In Command of the Regiment at Different Times During the Service
THIRTY-FIFTH OHIO.

A

NARRATIVE

OF

Service from August, 1861 to 1864.

BY

F. W. KEIL,

FORMERLY COMMANDING COMPANY C.

WITH AN INTRODUCTORY

BY

GENERAL H. V. BOYNTON.

THE ORIGINAL PERSIMMON REGIMENT.

FORT WAYNE, INDIANA.
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TO THE MEMORY
OF THE
BRAVE AND GALLANT MEN
WHO FELL ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE OR BY THE WAY-SIDE,
AND NOW REST IN HONORED GRAVES,
THIS NARRATIVE
IS
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.


Preface.

It is no easy matter to write a narrative of events connected with the history of a regiment, which will meet the approval of those still living who participated. Men formed opinions at the time the events occurred, on what was frequently incorrect information, or on current reports, not founded on facts. Impressions thus received have grown into men's minds to the extent that they now assert them as facts; while the truth is altogether something else.

Access is had to the published official reports, written by those who held commands at the time; and whose statements can be compared with pre-established views, and thus pretty correct conclusions may be formed as to the true condition of affairs. Between the two methods of reaching historical facts—personal recollections and published records—to the latter must be accorded the right to speak with authority. It matters little what care a person may have taken, or how closely he may conform to the published official records, still there are those who will question what is stated, simply because it does not coincide with preconceived ideas. This results from the stress placed on rumors current at the time the events occurred.

A regimental history should be written with a view to bring out the personality of the organization. It is not the actual fighting participated in which interests the public, or even the members of the organization, so much as the true soldier life, as found on the march and in the camp—the small incidents which happened, to-
gether with the anecdotes that occurred; these constituted, in a large measure, the true history of the regiment. In works of this kind unusual stress is placed in describing battle scenes in which the organization took part, as though that were the only fact, worthy of recital. The writer considers that a mistaken idea. The truth is, few men are competent to delineate such scenes, or give satisfactory descriptions of a battle, even if greatly desired. One person sees but a small part of an engagement, whether a private in the front ranks, or an aid riding in the rear, from one brigade or division to the other, along the entire line.

The private sees only a small part of the action in his immediate vicinity; while the aid riding in the rear of the lines, which are usually hid from view, sees even less than the private. Nearly all descriptions of an engagement are drawn from the imagination, and often by men who never were in an action.

This narrative attempts to give an account of our pilgrimage through the confederacy, in as brief and direct a manner as possible, so as not to draw the narrative over too many pages. Conciseness and brevity have been kept in view. No attempt is made to designate the order of troop in line during an engagement; nor to encumber the narrative with the recital of brigades and divisions, constituting the corps, as is so frequently done in regimental histories. That plan is tiresome to the reader, and of little value to any one.

Several of the closing chapters are devoted to a more direct history of the organization of the regiment, and to biographical notes pertaining to some of the officers.

The writer is indebted to the Historian of the Seventy-fifth Indiana for the sketch of Baird’s Brigade Charging Missionary Ridge, and several other plates which he kindly consented might be used. Likewise to favors from Comrade Filton, Captain Phil.
Rothenbush, Captain Samuel L'Hommiedieu, Lieutenant George T. Earhart, of the Thirty-fifth Ohio; and also to Captains F. F. Boltz and Allan H. Dougall, of the 88th Indiana Regiment, for the use of valuable works and documents connected with the 14th Army Corps.

THE AUTHOR.
INTRODUCTORY.

IT IS a priceless privilege to have opportunity to pay even a faint tribute to the officers and men of the Thirty-fifth Ohio. It was their good fortune to enter the service under Colonel Ferdinand Van Derveer; it was his to enroll a regiment, which in all the elements that go to make the best citizen soldiers, could not be excelled. There was, from the first, mutual confidence and respect. His experience in Mexico enabled him to intelligently and rapidly organize his command, and save it from many of the discomforts and delays which necessarily followed where commanding officers, as well as men, had everything about camp life and organization to learn.

The material of the regiment as a whole was from the worthiest families of the Miami Valley. There was not enough of the rougher element from city, town, or country, to make its impress. The officers were citizens of standing, and the men were, in large part, the pride of the communities from which they hailed.

Such a body of officers and soldiers was soon transformed into a military machine. The discipline by which this was accomplished was not that of the martinet, but such as commend itself to men. From the opening days of its service, till its survivors returned loaded with honors won on every field where they fought, there was never an hour when disorder held sway in its camps, or where its officers for a moment lost control. And this is as true of the battlefields where it was engaged, as it was of the quietest camp which it occupied.
Introductory.

There was no regiment of better drill, either in the evolutions of the battalion or those of the brigade. It moved under bugle calls with the same facility as by word of command.

Its chief glory is that it served under General George H. Thomas from Mill Spring to Atlanta, where its term of service ended. It was equally fortunate in its Division Commanders Schoepf, Steedman, Schofield, Brannan, and Baird. Its Brigade Commanders were "Bob" McCook, "Jim" Steedman, and "Ferd." Van Derveer.

It tested its soldierly qualities on many noted fields. Chickamauga was its first great battle. For two days it fought on that bloody field with unbroken lines, successfully executing every order to attack, repulsing every assault, losing no foot of ground, and maintaining its organization perfect till the close of the battle. Such was its record, made at the cost of every other man killed or wounded. And such record also was the record of its whole brigade with only slight differences in the casualty lists.

It won high honors in the memorable storming of Missionary Ridge. The point it carried was the boldest on the line. To-day the Government owns it, and it forms a commanding part of the National Military Park. One of the finest observation towers of the Park has been erected upon it. There was no more brilliant work performed by any regiment in that miracle of military story, when the Army of the Cumberland with a front two miles and a half advanced as a storming army against Missionary Ridge.

The Thirty-fifth maintained its standard of excellent service throughout the Atlanta campaign and returned from its three years service from in front of that city, having served some weeks over its time.

From first to last, in everything that goes to make up a splendid
and effective regiment it stood among the foremost. Its service was continually at the front. It never turned its back to an enemy, or gave a foot of ground in battle on any field, or once failed to repulse an assault, or carry any point which it attacked; and the same is true of the regiments with which it was brigaded.

Such was the honorable record of our regiment. Thirty years have passed since its survivors brought back their banners and received the richly merited, "Well done, faithful servants." The roll of our dead exceeds that of the living. Nearly all of our honored and much loved commanders have passed into that land where our immortals are. The records which they made, and in the making of which we shared, will live while the story of our reunited and indissoluble Union is told on the pages of history. To have served together in such a regiment, under such commanders, and in such a cause, will always be our chief honor in life, and a proud heritage for those who come after us.

H. V. BOYNTON.

WASHINGTON, April, 1894.
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Thirty-Fifth Ohio Regiment.

CHAPTER I.

Enters Kentucky at Covington, and Takes Charge of the Kentucky Central Railway—The Negro Question—“Old Jim,” the Kentucky Slave—Camp Frazer—Flag Presentation by Kentucky Ladies.

The Thirty-fifth Ohio Regiment was organized under the first call for volunteers to serve three years, or during the war.

The regiment entered the field within a month from the date of muster of its first companies. On the 26th day of September, 1861, it broke camp at Hamilton, Ohio, and moved by rail to Cincinnati, crossed the Ohio River into Kentucky, on the Covington ferry, and proceeded to the Kentucky Central Railway station.

The regiment was warmly greeted by the citizens of Cincinