant to move on, who gave himself and myself, also, great satisfaction by the volleys of oaths he poured out as he departed. Greatly elated over my executive ability, I put the Captain and his men in charge of the corn, ordered the wagonmaster when he appeared on the road to detach several wagons to be loaded, and continued my foraging expedition, saying to myself, 'Now that I have supplied all the animals of my division with feed for one day, it becomes my duty to see that the men have sufficient food.



“But my pride was soon taken out of me, for the delay had resulted in the seizure of everything by the advancing troops. However, toward evening I came to a house deserted by its owners, but left in charge of an old colored couple who occupied a cabin near by. The yard was full of chickens and a dog barked at me. When the old slaves came out I told them I was a Yankee soldier, one of Lincoln’s men. They seemed stunned and just stood and looked at me. I tried in vain to get the dog to help me catch the chickens, while the old man stood and stared at me as one dazed. I called him to help, and as he still looked without moving, I recollected that he had always been a slave, used to the commands of white folks, so I stormed at him and ordered him to take the dog and help me catch the chickens. This brought him to his senses, and he dashed in with the dog, and soon I was almost loaded down with fat hens. One wilder than the rest, chased by the negro and his dog, flew up a woody slope toward the road on which the army was beginning to pass. All of a sudden the man came dashing down that slope, white as a negro ghost, leaped the yard fence at one bound, rushed to his wife, slapped his hands on his thighs and exclaimed over and over, ‘Fore God, Dinah! Fore God, Dinah!’ His amazed wife tried to get something else out of him, and at last he cried out, ‘De big road am full of sogers, an’ hosses, an’ wagons, an’ cannons; jist miles of ’em.’ When I endeavored to get him to catch more chickens he was too crazy to hear me, but wild with excitement the two slaves began to pack up everything they could carry to find freedom by following the army.

“As the army swept through the State, slaves in countless numbers thronged after it, of all ages, sexes and con-

ditions, from extreme old age to the new-born pickaninny in the mother's arms; black slaves, mulatto slaves, slaves so white that no Northern man would have thought that a drop of African blood was in their veins. The throng became so great that it impeded the movement of the army. When we came to Broad River, above Columbia, the guard was instructed to allow no negro to pass over the pontoon bridge unless he belonged to some command as cook or hostler. When the army had crossed and the southern end of the pontoon had been cut loose, a cloud of human beings covered the river bank for miles, and the wailing and lamentation was indescribable. Imagine the surprise, however, when within twenty-four hours thousands of the poor creatures had found some way to cross and joined the advancing host.

“The rebel army in our front, under the command of Wade Hampton, was growing larger every day, and our army was constantly on the lookout for serious opposition. As we approached the Wateree, which is a broad, rapid stream, means were adopted to secure a crossing without opposition. Our brigade was marching that day in front of the rest of the division, but one or more divisions were in front of us. As darkness came on we expected to go into camp soon, especially when we saw troops already encamped for the night, but we passed through their camps, our marching pace was quickened, and away we went scurrying into the darkness. Our brigade, which seemed to be alone, hurried on at a rapid rate till after midnight, when it was massed in an open field, and the order was passed along that perfect quiet must be maintained.

“Presently a wagon loaded with ropes and a skiff was taken to the front, and then all was so still that many of

the men, worn out by the long march, fell on the ground and were soon fast asleep. The skiff was launched in the Wateree just in front of us, and a few men rowed to the farther shore carrying a small rope which was made fast to a larger. Then the skiff was hurried back and forth, taking more men, some of whom threw up a barricade, while others pulled the heavier rope over. By the time the cable was drawn across and fastened to a tree, a hundred men from the head of the column were well entrenched on the opposite bank. A larger boat was put into use and men in greater numbers were ferried over.

"The pontoon train now moved to the front, loaded with material for making a floating bridge, and there was a race in the darkness to see whether the night or the bridge would be completed first. By daybreak the whole brigade was over and had taken a strong position on the hills, and by noon the Twentieth Corps was on the east side. By night, however, the rain was pouring down in torrents, and before all the left wing had crossed, the bridge broke loose at one end and the river had swollen till there were no pontoons to span it. The right wing of the army was in even a worse condition, and was compelled to take up the bridge they had laid, march up to ours, splice it with their boats and cross on this extended bridge.

"As it continued to rain night and day, the roads, the fields, and the hills even, became quagmires, so that it was necessary to corduroy the region before the wagons and the artillery could be drawn to the hills on the east side. It took the army several days to cross this river, so that the region was entirely stripped of provisions by the rebel and Union forces. A quarter ration of bacon and crackers was issued each day to keep the men from starving. When we

started on the march again we found white women standing at the roadside with crying children hanging to their skirts, holding out aprons or small baskets begging for food. The men had not much left from their meager rations, but they divided what they had. Some only had a cracker, but they broke it in two and dropped the half in the open apron. There to kill opposing men, and not knowing when or where food for the future was to come from, they could not bear to see women and children of the enemy starving."

The following communication, somewhat condensed, is from J. F. Snow of Company D: "At Cheraw, near the north line of South Carolina, the foragers, under command of Captain Fesler, secured a good supply of provisions some twenty miles from the army's line of march, and started on their return to the regiment. Frank Hall of Company A had found a buggy, which the rest of us had loaded with forage and, going a long way ahead of the main party, turned to the left when he should have taken the road to the right. J. M. Brown, C. Townsend and myself, all members of Company D, started to hunt him, for the load in the carriage was for our company. It was almost night when we set out, and was about ten o'clock when we saw him coming towards us. He said he had been looking from a hill at a camp of Johnnies about a half mile ahead. We told him to drive to a grist-mill some ten miles away, where we had collected a lot of provisions, and after we had taken a look at the Johnnies we would join him.

"Fires were burning brightly, as though the rebels had just camped and were preparing supper. A farm-house was nearby, surrounded by negro cabins, so we rode into the

yard, waked the negroes, and told them we were Yankees and wanted something to eat. They gave us hoecake. A large bloodhound discovered us. A bullet quieted him, but roused the rebels. They beat the long roll, formed in line and got ready for battle. We did not tarry to see what else they did, but thought best to keep our engagement with Hall at the mill.

"The next morning Townsend and Hall went to camp with all the forage they could carry, but Brown and I remained to capture some horses and mules that we heard were secreted in the brush, for we were anxious to get something to carry the balance of our provisions. Our luck was excellent, for we found a number of animals, and had negroes riding some and leading others. Late in the afternoon, when we were going to our rendezvous at the old mill, we saw rebel cavalry in front of us, so we gave the Hoosier yell and charged. The Johnnies skedaddled, for they no doubt thought a troop of mounted Yankees was after them. Fortunately the negroes did not see the rebels, for if they had they would not have laughed as they did, and most of them would have gone back, and taken our stock with them.

"There were some of the One Hundred and Second Illinois regiment at the mill grinding corn, and as they were like brothers to us, we loaned them our animals to carry provisions to camp, they agreeing to give us half for the use of our stock. Brown and I set out for camp, twenty miles away, but when we had gone fifteen miles we heard that our army had moved on, and that the rebels were camped where the Yankees had been. Not believing this, we went to see, and got a company of rebel cavalry after us. We struck out for the old mill again as fast as our horses could

go, and soon gathered eighteen other foragers, making a squad of twenty in all. Night was on us, but the moon was shining.

"The company having selected me for leader, I went in advance, and seeing two objects in the road, dashed forward and questions and answers came quick as flashes of lightning: 'Where do you belong?' 'One Hundred and Second Illinois!' 'Where are your comrades that were at the mill?' 'All killed or captured but us two, and one of us has a flesh wound in the thigh.' 'How many rebels attacked you, and where are they now?' 'About a hundred, and they are coming this way.'

"Now we were in a fix, with the enemy in our front and rear and our army gone. The only thing to be done was to leave our horses in the timber and go afoot. We were fastening the animals about a hundred yards from the road when the two companies of rebels met on the very spot we had just abandoned. Our horses were securely tied to the trees, and as they were tired they did not betray us by making a noise. We took nothing but our guns and ammunition and started down Jones Creek for the Great Pedee River. Although undiscovered by them, we saw the enemy's pickets plainly and had to crawl through the lines on our hands and knees. When the boys got tired we would stop for a few minutes' rest, and as some of them would go to sleep as soon as we halted, we had to wake such of them as we could find. Every now and then one would be left, so that only eleven of the twenty-two reached the Pedee River. God help those we lost, was our thought.

"When Brown and I finally caught up to the wagon train we were more dead than alive, for we had had four days and three nights of as hard marching as ever fell to

the lot of mortal man. More than thirty-five years have passed, and I have not recovered from this trip, and no doubt it hastened Brown to his grave. He was a true comrade and a brave man, always ready to perform any duty."

With characteristic unwillingness to say anything that would give pain to relatives Brown does not mention this adventure in his letters, but writes just thereafter, in his usual cheery way, as follows: "We are compelled to wade all the smaller watercourses. These, in some cases, are waist deep, and one of the most amusing sights of the service is to be seen just after crossing some of the deepest of these streams. We are allowed time to stop and dry our clothing, and to see a regiment of men, company officers and all, standing around fires, each man holding up his pants or drawers, is fun, at least for us boys. Many times we were not permitted to stop, but trudged right on through mud and water, our clothing drying as we marched. There has been rain in abundance and we have found food rather scarce on this march. While in the pine swamps near the North Carolina line our mess sent out James Simpson to forage, and after being out a night and two days, he returned with a half-dozen ears of corn, and these he said he had just stolen from the Colonel's horse." Poor Billy!

U. H. Farr: "From Rocky Mount we marched to Chesterfield and to Sneedsboro, North Carolina. Going down the river, we crossed it at Cheraw, which we found a mass of burning ruins. During the march through South Carolina the enemy was malignant, the citizens hiding from the army, but coming out and pouncing upon our men whenever they could be found in numbers small enough to

be overpowered. The bodies of the dead Union soldiers showed very plainly that they had not been killed in open fight, but that subsequent to their surrender they had been stabbed, their throats cut, and their bodies mutilated after death. This was not regarded as war, so when one of our men was found in this condition, two prisoners were shot and the rebel commanders officially informed of the fact, and told to warn the people to discontinue their barbarous practices.

“From Cheraw we moved toward Fayetteville on the Cape Fear River. The rebels took a stand two or three miles from this city, but our foragers, representing every company in the army, forming quite a host when united, came into collision with his outposts. These men pushed the outposts back on the main body, which they found intrenched. As if by instinct the thousands of foragers, though mounted in every conceivable manner, formed in line, counted off cavalry fashion, dismounted, leaving every fourth man to hold the horses, and carried the rifle pits at the point of the bayonet. The horses were then brought up, the enemy driven into Fayetteville and across the river. The day we lay at Fayetteville a monitor from Wilmington arrived with dispatches, and we heard of the fall of Charleston and the general news, the first we had received from the outside world since leaving the vicinity of Savannah.”

Templeton Smith, H. Rapp and C. Tucker of Company B, entered a dwelling where the mistress had prepared an elegant dinner—roast turkey, sweet potatoes and hot biscuit—for General Joe Wheeler and staff. These uninvited guests in blue were greeted by the reluctant hostess with, “Get out of here or I’ll scald you.” A threat of the



bayonet shut off danger from hot water, but did not stop the torrent of vituperation. While a deluge of words was engulfing Rapp and Tucker, Smith scooped the turkey, potatoes and biscuits into a huge dishpan, quickly wrapped the tablecloth around to keep them warm and disappeared. The lady doubtless is still unconverted and talking yet, but Wheeler's later history almost makes one feel sorry for him.

U. H. Farr: “Having moved out from Fayetteville early on the morning of March sixteenth, we heard artillery firing in our advance. The second and third brigades of our division were in front of the enemy with two or three batteries, the infantry supporting the artillery. The guns were pushed up closer and closer by hand, while they poured shells into the enemy's entrenchments,—a low line of dirt rifle pits running across the flat country. The infantry, of course, moved up with the guns, keeping as close to the ground as possible, so as to offer no mark to the enemy. Meanwhile our brigade was sent to the left through the woods, and passing around the right end of the enemy's line, formed at right angles to his works. When the firing began the rebels made no effort to stop this flank movement, but stampeded to the rear, leaving many wounded and dead and two pieces of light artillery. General Hardee came near capture while he was watching the troops in front. Suddenly he saw the flanking line, put spurs to his horse and dashed from the field.”

J. M. Wills: “Near Averasborough our corps came upon the rebel army strongly fortified, and we had a hard fight. Our brigade charged a battery, killed or captured all the horses, took fifty-six prisoners and seized one twelve-pounder gun and one twelve-pounder howitzer.

“My squad of foragers, while passing through a heavy piece of pine timber, found a wagonload of white corn. We took possession, and going to a small mill, started it and ground our grain into meal. One bushel per hour was the capacity of that mill. While engaged in this slow work we saw something in the water that excited our curiosity. It proved to be a fine small brass cannon, named the Star of the West. One wheel had gotten out of order, and in their haste to get away the rebels had thrown the Star of the West into the mill-pond. While foraging we asked a young black man where his people had hidden their meat. ‘Lah, Massa, up in the woods.’ He led the way to the place, and we resurrected sixty-four hams, six for each company and four for the field and staff.

“After the Averasborough battle we had a good many sick and wounded to care for, and I was detailed with ten others to forage for the hospital. While we were in discharge of our duty, one of the boys got into an old shuckpen and found eighty-seven dollars in fifty-cent pieces. The sick and wounded could not eat these; they might give comfort to the enemy, so we thought the best use we could make of them was to divide them equally among ourselves.

“While the army was moving toward Goldsboro we foragers ran on to Wheeler’s cavalymen. They disappeared without waiting for our orders, and we entered a farm-house not far away, where we found the owner at home, as he was too rich to be in the army. There was side meat in great abundance and yams by the wagonload. It struck me that every hog had as many hams as sides, so after searching we found an opening into the garret, where was concealed the kind of meat a sick or wounded man

would relish. We selected and threw down twenty-four of the best hams, added them to our wagonload of yams, and bid the former owner good-day. The meanest trick I saw in my foraging experience was done that morning. The man of the house had on a new pair of jean pantaloons, woven from red and white yarn that had been twisted together. A boy from the One Hundred and Second Illinois made him haul off his good trousers and swap for the dirty, ragged ones the Sucker wore."

U. H. Farr: "As we marched through Averasborough many crippled rebels with arms in slings or heads banded, crowded out of the hospital and watched us passing by. All of a sudden a wounded soldier rushed into the ranks and seized one of the Seventy-ninth boys, calling out to him, 'Hello, Jamie!' The two Irishmen, who had been close friends before the war, but had separated, the one going South, the other West, actually hugged each other. The friend of Jamie, a conscript forced into the rebel army, declared that nothing could keep him from joining his companion; though wounded he could march, and the next morning he was keeping step with his friend.

"On the morning of March nineteenth, soon after we started, the booming of cannon was heard from the direction the Fourteenth Corps had taken. At first but little attention was paid to this, but as we drew nearer and the roar increased and became incessant, and the rattle of musketry was perceived, the ranks closed up, and the listless, tired look disappeared from every face. Soon orderlies on sweating horses dashed down the road, and away we went on the double-quick to support our hard-pressed comrades. Just as we reached the field the rebels were making a charge, but through the belching of cannon and

the crash of musketry a loud cheer could be heard to the right, showing that our men, at that point at least, had repulsed the attack. Our brigade was hurried into line and thrown out to the left, where the rebels seemed to be contemplating a flank movement. A skirmish line was pushed out to the left of this line even, through a dense woods, to prevent surprise. Assault after assault was made by the rebels, each one feebler than the one preceding, extending the battle into the night, but at last the noise ceased, and the men lay quiet, expecting to renew the contest in the morning.

“Two or three days later General Sherman took his station by the roadside, and we passed in review as we approached Goldsboro. We marched in platoons, and I doubt if at any time the troops of the rebel army were more ragged than we. Probably one man in a dozen had a full suit of clothes, but even this suit was patched or full of holes. Most of the men had used all the makeshifts possible to keep up something like decent clothing. Many were bareheaded or had a handkerchief tied around the head. Many had on hats they had found in the houses along the line of march, an old worn-out affair in every instance—tall crushed silk hats, some revolutionary styles, many without tops, caps so holey that the hair was sticking out, brimless hats, brimless caps, hats mostly brim. Many men had no coats or wore buttonless blouses, and being without shirts their naked chests protruded. Many a coat had no sleeves, or one only, the sleeves having been used to patch the seat or knees of the trousers, in a mending that did not mend appearances, for the dark blue of the patch contrasted with the light color of the pantaloons. The thread used was coarse white cotton twine, and the

amateur tailor fastened the patch to the outside with long running stitches. Generally both legs of the trousers were off nearly to the knees, though now and then a man more fortunate had only one leg exposed. Socks had disappeared weeks before, and many a shoeless patriot, with feet torn by briars in the recent advance through the thickets at Bentonville and Averagesborough, kept step with a half-shod comrade. But the men who had cut off the tails of their dress coats 'to stop a hole to keep the wind away,' though bronzed and weather-beaten, marched by General Sherman with heads up and a springy, elastic step, every motion speaking a willingness to follow wherever he might lead.

"Bandbox soldiers, as the boys good-naturedly called them, who had recently come on vessels from the North, lined the road as spectators, cheered uproariously and laughed till the tears ran down their faces whenever the panorama of raggedness became unusually ludicrous, but the General, whose hat was off through it all, bowed the lower when some sinewy specimen of military humanity, whose clothing hung in tatters worn to shreds by rail-carrying and wagon-lifting, indifferent to the merriment of the onlookers, stepped proudly in front of his leader. Occasionally the marching army, forgetting that it was passing in review, remembering all that had been accomplished in the past, and confident that Johnston's and Lee's armies must go down before its onset, would burst into triumphant cheers."

General W. T. Ward's report, which is too comprehensive for insertion here, mentions in terms of highest praise the members of his staff from the Seventieth Indiana, Captain Scott and Lieutenants Hardenbrook and Harryman.

It may be proper to introduce extracts from Generals Sherman's and Slocum's reports:

I beg to express, in the most emphatic manner, my entire satisfaction with the tone and temper of the whole army. Nothing seems to dampen their energy, zeal or cheerfulness. It is impossible to conceive a march involving more labor and exposure, yet I cannot recall an instance of bad temper by the way or hearing an expression of doubt as to our perfect success in the end. I believe that this cheerfulness and harmony of action reflects upon all concerned quite as much real honor and fame as "battles gained" or "cities won," and I therefore commend all—generals, staff, officers, and men—for these high qualities, in addition to the more soldierly ones of obedience to orders and the alacrity they have always manifested when danger summoned them "to the front."

I have the honor to be your obedient servant,

W. T. SHERMAN,

Major-General, Commanding.

Goldsboro, N. C., April 4, 1865.

I have witnessed on the campaign scenes which have given me a more exalted opinion than I ever before entertained of the earnest patriotism which actuates the soldiers of this army. I have repeatedly seen soldiers of my command, who were making parched corn supply the place of bread and who were nearly destitute of shoes and clothing, go cheerfully to their labor in the swamps of South Carolina, working hour after hour in mud and water to bring forward our immense trains, and yet during all these privations and hardships I have never heard from an officer or soldier one word of complaint.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

H. W. SLOCUM,

Major-General, Commanding.

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

Hdqrs. Seventieth Indiana Volunteer Infantry,  
Near Goldsboro, N. C., March 26, 1865.

I have the honor to make the following report relating to the recent march from Savannah, Ga., to this place to date:

The regiment destroyed about one mile of track, captured nineteen horses, twenty-six mules and about fifty head of cattle. Destroyed no cotton gins or cotton. About fifty negroes followed the regiment.

Obtained from the country through which we passed forage for seventy-five horses and mules; supplies or rations for five hundred and ten officers and men for about forty-two days during the march.

Z. S. RAGAN,

Major Seventieth Indiana Volunteer Infantry.

Lieut. A. H. Trego,

Acting Assistant Adjutant-General.

Itinerary as found in Lieutenant J. C. Bennett's diary for 1865:

February first and second, Robertsville.

February third, Lawtonville.

February fourth, Orins.

February fifth, Alison.

February eighth, Graham's Turnout.

February ninth, Blackville.

February tenth, Williston.

February eleventh, South Edisto.

February twelfth, North Edisto.

February thirteenth, five miles from North Edisto.

February fourteenth, crossroads at Lexington and Columbia.

February fifteenth, near Lexington Court House.

February sixteenth, congaree in front of Columbia.

February seventeenth, near Saluda River.

February eighteenth, between Saluda and Broad.

February nineteenth, on Broad River.

February twentieth, marched all night.

February twenty-first, passed through Winnsborough.

February twenty-second, crossed Big Wateree, camped on east side Catawba.

February twenty-third, marched southeast five miles.

February twenty-fourth, marched five miles through mud and rain.

February twenty-fifth, remained in camp.

February twenty-sixth, at Hanging Rock.

February twenty-seventh, lay in camp.

February twenty-eighth, between Hanging Rock and Linch Creek.

March first, crossed Little and Big Linch Creeks. Camp two miles beyond.

March second, marched ten miles toward Chesterfield.

March fourth, left Chesterfield and camped in North Carolina.

March fifth, stopped in camp.

March sixth, camped near Cheraw.

March seventh, passed through Cheraw at four o'clock a. m. and camped sixteen miles out on Fayetteville road, near railroad.

March eighth, marched eleven miles and stopped on Little Creek.

March ninth, encampment on Lumber River.

March tenth, spent the night near Rock Fish Creek.

March eleventh, made corduroy road as we marched and camped near Fayetteville.

March twelfth, staid in camp.

March thirteenth, marched through Fayetteville. Arsenal building fine. Crossed Cape Fear River and camped four miles beyond.

March fourteenth, while in camp here a detail went to Wilmington.

March fifteenth, marched ten miles, bummers driving the rebels before them.

March sixteenth, skirmishing all day. Our brigade captured three pieces of artillery. Drove rebels five miles and camped at Huckleberry swamp.



March seventeenth, dined at Averagesborough. Rebels left thirty of their wounded here.

March eighteenth, marched day and night, wading two swamps.

March nineteenth, breakfasted at five o'clock A. M., then marched on ten miles and built breastworks on the left of the Fourteenth Corps.

March twentieth, moved forward a half-mile and built new breastworks.

March twenty-first, fell back to old line, then advanced to new line again.

March twenty-second, marched towards Goldsboro.

March twenty-third, crossed Neuse River and camped within four miles of Goldsboro.

March twenty-fourth, marched through Goldsboro to camp three miles beyond.

March twenty-sixth, our new colors came, costing three hundred and twenty-five dollars.

April fifth, the Seventieth and the One Hundred and Fifth went foraging some six miles out. Some of the boys got too much whisky. The preaching at night from the fifty-fifth chapter of Isaiah seemed quite appropriate.

April sixth, review by General Mower. Received news of the fall of Richmond.

April ninth, preparing for another campaign.

April tenth, we left Goldsboro.

## CHAPTER XV.

### RICHMOND, WASHINGTON, AND HOME

At Goldsboro, on March twenty-sixth, the colors which had been ordered from New York came, costing three hundred and twenty-five dollars. The hatless, shoeless, ragged, smoke-begrimed, weather-stained boys came crowding up as they were unfurled. One tattered enthusiast broke out with, "Lord, boys, they'll think we're a new regiment and come charging to take us in; but won't they be fooled though?" A shock-headed fellow, with brawny arms, gleaming eyes and compressed lips muttered, "By God, the rebel division can't be found that can take them away from us!" Sterne would have said, "The recording angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear and blotted it out forever."

U. H. Farr: "We camped in some pine woods northeast of Goldsboro, and busied ourselves for the next week reading and writing letters, cleaning guns, drawing clothes, foraging and doing picket duty. When the news of the fall of Petersburg and Richmond came, and the order to move against Johnston was received, there was a night of uproar, men cheering and canteens exploding.

"On the tenth of April we moved out and reached Smithfield the next evening, to find the rebel army had fallen back to Raleigh. The next morning early, and before our part of the command had left the camp, we heard loud cheering in front of us at the town. This cheering kept up at a certain point all the morning. As we drew near the edge of the town, about eight or nine o'clock, we saw

General Sherman to the left of the road walking back and forth. A staff officer stepped out and handed Colonel Merrill a paper. He stopped his horse and the regiment halted in the road. The Colonel read so we all heard, that General Lee had surrendered his army to General Grant at Appomattox, and the order also to press Johnston. Wild cheers were given, although the news was almost too good to believe, and the men started off briskly toward Raleigh.

“The day we approached that city, April thirteenth, the Seventieth was in front and had been informed that the rebel army was still there. All day long our advance guard and we of the regular column had expected to run across the enemy’s outposts, and now from the high rolling ground the church spires of the town could be seen glittering in the evening sunshine. A little in our advance men were seen standing in the road, and as we came up they proved to be city officials, who had come out to make a surrender of the place, and to say that the rebel army was forty miles away at Greenville.”

April fifteenth, Lieutenant Bennett: “A protracted meeting has been in progress for some time, conducted by Chaplains Scott, Baptist, of the One Hundred and Twenty-ninth Illinois; Stillwell, Methodist, of the Seventy-ninth Ohio, and Allen, Presbyterian, of the Seventieth Indiana. On Sunday the Lord’s Supper was celebrated. Twelve comrades were baptized. There have been from twelve to fifteen inquirers every night. We arrange the grounds in old campmeeting style by rolling logs together and laying boards across for seats. At the four corners of the ground elevated fire stands are made by driving four forked stakes in the earth and covering them first with poles, then with dirt. Pine knots burning on these tall lamp stands give us

light. We construct a platform for the chaplains. Twelve joined the Christian Association one night, signing this bond of union:

“We do hereby acknowledge to each other, and to our God, our belief in the Holy Scriptures, and that they are the only sufficient rule for our faith and practice; and our faith in the Lord Jesus Christ as the only Savior of sinners, and do pledge ourselves by the grace of God to live as becometh the Gospel of Christ.”

U. H. Farr: “While terms of Johnston’s surrender were being discussed, news came of President Lincoln’s assassination, which cast a gloom over the entire army. The men, who had never dreamed of such a stroke, were moved profoundly, and the longing for one more battle, in which no prisoners should be taken, was universal.”

Lieutenant Ketcham: “Our joy is changed to sorrow; our friendship toward the vanquished to bitter hatred. If it be true that our beloved President is thus cruelly murdered, it seems to me that Providence permits it, because he has been, and would be, too lenient to these proud, overbearing, ignorant Southern ‘gentlemen,’ and that Johnson will crush their cruel, wicked spirit with his iron heel. I must confess I begin to hate the scoundrels for the first time.”

U. H. Farr: “Company D was detailed to guard the Insane Asylum, a large brick building in the suburbs of Raleigh. One day I was on guard at the front door on the veranda, and as some trouble had arisen because the superintendent had refused to admit a negro soldier who had lost his reason, a General who was temporarily in command during Sherman’s absence, came to investigate the matter. I was pacing back and forth on the veranda

when this General and a Lieutenant came up. I did not notice who it was, but saw the two stars on his shoulder straps, so faced outward and brought my gun to a present arms. As they passed, the Lieutenant gave me a salute in return, but the General did not. I was mad, and decided that as the General came out I would stop him and make him salute me, as no officer had a right to pass a sentinel without saluting. After waiting a long while I saw them emerge from a door into the hall and start toward me, but when they came into plain view I saw that the General had one empty sleeve stuffed into a pocket, and looking into his face I recognized General Howard. My wrath, which had flashed up so quickly, died in a second; so I faced out, presented arms, and was answered by a salute from the Lieutenant and a bow from the General.

“The army became restless, and the men were on the hunt for anything interesting or amusing. A man occupied a cell in the asylum with a window overlooking a wide space. He did not seem to be at all insane, was smart, a good singer, knew a lot of rebel songs, and could tell stories to perfection. He professed to be a Union man and begged to be released. He had a violin and knew how to use it. He would drop down a line and draw up eatables the boys would give him. Soldiers would come in from all the command and stand outside the guard line, some sixty to eighty feet away, and listen to him sing and play, and as the days came and went more and more came to hear him, till finally they began to clamor for him to be let out, and to contend that he was truly a Union man, imprisoned because he would not fight for the South.

“One day I was on guard at the beat his window overlooked, when the crowd began to assemble earlier than

usual, so that before noon hundreds of men were standing just outside my beat with upturned faces listening to Rainey, that was his name, sing. I marched back and forth, with my bayonet pointing toward the crowd, and whenever a man advanced I lunged at him and ordered him to keep back. But it was not long till the hundreds had swelled into thousands, and the crowd in the rear pressed those in advance over the sentinel's beat. The crowd in front of me gave way before my swinging gun, but as soon as I passed they would surge over again. I patiently marched back and cleared the path again. I did this time after time, till I grew hot and tired and hoarse. Some of the men now became bold and would not give way until they felt the bayonet; then they began to threaten and curse me. I was just ready to call on my company for help, when all at once, while I was near the middle of my beat, I heard some one in my rear storm out, 'Back! Back!' and I heard the men behind me giving back and saw those in front of me falling back while looking at something in my rear. I heard a saber and other trappings rattling, but I did not turn till I got to the end of my beat, when I faced about and saw Major-General Mower swinging his drawn sword and yelling, 'Give back,' while his horse went plunging among the men, who were tumbling over each other to get out of the way. I saluted him, and he saw that the sweat was pouring off my face, and that I was nearly exhausted. He turned on the men, exclaiming, 'Soldiers, I am surprised at you. Here you have been imposing on this sentinel, who had a right to shoot you down, but he forebore to do it. You all know the duty of a sentinel, for I see by your bronzed faces that you are veterans. Shame on you for so far forgetting yourselves

as to impose on the good-natured forbearance of a sentinel, one of your own comrades. Now disperse to your quarters, and do not assemble here again. Sentinel, load your gun and shoot down the first man who attempts to press on your beat again.' Shortly after this Rainey, having been examined by the surgeons, was released and followed the army to the North.

"April twenty-second we again passed in review before General Sherman. On the twenty-fifth we marched towards Jones' Cross Roads, twelve miles, and on the twenty-eighth moved back to Raleigh.

"Soon it was announced that the war was ended, and that the Fourteenth, Fifteenth, Sixteenth and Twentieth Corps would march to Washington. On the morning of the thirtieth of April the four corps broke camp amid the cheers of the thousands of men, and the white tents that so thickly dotted the plain around the city came down as if by magic. As we marched through the city of Raleigh the bands of each brigade or division played, and the men of the Twenty-third Corps lined the streets to bid us farewell. The march soon became a race between the four corps, and the miles were passed over rapidly. The men from General Lee's army, whom we met in large numbers, were ragged and had nothing to eat and no blankets, but the weather was warm, and little bedding was needed by old soldiers. When we met them, as we were going into camp, we invited them to sleep with us, and at such times talked over the events of the war till far into the night. We always found these ex-rebels friendly and glad that the war was over, and the parting in the morning would be like leave-taking of old friends.

"After we crossed the Roanoke we came to a section

of country where the people had never seen a Yankee soldier, and as we approached a town white and black turned out to see us. Our bands always played, and we marched on time and made a fine display. The people seemed surprised that Sherman's army was so large, so well equipped and so well disciplined, as they had been led to think that it was a rough rabble of disorganized cut-throats."

An officer writes: "All along the road through North Carolina and Virginia we were greeted most enthusiastically by the dusky inhabitants, who at the command of the jolly soldiers would run forward, halt, dance, throw up their hats, hurrah for Sherman, lie down, roll over and attempt to do all these things at once in the vain effort to obey a dozen contradictory orders. An old fellow with wooden-soled shoes, the uppers of which were of leather in the Robinson Crusoe style, hairy side out, came rushing from the woods yelling like a locomotive, 'Hurrah for the United ——,' and then stood wool gathering, trying to recall the word States. Another, who had thrown himself, or rather his voice, away in the excitement, at the order to give three cheers, squawked, squeaked and squealed, and then whispered as if splitting his throat, 'O Massa, I'se done hollered so much I jist can't make no noise.'

"At Williamsboro, a village of a half dozen houses, the whole region seemed to have turned out, men, women and pickaninnies following the musicians, capering in the most comical manner, performing astonishing antics whenever the bass drummer applied his sticks with extra force. 'Play! play! I say!' screamed a white urchin who was so unfortunate as to reach the road all breathless, just as the music ceased. With all the dignity of the Emperor of Soudan an aged African quieted the young patrician with,



'Don't you be ordern dem gemmen' 'roun, sah; now I tell you.'

"One of our captains, whose courage is only equaled by his integrity, and his patriotism by his faith in the brotherhood of man, caught sight of a scarecrow, so the boys of his company tell it. Instantly his sympathetic soul was moved, and he called out, 'Hello there, Sambo, come along. Don't you know you're free?'"

U. H. Farr: "We marched through Richmond, then through Spottsylvania Court House, and came to the works some quarter of a mile away. The timber was literally riddled, the trees from the ground up being left in splinters, not a whole tree standing, but stumps, some short, some long, and these pecked full of holes by minie balls. As we passed along the road about a mile from the Court House we came to a point where General Hancock made an early morning attack, carrying the rebel works and capturing thousands of prisoners, though by a countercharge the enemy regained their works. A breastwork of several rods had been made of Enfield and Springfield rifles as high as a man's head, and the ground in front of this line of works was thickly strewn with dead Union soldiers. I saw over a thousand dead as far as I went, the bodies rotten and the skin of the faces dried in the sun, but the blue cloth of the uniforms sound and the color unchanged. Some of the dead were sitting upright against trees, and others showed that they had been wounded in the legs and had ripped up the clothing to bandage the leg and stop the flow of blood, and had died in that condition. None had been buried in that part of the field. Out along the road we were marching, however, most of the dead bodies had a few spadeful of dirt thrown over them, but in almost

every instance some extremity was left uncovered. I saw feet sticking out of the dirt, or a hand protruding, as if mutely appealing for help.

“As we passed through the battle grounds of Spottsylvania Court House and the Wilderness our part of the command was in front, but it was reported that night in the camps that General Sherman detailed men to bury the dead on those two fields. I heard many comments from our men not altogether complimentary to Grant or Meade for failing to bury their dead. It is true the rebels held both of those battlefields after the conflict had ended, and as Grant was endeavoring to swing his army around to the left and come in between the rebel army and Richmond, and as Lee was always moving to the right, the rebels were in possession of the field last, but Meade’s troops must have marched to Washington over those same roads, and they should have buried their dead as they passed. We pitched our camp that night on the Chancellorsville battlefield, at about the point where the left wing of the Eleventh Corps was resting when it was assaulted by Jackson’s command,—where it was crushed and ignominiously routed.”

An officer writes: “Our way led us through the Spottsylvania battle ground. Everywhere were visible the terrible signs of the struggle—trees mowed down by artillery, lowly mounds, with nothing to testify whose was the resting place, and, sadder still, unburied remains. Bones lay by the roadside; and in a yard where a woman stood and discoursed about the struggle to inquirers, lay two skulls, silent evidences of her inhumanity. In a thicket nearby, where the appalling stillness seems never to have been broken except by owl, or bat, or raven, lie hundreds of

skeletons. Some had collected as they lay wounded such sticks and twigs as were within their reach, and had striven to erect a barrier to protect them from further injury. Some had taken the straps from their knapsacks to bind a severed artery, and now the leather lying loosely about the bone told pathetically of the vain effort.

“We encamped on the field of Chancellorsville. Orders prohibiting rail burning have been very strict, but in this vicinity, where contending armies have destroyed everything, they are superfluous. A former member of the Twenty-seventh, now of the Seventieth, amused his comrades by informing them that, for old times' sake, he meant to boil his coffee that night by a rail fire; for, two years before, he had crossed a little stream by the aid of a rail. Sure enough the rail was found, the coffee boiled, and listeners gathered round the blaze to hear once more the oft-repeated story of Hooker's victory and defeat.

“Some of us visited the Wilderness battle ground, and saw there the same sad scenes. The commingled bones of horse and rider, all the possessions of the soldier, from the envelope with its faint address in a woman's hand to the broken gun, lie scattered over the ground. Knapsacks, placed together by companies before they made a charge, and for which the owners never returned, remain in decaying heaps. 'Tis a gloomy sepulchre, where the trees, in tenderly covering with leaves the remains of the patriots, alone perform the last sad offices. The wind moans through the pines, tears fall at home for them, but they sleep on, unconscious of a weeping nation.

“An old, gray-haired man leaned upon his hoe handle trying to quiet his trembling head as he said, ‘Ah, sir; there are thousands of both sides lying unburied in the

Wilderness. A fire broke out and hundreds of the helpless were burned to death.' ”

U. H. Farr: “Emerging from the Wilderness we marched by the old Chancellor house, which was some half mile from our place of bivouac, and showed shell marks and that the woodwork had been burned, leaving the bare walls standing. We crossed the Rappahannock a mile or so farther on by a pontoon bridge. The country was destitute of inhabitants, for no houses remained. We reached the vicinity of Alexandria the nineteenth of May, 1865, and settled down for a few days' rest.

“On the morning of the twenty-fourth we struck tents and marched, going by way of Alexandria around the south end of Arlington Heights, and crossing the long bridge to Washington, passed by the Capitol up Pennsylvania avenue. In the grounds facing the avenue stands had been put up for the reviewing officers.”

An officer writes: “Yesterday, for the last time, we passed in review before all the great officials of the Government, and the representatives of foreign nations. The swaying battalions marching down the avenue, the cheering multitudes lining either side, formed a spectacle never to be forgotten. At last we have made the ‘Grand Rounds,’ and our work is done. Every heart was heavy, and many an eye was moist as we approached the reviewing stand, for the kindly welcoming face we had longed to see had vanished forever. One is tempted to feel sometimes that life is made up of hopes and mockeries. \* \* \*

“While I was looking over the recent publications in a bookstore, to which I had hastened, for I have been so long without books that the touch of one thrills me, the proprietor approached me and fell into conversation, remark-

ing after awhile, 'I suppose you officers are sorry the war's over, as you will now lose your job?' 'What!' I exclaimed, for I could scarcely believe my ears. He repeated the observation. It was hard to keep hands off of him, but turning to go I said, 'There may be such creatures lying around Washington, but I have never seen officer or private show anything but delight at the approach of peace, and you are the first man I ever heard express such a suspicion, or utter such a sentiment.'

"It's amazing, but the atmosphere of Washington can make a dog even of a handler of books."

U. H. Farr: "Early on the morning of June ninth we boarded the freight cars on the B. & O. R. R. When we arrived at Grafton, West Virginia, about midnight, we got off for lunch, and found men under a shed nearby making coffee for us in large iron kettles. They had a lot of fat pickled pork, boiled, and bread in loaves. After we had eaten we took what we wanted of the provisions in our haversacks. About noon next day we arrived at Parkersburg, and about dusk boarded a steamboat, reaching Lawrenceburg just after dark, twenty-four hours later. When the gangplanks were thrown out we made a rush to see who should first set foot on Indiana soil. The citizens were in waiting to receive us, and we were divided up in squads of two to twelve or more, and taken in charge by young ladies largely, conducted to their homes, entertained in royal style, and given good suppers. We arrived at Indianapolis the next morning and were met by many friends. At the arsenal we turned over our guns to the United States officials, and then went to the Soldiers' Home for dinner. At Camp Carrington we were given a barrack building for each company, where we remained

some seven days till we were paid off, got our discharges and reached home on the eighteenth of June, 1865."

Headquarters First Brigade,  
Third Division, Twenty-first Army Corps,  
Near Washington, D. C., May 31, 1865.

Captain—I herewith transmit to you the report of Col. Henry Case of the operations of this brigade from tenth of April, when the command left Goldsboro, to the nineteenth, same month, when I resumed command. I have also the honor to submit the following report of the movements of the brigade from April nineteenth, 1865, to the present time :

From the nineteenth of April to the twenty-fifth the brigade remained in camp at Raleigh, the time being spent in refitting and in the ordinary routine of camp duties. On the twenty-fifth of April, the negotiations with the rebel leaders having failed, the army was again put in motion toward the enemy. This brigade broke camp at 7:30 A. M., and marched fifteen miles west of south to Jones' Cross Roads, where we encamped. The army having been put upon half rations before leaving Raleigh, foraging was again resumed, and though the country was poor, sufficient forage and subsistence was procured for the men and public animals. The command remained at the crossroads until the twenty-eighth of April, when it was again moved back to Raleigh and put in its old camp. On the thirtieth day of April the whole army took up the line of march for Richmond, Va., and Washington, D. C. Orders received before starting contemplated that this march was to be conducted with a view to the comfort of the troops, and suggested fifteen miles per day as the limit, unless circumstances should require a longer march. Orders also required all foraging from the country to cease, and prohibited soldiers from entering private houses on any pretense. The march was not made as easy or comfortable to the troops as the order contemplated. The average march per day being above the limit suggested, and on some days so far exceeding it that the troops were very much worried and exhausted, extending on

one or two days to twenty-three and twenty-five miles. On the part of the troops the orders were faithfully observed; it was really surprising to see an army so long accustomed to living off the country and to the irregularities necessarily resulting at once resume their habits of order and good discipline, and is highly creditable to the army. Only one or two slight cases of thieving came to my knowledge during the whole march.

On the ninth of May the brigade went into camp about six miles from Richmond, Va., where we remained until the eleventh, when we again moved, passing through Manchester and Richmond, and went into camp about four miles from the latter place. The command moved through the cities in column, with music playing and in good review order. In passing through Manchester we were very handsomely received by General Devens, who had his division of the Twenty-fourth Army Corps paraded at open order on the left of the line of march and saluted each brigade as it passed. On the morning of the twelfth we again took up the line of march for Alexandria, Va., and renewed orders having been received to make the march easy, and not, except in cases of absolute necessity, to exceed fifteen miles per day, it was conducted with much greater comfort to the men on the entire route to this place. On the nineteenth of May we reached our camp near Alexandria (Cloud's Mills), and went into camp. Preparations were at once begun for the grand review by the President, ordered for the twenty-fourth instant, and much difficulty was experienced in getting needed supplies. The troops were at last pretty well equipped for the review. On the twenty-fourth, at sunrise, the brigade broke camp, loading knapsacks and haversacks into the train, and marched toward Long Bridge, where we rested until the way was clear for crossing. Crossing the bridge the command was formed in column of companies and moved in review up Pennsylvania avenue, and passed the President's stand near the White House.

The review was creditable to the troops and gave to those who had never seen Sherman's army a new and unexpected

view. They had looked for an army of "Bummers," wild, undisciplined, and unskilled in the precision of military movements. They saw, instead, an army that could be "Bummers" par excellence when necessity required, and when that necessity was removed, could at once exhibit a subordination and a precision in drill and movement excelled by no other army.

After passing in review this brigade was marched to its present camp, about four miles from Washington, on the Bladensburg road, and about one mile from the latter place.

I have to report the loss of one officer and one enlisted man on the march from Richmond. On the morning of May eighteenth, when the brigade left its camp on the battle ground of Chancellorsville, Lieutenant Snyder, Adjutant One Hundred and Second Illinois Volunteers, accompanied by one mounted orderly, left the column by permission of Colonel Smith, commanding his regiment, to look over the battle ground and rejoin the column before crossing the Rappahannock. Since that time nothing has been heard from them, and it is feared that they were killed by some guerrillas. He was a good officer and had rendered faithful service to his country.

In making this closing report of my brigade I beg leave to suggest that the services of some of my regimental and staff officers deserve recognition at the hands of the War Department, and I therefore recommend and respectfully urge upon the Department that the following named officers receive a brevet one grade above their present rank: First, Lieut.-Col. A. W. Doane, Seventy-ninth Ohio Volunteer Infantry; second, Lieut.-Col. E. F. Dutton, One Hundred and Fifth Illinois Volunteer Infantry; third, Lieut.-Col. Samuel Merrill, Seventieth Indiana Volunteer Infantry; fourth, Capt. Samuel T. Walkley, One Hundred and Twenty-ninth Illinois Volunteers, Acting Assistant Inspector-General; fifth, First Lieut. Alfred H. Trego, One Hundred and Second Illinois Volunteers, Acting Assistant Adjutant-General; sixth, First Lieut. George W. Gilcrist, One Hundred and Twenty-ninth Illinois Volunteers,



Aide de camp; seventh, Maj. A. W. Reagan, surgeon, Seventieth Indiana Volunteers, Brigade Surgeon.

BENJA. HARRISON,

Bvt. Brig.-Gen. U. S. Vols.,

Comdg. 1st Brig., 3d Div., 20th Corps.

Captain Crawford,

Actg. Asst. Adjutant-General,

Third Division, Twentieth Corps.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### AGAIN ON THE MARCH

Twenty-three years had passed away since the events narrated in the last chapter. The members of the Seventieth Indiana had scattered far and wide, and were quietly exemplifying in their homes the virtues manifested in the army. Many a man bore with him as a relic of hardship and exposure the disease that made a useful existence all too brief. Esteem deepened into love among the survivors as the days glided by, and as comrade after comrade answered no longer to the annual roll call. Those who remained heard with joy that their former Colonel, Benjamin Harrison, had been nominated as a candidate for the Presidency, and such as had opportunity—three hundred and seventy-seven in all—signed the following tribute and published it to the world:

The survivors of the Seventieth Regiment, Indiana Volunteers, congratulate themselves because their old commander, Gen. Benjamin Harrison, has been nominated as candidate for President of the United States.

They recollect the manly characteristics manifested by him in the camp, and the high soldiery qualities that adorned his character in the field.

They recall his untiring efforts in perfecting his men in military tactics; his vigilance in the midst of danger; his courage in battle; his quickness to see the design of the enemy, and his swiftness to strike and crush him.

They recollect his care for the health, the food and the

clothing of those who composed his command, and the resolute manner in which he kept the men from being imposed upon by shirkers of duty or arbitrary officers.

They remember his kindness to the sick, and his habit of sharing the discomforts of army life with those in the ranks.

They can never forget his carrying the rifle and knapsack of the exhausted soldier, and his tramping through the mud while a footsore comrade occupied his place in the saddle.

When men have sacrificed home, have journeyed wearily together through intolerable heat, bitter cold or the pelting tempest, have shared rough food and the cravings of hunger, have shivered with scanty covering through nights on damp or frozen ground, have been in constant danger from the bullets of the enemy and the shafts of disease, have experienced a daily and nightly trial of courage, have grieved together over the fallen, and joined at last in the same glorious triumph, a friendship is formed that will endure when partisanship and political animosities have sunk into oblivion.

The fires of battle united us, and memories more precious than life hold us as one, so that the contest of our old commander is ours.

Every noble impulse emanating from comradeship prompts us to follow our leader, and inspires us to call upon veterans from our reunited country to accept a leadership that will surely guide to victory and honor.

When the political contest had resulted successfully, and the time for the inauguration approached, a large number of the survivors of the Seventieth Indiana, on Friday after-

noon, March first, 1889, headed by a military band, formed into platoons near the Court House at Indianapolis, and marching to the Union Station, boarded a train of Pullman cars bound for Washington. These cars had been chartered by the members of the organization, to be occupied by them during their absence.

By some mistake the train swept through Shelbyville, leaving eight of the comrades, who had intended to start from that city, standing on the platform. A telegram from our next stopping place induced them to take the first express and join us at Cincinnati.

While the coaches were moving at that city, preparatory to starting directly eastward, a locomotive came crushing into the side of one of the sleepers, forcing it through a two-story brick building. For a moment it reminded one of an old-time battle; the falling bricks, rushing steam, tumbling lamps and grinding timbers, representing in no feeble way the never-to-be forgotten horror of bursting shells and blinding smoke. No one seemed to be hurt seriously except a tramp, who happened to be in the building, and who groaned and howled mournfully from beneath a mound of bricks. When dug out he was as flat as a hard tack, but a few long breaths rounded him into shape again, and enabled him to limp off shaking his head, first at the mountain of bricks, then at the car, and lastly at the locomotive.

The occupants of the coach, busy with the contents of their lunch baskets, bread and butter, cold ham and boiled eggs, bologna and sponge cake, for an instant forgot supper, and would have sold their chances for life very cheap; but a moment after, soldier-like, were mad as hornets be-

cause the floor was carpeted with food, and because the coffee just purchased was trickling down their legs instead of their throats.

A few hours' detention was the result of this adventure; then with a new sleeper, and our reinforcement from Shelbyville, we prepared our beds for the night and took up our journey toward the Potomac. Each car boasted of having the finest choir of snorers, and the rivalry was so great, that even those who claimed heretofore to have slept noiselessly, contracted the habit and joined with the rest in making the mountains and valleys ring with the music.

There was great fun the next day in going through the train and seeing how many faces could be recognized, in talking of old times and recent times, of easy and even of hard times, for it was found that the army characteristic of laughing at misfortune had settled with many into a life-long habit.

It was interesting to hear a discussion as to whether Sherman showed wisdom in declining the office of President. All agreed that he was right in asserting that the Virginian Thomas was a greater general than the Virginian Lee; for leaving loyalty out of consideration, the former was always victorious in each of the States in which he fought, no matter who chose the battle ground, while the latter could not gain a victory outside of his own State or on any ground except that of his own choosing. Grant's last great battle, in which he held death at arm's length until he had completed the book that was to lift his family out of the ruin a financial crash had wrought, was spoken of in low tones but admiring terms.

Personal histories were even more entertaining. A few when the war closed had found friends, occupations and success awaiting them, and their lives had been in continuous sunshine. One said, "Everybody was busy, but there seemed to be no place for me; so after scuffling around for months trying to find something to do, I moved on." Another, who was a little cynical, "Yes, we were greeted by those who sympathized with the North as long-lost brothers, then forgotten, either because they were absorbed in their own business, or because they thought a soldier, of course, would vote right, and it was pretty tough getting along at first." Another said, "We happened to come home to a neighborhood where those who had neither gone into the service nor asked anyone else to go, cast sullen looks on us, and would not give employment unless we would identify ourselves with their political party, so we struck out for Kansas." Another, "Yes, I'm in Kansas, and the people have been mighty good to me, for they have given me one of the best offices in the county, so I have all the money I want." Another, "About a quarter of the men who went from, or rather came back to our county, stuck to their old homes and are making a living, and at least are happy here." Then with a queer kind of a smile he added, "One of our number has been quite fortunate. He was sent forward as a recruit while we were at Nashville. He never performed a day's work while with the regiment, but went into the hospital immediately, having contracted a loathsome disease while not in the line of duty, and was discharged for disability. After the war he applied for and drew a pension. On further investigation his name was dropped from the pension rolls by the

Department. During a presidential campaign, when processions were formed and veterans were marching, he became active in securing old soldiers for the column that needed them most; so a United States Senator from Indiana introduced a special bill, giving him for the balance of his days, seventy-two dollars a month, while some of his needy comrades, who had served to the close of the war, went pensionless."

It was a couple of hours after dark on Saturday when we arrived at the Capital, and many of the men scattered through the city to see what changes had been made since they took part in the grand review at the close of the war.

Monday at half-past ten the battalion marched to the White House, and the four companies, into which it was divided, were assigned to escort duty, two moving in front and two in rear of the presidential party. Although the rain fell continuously, yet Pennsylvania avenue was lined with cheering spectators. At the east portico of the Capitol, the escort halted so as to see the inauguration ceremonies, while the troops belonging to the regular army moved on. The crowd was immense, and the crush was almost unendurable, so that every one was glad when the exercises were over and the grand parade began, on the return to the President's mansion. Here the escort entered the Government grounds, and those who were not too uncomfortable from the six hours' tramp through the rain, ascended the reviewing stand and watched the passing thousands.

The following afternoon the regiment, preceded by the Topeka band, marched through the city and was cordially greeted in their new home by the President and his family.

In that delightful hour many a poor fellow felt that he was already in Paradise, as he wandered with freedom through elegant chambers and fragrant conservatories of tropical plants.

All Washington had a new sensation when it was seen that exalted station only increased the affectionate care of our old leader for his old command. Before we separated the President stood on the steps of the Executive Mansion in the midst of his men, while two photographers exercised their skill in picture making. The fact is the photographers were so persistent in following us around and taking our likenesses that it has been hard for some of us grizzly old veterans to keep from imagining ourselves just a little better looking than ordinary mortals.

The next move was to the Treasury, where we were received, at his request, by General Rosecrans, our army commander in 1862. He must have remembered his experience with us in cornfields and turnip patches, for he failed to show us the "surplus" about which there had been so much talk. Had he done so, we certainly would have solved the problem of its reduction.

After visiting the Art Gallery, Museum, Smithsonian Institute, Capitol, Washington's Monument and many other public buildings, the Wednesday morning ten o'clock train bore us homeward. The singing of John Brown at Harper's Ferry, the snow storm as we swept through the mountains, the rushing streams, swollen into torrents by the rains, the fun and frolic of the gray-haired, wrinkled-faced comrades who were boys again after a quarter of a century's separation, have become a delightful life-long possession of the memory. A six days' reunion, all the



participants from the same regiment, whose homes are in almost all the States from Massachusetts to California, was an event never witnessed before, the exquisite pleasure of which cannot be described and will never be forgotten.

The wondrous satisfaction beaming on every countenance as the men strolled about the National Capital, noticing the marvelous changes made by the years, sprang from the consciousness that they had had a part in saving this beautiful city from destruction, and, better still, in rescuing the Nation from the ruin toward which it was rushing. The joy of the reunion was strangely solemn. Gladness and sadness, laughter and grief were intermingled. As story after story was told, manifesting self-denial or heroism, came the inquiry, "Where is he now?" and the oft recurring response, "Gone." He who belongs to a Last Man Society, the members of which have helped to make history, cannot escape profound emotions, and ought to move with unaffected dignity. His thoughts deal not alone with the far-away past, but also with the far-away future.

In concluding this narrative a selection from sentiments adopted at the reunion is appropriate.

The cause of liberty and union for which we fought, as the cause of God and man, can never be a lost cause.

Between right and wrong, and between the results of right and wrong, is a gulf wide and deep, and impassable as the gulf that parts Heaven and Hell.

The bond uniting comrades in camp and field was not broken when the volunteer was discharged, but is and will ever be an indissoluble tie of sacred friendship.

The dead are not forgotten, silent they lie, but their voiceless lips are eloquent for right, and their orphans should be the beloved and honored children of the Republic.

Under the inspiration of this reunion, and of the tender memories of fellow-soldiers, who in their death gave the full measure of patriotic devotion, we consecrate ourselves anew to the service of our country and of humanity.



THE FLAGS OF THE SEVENTIETH INDIANA

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN JUST AFTER THE  
CAPTURE OF SAVANNAH



# THE REGIMENTAL ROSTER.

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## FIELD AND STAFF.

### BENJAMIN HARRISON.

Colonel. Indianapolis. Date of commission, Aug. 7, 1862; date of muster, Aug. 7, 1862; brevetted Brigadier General Jan. 23, 1865; mustered out with regiment.

### JAMES BURGESS.

Lieutenant-Colonel. Danville. Date of commission, Aug. 9, 1862; date of muster, Aug. 12, 1862; promoted Colonel 124th Regiment.

### SAMUEL MERRILL.

Lieutenant-Colonel. Indianapolis. Date of commission, March 1, 1864; date of muster, April 20, 1864; mustered out with regiment.

### SAMUEL C. VANCE.

Major. Indianapolis. Date of commission, Aug. 9, 1862; date of muster, Aug. 12, 1862; resigned April 10, 1863; re-entered service as Colonel 132d Regiment.

### SAMUEL MERRILL.

Major. Indianapolis. Date of commission, April 11, 1863; date of muster, April 25, 1863; promoted Lieutenant-Colonel.

### ZACHARIAH S. RAGAN.

Major. Clayton. Date of commission, March 1, 1864; date of muster, April 20, 1864; wounded at Newhope Church June 15, 1864; mustered out with regiment.

### JAMES L. MITCHELL.

Adjutant. Indianapolis. Date of commission, July 16, 1862; date of muster, July 16, 1862; mustered out with regiment.

### GEORGE W. ALLISON.

Quartermaster. Franklin. Date of commission, July 18,

1862; date of muster, July 18, 1862; resigned Jan. 8, 1865.  
JOHN L. KETCHAM, JR.

Quartermaster. Indianapolis. Date of commission, Feb. 14, 1865; date of muster, March 27, 1865; mustered out with regiment.

ARCHIBALD C. ALLEN.

Chaplain. Indianapolis. Date of commission, Aug. 12, 1862; date of muster, Aug. 12, 1862; mustered out with regiment.

AMOS W. REAGAN.

Surgeon. Mooresville. Date of commission, Aug. 11, 1862; date of muster, Aug. 11, 1862; mustered out with regiment.

AMOS W. REAGAN.

Assistant Surgeon. Mooresville. Date of commission, July 30, 1862; promoted Surgeon.

WILLIAM A. WEBB.

Assistant Surgeon. Franklin. Date of commission, Aug. 11, 1862; date of muster, Aug. 12, 1862; resigned March 11, 1863.

WILLIAM R. SMITH.

Assistant Surgeon. Indianapolis. Date of commission, Aug. 12, 1862; date of muster, Aug. 12, 1862; resigned Nov. 8, 1862.

JOHN M. WHITE.

Assistant Surgeon. Southport. Date of commission, Dec. 6, 1862; date of muster, Dec. 16, 1862; died Aug. 31, 1863, of disease.

LEROY H. KENNEDY.

Assistant Surgeon. Danville. Date of commission, April 4, 1863; date of muster, April 18, 1863; resigned Sept. 4, 1863; cause, disability.

JENKINS A. FITZGERALD.

Assistant Surgeon. Indianapolis. Date of commission, Oct. 17, 1863; date of muster, Oct. 22, 1863; mustered out with regiment.

HERMAN J. WATJEN.

Assistant Surgeon. Indianapolis. Date of commission,

Jan. 1, 1865; mustered out as Hospital Steward with regiment.

#### REGIMENTAL NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

PHILIP D. MUSGRAVE.

Sergeant Major. Indianapolis. Date of muster, Aug. 12, 1862; transferred to Company A Aug. 20, 1862.

WILLIAM A. MARRS.

Quartermaster-Sergeant. Martinsville. Date of muster, Aug. 12, 1862; mustered out with regiment.

REUBEN D. ISAACS.

Commissary Sergeant. Indianapolis. Date of muster, Aug. 12, 1862; discharged Feb. 15, 1863; disability.

HERMAN J. WATJEN.

Hospital Steward. Indianapolis. Date of muster, Aug. 12, 1862; commissioned Assistant Surgeon Jan. 1, 1865; mustered out with regiment.

ISAIAH LONG.

Principal Musician. Mooresville. Date of muster, Aug. 12, 1862; transferred to Company D Jan. 1, 1863.

JULES A. VIQUESNEY.

Principal Musician. Danville. Date of muster, Aug. 12, 1862; transferred to Company C May 1, 1864.

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## ROSTER OF COMPANIES.\*

### COMPANY A.

BENJAMIN HARRISON.

Captain, commissioned July 22, 1862; promoted Colonel.

HENRY M. SCOTT.

First Lieutenant, commissioned July 22, 1862; Captain, commissioned Aug. 9, 1862; brevetted Major March 31, 1865; mustered out with regiment.

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*\*The Author claims neither credit nor responsibility for the accuracy of the appended roster.*

*In order to have the list of names and statements as correct as possible, each roll has been prepared by a member of the company.*

MARTIN L. OHR.

First Lieutenant, commissioned Aug. 9, 1862; mustered out Nov. 4, 1864.

BETHUEL CLARK.

First Lieutenant, commissioned March 29, 1864; July 1, 1864; from 27th Regiment; mustered out with regiment.

JAMES A. WALLACE.

Second Lieutenant, commissioned July 22, 1862; Aug. 10, 1862; mustered out March 22, 1864; promoted Quartermaster 10th Cavalry.

JOHN W. KILGOUER.

Second Lieutenant, commissioned Jan. 17, 1865; Feb. 10, 1865; mustered out with regiment.

JOHN W. KILGOUER.

First Sergeant July 15, 1862; Second Lieutenant Jan. 17, 1865; Feb. 10, 1865, mustered out with regiment.

JOHN JUDGE.

Sergeant July 16, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865, as First Sergeant.

GEORGE M. McKNIGHT.

Sergeant July 17, 1862; discharged Dec. 6, 1864; disability.

ANDREW A. BUCHANAN.

Sergeant July 19, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

ALONZO P. BABBITT.

Sergeant July 22, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

WILLIAM R. SMITH.

Corporal July 14, 1862; promoted Assistant Surgeon Aug. 12, 1862.

ROBERT A. TAYLOR.

Corporal July 18, 1862; discharged May 20, 1863; disability.

GEORGE W. LUCKY.

Corporal July 15, 1862; discharged Nov. 9, 1862; disability.

HERMAN F. ROPKEY.

Corporal July 19, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865, as Sergeant.

GEORGE W. CLARK.

Corporal July 17, 1862; deserted Nov. 10, 1862.



HENRY WESLING.

Corporal July 19, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865, as Sergeant.

GEORGE W. COOK.

Corporal July 19, 1862; discharged April 10, 1865; wounds.

SIMON SNYDER.

Corporal July 14, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

SAMUEL H. LAUBACK.

Musician July 16, 1862; killed at Resaca May 15, 1864.

HERMAN J. WATJEN.

Musician Aug. 6, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865, as Hospital Steward.

JACKSON SUMMERS.

Wagoner Aug. 5, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

#### PRIVATES.

ELIJAH P. ACKER.

Aug. 4, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

ISAAC BAKER.

July 17, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

HENRY BAKER.

July 17, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

ANTON BEUKA.

July 21, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

GEORGE W. BURRIS.

July 19, 1862; discharged Dec. 6, 1864; wounds.

DANIEL F. BURNS.

July 22, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865, as Corporal.

JOHN L. BROWN.

July 21, 1862; discharged March 3, 1865; wounds.

JEROME A. BABBITT.

July 23, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865, as Corporal.

ISAAC J. BALES.

July 23, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

HENRY CRUSE.

Aug. 4, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

FRANCIS CECIL.

July 21, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

CLARK CONVERSE.

July 14, 1862; died Aug. 18, 1864; wounds.

LEMUEL L. CARTER.

July 15, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865, as Corporal.

WILLIAM W. CAIN.

July 17, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

JOHN CUSTER.

July 18, 1862; died at Vining's Station, Ga., Aug. 16, 1864.

ALFRED CHANDLER.

July 21, 1862; transferred to Engineer Corps July 31, 1864.

JOSIAH S. CLARK.

July 21, 1862; discharged Jan. 20, 1863; disability.

EDWARD COX.

July 21, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

ALLEN CAYLOR.

Aug. 11, 1862; discharged Jan. 27, 1863; disability.

ANDREW DUNWAY.

July 17, 1862; killed at Resaca, Ga., May 15, 1864.

PERRY A. DEMANGET.

July 19, 1862; killed at Resaca, Ga., May 15, 1864.

WILLIAM DOUGLASS.

July 21, 1862; mustered out May 10, 1865.

JOHN ENGLAND.

July 19, 1862; discharged Jan. 20, 1863; disability.

EDMOND P. ERVIN.

July 19, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

WILKERSON FARLEY.

July 25, 1862; discharged Dec. 13, 1862; disability.

JAMES FURGIS.

July 15, 1862; discharged Jan. 20, 1865; wounds.

NATHANIEL FOLLETT.

Aug. 4, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

RODNEY R. GIBBONS.

Aug. 11, 1862; discharged Dec. 6, 1864; wounds.

SAMUEL B. GARDNER.

July 19, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865, as Corporal.

FRANK HALL.

Aug. 4, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

JOSEPH F. HARBERT.

July 17, 1862; died at Nashville, Tenn., May 17, 1864.

JOHN W. HACKLEMAN.

July 19, 1862; transferred to Engineer Corps July 31, 1864.  
NOBLE HUNTINGTON.

July 19, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865, as Sergeant  
JOHN HARRISON.

July 21, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

WILLIAM HOBBS.

July 19, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

HOWARD HUDNUT.

Aug. 6, 1862; killed at Russellville, Ky., Sept. 30, 1862.

OLIVER L. JONES.

Aug. 4, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

JOHN R. JENKINS.

July 15, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865, as Corporal.

DALA D. KRATZER.

Aug. 4, 1862; deserted Aug. 10, 1862.

PHILIP A. LORRY.

July 22, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

JOHN LAW.

July 17, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

ALEXANDER MOORE.

July 22, 1862; died at Resaca, Ga., June 5, 1864; wounds.

MOSES MUSGRAVE.

July 21, 1862; discharged April 23, 1863; disability.

PHILIP D. MUSGRAVE.

July 15, 1862; promoted Surgeon U. S. Colored Troops  
Oct. 30, 1863.

HENRY MAY.

July 19, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

OLIVER MARSHALL.

Aug. 4, 1862; discharged April 7, 1863; disability.

WILLIAM MUSTON.

Aug. 5, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

WILLIAM McELROY.

July 21, 1862; transferred to V. R. C. Jan. 10, 1865.

JOSEPH F. McFARLAND.

July 25, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

JOSEPH S. McCLAREND.

July 23, 1862; deserted Oct. 7, 1862.

SAMUEL L. NULL.

July 18, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

LEBBENS T. NOSSAMAN.

July 21, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

GEORGE W. ORR.

July 15, 1862; promoted Lieutenant U. S. Colored Troops  
March 2, 1864.

ANDREW A. PECK.

July 15, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

SANDFORD PEDIGO.

July 17, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865, as Corporal.

FRANCIS PURSEL.

July 21, 1862; died at Chattanooga, Tenn., June 25, 1864;  
wounds.

CHARLES PURSEL.

July 19, 1862; died at Louisville, Ky., June 30, 1864.

WILLIAM PURCELL.

July 21, 1862; discharged Nov. 8, 1862; disability.

ROBERT H. PATTERSON.

Aug. 5, 1862; discharged March 13, 1863; disability.

THOMAS P. RICHARDSON.

July 15, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

FREDERICK RODEBECK.

July 19, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

DUDLEY ROBERTS.

July 21, 1862; discharged May 29, 1863; disability.

NATHANIEL T. ROYER.

July 21, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

WILLIAM H. SMITH.

July 21, 1862; died at Gallatin, Tenn., Dec. 26, 1862.

JOHN H. SEIVER.

July 21, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865, as Sergeant Major.

JAMES SHANK.

Aug. 6, 1862; died at Bowling Green, Ky., Sept. 4, 1862.

WILLIAM H. H. SHANK.

Aug. 6, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865, as Corporal.

JONATHAN P. SUNDERLAND.

Aug. 4, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

DANIEL SPIEGEL.

Aug. 7, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

DAVID P. THOMAS.

July 19, 1862; died at Gallatin, Tenn., April 23, 1863.

GARDNER P. THORNTON.

July 21, 1862; promoted Lieutenant U. S. Colored Troops Dec. 31, 1863.

ALEXANDER THUER.

July 21, 1862; discharged June 22, 1864.

GEORGE W. WELLS.

July 15, 1862; died at Gallatin, Tenn., March 2, 1863.

JOHN WILLIAMS.

July 19, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

HENRY WIESE.

July 19, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

JAMES NELSON WILSON.

July 19, 1862; killed at Resaca, Ga., May 15, 1864.

ELBRIDGE C. WATSON.

July 21, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

GEORGE C. WALLACE.

July 21, 1862; discharged Dec. 30, 1864, by order War Department; promoted Sergeant Major.

WILLIAM J. WHEATLEY.

Aug. 6, 1862; discharged Dec. 30, 1862; disability.

WESLEY WILLIAMSON.

July 21, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

ASA WILLIAMSON.

July 22, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

SIMEON T. YANCEY.

July 22, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

RECRUITS.

ROBERT BARNHILL.

March 8, 1862; mustered out April 6, 1865.

ISAAC BROWN.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

WILLIAM J. BLUE.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

ELISHA BAILEY.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

JAMES BAKER.

Dec. 15, 1863; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

DAVID BYERLY.

Jan. 6, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

WILLIAM S. BROWN.

March 15, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

ANDREW J. CHASE.

Dec. 12, 1863; discharged Oct. 21, 1864; disability.

JOHN H. CAYWOOD.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

ROBERT W. COFFEE.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

JOHN T. COFFEE.

March 27, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

MARSHALL GARDNER.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

EMERY HOWELL.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

NOAH P. HILLMAN.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

PETER D. JACOBS.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

JAMES J. LANE.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

DANIEL M. LARIMORE.

March 31, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

GEORGE PATE.

March 5, 1862; mustered out April 6, 1865.

GEORGE PROSSER.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

AZRA M. ROBERTS.

Jan. 4, 1864; discharged March 18, 1865; wounds.

ZACHARIAH RUDE.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

MELVIN SANDBURN.

March 19, 1862; mustered out April 6, 1865.

ADAM SNAPP.

April 2, 1862; mustered out April 6, 1865.

JOHN M. STEWARD.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

SIMON A. STRODER.

Jan. 6, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

JOHN H. THOMPSON.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

JAMES WOODS.

March 15, 1862; mustered out April 6, 1865.

WILLIAM WEAKLEY.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

ANDREW J. WEAKLEY.

March 27, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

#### COMPANY B.

THOMAS A. McFARLAND.

Captain Aug. 1, 1862; resigned Aug. 31, 1862.

DAVID F. SLEETH.

First Lieutenant Aug. 1, 1862; Captain Sept. 1, 1862;  
resigned 1864.

EDWARD L. DAVIDSON.

Second Lieutenant July 15, 1862; First Lieutenant Sept. 1,  
1862; resigned Jan. 3, 1863.

**JOHN C. NEWTON.**

First Sergeant July 19, 1862; Second Lieutenant Sept. 1, 1862; First Lieutenant Jan. 4, 1863; Captain 1864; mustered out June 8, 1865.

**SAMUEL B. ROBERTSON.**

Sergeant July 15, 1862; First Sergeant Sept. 1, 1862; Second Lieutenant Jan. 4, 1863; resigned August, 1864.

**WELTON M. WHITCOMB.**

Sergeant Aug. 1, 1862; Second Sergeant Sept. 1, 1862; First Sergeant Feb. 28, 1863; mustered out June 8, 1865.

**JOHN S. MOORE.**

Sergeant Aug. 1, 1862; Commissary Sergeant Feb. 13, 1863; mustered out June 8, 1865.

**JAMES C. BENNETT.**

Sergeant July 23, 1862; Third Sergeant Feb. 21, 1863; First Sergeant Sept. 1, 1864; Second Lieutenant Jan. 17, 1865; mustered out June 8, 1865.

**RICHARD H. THRALLS.**

Corporal July 16, 1862; Fifth Sergeant Sept. 1, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

**HEZEKIAH MITCHELL.**

Corporal July 16, 1862; discharged April 6, 1863; disability.

**ELIJAH A. POWELL.**

Corporal July 17, 1862; died at Chattanooga, Tenn., May 24, 1864.

**ELIAS P. SMITH.**

Corporal July 17, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

**JAMES A. STAFFORD.**

Corporal July 17, 1862; Sergeant Feb. 21, 1863; First Sergeant 1864; Second Lieutenant 1864; First Lieutenant 1865; mustered out June 8, 1865.

**JAMES T. SPENCER.**

Corporal July 17, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865, as Private.

**AMOS T. PHARES.**

Corporal July 26, 1862; discharged Jan. 16, 1864; disability.

**ACHILLES RODGERS.**

Corporal July 24, 1862; died July, 1864; wounds.



WILLIAM H. DEEM.

Musician July 20, 1862; reduced to ranks Aug. 26, 1862;  
deserted Jan. 21, 1863.

DAVID L. DELOE.

Musician July 20, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

JAMES R. SMITH.

Wagoner July 17, 1862; discharged Nov. 29, 1862; dis-  
ability.

### PRIVATES.

GEORGE W. ADAMS.

Aug. 4, 1862; died at Bowling Green, Ky., Sept. 30, 1863.

CHARLES E. ADAMS.

Aug. 4, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

JOHN H. ADAMS.

Aug. 4, 1862; died at Lavergne, Tenn., June 20, 1863.

THOMAS ANDERSON.

Aug. 4, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

TERRELL ANDERSON.

July 17, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

ROBERT ANGLETON.

July 17, 1862; Corporal Sept. 1, 1862; mustered out June  
8, 1865, as Sergeant.

HENRY AYDELOTT.

July 22, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

JOSEPH W. AYDELOTT.

July 22, 1862; died at Scottsville, Ky., Nov. 27, 1862.

ABRAHAM BELLER.

Aug. 4, 1862; deserted Oct. 2, 1862.

WILLIAM BAKER.

Aug. 4, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

JOSEPH F. COWDEN.

July 17, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

EPHRAIM COLLINS.

July 17, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

JOHN T. COLLINS.

July 17, 1862; transferred to V. R. C. April 6, 1864.

JAMES L. COLLINS.

July 18, 1862; transferred to Engineer Corps Aug. 15, 1864.

FRANKLIN COLLINS.

Aug. 5, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865, as Corporal.

WILLIAM CONNER.

Aug. 4, 1862; discharged Jan. 27, 1863; disability.

HUMPHREY EOFF.

Aug. 6, 1862; transferred to V. R. C.

GEORGE W. EVANS.

July 25, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

HENRY FARLEY.

July 18, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

WILLIAM H. GUISE.

July 29, 1862; killed by accident July 26, 1864, Atlanta, Ga.

ZACHEUS GORDON.

July 16, 1862; died at Bowling Green, Ky., Nov. 27, 1862.

JOHN W. GIBBONS.

July 29, 1862; died at Scottsville, Ky., Dec. 2, 1862.

DAVID P. GILL.

Aug. 1, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865, as Corporal.

SIMPSON GOSSETT.

July 25, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

THORNHILL H. GWYNNE.

Aug. 2, 1862; discharged July 29, 1863; disability.

LINDSEY GERMAN.

Aug. 1, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

NATHAN HALL.

Aug. 1, 1862; discharged Jan. 21, 1863; disability.

JAMES HALL.

Aug. 7, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

GEORGE W. HULSOPPLE.

July 19, 1862; discharged March 21, 1863; disability.

ALEXANDER S. HAWKINS.

Aug. 4, 1862; killed at Resaca, Ga., May 15, 1864.

JOEL H. KEELING.

July 19, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

DAVID C. LINDVILLE.

Aug. 6, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

CHARLES M. LAZAR.

July 16, 1862; died at Nashville, Tenn., Nov. 19, 1863.

LEROY LEGGETT.

Aug. 4, 1862; promoted to Corporal; mustered out June 8, 1865, as Sergeant.

JOHN W. MILLER.

July 16, 1862; died at Saundersville, Tenn., Feb. 7, 1863.

WILLIAM A. MILLER.

Aug. 1, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

JAMES S. MILLER.

July 24, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

THOMAS B. MILLER.

July 24, 1862; died at home Aug. 11, 1862.

ROBERT H. MILLER.

Aug. 1, 1862; died at Chattanooga, Tenn., July 22, 1864; wounds.

WILLIAM S. MITCHELL.

July 19, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

DODRIDGE MITCHELL.

Aug. 4, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

SYLVESTER MCGINITY.

July 16, 1862; transferred to Engineer Corps Aug. 24, 1864.

ABRAHAM McMULLEN.

July 24, 1862; died at Saundersville, Tenn., Feb. 22, 1863.

THOMAS McCONNELL.

July 25, 1862; Corporal Sept. 1, 1862; discharged Jan. 26, 1863; disability.

JAMES H. McFALL.

July 28, 1862; died at Bowling Green, Ky., Nov. 7, 1862.

CHARLES L. MARIETTA.

July 16, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

WILLIAM MORGAN.

July 17, 1862; discharged Dec. 13, 1862; disability.

JOHN R. MAHOLM.

Aug. 4, 1862; discharged Jan. 15, 1863.

GEORGE H. MAHOLM.

Aug. 9, 1862; killed on railroad Nov. 6, 1864.

NOAH O. MOORE.

Aug. 4, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

JOHN H. NEWTON.

July 17, 1862; died near Atlanta, Ga., Aug. 12, 1864; wounds.

WILLIAM C. PHARES.

July 26, 1862; Musician Aug. 26, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

GEORGE A. PRICE.

Aug. 4, 1862; died at Chattanooga, Tenn., Aug. 29, 1864; wounds.

HENRY C. PHILLIPS.

Aug. 12, 1862; discharged May 6, 1863; disability.

JOSEPH A. REED.

July 21, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865, as Corporal.

DAVID S. RIGDON.

Aug. 1, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

HENRY RAPP.

Aug. 4, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

JOHN SMITH.

July 24, 1862; deserted Dec. 2, 1863.

ELIJAH S. SMITH.

July 26, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

CARRY H. SMITH.

Aug. 1, 1862; Corporal Feb. 21, 1863; mustered out June 8, 1865.

DANIEL STEWART.

July 31, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

WILLIAM STORY.

July 20, 1862; died at Bowling Green, Ky., Oct. 30, 1863.

ANDREW I. STORY.

July 20, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

DAVID S. SCOFIELD.

July 24, 1862; died at Scottsville, Ky., Dec. 17, 1862.

WILLIAM H. STRADER.

Aug. 4, 1862; transferred to Engineer Corps Aug. 15, 1864.

TYRE STAFFORD.

Aug. 4, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

ARCHIBALD SOSBY.

July 26, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865, as Corporal.  
MARSHALL STODDARD.

July 26, 1862; died at Scottsville, Ky., Nov. 19, 1862.  
ADELMAN SMITH.

July 19, 1862; died at Indianapolis, Ind., Aug. 7, 1862.  
ROBERT TONER.

Aug. 1, 1862; died at Gallatin, Tenn., March 17, 1863.  
CORNELIUS TUCKER.

July 23, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.  
FERDINAND TREON.

Aug. 1, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865, as Corporal.  
VALISON C. THOMAS.

Aug. 2, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.  
THOMAS F. THOMPSON.

Aug. 1, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.  
JEREMIAH WHEELER.

July 19, 1862; died at Gallatin, Tenn., Dec. 23, 1862.  
JOHN J. WALTON.

July 18, 1862; died at Gallatin, Tenn., Dec. 15, 1862.  
MAJOR WOOD.

July 25, 1862; died at Saundersville, Tenn., Feb. 21, 1863.  
WASHINGTON WOLTON.

Aug. 1, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.  
JOHN WAGONER.

July 20, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865, as Corporal.  
AMOS T. WILLIS.

July 20, 1862; deserted Nov. 7, 1862.

#### RECRUITS.

FRANCIS M. ANGLETON.

Dec. 25, 1863; died May 28, 1864, of wound received at  
Resaca, Ga.

JAMES AULTE.

Dec. 23, 1863; died at Chattanooga, Tenn., Jan. 2, 1865.

SYLVESTER ADAMS.

Dec. 31, 1863; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

JOHN F. ALBRIGHT.

Dec. 23, 1863; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.  
AARON ALLEN.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.  
WILLIAM H. BEESON.

Jan. 25, 1864; died at Cassville, Ga., June, 1864; wound.  
WILLIAM A. BARNES.

Dec. 23, 1863; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.  
ABNER D. CROSS.

Dec. 23, 1863; discharged Dec. 20, 1864.  
JAMES CLARK.

Dec. 23, 1863; died at Lookout Mountain Feb. 2, 1865.  
CYRUS CAYLER.

Dec. 23, 1863; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.  
HENSON L. CLARK.

Dec. 23, 1863; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.  
EDWARD DILL.

Dec. 23, 1863; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.  
EDMOND H. DUNN.

Dec. 23, 1863; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.  
WILLIAM A. DWYER.

Dec. 23, 1863; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.  
ENOS DAVISSON.

Dec. 23, 1863; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.  
JOHN DAVISSON.

Dec. 23, 1863; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.  
JAMES DINN.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.  
PHILIP P. EMRICK.

Dec. 31, 1863; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.  
JOHN H. ELLETT.

Mustered out April 6, 1865.  
CHARLES W. FRANK.

Dec. 31, 1863; killed at Resaca, Ga., May 14, 1864.  
ROBERT T. FOSTER.

Jan. 24, 1864; First Sergeant Jan. 1, 1865; transferred to  
33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

WILLIAM FRY.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

LOUIS GOODRICH.

Dec. 23, 1863; killed at Peach Tree Creek, Ga., July 20, 1864.

WILLIAM HENDRICKS.

Dec. 23, 1863; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

GEORGE W. HALL.

Dec. 23, 1863; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

JOHN D. HINCHE.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

WILLIAM R. JOHNSON.

Dec. 23, 1863; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

WILLIAM LENOX.

Dec. 23, 1863; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

WILLIAM J. LEE.

Dec. 23, 1863; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

MONTRAVILLE MAHAN.

Dec. 23, 1863; transferred to V. R. C. Jan. 10, 1865.

DANIEL MELOY.

Dec. 31, 1863; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

JAMES MCKINNEY.

Dec. 31, 1863; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

GEORGE W. MCGAFFACK.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

CHARLES F. PLYMATE.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

SHELBY PRICE.

Dec. 31, 1863; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

JOHN PEAK.

Dec. 23, 1863; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

SAMUEL POWELL.

Dec. 23, 1863; discharged Oct. 5, 1864; disability.

FRANKLIN RICHIE.

Dec. 23, 1863; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

GRANVILLE RICHIE.

Dec. 23, 1863; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

FREDERICK W. STAFFORD.

Jan. 6, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

NATHAN STAFFORD.

Dec. 23, 1863; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

SHELBY SEXSON.

Dec. 31, 1863; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.  
JESSE STUBBS.

Dec. 23, 1863; died at Jeffersonville, Ind., Sept. 4, 1864.  
JOHN B. VANCLEFF.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.  
WILLIAM WORDAN.

Dec. 31, 1863; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.  
JOHN YOUNG.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

#### COMPANY C.

Z. S. RAGAN.

Captain Aug. 5, 1862; promoted to Major.

W. C. MITCHELL.

First Lieutenant Aug. 5, 1862; promoted to Captain.

JEPHTHA BANTA.

Second Lieutenant Aug. 5, 1862; died April 11, 1863.

JAMES M. ROGERS.

First Sergeant July 24, 1862; promoted to First Lieutenant.

JAMES I. WILLS.

Sergeant July 19, 1862; promoted to Second Lieutenant.

FRANKLIN J. BURCHAM.

Sergeant July 14, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

FRANK H. HURON.

Sergeant July 22, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865, as First  
Sergeant and Color Bearer.

DAVID N. HOPWOOD.

Sergeant July 17, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

MICHAEL J. DUFFEY.

Corporal July 17, 1862; killed near Atlanta, Ga., July 24,  
1864.

JOHN M. COOK.

Corporal Aug. 4, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.



FRANK C. FERGUSON.

Corporal July 14, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

BENJAMIN F. BOLEN.

Corporal July 17, 1862; discharged Nov. 12, 1864, on account of wounds received at Resaca, Ga.

SAMUEL R. RICHARDSON.

Corporal July 26, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

THOMAS M. NEWBY.

Corporal July 25, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

SYLVESTER S. WILLS.

Corporal July 25, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

JAMES D. COMPTON.

Corporal July 16, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

#### PRIVATEES.

JAMES ADAMS.

July 19, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

ALEXANDER ARCHER.

Aug. 4, 1862; discharged Oct. 8, 1863; disability.

JOHN F. ASHER.

Aug. 4, 1862; transferred to V. R. C. Jan. 10, 1865.

JESSE C. BARKER.

Aug. 1, 1862; discharged March 22, 1863; disability.

CHARLES H. BEDFORD.

July 21, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

ADAM BLUNK.

July 14, 1862; discharged Jan. 20, 1863; disability.

GEORGE BREWER.

July 30, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

MILES BRAY.

Aug. 5, 1862; discharged Jan. 28, 1863; disability.

LOT T. BRAY.

July 25, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

JACOB J. BRINGLE.

July 23, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

MARTIN L. BROWN.

July 21, 1862; died at Gallatin, Tenn., April 11, 1863.

SMITH G. BURCHAM.

July 28, 1862; died at Scottsville, Ky., Nov. 19, 1862.

JAMES BUCHANAN.

July 25, 1862; discharged Dec. 8, 1862; disability.

ALFRED W. CARTER.

July 21, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865, as Corporal.

JESSE B. CARTER.

Aug. 5, 1862; died at Saundersville, Tenn., Feb. 6, 1863.

SAMUEL W. CAREY.

Aug. 11, 1862; discharged Dec. 3, 1862; disability.

MOSES L. CRAWFORD.

July 28, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865, as Headquarter Teamster.

HENRY H. CRAWFORD.

July 24, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

CLARKSON DOAN.

Aug. 7, 1862; discharged Jan. 27, 1863, on account of wounds.

RISDON C. DINWIDDIE.

July 21, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

HENRY DUNCAN.

Aug. 8, 1862; discharged Dec. 9, 1862; disability.

HEZEKIAH DUFFEY.

Aug. 10, 1862; discharged March 17, 1863; disability.

ROBERT G. ELLIS.

Aug. 11, 1862; transferred to V. R. C. April 30, 1864.

WILLIAM FAULKNER.

July 25, 1862; discharged Dec. 4, 1862; disability.

REUBEN C. FRANKLIN.

July 25, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

LEWIS C. FRANKLIN.

July 25, 1862; died at Gallatin, Tenn., Feb. 24, 1863.

ALFRED R. GLOVER.

July 25, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

WILLIAM P. GYNN.

July 14, 1862; killed at Resaca, Ga., May 15, 1864.

RICHARD F. HARPER.

Aug. 8, 1862; discharged Oct. 31, 1862; disability.

LOT HADLEY.

July 21, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

TILGHMAN S. HARLIN.

July 24, 1862; died July 23, 1864, from wounds received at Peach Tree Creek.

THOMAS HANNAH.

July 28, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

JOHN HAMMOND.

July 25, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865, as Sergeant.  
SPENCER HIATT.

July 28, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

HUGH HIGGINS.

July 24, 1862; deserted Aug. 13, 1862.

JOHN D. HOPKINS.

Aug. 2, 1862; deserted Nov. 18, 1862.

DANIEL IRICK.

Aug. 11, 1862; transferred to V. R. C. July 20, 1864.

WILLIAM IRICK.

Aug. 11, 1862; discharged April 15, 1863; disability.

REUBEN R. ISAACS.

Aug. 9, 1862; discharged Feb. 15, 1863; disability; Commissary Sergeant.

WILLIAM JACKSON.

Aug. 11, 1862; died at Scottsville, Ky., Nov. 24, 1862.

HARDIN JACKSON.

Aug. 11, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

SILAS KENDALL.

Aug. 8, 1862; discharged Jan. 22, 1863; disability.

HENRY KERSCH.

July 28, 1862; killed near Golgotha, Ga., June 16, 1864.

THOMAS B. KINNAN.

Aug. 8, 1862; discharged Jan. 29, 1863; disability.

JOHN W. KNIGHTON.

July 22, 1862; killed at Resaca, Ga., May 15, 1864.

JOSHUA LEACH.

Aug. 12, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

JOB LEDBETTER.

July 18, 1862; killed at Resaca, Ga., May 15, 1864.

PETER O. LOOKEBILL.

July 15, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

JAMES R. MARTIN.

July 15, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

WILLIAM H. MARTIN.

July 28, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

JAMES H. MATTHEWS.

July 22, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

JOHN N. MATTHEWS.

July 22, 1862; discharged Jan. 27, 1863; disability.

JOHN W. MEDSKER.

July 28, 1862; deserted Nov. 10, 1862.

GEORGE W. MILLER.

July 25, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

ROBERT F. NEWBY.

July 25, 1862; discharged Dec. 14, 1862; disability.

WILLIAM C. NEWBY.

Dec. 22, 1863; died at Nashville, Tenn., June 8, 1864.

JAMES H. OSBORN.

July 19, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

NICHOLAS OSBORN.

Aug. 4, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

MONTERVILLE PARSONS.

July 18, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

HENRY PHIPPS.

July 25, 1862; discharged July 29, 1863; accidental wounds.

ALBERT H. PITTS.

Aug. 4, 1862; died at Gallatin, Tenn., Dec. 29, 1862.

GEORGE W. POTTS.

Aug. 6, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

JAMES PRATT.

Aug. 6, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

JOHN PURKYPIL.

Aug. 11, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

JOHN H. REITZEL.

July 25, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

ADAM REITZEL.

July 28, 1862; discharged May 13, 1863; wounds.

JEREMIAH RICHARDSON.

Aug. 4, 1862; discharged Nov. 29, 1862; disability.

JOHN A. ROBERTS.

Aug. 5, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

JAMES S. ROBERTS.

Aug. 11, 1862; discharged Feb. 22, 1863; disability.

ROBERT E. RAGAN.

Aug. 10, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

WILLIAM SHARPE.

July 22, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

YOUNG W. SHORT.

Aug. 5, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

WILLIAM B. SHORT.

Aug. 11, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

STEPHEN SCOTT.

July 28, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

JOHN H. G. SHACKLEFORD

July 17, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

ZIMRI TANZY.

July 28, 1862; discharged Oct. 31, 1862; disability.

JAMES A. THOMPSON.

July 28, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

JAMES A. TUMEY.

Aug. 4, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

JULES VIQUESNEY.

Aug. 7, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

SAMUEL WADDLE.

July 21, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

JAMES M. WILLS.

Aug. 7, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

NATHAN C. WILLIAMS.

July 25, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

JOHN W. WOOD.

July 26, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

FREDERICK ZOLLER.

Aug. 3, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

VETERANS OF THE 27TH INDIANA, AND RE-  
CRUITS.

WILLIAM ARFORD.

July 15, 1862; mustered out April 8, 1865.

THOMAS ANDERSON.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Indiana.

ENOCH M. BREWSTER.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Indiana.

HARVEY N. CARROLL.

July 15, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

CHARLES COMBS.

March 12, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

GEORGE M. CRITCHLOW.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Indiana June 8, 1865.

WM. A. CALLAHAN.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Indiana June 8, 1865.

WILLIAM COX.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Indiana June 8, 1865.

JONAS DAVIS.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Indiana June 8, 1865.

JAS. P. P. DENTON.

Jan. 24, 1864; discharged Jan. 10, 1865; disability.

RUSSELL DAVIS.

July 15, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

JOHN DEARMAN.

March 10, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

LEVI F. FAITH.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Indiana June 8, 1865.

WILLIAM N. FLINN.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Indiana June 8, 1865.

HENRY GHRAMM.

July 15, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

GEORGE W. GORR.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Indiana June 8, 1865.

JOHN E. HAYES.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Indiana June 8, 1865.

JAMES F. HERENDEN.

March 31, 1864; transferred to 33d Indiana June 8, 1865.

ANDREW KELLER.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Indiana June 8, 1865.

MICHAEL M. KELLER.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Indiana June 8, 1865.

JOSEPH D. LAUGHLIN.

Aug. 8, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

HARRISON LEE.

Jan. 24, 1864; discharged April 14, 1865; disability.

JOHN MURRATTA.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Indiana June 8, 1865.

PETER RAGLE.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Indiana June 8, 1865.

SANFORD H. SHIVELY.

Aug. 14, 1862; discharged Jan. 10, 1865; disability.

ELIJAH WILKINSON.

Sept. 12, 1861; transferred to 33d Indiana June 8, 1865.

ANDREW J. WILLIAMS.

Sept. 12, 1861; transferred to 33d Indiana June 8, 1865.

WILLIAM W. WARNER.

Sept. 12, 1861; transferred to 33d Indiana June 8, 1865.

DANIEL B. WATTS.

March 26, 1864; transferred to 33d Indiana June 8, 1865.

SAMUEL J. WALN.

Sept. 12, 1861; transferred to 33d Indiana June 8, 1865.

#### COMPANY D.

BARCLAY R. JOHNSON.

Captain, Aug. 2, 1862; resigned April 20, 1863.

WM. E. TANSEY.

First Lieutenant; promoted Captain April 20, 1863;  
wounded at Resaca, Ga., May 15, 1864.

SAMUEL K. HARRYMAN.

Second Lieutenant; promoted First Lieutenant April 20,  
1863.

WILLIAM M'CRACKEN.

Promoted to Sergeant; Orderly Sergeant; Second Lieutenant April 21, 1863.

EZRA OLLEMAN.

First Sergeant; discharged Jan. 23, 1863.

DANIEL DEAL.

First Duty Sergeant; wounded May 15, 1864, at Resaca.

THOMAS D. HUBBARD.

Sergeant; wounded June 15, 1864, at New Hope Church.

CALVIN JOHNSON.

Sergeant; died March 9, 1863, at Gallatin, Tenn.

MOSES B. PIKE.

Sergeant.

JAMES C. HENDRICKS.

Transferred to Drummer Boy.

BENJAMIN F. BALLARD.

Corporal; died March 13, 1863, at Gallatin, Ga.

CORNELUS HILL.

Corporal.

JOHN PIKE.

Corporal.

HENRY C. EATON.

Corporal.

JESSE F. SNOW.

Corporal.

MILTON CARTER.

Corporal; promoted Sergeant; discharged Jan. 20, 1864.

JOHN T. HUBBARD.

Corporal; promoted Sergeant.

ISAIAH LONG.

Musician.

THOMAS R. HORNADAY.

Musician; promoted to ranks by request.

OTTO RENCH.

Teamster.



## PRIVATES.

JOHN ADAMS.

Discharged November 6, 1863.

NEWTON ALLEN.

ENOS ALLEN.

JAMES M. BROWN.

JESSE BREWER.

SAMUEL BALLENTINE.

Died June 22, 1864, Nashville, Tenn.

DAVID M. BRAY.

JACOB M. BRAY.

JOHN M. CALLAHAN.

WILLIAM S. CANNATSEY.

NEVIOUS B. CHAMNESS.

Wounded, Resaca, Ga., May 15, 1864.

THOMAS C. CLAPP.

GRANVIL COSTIN.

MATHIAS A. COSTIN.

Promoted to Corporal; promoted to Sergeant.

GEORGE W. CRAYTON.

Wounded at Resaca, Ga.

HENRY W. COSTIN.

Died Feb. 22, 1863, at Gallatin, Tenn.

WILLIAM H. COSTIN.

GEORGE COPELAND.

IRA R. CRAVEN.

Promoted Corporal.

THOMAS J. DOAN.

Discharged Dec. 10, 1863.

WILLIAM P. EASTER.

JOSEPH A. EASTER.

Wounded May 15, 1864, at Resaca, Ga.

GEORGE W. EASTER.

Discharged Feb. 6, 1863.

ELI ELLMORE.

Discharged Dec. 6, 1863.

WILLIAM J. EDWARDS.

JESSE ELLMORE.

DAVID FANSLER.

PETER FARMER.

Wounded May 15, 1864, at Resaca, and discharged.

JACOB FARMER.

Wounded May 14, 1864, at Resaca; died June 9, 1864.

DAVID FUGATE.

Wounded May 15, 1864, at Resaca; died May 16, 1864.

URIAH H. FARR.

VARDAMAN FLETCHER.

Wounded May 15, 1864, at Resaca.

JOSEPH GREGORY.

Transferred Pioneer Corps.

ALONZO B. GREESON.

Wounded May 15, 1864; died May 27, 1864.

ALFRED GREESON.

Discharged July 27, 1864.

GEORGE W. HARPER.

JOHN V. HOWELL.

ISAAC A. JOHNSON.

JAMES JULIAN.

Discharged May 6, 1863.

ANDREW JORDAN.

Died March 21, 1863.

ROBERT JOHNSON.

Wounded July 20, 1864; discharged 1864.

ISAAC KERSEY.

Discharged Nov. 21, 1862.

MATTHEW KIRKENDOLL.

WILLIAM A. LAKE.

JOHN E. LAKE.

Promoted Corporal.

WILLIAM C. LAKE.

ALONZO LEWALLEN.

Discharged March 3, 1863.

DANIEL LOCKWOOD.

Died June 24, 1864.

FRANCIS M. LEACH.

Deserted Nov. 9, 1862.

JAMES LANE.

MARTIN MASON.

SYLVESTER MOON.

Discharged June 24, 1863.

MILO H. MOON.

Promoted Corporal.

ELI S. MYRICK.

Discharged March 3, 1863.

WILLIAM R. M'CLELLAN.

JAMES M'CRACKEN.

Promoted to Corporal; wounded May 15, 1864.

LEONIDAS OBENSHAIN.

Promoted to Corporal; promoted to Sergeant.

WILLIAM C. RHEA.

MERIDETH RUSH.

Discharged Jan. 24, 1863.

JOSEPH W. REAGAN.

ABSALOM ROSS.

WILLIAM J. ROLAND.

ELIAS M. RUSHTON.

JAMES SIMPSON.

WILLIAM A. SPOON.

JAMES SPOON.

JAMES SMITH.

GEORGE W. THORNTON.

DANIEL TANSEY.

Discharged Feb. 11, 1863.

GEORGE W. THOMPSON.

PETER VOGUS.

RUFUS H. WARD.

Promoted Corporal.

JOHN A. WARD.

Promoted Corporal.

WILLIAM W. WILHITE.

Wounded May 14, 1864, at Resaca.

BARTON WILSON.

Discharged Feb. 28, 1863.

LEVI WILLIAMS.

Discharged May 23, 1865.

PETER WHITE.

Died Jan. 21, 1863, at Bowling Green, Ky.

CALVIN WARD.

Wounded May 15, 1864; died May 23, 1864.

JOHN WILSON.

JAMES R. WIDDOWS.

Wounded May 14, 1864.

#### RECRUITS.

GREGORY ALLEN.

JOHN S. ALBRIGHT.

WILLIAM E. CRAVEN.

LEANDER DEWEESE.

ELZA DEWEESE.

WILLIAM T. DONE.

GEORGE FREET.

CLARK GRAVE.

ALVIN S. GRAVE.

Wounded May 15, 1864, at Resaca.

OWEN C. HANCOCK.

MILO E. HARVEY.

THOMAS N. HINSON.

SAMUEL INGLE.

LEVI LANE.

ELIAS E. LANE.

JAMES M'CALL.

ELI PRAY.

JOHN H. POE.

Died of wounds Aug. 21, 1864.

ISAAC POE.

Died at Kingston, Ga.

JOHN D. TINCHER.

BARCLEY E. TANSEY.

ISAIAH H. TROGDEN.  
CLAYTON TOWNSEND.

## COMPANY E.

WILLIAM M. MEREDITH.

Captain, commissioned Aug. 6, 1862; Aug. 6, 1862; re-  
signed Aug. 12, 1864.

PETER FESLER.

Captain, commissioned Feb. 13, 1864; Sept. 1, 1864; from  
27th Regiment; mustered out with Regiment.

CHARLES H. COX.

Captain, commissioned Aug. 13, 1864; not mustered.

HIRAM H. HAND.

First Lieutenant, commissioned Aug. 6, 1862; Aug. 6, 1862;  
resigned Nov. 9, 1862.

COLUMBUS V. GRAY.

First Lieutenant, commissioned Nov. 10, 1862; March 1,  
1863; resigned June 16, 1863.

EDWARD B. COLESTOCK.

First Lieutenant, commissioned June 17, 1863; July 1,  
1863; died May 30, 1864, of wounds received at Resaca.

CHARLES H. COX.

First Lieutenant, commissioned July 1, 1864; Sept. 1, 1864;  
mustered out with Regiment.

COLUMBUS V. GRAY.

Second Lieutenant, commissioned Aug. 6, 1862; Aug. 6,  
1862; promoted to First Lieutenant.

EDWARD B. COLESTOCK.

Second Lieutenant, commissioned Nov. 10, 1862; Dec. 15,  
1862; promoted to First Lieutenant.

CHARLES H. COX.

Second Lieutenant, commissioned June 17, 1863; July 1,  
1863; promoted to First Lieutenant.

ALLAN F. SCHLEY.

Second Lieutenant, commissioned Aug. 13, 1864; Feb. 10,  
1865; mustered out with Regiment.

EDWARD B. COLESTOCK.

First Sergeant July 15, 1862; promoted Second Lieutenant.

SAMUEL LAING.

Sergeant July 16, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865, as private.

WILLIAM BODENHAMER.

Sergeant July 16, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

WILLIAM H. GRIGGS.

Sergeant July 21, 1862; died at Edgefield Junction, Tenn., Dec. 21, 1862.

DANIEL J. MILLER.

Sergeant July 17, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

WILLIAM H. COOPER.

Corporal July 22, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

JAMES W. RANDALL.

Corporal July 15, 1862; deserted Nov. 10, 1862.

JAMES ATKINS.

Corporal July 21, 1862; deserted Nov. 10, 1862.

FRANK A. MYERS.

Corporal July 19, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865, as private.

ALLEN F. SCHLEY.

Corporal July 15, 1862; promoted Second Lieutenant.

JONATHAN GRAY.

Corporal July 15, 1862; discharged.

FREDERICK J. MEIKEL.

Corporal July 18, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865 as private.

ROBERT F. DAVIS.

Corporal July 21, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

CYRUS O. SACKETT.

Musician Aug. 6, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865, as Prin. Musician.

THOMAS D. SMITH.

Musician July 19, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

THOMAS FITZGERALD.

Wagoner July 26, 1862; transferred to Engineer Corps Aug. 10, 1864.

## PRIVATES.

GEORGE K. ALBRO.

July 29, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

MELVILLE C. ALEXANDER.

Aug. 5, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

ISAAC AMOS.

July 21, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865, as Corporal.

JERRY BARKER.

July 31, 1862; discharged March 26, 1864.

CHARLES BERG.

Aug. 4, 1862; died June 30, 1864; wounds.

THOMAS BEALE.

July 15, 1862; died at Chattanooga, Tenn., July 5, 1864.

JOHN F. BURNS.

July 18, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

CHARLES C. BUTLER.

July 19, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

JASPER N. BUTTERFIELD.

July 19, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

ANTHONY BRADEMEYER.

Aug. 6, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

CHRIS C. BRADEMEYER.

Aug. 5, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

HENRY W. BUSCHER.

Aug. 5, 1862; discharged.

WM. D. C. BRICKETT.

Aug. 6, 1862; killed at Resaca May 15, 1864.

JAS. W. BRUNGER.

Aug. 7, 1862; deserted Nov. 10, 1862.

WINFIELD S. BAKER.

Aug. 7, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

JOHN H. BEALER.

Aug. 7, 1862; deserted Nov. 10, 1862.

HENRY CAYLOR.

July 17, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

CHARLES L. CARTER.

Aug. 5, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

JOHN D. CHARLES.

Aug. 5, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

CHAS. F. W. COOK.

July 18, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

GEORGE C. CAMPBELL.

July 21, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865, as Corporal.

JOEL CONVERSE.

July 25, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

JOS. CLINTON.

July 25, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865, as Sergeant.

GEO. W. CAIN.

Aug. 6, 1862; deserted Nov. 10, 1862.

GEORGE H. CRAIG.

Aug. 7, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865, as Corporal.

CHARLES H. COX.

Aug. 5, 1862; promoted Second Lieutenant.

JOHN W. DAVIES.

July 24, 1862; deserted Nov. 10, 1862.

THOS. R. DAVIS.

Aug. 5, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

WILLIAM H. DEMMY.

July 23, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865

JOHN M. DASHIEL.

July 22, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

CHARLES W. ETSLER.

Aug. 7, 1862; deserted Nov. 10, 1862.

JENKINS A. FITZGERALD.

July 21, 1862; promoted Ass't Surgeon.

WILLIAM FORSHA.

Aug. 1, 1862; discharged.

DAVID B. FORSHA.

July 28, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

ALBERT L. FERGUSON.

July 21, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

GEORGE W. GETTIER.

July 18, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865, as Sergeant.

GEORGE GEISENDORFF.

Aug. 6, 1862; deserted Nov. 10, 1862.



DAVID HAMILTON.

July 27, 1862; deserted Feb. 6, 1863.

JAMES S. HARDIN.

July 21, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

HENRY HEITKAM.

Aug. 6, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

EDWARD HIGDON.

July 25, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

WM. R. HUSHAW.

Aug. 1, 1862; died at Lookout Valley, Tenn., March 31, 1864.

THOMAS B. HORNADAY.

July 16, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

CHARLES W. JENKINS.

Aug. 6, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

AUGUSTUS J. KINNAN.

July 18, 1862; discharged.

JOHN B. KING.

Aug. 6, 1862; deserted Nov. 10, 1862.

CHARLES W. KNIGHT.

Aug. 5, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

WILLIAM W. LAING.

July 24, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

JOHN H. LAW.

July 30, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

JOS. LANDORMIE.

July 30, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

GEORGE W. LOUCKS.

July 18, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

JOHN D. LOWE.

Aug. 4, 1862. Discharged March 19, 1863.

WM. M'CUBBIN.

July 27, 1862; died at Bowling Green, Ky., Nov. 3, 1862.

HARVEY N. M'GUIRE.

July 19, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

SAMUEL E. METTE.

July 25, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

ALVA C. MAY.

Aug. 6, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865, as Corporal.  
THEOPHILUS M'CLURE.

July 16, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.  
WILLIAM MILLER.

Aug. 6, 1862; discharged.  
JOHN W. M'CONNELL.

Aug. 7, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865, as Sergeant.  
JOHN L. M'CONNELL.

Aug. 7, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.  
REMUS OAKEY.

Aug. 1, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.  
EDWARD OAKEY.

Aug. 6, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.  
JOHN W. PERKINS.

Aug. 5, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.  
PETER QUACKENBUSH.

July 28, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.  
HIRAM R. RHODES.

July 28, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.  
JAMES M. RHODES.

July 28, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.  
EZRA ROSS.

July 28, 1862; killed June 15, 1864.  
WM. H. ROBINSON.

Aug. 6, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865, as Corporal.  
SAMUEL H. STEPHENS.

July 19, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.  
JOHN F. SHOEMAKER.

Aug. 5, 1862; transferred to Engineer Corps July 18, 1864.  
GEORGE SHOEMAKER.

Aug. 5, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.  
CHARLES SCHOTT.

Aug. 6, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.  
DAVID SMITH.

Aug. 4, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

JOS. B. SULGROVE.

Aug. 6, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

JOS. H. VANDERMAN.

July 30, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

FRANK W. WELLS.

July 15, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

GEORGE N. WELLS.

July 25, 1862; discharged.

SAMUEL WHITRIDGE.

July 19, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

JAMES WHITE.

July 27, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865, as First Sergeant.

JOHN WILSON.

Aug. 7, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

#### RECRUITS.

CHARLES M. ASH.

Sept. 2, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

JOHN S. ASHER.

March 22, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

HENRY T. BEVAN.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

JAMES BURK.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

JOHN F. BRUNER.

Jan. 28, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

SAMSON BARBEE.

Dec. 30, 1863; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

WM. H. BRYANT.

Sept. 2, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

SAMUEL A. DUZAN.

Aug. 11, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

SAMUEL O. FLETCHER.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

BENJ. F. KILGORE.

July 15, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

THOMAS O'CONNOR

Jan. 18, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

JOHN PARK.

April 4, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.  
ISAAC N. PROSSER.

Aug. 8, 1864; mustered out June 8, 1865.

JOHN REESE.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.  
WM. H. STEPHENSON.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.  
WM. D. STEELE.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.  
MATTHIAS STUCK.

Jan. 13, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865;  
wounded at Peach Tree Creek.

JOHN S. SMITH.

Jan. 29, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

HENRY TONEY.

Jan. 30, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.  
ABRAHAM WAUGHTELL.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.  
THOMAS S. WELDON.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.  
ELIJAH WHITE.

Sept. 6, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

#### COMPANY F.

H. M. ENDSLEY.

Captain, commissioned Aug. 8, 1862; Aug. 8, 1862; mustered out with the Regiment.

THOMAS B. CARY.

First Lieutenant, commissioned Aug. 8, 1862; Aug. 8, 1862; resigned for good of the service Sept. 6, 1863.

GEORGE W. GRUBBS.

First Lieutenant, commissioned Sept. 7, 1863; Nov. 20, 1863; resigned Jan. 20, 1865, to accept appointment as Major 42d Regiment U. S. Colored Troops.

ISHAM REED.

First Lieutenant, commissioned Jan. 21, 1865; March 27, 1865; mustered out with Regiment.

COLEMAN F. STORMS.

Second Lieutenant, commissioned Aug. 8, 1862; Aug. 8, 1862; resigned Feb. 6, 1863.

WILLIAM H. THOMAS.

Second Lieutenant, commissioned Feb. 7, 1863; Feb. 26, 1863; resigned Sept. 6, 1863.

ISHAM REED.

Second Lieutenant, commissioned March 1, 1864; March 7, 1864; promoted First Lieutenant.

JOHN S. PARKER.

Second Lieutenant, commissioned Feb. 11, 1865; March 27, 1865; mustered out with Regiment.

WILLIAM H. THOMAS.

First Sergeant July 23, 1862; promoted Second Lieutenant.

ISHAM REED.

Sergeant July 28, 1862; promoted to Second Lieutenant.

MOSES DENNEY.

Sergeant July 29, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865, as First Sergeant.

CHARLES LUTHER.

Sergeant July 23, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

JOHN S. PARKER.

Sergeant July 28, 1862; promoted Second Lieutenant.

ALFRED BARNGROVER.

Corporal Aug. 3, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865, as private.

GEO. W. DAWSON.

Corporal July 23, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865, as Sergeant.

JAS. A. STORM.

Corporal July 23, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865, as Sergeant.

GEO. W. COLCLASIER.

Corporal July 23, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

SAMUEL BASSETT.

Corporal July 23, 1862; killed at Peach Tree Creek July 20, 1864.

JAS. M. EADES.

Corporal July 23, 1862; wounded June 15, 1865; mustered out June 8, 1865.

WM. T. DARGAN.

Corporal July 23, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

A. J. HULSOPPLE.

Corporal July 23, 1862; died at Bowling Green, Ky., Nov. 1, 1862.

HY. MENDENHALL.

Musician Aug. 7, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

ISAAC STEELE.

Musician July 20, 1862.

JOS. C. JOHNSON.

Wagoner Aug. 2, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

#### PRIVATES.

JOHN W. ANDREWS.

July 28, 1862; killed in battle at Resaca May 15, 1864.

JOHN LEWIS ANDREWS.

July 28, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

FRANK ALEXANDER.

July 28, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

JAS. M. ARTHUR.

July 28, 1862; died at Murfreesboro, Tenn., July 15, 1863.

WM. J. ARTHUR.

July 28, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

OLIVE J. BASSETT.

July 28, 1862; discharged Feb. 27, 1865.

DANIEL BARNGROVER.

Aug. 7, 1862; transferred to Engineer Corps Aug. 29, 1864.

THOMAS BUSH.

Aug. 8, 1862; discharged Feb. 10, 1863.

TILMAN BUSH.

July 23, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

JOHN COX.

July 23, 1862; killed at Dallas, Ga., May 25, 1864.

A. A. COLCLASIER.

July 23, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

PHILIP COLCLASIER.

July 23, 1862; discharged May 6, 1864.

ROLLY D. CLOUSIER.

July 30, 1862.

CHARLES W. CRODY.

July 23, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

LEANDER COLLINS.

Aug. 4, 1862; died at Murfreesboro, Tenn., Aug. 10, 1863.

HEZEKIAH CARPENTER.

Aug. 4, 1862; deserted Aug. 13, 1862.

GEO. G. DAVIS.

July 23, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

JAS. H. DAVIDSON.

July 29, 1862; discharged May 6, 1863.

WM. DERICKSON.

July 28, 1862; discharged May 6, 1863.

W. W. DAY.

Aug. 4, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865, as Corporal.

A. H. DODD.

Aug. 11, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

HENRY FISHER.

Aug. 6, 1862.

IRA FIELDS.

Aug. 6, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

LEVI GRIFFITH.

July 29, 1862; discharged Oct. 3, 1862.

ADAM GIRTON.

Aug. 6, 1862; deserted Aug. 14, 1862.

JOHN GOODRICK.

Aug. 11, 1862.

JACOB HOWERY.

July 23, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

WM. HULSOPPLE.

July 23, 1862; died at Murfreesboro, Tenn., Aug. 1, 1863.

CHAS. HOWERY.

July 23, 1862; died at Saundersville, Tenn., Jan. 28, 1863.

WAT. C. HOWARD.

July 23, 1862; killed at Peach Tree Creek July 20, 1864.  
DAVID S. HACKER.

July 25, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.  
WILLIAM HACKER.

July 23, 1862; killed at Newhope Church June 15, 1864.  
F. M. HUGHS.

July 25, 1862; deserted Sept. 13, 1862.  
GEORGE W. HUGHS.

July 29, 1862; deserted Sept 23, 1862.  
SYLVESTER HULTZ.

Aug. 4, 1862; discharged Dec. 16, 1862.  
THOMAS HENRY.

Aug. 6, 1862; deserted Aug. 14, 1862.  
WADDY HOOVER.

Aug. 11, 1862; discharged June 8, 1865.  
JEFFERSON HOSKINS.

Aug. 11, 1862; discharged June 8, 1865.  
JOHN M. IMIL.

July 26, 1862; died at Gallatin, Tenn., March 19, 1864.  
MICHAEL HILL.

July 23, 1862; deserted Aug. 14, 1862.  
THOS. S. JOYCE.

July 23, 1862; died at Bowling Green, Ky., Nov. 16, 1862.  
J. J. JONES.

July 23, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.  
D. C. KENNEDY.

July 23, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.  
DALE KRITZER.

Aug. 11, 1862; deserted Jan. 3, 1863.  
JOS. K. KEELER.

Aug. 8, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.  
JAS. V. KING.

July 23, 1862; deserted Dec. 20, 1862.  
JEROME MOORE.

July 23, 1862; discharged March 10, 1862.  
NOAH MASSEY.

July 23, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.



D. O. MANN.

Aug. 7, 1862; discharged Dec. 10, 1862.

MATTHIAS M'KAY.

Aug. 1, 1862

JAS. MILLER.

Aug. 9, 1862; deserted Aug. 13, 1862.

WM. M'BRIDE.

Aug. 9, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

JASPER NICHOLS.

July 23, 1862; died at Gallatin, Tenn., Feb. 22, 1863.

JEREMIAH ODELL.

July 23, 1862; killed at Kenesaw June 15, 1864.

WM. PORTER.

July 23, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

JAS. PULLIAM.

July 23, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

GEO. W. PATTERSON.

July 23, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865, as Corporal.

JOHN ROBERTS.

July 23, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

WM. T. ROUSE.

July 28, 1862; killed at Dallas, Ga., May 27, 1864.

THOMAS ROSS.

July 23, 1862; killed at Resaca, Ga., May 15, 1864.

PHILIP ROUSE.

Aug. 11, 1862; died at Bowling Green, Ky., Nov. 16, 1862.

JACOB REESER.

Aug. 5, 1862.

AL. W. REESER.

July 23, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

JAS. STEWARD.

July 23, 1862; died at Bowling Green, Ky., Oct. 21, 1862.

JOHN STRINGER.

July 20, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

SAM STEWART.

July 23, 1862; discharged December 10, 1862.

F. J. SHOEMAKER.

July 23, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

GEO. S. SPEAGLE.

July 23, 1862; died at Saundersville, Tenn., Dec. 19, 1862.

ALONZO SMITH.

Aug. 4, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

ISAAC SHAW.

Aug. 12, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

HARVEY STROUP.

Aug. 11, 1862; deserted Aug. 13, 1862.

MARSHALL STODDARD.

Aug. 9, 1862; died at Scottsville, Ky., Nov. 26, 1862.

JOHN F. VANLUE.

Aug. 8, 1862; died at Saundersville, Tenn., Jan. 15, 1863.

LYCURGUS VICTOR.

Aug. 7, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

JESSE WINTON.

July 23, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

JOHN WINTON.

Aug. 6, 1862; discharged Dec. 15, 1863.

JESSE WILLIAMS.

July 23, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865, as Corporal.

JOSEPH WOOD.

Aug. 4, 1862; discharged May 20, 1865.

DAVID WALKER.

Aug. 7, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

JAS. WINTON.

Aug. 8, 1862; deserted Aug. 13, 1862.

AMOS WILLIS.

Aug. 9, 1862; deserted Sept. 13, 1862.

WILLIAM WHITEHEAD.

Aug. 11, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865, as Sergeant.

#### RECRUITS.

MARION ALLEE, JR.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

THOMAS ALEXANDER.

Aug. 26, 1862; died at Bowling Green, Ky., Nov. 1, 1862.

JOHN BRADY.

Sept. 8, 1862; died at Gallatin, Tenn., April 25, 1863.

WILLIAM BALES.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

JOSEPH N. BILL.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

WOODSON BRYANT.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

JAS. N. BOURNE.

March 26, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

JEREMIAH BASSETT.

Dec. 16, 1863; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

DAVID BADGLEY.

Dec. 15, 1863; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

STEPHEN H. BALLARD.

Dec. 24, 1863; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

WM. F. COLLINS.

Feb. 1, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

ANDERSON J. COLLINS.

Feb. 1, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

GAMALIUS COLLINS.

Feb. 1, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

WM. DODSON.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

WM. ELLIOTT.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

LUKE GRIFFITH.

Sept. 8, 1862; died at Bowling Green, Ky., Oct. 15, 1862.

LEVI GRIFFITH.

Jan. 2, 1862; transferred to V. R. C. Sept. 26, 1863.

ERI A. GAMBOLD.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

JAS. F. HARDIN.

Feb. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

DAVID HANSELL.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

THOMAS J. HOLDRAM.

Dec. 12, 1864; killed at Resaca May 14, 1864.

BENJ. JOHNSON.

Sept. 8, 1862; discharged March 19, 1864.

CHAUNCY KNOWLTON.

Feb. 1, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

JOHN LEWIS.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

LINDSEY LAMB.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

WILLIAM M'GREW.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

ARRIS M. MORLEY.

Feb. 12, 1863; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

ANDREW MAY,

Dec. 15, 1863; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

GEORGE MILLER.

Dec. 15, 1863; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

JOHN L. MESLER.

Jan. 24, 1863; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

LEVI C. MORLEY.

Jan. 23, 1864; deserted March 16, 1865.

PHILIP MILLER.

Aug. 26, 1863; discharged at Madison Feb. 20, 1864.

JAMES H. NAIL.

March 1, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

JOHN B. PRITCHARD.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

CHALMERS REED.

March 7, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

JOSEPH H. SMITH.

March 21, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

WILLIAM STEWART.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

HENRY SQUIRES.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

FRANCIS H. SIMS.

Jan. 28, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

BENJ. F. STEWART.

Feb. 12, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

WM. F. SMITH.

Aug. 19, 1864; mustered out June 8, 1865.

**GEO. TINCHER.**

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

**BENJ. VANPELT.**

Feb. 26, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

**MICHAEL P. VORIS.**

Dec. 11, 1862; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

## COMPANY G.

**PARKER S. CARSON.**

Captain; commissioned Second Lieutenant recruiting officer July 14, 1862; promoted Captain Aug. 7, 1862; mustered out with Company June 8, 1865.

**JOHN M. WHITE.**

First Lieutenant; promoted Ass't Surgeon Dec. 6, 1862; died 1863.

**THOMAS WEBB.**

Second Lieutenant; promoted First Lieutenant Dec. 6, 1862; resigned June 13, 1863.

**EDWARD S. SMOCK.**

Orderly Sergeant; promoted Second Lieutenant Dec. 6, 1862; First Lieutenant June 13, 1863; wounded at Resaca, Ga., May 15, 1864; discharged Nov. 4, 1864; disability.

**JOSIAH LOWES.**

First Sergeant; promoted Orderly Sergeant Dec. 6, 1862; Second Lieutenant June 13, 1863; killed by gunshot July 20, 1864, at Peach Tree Creek.

**SOMERFIELD THOMAS.**

Sergeant; promoted Ord. Sergeant June 13, 1863; Second Lieutenant Dec. 17, 1864; First Lieutenant Jan. 24, 1865; wounded May 15, 1865, at Resaca, Ga.; mustered out with Regiment June 8, 1865.

**EDWARD KENTZEL.**

Sergeant; killed by cannon shot June 15, 1864.

**JOHN S. MORRIS.**

Sergeant; promoted Ord. Sergeant Dec. 7, 1864; Second Lieutenant Jan. 24, 1865; mustered out with Regiment June 8, 1865.

## JOHN S. THOMAS.

Corporal; promoted Sergeant Dec. 6, 1862; killed May 15, 1864, at Resaca, Ga.

## DANIEL W. LEAVITT.

Corporal; promoted Sergeant June 13, 1863; died in hospital Oct. 11, 1864.

## RICHARD FERREE.

Corporal; killed May 15, 1864, at Resaca, Ga.

## WILLIAM H. M'LAUGHLIN.

Corporal; promoted Sergeant Sept. 1, 1864; wounded July 20, 1864, at Peach Tree Creek

## CAREY A. M'FARLAND.

Corporal; discharged from hospital.

## DAVID BREWER.

Corporal; promoted Sergeant Sept. 1, 1864; discharged from hospital.

## DANIEL M. RANSDALL.

Corporal; wounded May 15, 1864, Resaca, Ga.; right arm amputated; discharged March 10, 1865, Indianapolis.

## ROBERT M. WILLIS.

Corporal; discharged Aug. 26, 1864, by special order of Gen'l Thomas, Chattanooga, Tenn., to receive promotion in Pioneer Corps.

## JOSEPH EDWARDS.

Musician; mustered out with Company June 8, 1865.

## WHARTON RANSDALL.

Musician; discharged from hospital.

## SAMUEL COLLY.

Teamster; mustered out with Company June 8, 1865

## VALENTINE LEEPER.

Teamster; died at Acton, Ind., Oct. 11, 1864.

## PRIVATES.

## JOSEPH ALEXANDER.

Discharged from hospital.

## HIRAM ADAIR.

Wounded June 15, 1864, by gunshot; died from wound July 20, 1864, Nashville, Tenn.

JOSEPH ADAIR.

Wounded June 15, 1864, by cannon shot; died from wound June 19, 1864, Chattanooga, Tenn.

WILLIAM BRENTON.

Killed by gunshot May 15, 1865, at Resaca, Ga.

ROBERT BUTCHER.

Wounded in right arm at Resaca, Ga., May 15, 1864; mustered out with Company June 8, 1865.

JOHN W. BARNETT.

Mustered out with Company June 8, 1865.

HOWARD BRUMLEY.

Mustered out with Company June 8, 1865.

ANDREW CARSON.

Wounded in face by explosion of shell June 15, 1864, at Golgotha, Ga.; mustered out with Company June 8, 1865.

ABSALOM CRUSE.

Mustered out with Company June 8, 1865.

JOHN R. COPELAND.

Wounded in breast by spent ball June 19, 1864; mustered out with Company June 8, 1865.

HENRY CLARY.

Wounded by shell at Golgotha, Ga., June 15, 1864; died of wound June 20, 1864, at Chattanooga, Tenn.

GEO. W. CROSSON.

Promoted Corporal Sept. 1, 1864; mustered out with Company June 8, 1865.

GEORGE CALDWELL.

Promoted Corporal June 13, 1863; promoted Sergeant Dec. 17, 1864; wounded in head by shell June 15, 1864; mustered out with Company June 8, 1865.

JAMES G. CLARK.

Promoted Corporal Sept. 1, 1864; mustered out with Company June 8, 1865.

WILLIAM T. CLARK.

Killed by gunshot May 15, 1864, at Resaca, Ga.

THOMAS D. CAMPBELL.

Mustered out with Company June 8, 1865.

ELLISON CARR.

Discharged on Surgeon's certificate of disability Aug. 12, 1864, at Indianapolis.

WILLIAM DUNLAP.

Wounded in shoulder by gunshot May 15, 1864, at Resaca, Ga.

RICHARD DOBSON.

Mustered out with Company June 8, 1865.

THOMAS W. DUELL.

Wounded in side by shell June 15, 1864.

DAVID M. EDWARDS.

Discharged on Surgeon's certificate of disability June, 1863, Nashville, Tenn.

JEREMIAH FEATHERSTONE.

Wounded at Golgotha, Ga., June 15, 1864; discharged March 6, 1865; disability.

CHARLES N. FITZGERALD.

Died at Lavergne, Tenn., June 16, 1863.

ELIJAH FISHER.

Promoted Corporal Sept. 1, 1864; mustered out with Company June 8, 1865.

ISAAC N. FRED.

Mustered out with Company June 8, 1865.

THOMAS B. FOWLER.

Wounded in right arm at Resaca, Ga., May 15, 1864; discharged Dec. 6, 1864, for disability from wound at Indianapolis.

JOHN FOULK.

Killed by shell near Dallas, Ga., May 25, 1864.

DAVID GRUBE.

Wounded at Peach Tree Creek, Ga., July 20, 1864; mustered out with Company June 8, 1865.

ALEXANDER GORDON.

Mustered out with Company June 8, 1865.

WILLIAM GWINUP.

Mustered out with Company June 8, 1865.



JAMES H. GIBSON.

Wounded at Resaca, Ga., May 15, 1864; mustered out with Company June 8, 1865.

SAMUEL GIFFORD.

Deserted from Bowling Green, Ky., Nov., 1862.

SILAS S. HARRIS.

Wounded at Resaca, Ga., May 15, 1864; died of wound Aug. 14, 1864, at Bridgeport, Ala.

JOHN HOLTON.

Discharged from hospital.

MARTIN M. HARLAN.

Wounded at Golgotha, Ga., June 15, 1864; died of wound July 9, 1864, at Chattanooga, Tenn.

GEO. W. HARLAN.

Mustered out with Company June 8, 1865.

JAMES HARRIS.

Wounded at Resaca, Ga., May 15, 1864; mustered out with Company June 8, 1865.

ALBERT HELMS.

Wounded at Resaca, Ga., May 15, 1864; discharged for disability by reason of wound Jan. 17, 1865, at Indianapolis.

THOMAS D. HARTMAN.

Mustered out with Company June 8, 1865.

GEO. M. JONES.

Died Nov. 8, 1862, at Bowling Green, Ky.

WILLIAM A. KUSER.

Mustered out with Company June 8, 1865.

WILLIAM R. LOWES.

Mustered out with Company June 8, 1865.

CHANCEY LEAVITT.

Killed in battle at Resaca, Ga., May 15, 1864.

GEO. W. LEWIS.

Wounded at Resaca, Ga., May 15, 1864; discharged from hospital.

JAMES H. M'LAUGHLIN.

Discharged for disability July 19, 1863, at Gallatin, Tenn.

VALENTINE M'MULLEN.

Mustered out with Company June 8, 1865.

ROBERT S. MOORE.

Wounded at Resaca, Ga., May 15, 1864; mustered out with Company June 8, 1865.

DANIEL MERRIMAN.

Discharged for disability at Nashville, Tenn., Nov. 30, 1863.

MOSES G. M'LAIN.

Wounded at Resaca, Ga., May 15, 1864; discharged August 18, 1864, for amputation of right arm at Indianapolis.

LYMAN MARTIN.

Died of consumption Nov. 10, 1863, at Murfreesboro, Tenn.

JOHN D. MOORE.

Deserted from Louisville, Ky., Aug. 16, 1862.

GEO. W. M'MILLEN.

Wounded at Resaca, Ga., May 15, 1864; mustered out with Company June 8, 1865.

WILLIAM A. MARRS.

Promoted Sergeant July 22, 1862; transferred to non-commissioned staff.

ENOCH H. NELSON.

Mustered out with Company June 8, 1865.

DAVID W. PIERSON.

Wounded at Golgotha, Ga., June 15, 1864; discharged from hospital, Indianapolis.

JOHN H. PEGGS.

Wounded at Resaca, Ga., May 15, 1864; discharged from hospital.

CHARLES W. RAWLINGS.

Discharged away from Company 1865.

WILLIAM T. RAWLINGS.

Discharged Feb. 18, 1863, for disability at Indianapolis.

BENJ. RANSELL.

Wounded at Resaca, Ga., May 15, 1864; mustered out with Company June 8, 1865.

THEODORE REYBOURN.

Mustered out with Company June 8, 1865.

JAMES RUSSELL.

Discharged Dec. 6, 1862, for disability at Bowling Green, Ky.

**LUTHER SYLVEY.**

Discharged March 17, 1864, for disability at Nashville, Tenn.

**JOHN T. SEELY.**

Wounded at Golgotha, Ga., June 15, 1864; discharged because of wound Nov. 25, 1864, at Indianapolis.

**RICHARD SCANLAN.**

Promoted Corporal Sept. 1, 1864; mustered out with Company June 8, 1865.

**DAVID STOOPS.**

Wounded at Resaca, Ga., May 15, 1864; discharged because of disability Dec. 7, 1864, at Indianapolis.

**RICHARD M. SMOCK.**

Wounded by gunshot June 16, 1864; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps April 24, 1865; discharged at Indianapolis, June 30, 1865.

**SAMUEL J. SMOCK.**

Promoted Corporal and Sergeant, dates unknown; wounded at Peach Tree Creek, Ga., July 20, 1864; wounded at Atlanta, Ga., Aug. 15, 1864; discharged Sept. 1, 1864, to accept promotion.

**JOHN THOMAS.**

Discharged May 4, 1863, for disability at Nashville, Tenn.

**GEO. C. THOMPSON.**

Promoted Corporal Sept. 1, 1864; detailed as Color Guard Nov., 1864; discharged from general hospital, Albany N. Y., June 8, 1865.

**SHELTON THOMPSON.**

Mustered out with Company June 8, 1865.

**JAMES J. TOON.**

Mustered out with Company June 8, 1865.

**ADOLPHUS TOON.**

Discharged March 19, 1863, for disability caused by accidental gunshot.

**JAMES J. TOLIN.**

Deserted from Indianapolis Aug., 1862; arrested July, 1863; deserted second time October, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn.

**HOWARD TODD.**

Discharged Feb. 9, 1863, by reason of disability caused by accidental gunshot.

**BENJ. VORHEES.**

Mustered out with Company June 8, 1865.

**IRA WILLIAMS.**

Wounded by shell June 15, 1865, at Golgotha, Ga.; mustered out with Company June 8, 1865.

**WILLIAM WELLS.**

Killed near Atlanta, Ga., Aug., 1864, by gunshot.

**JOSEPH A. WHEATLEY.**

Mustered out with Company June 8, 1865.

**WILLIAM L. WENTZ.**

Wounded by gunshot at Resaca, Ga., May 15, 1864; mustered out with Company June 8, 1865.

**NELSON YOKE.**

Mustered out with company June 8, 1865; detailed as Orderly at Big Headquarters.

## RECRUITS.

**SAMUEL BARROW.**

Discharged from hospital at Indianapolis.

**ISAAC COOK.**

Wounded at Resaca, Ga., May 15, 1864; died of wound July 9, 1864, at Louisville, Ky.

**WILLIAM H. FRED.**

Wounded at Resaca, Ga., May 15, 1864; discharged for disability caused by wound March 18, 1865, at Indianapolis.

**WILLIAM E. GORDON.**

Transferred to 33d Indiana June 8, 1865.

**FRANCIS M. HARTMAN.**

Transferred to 33d Indiana June 8, 1865.

**SAMUEL H. MOORE.**

Discharged for promotion March 24, 1864; Adjutant 13th Indiana Cavalry.

**ROBERT A. MOORE.**

Transferred to 33d Indiana June 8, 1865.

JOHN W. REYNOLDS.

Transferred to 33d Indiana June 8, 1865.

BENJ. THOMAS.

Wounded at Resaca, Ga., May 15, 1864; died of wound June 21, 1864, at Resaca, Ga.

JOHN J. TURNER.

Wounded by gunshot June 22, 1864; transferred to 33d Indiana June 8, 1865.

#### VETERANS AND RECRUITS.

Transferred to Company G, 70th Indiana, Nov. 15, 1864, from 27th Indiana.

JOSEPH RALLY.

Promoted to Ord. Sergeant March 28, 1865; transferred to 33d Indiana June 8, 1865; Veteran.

FRANKLIN SHEIRMERSHEIM.

Promoted Second Sergeant Dec. 17, 1864; wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863; transferred to 33d Indiana June 8, 1865.

AUGUSTE DONNERMAN.

Corporal; transferred to 33d Indiana June 8, 1865.

JOHN W. LANSFORD.

Corporal; wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., 1862, and at Dallas, Ga., June 15, 1864; transferred to 33d Indiana June 8, 1865.

RHEINHART RICH.

Musician; transferred to 33d Indiana June 8, 1865.

#### PRIVATEs.

JOHN ACKERMAN.

Wounded May 25, 1864; transferred to 33d Indiana June 8, 1865.

ANTHONY BARGER.

Transferred to 33d Indiana June 8, 1865.

JAMES BURTON.

Transferred to 33d Indiana June 8, 1865.

## EDWARD DUFFY.

Wounded at Antietam, Md., Sept. 17, 1862; transferred to 33d Indiana June 8, 1865.

## CELESTINE ECKERTS.

Wounded Aug. 29, 1864; transferred to 33d Indiana June 8, 1865.

## FREDERIC GETTER.

Transferred to 33d Indiana June 8, 1865.

## JOHN E. GARDNER.

Wounded at Antietam, Md., Sept. 17, 1862; transferred to 33d Indiana June 8, 1865.

## BENJ. F. KEMP.

Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863; transferred to 33d Indiana June 8, 1865.

## DAVID B. KEMP.

Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863; transferred to 33d Indiana June 8, 1865.

## JACOB MATHAIS.

Transferred to 33d Indiana June 8, 1865; wounded May 25, 1864.

## JOSEPH RICE.

Transferred to 33d Indiana June 8, 1865.

## GEO. W. STRINGER.

Transferred to 33d Indiana June 8, 1865.

## RANSOM H. WALLACE.

Transferred to 33d Indiana June 8, 1865.

## COMPANY H.

## AMBROSE D. CUNNING.

Captain; commissioned Aug. 12, 1862; Aug. 12, 1862; mustered out with Regiment.

## WILLIAM HARDENBROOK.

First Lieutenant; commissioned Aug. 12, 1862; Aug. 12, 1862; mustered out with Regiment.

## WILLIS RECORD.

Second Lieutenant; commissioned Aug. 12, 1862; Aug. 12, 1862; resigned Dec. 21, 1864.

**LEROY S. HATLEY.**

First Sergeant Aug. 2, 1862; promoted Second Lieutenant; commissioned Jan. 17, 1865; February 10, 1865; mustered out with Regiment.

**ROBT. W M'NAUGHT.**

Sergeant July 21, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865, as private.

**WM. H. BRADLEY.**

Sergeant; mustered out June 8, 1865.

**WM. F. GARRISON.**

Sergeant; mustered out June 8, 1865, as private.

**JOHN F. FARR.**

Sergeant Aug. 2, 1862; discharged Dec. 12, 1862.

**JOSH POLLARD.**

Corporal July 29, 1862; discharged Dec. 10, 1862.

**WILEY BRAGG.**

Corporal July 28, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865, as Sergeant.

**GEO. W. FLAKE.**

Corporal Aug. 5, 1862; died at Nashville, Tenn., June 30, 1864; wounds.

**WILLIAM H. GIBBS.**

Corporal Aug. 2, 1862; killed at Resaca, Ga., May 15, 1864.

**WILLIAM OLDS.**

Corporal Aug. 2, 1862; killed at Newhope Church June 15, 1864.

**D. P. KENNEDY.**

Corporal Aug. 2, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865; wounded at Newhope Church June 15, 1864.

**ABRAHAM G. BUTTERFIELD.**

Corporal Aug. 6, 1862; died at Bowling Green, Ky., Nov. 13, 1862.

**PRESTON D. WAKELAND.**

Corporal Aug. 6, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

**THOMAS W. ELEY.**

Musician Aug. 6, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

**WILLIAM W. WEAVER.**

Musician July 28, 1862; killed near Resaca, Ga., May 14, 1864.

## PRIVATES.

HEROD ATKINS.

July 28, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

JOHN B. ASHER.

July 28, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865; wounded near Resaca, Ga., May 14, 1864.

HENLEY ALBERTSON.

Aug. 2, 1862; died at Bowling Green, Ky., Oct. 28, 1862.

WILLIAM W. BEAN.

July 8, 1862; discharged March 12, 1863.

W. G. BAIN.

July 28, 1862; discharged Dec. 31, 1862.

MILTON BOYD.

July 29, 1862; killed at Dallas Woods, Ga., May 30, 1864.

WILLIAM H. BROWN.

Aug. 5, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

HARRISON BURNS.

Aug. 12, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865, as Corporal.

ANDREW J. BURNS.

Aug. 12, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

JOHN BURNS.

Aug. 12, 1862; transferred to Eng. Corps Aug. 10, 1864.

LEVI BAKER.

Aug. 12, 1862; wounded at battle of Peach Tree Creek July 20, 1864; mustered out June 8, 1865.

GEO. W. BURNS.

Aug. 12, 1862; discharged Jan. 3, 1863.

ISAAC BERGE.

Jan. 14, 1864; died at Lookout Valley May 4, 1864.

WILEY BURNS.

Jan. 28, 1864; transferred to 33d Indiana June 8, 1865.

H. C. BAKER.

Jan. 14, 1864; transferred to 33d Indiana June 8, 1865.

MILTON B. BISHOP.

Jan. 14, 1864; transferred to 33d Indiana June 8, 1865.

JAMES BALL.

Oct. 10, 1863.



DAVID COOK.

Aug. 6, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

HENRY B. COX.

July 29, 1862.

WM. S. CRAMER.

Aug. 2, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

JEREMIAH COLLIER.

Aug. 2, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

JOHN CRANK.

July 22, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

HIRAM COX.

July 29, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865, as Corporal.

JOSEPH CLENDEMIM.

Aug. 6, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

WM. L. COLLIER.

July 28, 1862.

OWEN COLLIER

Aug. 2, 1862.

WM. H. COSTIN.

July 27, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

JOHN M. CREED.

Aug. 10, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

FRANK CHERLING.

Jan. 21, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

DWIGHT H. DANE.

July 21, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

MARSHALL DANE.

July 21, 1862; died at Scottsville Feb. 6, 1863.

THOMAS DIXON.

Aug. 12, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865, as Corporal.

BENONI N. DANE.

July 21, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

JAMES E. DECOURSEY.

Aug. 9, 1862; died at Scottsville Dec. 10, 1862.

GEO. W. DENT.

Aug. 10, 1862; discharged Oct. 31, 1862.

DANIEL DAVIDSON.

Aug. 10, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

GILBERT EWING.

Dec. 31, 1863.

WILLIAM H. FOWLER.

Aug. 6, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

FREDERICK FUNK.

July 28, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

GEO. FUNK.

July 18, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

THOMAS C. FAITH.

Sept. 1, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

JOHN F. GARRISON.

Aug. 4, 1862; discharged Aug. 27, 1863.

WILLIAM G. GARRISON.

Aug. 12, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865, as Sergeant.

WILLIAM GLESSENER.

Aug. 10, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

JOHN H. GREGORY.

Aug. 6, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

JOHN GRAVES.

Jan. 14, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

GREENBERRY GRIFFEN.

Jan. 14, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

HENRY HAYDEN.

Aug. 2, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

NATHAN T. HASTINGS.

Aug. 6, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

JOHN T. HAMMONS.

Aug. 10, 1862; wounded July, 1864; discharged Dec. 1, 1864.

WILLIAM D. HOWEL.

Aug. 12, 1862; discharged Dec. 6, 1862.

WILLIAM K. HASTINGS.

Jan. 14, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

JOHN HOWARD.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

LEE HAZELWOOD.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

WILLIAM R. HALE.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

JAMES HATLEY.

Dec. 31, 1863; died at Lookout Mountain Aug. 10, 1864.

JOSHUA HAMMOND.

March 5, 1864; died in Atlanta, Ga., Oct. 5, 1864.

WILLIAM H. HUSHAW.

Feb. 13, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

JOHN JUDSON.

Aug. 6, 1862.

JAMES H. JUDSON.

July 29, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

THOMAS JACKSON.

Aug. 6, 1862; discharged Dec. 6, 1862.

DANIEL JARRET.

Jan. 16, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

ALFRED A. KECK.

Sept. 1, 1862; discharged Sept 3, 1865.

JAMES M. LEWIS.

Aug. 5, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

ALEXANDER LONG.

March 5, 1864; died at Chattanooga, Tenn., Aug. 4, 1864.

GEO. LAWRENCE.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

FRANKLIN LAMAR.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

CALVIN MORGAN.

Aug. 10, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

ALEXANDER C. MYERS.

Aug. 2, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

GEO. W. MOSIER.

Aug. 2, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

THOMAS MINTON.

Aug. 2, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

GEO. W. MCGOWEN.

Aug. 6, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

JAMES M. MCGOWEN.

Aug. 10, 1862; transferred to V. R. C. May 31, 1864.

SENECA S. MAJORS.

Aug. 10, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

HENRY H. MULLIS.

Aug. 10, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

MICHAEL McKINNEY.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

HARVEY NEWBORN.

Aug. 6, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

THEODORE M. NANCE.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

REUBEN NEWMAN.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

DOUGLAS NARBEL.

Oct. 10, 1863.

HENRY C. OLDS.

Aug. 10, 1862; discharged Dec. 6, 1862.

DANIEL OLIVER.

July 26, 1862.

JOHN J. OLIVER.

July 26, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

THOMPSON PAYTON.

Jan. 14, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

JAMES PARSON.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

HARVEY POMEROY.

July 29, 1862; deserted Sept. 28, 1862.

DAVID L. PEACOCK.

Aug. 6, 1862.

BENJ. S. ROBBINS.

Aug. 10, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865, as Sergeant.

ELIS L. RAY.

July 22, 1862; died May 22, 1864; wound received at Resaca, Ga.

CHARLES W. ROBERTS.

Aug. 4, 1862; died at Gallatin, Tenn., May 1, 1863.

JOHN RULE.

Aug. 10, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

JACOB REEDY.

Aug. 10, 1862; died at Washington, D. C., May 25, 1865.

SAMUEL V. SLACK.

Aug. 4, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

THOMAS SINGLETON.

Aug. 4, 1862; transferred to Engineer Corps Aug. 10, 1864.

MAISON O. SHIPLEY.

July 26, 1862; discharged Sept. 15, 1863.

DAVID SMITH.

Aug. 6, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

CHARLES SHELTMAYER.

Aug. 10, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865, as Corporal.

JAMES SINGLETON.

Aug. 10, 1862; killed at Peach Tree Creek July 20, 1864.

JOHN SCOTT.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1864.

LEWIS P. STONE.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1864.

JAMES W. TOUT.

Aug. 10, 1862; died at Gallatin, Tenn., May 24, 1863.

JOSEPH P. TROYER.

Aug. 2, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

OMAZIAH TACKET.

July 26, 1862.

JOHN THACHER.

Aug. 10, 1862; discharged March 3, 1865.

THOMAS J. TOWNSEND.

Aug. 10, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865; wounded.

DANIEL TAYLOR.

July 26, 1862.

JAMES THOMPSON.

Jan. 14, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

HIRAM VOYLES.

Aug. 10, 1862; died at Resaca, Ga., May 24, 1864.

ALBERT VOYLES.

Aug. 10, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

MASON WARNER.

July 18, 1862; died Aug. 27, 1864; wound received near Atlanta, Ga.

JESSE WILHITE.

Aug. 12, 1862; discharged March 12, 1863.

ROBERT WHEELER.

July 25, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

JOSEPH WHITSON.

July 29, 1862; died at Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 24, 1864.

WILLIAM S. WARTHERN.

Aug. 2, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

GEO. W. WARNER.

Aug. 10, 1862; discharged March 8, 1863.

ANDREW WHITE.

March 26, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

THOMAS WHITE.

March 26, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

ROBERT S. WILSON.

March 26, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

SAMUEL F. WEBBER.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

#### COMPANY I.

WILLIAM H. FISHER.

Captain Aug. 7, 1862; Aug. 12, 1862; resigned Feb. 24, 1864; went home from Stevenson, Ala., March 6, 1864.

JOHN W. THORNBURG.

Captain; transferred to Company I Nov. 14, 1864, from the 27th Indiana; mustered out with the Regiment.

THOMAS J. MORGAN.

First Lieutenant; resigned April 2, 1864, to become Colonel 14th U. S. C. Infantry; promoted Brigadier General.

STEPHEN W. DUNGAN.

Second Lieutenant; resigned April 3, 1863.

SAMUEL WESLEY MARTIN.

First Sergeant; promoted Second Lieutenant, First Lieutenant; severely wounded May 14 at Resaca, Ga.; mustered out with Regiment.

GEORGE W. GRUBBS.

Sergeant; promoted Sergeant Major, First Lieutenant Company F, Acting A. A. G. First Brigade; slightly wounded at Peach Tree Creek; Major 42d U. S. C. Infantry; stunned at Resaca, May 15, 1864, by a cannon ball.

JOHN E. CLELAND.

Sergeant; promoted Second Lieutenant; declined; promoted Adjutant, Captain 44th U. S. C. Infantry; prisoner of war Oct., 1864. Acting A. A. G. Brigade Staff.

JOSEPH M. TILSON.

Sergeant; promoted Second Lieutenant; mustered out with Regiment.

HENRY W. HENDERSON.

Sergeant; discharged Aug. 5, 1863; disability.

JAMES H. METEER.

Sergeant; promoted Captain 14th U. S. C. Infantry.

JAMES H. KELLY.

Sergeant; mustered out with Regiment as First Sergeant.

THOMAS H. DEER.

Sergeant; wounded Aug. 10, 1864, and died the 13th, near Atlanta, Ga.

GEO. W. ADAMS.

Sergeant; mustered out with Regiment.

J. F. VARNER.

Sergeant; mustered out with Regiment.

JOHN W. STRICKLER.

Sergeant; on detail with General Slocum; mustered out with Regiment.

JAMES T. KINNICK.

Sergeant; mustered out with Regiment.

GEO. A. COLEMAN.

Corporal; mustered out with Regiment as private.

REDDING M. GARRISON.

Corporal; regimental P. M., Color Guard; mustered out with Regiment.

WILLIAM B. KELLY.

Corporal; discharged Dec. 13, 1862; disability.

ISAAC DUCKWORTH.

Corporal; mustered out with Regiment as Teamster.

WILLIAM C. SANDEFUR.

Corporal; mustered out with Regiment.

CLINTON R. SMITH.

Corporal; mustered out with Regiment.

ANDREW J. JOHNSON.

Corporal; slightly wounded June 25 at Kenesaw Mountain and July 20 at Peach Tree Creek; mustered out with Regiment.

ORLANDO M. MORRISON.

Corporal; mustered out with Regiment June 8, 1865.

JERRY LONG.

Corporal; mustered out with Regiment.

FRANCIS M. TILSON.

Corporal; mustered out with Regiment.

BENJ. N. ADAMS.

Corporal; killed at Resaca, Ga., May 15, 1864.

CORNELIUS L. GARSHWILER.

Corporal; mustered out with Regiment; recruit.

LEWIS ANDERSON.

Musician; died at Murfreesboro, Tenn., July 27, 1863; body sent home.

MARINE TILSON.

Musician; mustered out with Regiment.

SIMON MINOR TILSON.

Musician; mustered out with Regiment as Bugler.

#### PRIVATES.

NEWTON G. ADAMS.

Mustered out with Regiment; had served in 7th Indiana.

SAMUEL E. ADAMS.

Mustered out with Regiment.

BETHUEL ADAMS.

Died at Saundersville, Tenn., Jan. 17, 1863.

JAMES ARCHBOLD.

Mustered out with Regiment June 8, 1865.

WILLIAM D. AMOS.

Mustered out with Regiment; recruited Dec. 7, 1863.



HARLAN ANDERSON.

Transferred to 33d Indiana; recruit from 27th Indiana.

IRWIN D. BAKER.

Mustered out with Regiment.

WILLIAM R. BANTA.

Mustered out with Regiment.

ALONZO N. BERGEN.

Mustered out with Regiment.

WILLIAM H. BISHOP.

Mustered out with Regiment.

MARTIN BEARD.

Discharged Oct. 27, 1862; disability.

BENJ. F. BROWN.

Died of wounds received at Resaca, Ga., May 15, 1864.

LEVI BURNETT.

Died at Hilton Head, S. C., Feb. 14, 1865.

HENRY S. BYERS.

Discharged May 15, 1863; disability; First Lieutenant in 132d Indiana.

ADAM BIOUS.

Died at Washington, D. C., June 6, 1865; from 27th Indiana.

ALLEN BRYANT.

Transferred to 33d Indiana; recruit from 27th Indiana.

PERRY BOOKER.

Discharged April 8, 1865; recruit from 27th Indiana.

SANFORD S. BOLDRY.

Mustered out with Regiment; recruited Oct. 26, 1863.

JAS. M. CLEM.

Mustered out with Regiment.

THOMAS J. COOK.

Mustered out with Regiment.

GEO. COOK.

Discharged May 4, 1863.

JERRY M. COLEMAN.

Died July 7, of wounds received at Resaca, Ga., May 15, 1864.

DANIEL CRAWFORD.

Discharged Jan. 21, 1863; disability.

DAVID N. CRUTCHFIELD.

Mustered out with Regiment.

TISDALE E. CURRY.

Died at Bowling Green, Ky., Dec. 25, 1862.

WILLIAM F. COX.

Mustered out April 8, 1865; recruit from 27th Indiana.

PHILLIPS COX.

Transferred to 33d Indiana; recruit from 27th Indiana.

GEO. W. COONS.

Transferred to 33d Indiana; recruit from 27th Indiana.

WILLIAM C. COMBS.

Died of wounds received at Kenesaw Mountain June 19, 1864; recruited Feb. 14, 1864.

JOSIAH DEER.

Discharged on account of wounds received at Elwood Springs Sept. 1, 1862.

CHRISTOPHER DOWDEN.

Died at Saundersville, Tenn., Jan. 27, 1863.

REECE DUNN.

Mustered out with Regiment.

JOSIAH DRAKE.

Mustered out with Regiment; Brigade Carpenter.

GIDEON DRAKE.

Transferred to 33d Indiana June 8, 1865; recruited Jan. 4, 1864.

DANIEL W. DUKE.

Transferred to 33d Indiana; recruited March 29, 1864.

WILLIAM ELGIN.

Promoted Chaplain 14th U. S. C. Infantry.

JAMES FEAR.

Mustered out with Regiment; Company Cook.

WILLIAM FRED.

Discharged Dec. 15, 1862; disability.

HENRY A. FERRIS.

Transferred to 33d Indiana; recruit from 27th Indiana.

JOSEPH M. FISHER.

Transferred to 33d Indiana; recruited March 1, 1864.

GRANVILLE R. GRIFFITH.

Mustered out with Regiment.

WINSTON B. GARR.

Discharged Feb. 25, 1863; disability.

JOHN GLASS.

Transferred to 33d Indiana; recruited Dec. 9, 1863.

JAMES R. HAMILTON.

Mustered out with Regiment; Company Cook.

EBENEZER HARBERT.

Transferred to Pioneer Corps Aug. 10, 1864.

NATHAN HARRIS.

Transferred to Pioneer Corps Aug. 10, 1864.

JAMES H. HINKLE.

Died of wounds received at Resaca, Ga., May 15, 1864.

SAMUEL P. HOEFER.

Wounded June 15, 1864; discharged Dec. 6, 1864; had served in the 18th Indiana.

JAMES W. HOWARD.

Drowned at Bowling Green, Ky., Sept. 14, 1862.

WILLIAM HUGHES.

Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps Sept. 15, 1863.

JAMES HUTCHISON.

Discharged Jan. 16, 1863; disability.

AARON W. HUTCHISON.

Mustered out with Regiment June 8, 1865.

FRANCIS M. HARPER.

Transferred to 33d Indiana June 8, 1865; recruited Sept. 21, 1863.

ISAAC N. HARPER.

Transferred to 33d Indiana June 8, 1865; recruited Dec. 9, 1863.

JOSEPH C. HENDERSON.

Transferred to 33d Indiana June 8, 1865; recruited Dec. 9, 1863.

REUBEN HOLBROOK.

Transferred to 33d Indiana; recruit from 27th Indiana.

BENJ. H. IRWIN.

Died of wounds received at Marietta, Ga., July 2, 1864; recruited Feb. 27, 1864.

JOSEPH L. IRWIN.

Transferred to 33d Indiana; recruited February 27, 1864.

GEO. B. ISRAEL.

Transferred to 33d Indiana; recruited Dec. 9, 1863.

HARRISON JACKSON.

Mustered out with Regiment June 8, 1864.

NATHANIEL L. JOHNSON.

Mustered out with Regiment.

JAMES S. KELLY.

Mustered out with Regiment.

ANDREW T. KELLY.

Transferred to 33d Indiana; wounded at Snake Creek Gap; recruited Dec. 7, 1863.

THOMAS C. MAPPIN.

Died of wounds received at Resaca, Ga., May 14, 1864.

JOSEPH M. MAPPIN.

Mustered out with Regiment; had served in 18th Indiana.

TIPTON McALLISTER.

Died at Scottsville, Ky., Nov. 18, 1862.

JESSE C. McLEAN.

Mustered out with Regiment.

JAMES A. McKEEHAN.

Mustered out with Regiment.

WILLIAM G. McVEY.

Mustered out with Regiment.

HUGH McCracken.

Discharged April 4, 1863; re-enlisted in 17th Indiana.

SAMUEL MITCHELL.

Killed at Resaca, Ga., May 15, 1864.

LEVI MOODY.

Mustered out with Regiment.

EUGENE A. MORGAN.

Transferred to 33d Indiana June 8, 1865; recruited Aug. 13, 1863.

WILLIAM MUSTER.

Transferred to 33d Indiana ; recruit from 27th Indiana.

WILLIAM M. NEAL.

Mustered out with Regiment.

ALONZO OLMSTEAD.

Transferred to 33d Indiana ; recruit from 27th Indiana.

GEO. W. PARMER.

Died at Nashville, Tenn., Nov. 9, 1863.

SAMUEL PATTERSON.

Killed at Resaca, Ga., May 15, 1864.

FRANCIS H. PATTERSON.

Mustered out with Regiment.

JOHN A. POOL.

Mustered out with Regiment.

WILLIAM H. QUINN.

Discharged May 15, 1865 ; disability.

JAMES M. QUINN.

Mustered out with Regiment.

JAMES M. RICHARDSON.

Mustered out with Regiment.

JOHN SILL.

Mustered out with Regiment.

JAMES W. SMITH.

Mustered out with Regiment as Teamster.

CHARLES N. SMITH.

Transferred to 33d Indiana ; recruited Dec. 7, 1863.

JAMES M. SMITH.

Discharged Feb. 16, 1863 ; disability.

JOHN A. STANFIELD.

Mustered out with Regiment ; served a time in Heavy Artillery.

WILLIAM W. STEWARD.

Mustered out with Regiment.

ALEXANDER SUITOR.

Discharged March 7, 1863 ; disability.

GRIFFITH STRADLEY.

Transferred to 33d Indiana ; recruit from 27th Indiana.

JOHN W. SWINNEY.

Discharged Nov. 21, 1863; disability.

SAMUEL H. TETRICK.

Mustered out with Regiment; Wagon Master.

JOHN A. TROUT.

Discharged July 28, 1863; disability.

ELIJAH VANARSDALL.

Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps Jan. 15, 1865.

WILSON VAUGHT.

Wounded at Resaca, Ga., May 15, 1864; mustered out with Regiment.

JOHN W. VAUGHT.

Killed at Kenesaw Mountain June 15, 1864.

ALLEN A. WALKER.

Mustered out with Regiment June 8, 1865.

WILLIAM M. WHITE.

Wounded at Kenesaw Mountain June 19, 1864; mustered out with regiment.

WILLIAM WHITESIDES.

Discharged Jan. 21, 1863.

VOLNEY WALTON.

Transferred to 33d Indiana; recruit from 27th Indiana.

#### COMPANY K.

SAMUEL MERRILL.

Captain Aug. 1, 1862; Major April 11, 1863; Lieutenant Colonel March 1, 1864; mustered out with Regiment.

JAMES T. MATLOCK.

First Lieutenant Aug. 1, 1862; Captain April 11, 1863; wounded at Peach Tree Creek; mustered out Oct. 25, 1864.

ORION A. BARTHOLOMEW.

Second Lieutenant Aug. 1, 1862; First Lieutenant April 11, 1863; Lieutenant Colonel 15th U. S. C. I.; Colonel 109th U. S. C. I.; Brevet Brigadier General.

THOMAS S. CAMPBELL.

First Sergeant July 25, 1862; Second Lieutenant April 11, 1863; First Lieutenant Sept. 19, 1864; mustered out with Regiment.

NATHAN A. SECREST.

Sergeant July 14, 1862; promoted Captain, then promoted Major U. S. C. I.

WILLIAM H. KEMPER.

Sergeant July 19, 1862; Second Lieutenant Nov. 14, 1864; mustered out with Regiment.

GEO. P. VANCE.

Sergeant July 30, 1862; discharged Aug. 26, 1863, to accept commission in the Navy.

JOSEPH M. HARRISON.

Sergeant July 23, 1862; discharged Dec. 9, 1862.

CAS. T. CURTIS.

Corporal July 22, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865, as First Sergeant.

ANDREW GRAYDON.

Corporal July 14, 1862; Second Lieutenant 1st U. S. Battery Colored; Brevet Captain.

PARISH L. MAHEW.

Corporal July 15, 1862; discharged Jan. 21, 1863.

JAMES F. TOUT.

Corporal July 22, 1862; died at Saundersville, Tenn., Feb. 17, 1863.

FRANK GILLET.

Corporal July 15, 1862; discharged for promotion First Lieutenant 14th U. S. Colored Infantry.

ROBERT W. CATHCART.

Corporal July 15, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865, as Sergeant.

JOSHUA C. HADLEY.

Corporal July 22, 1862; Second Lieutenant Jan. 24, 1865; Captain April 1, 1865; mustered out with Regiment.

ALBERT COLLIER.

Corporal July 22, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

THOMAS ANGLE.

Musician July 24, 1862; discharged Dec. 17, 1864.

NATHANIEL E. EUDALY.

Musician July 24, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

GEO. W. KOONTZ.

Wagoner July 15, 1862; discharged Dec. 13, 1864; lost an arm at Resaca.

PRIVATEES.

PERRY ABELL.

July 26, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

HENRY C. ADAMS.

July 21, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

JOHN A. ARBUCKLE.

Aug. 8, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

BENJAMIN F. ASKREN.

Aug. 7, 1862; discharged Dec. 12, 1864, on account of wounds received at Resaca.

JAMES W. BLUE.

July 25, 1862; died at Chattanooga, Tenn., March 8, 1864.

RICHARD CARNES.

July 16, 1862; died at Bowling Green, Ky., Dec. 21, 1862.

GEORGE W. CARTER.

July 21, 1862; died at Indianapolis July 16, 1864, from wound received at Resaca.

SAMUEL R. CARTER.

Aug. 7, 1862; discharged Nov. 20, 1862.

JOSEPH B. CARTER.

Aug. 11, 1862; died at Gallatin, Tenn., April 5, 1863.

JAMES H. CLARK.

Aug. 7, 1862; killed at Kenesaw June 22, 1864; Sergeant.

JOHN W. CLAYPOOL.

Aug. 8, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865, as Sergeant.

NOAH CONSTABLE.

July 22, 1862; died at Bowling Green, Ky., Nov. 9, 1862.

ELISHA CRAWFORD.

July 24, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

NICHOLAS CROSSLY.

July 19, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

WILLIAM CROSSLEY.

July 26, 1862; discharged Jan. 20, 1863.



JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

July 25, 1862; transferred to Engineer Corps Aug. 13, 1864.

WILLIAM A. DILLEY.

July 26, 1862; died at Saundersville, Tenn., Feb. 20, 1863.

THOMAS N. DONLY.

July 26, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

MARTIN ENGLEHART.

July 19, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

EDWARD M. FITZGIBBON.

July 21, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

JONATHAN GORDON.

Aug. 4, 1862; died at Chattanooga, Tenn., July 28, 1864, from wounds.

RICHARD GRAVES.

July 15, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

LUNSFORD GRIFFITH.

Aug. 11, 1862; transferred to Engineer Corps Aug. 29, 1864.

JAMES GREEN.

Aug. 17, 1862; discharged March 11, 1863.

MARTIN V. GRIFFITH.

Aug. 5, 1862; died May 24, 1864; wounds.

JAMES GROVES.

Aug. 7, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

WILLIAM GULLEY.

Aug. 10, 1862; discharged Jan. 22, 1863.

JOSEPH HAYDEN.

July 21, 1862; died at Bowling Green, Ky., Nov. 10, 1862.

WILLIAM C. HIND.

July 26, 1862; discharged Jan. 22, 1863.

ARTHUR HOAGLAND.

July 17, 1862; died at Bowling Green, Ky., Sept. 11, 1862.

WILLIAM E. HOWLAND.

July 19, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

LEWIS A. JELF.

Aug. 9, 1862; discharged Oct. 18, 1863.

HENRY C. JONES.

Aug. 7, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

JOHN L. KETCHAM.

July 15, 1862; promoted Sergeant-Major 1864; First Lieutenant 1865; mustered out with regiment.

CURTIS KING.

July 29, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865, as Corporal.

JOHN KIRKLAND.

Aug. 6, 1862; died at Saundersville, Tenn., Feb. 20, 1863.

LEVI KLEPFER.

July 30, 1862; died May 16, 1864; wounds.

GEORGE KOCHER.

July 30, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

ROBERT LANGSDALE.

July 24, 1862; discharged March 4, 1863.

MICHAEL M. LAWSON.

July 30, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

OLIVER P. LOCKHART.

July 19, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

JOHN G. LOCKRIDGE.

Aug. 4, 1862; discharged Jan. 22, 1863.

DANIEL P. McLAUGHLIN.

July 28, 1862; died at Saundersville, Tenn., Dec. 21, 1862.

JOHN MALONEY.

July 25, 1862; discharged March 9, 1863.

THOMAS D. MANLEY.

Aug. 9, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

HENRY MAYHEW.

July 26, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

THOMAS MILLER.

Aug. 6, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865, as Corporal.

JACOB MONROE.

July 29, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

RICHARD T. NASH.

July 29, 1862; died at Bridgeport, Ala., March 13, 1864.

JAMES W. PIERCE.

Aug. 2, 1862; deserted Nov. 1, 1863.

CHARLES POTTS.

July 25, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

AUGUSTINE S. POWERS.

July 26, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

HENRY PRITCHETT.

July 29, 1862; deserted Nov. 1, 1863.

ALFRED E. PURCELL.

Aug. 9, 1862; killed at Resaca May 15, 1864.

GEORGE REDMOND.

July 30, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

JAMES F. ROGERS.

July 30, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

HARVEY B. ROGERS.

July 30, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865, as Corporal.

JOHN RODGERS.

Aug. 11, 1862; discharged June 8, 1865, as Corporal.

JOHN C. RUSSELL.

Aug. 9, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865, as Corporal.

ABRAHAM SEAY.

July 21, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

JOHN A. SEAY.

July 21, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

JOHN SEEKAMP.

July 30, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

BENJAMIN F. SOUTH.

Aug. 10, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

JAMES C. SPAULDING.

July 19, 1862; killed at Peach Tree Creek July 20, 1864.

MARION SPRINGER.

Aug. 5, 1862; died at Gallatin, Tenn., Dec. 3, 1862.

JOHN S. STEPHENS.

Aug. 9, 1862; died at Saundersville, Tenn., Feb. 23, 1863.

JOHN STOOP.

Aug. 7, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

JOHN T. TALBOT.

July 19, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865, as Corporal.

WILLIAM F. TAYLOR.

Aug. 8, 1862; died at Saundersville, Tenn., Jan. 8, 1863.

SIMEON TEMPLIN.

Aug. 9, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

JAMES VAN SICKLE.

July 19, 1862; died at Nashville, Tenn., Nov. 13, 1863.

DAVID WATSON.

July 31, 1862; died May 17, 1864; wounds received at Resaca.

JASPER WATSON.

July 30, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

MARTIN V. WATSON.

July 26, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865, as Corporal.

BENJAMIN F. WATTS.

July 26, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

GEORGE M. WILSON.

July 19, 1862; killed at Resaca May 15, 1864.

STEPHEN WOODRUFF.

July 19, 1862; discharged Jan. 28, 1865; wounds.

#### RECRUITS AND VETERANS.

WASHINGTON AKESTOR.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

ANDREW J. ARNOLD.

July 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

HENRY C. AUSTIN.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

JOHN W. BISHOP.

April 4, 1863; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

JAMES M. BONNER.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

JOHN B. BOYD.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

JAMES S. BOYD.

Jan. 8, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

ROBERT R. BRATTAN.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

DAVID BROWN.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

JEFIREY J. COX.

March 26, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.  
DANIEL CLAYTON.

July 28, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

JESSE N. DICKERSON.

Sept. 6, 1862; died at Bowling Green, Ky., Nov. 10, 1862.

JOSEPH A. DAVIS.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

JAMES H. DOUGHERTY.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

JAMES EDWARDS.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

DAVID EVERHART.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

WILLIAM P. ELLIS.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

MARTIN V. GILLEY.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

JOHN JACKSON.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

JOSEPH R. JONES.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

JOHN B. JONES.

March 4, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

MARION JONES.

Feb. 12, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

JOHN LATTIMORE.

Jan. 24, 1864; discharged Jan. 24, 1864, by order War Department.

ROBERT R. MARSHALL.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

JERRETT W. MARTIN.

Feb. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

SHELBY MARTIN.

Sept. 12, 1861; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

MARION McADAMS.

Feb. 12, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

JAMES MAXWELL.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

DANIEL MONAHAN.

March 3, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

PHILIP OSMON.

March 3, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

JOHN F. PALMER.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

NELSON PURCELL.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

JAMES L. B. SHEPHERD.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

NOAH P. STUKEY.

March 26, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

WILLIAM STIPES.

July 28, 1862; mustered out June 8, 1865.

JOHN A. THOMAS.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

JORDAN WELCH.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

JOHN G. WALLACE.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

SAMUEL S. WEAVER.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.

CHARLES C. WEAVER.

Jan. 24, 1864; transferred to 33d Regiment June 8, 1865.













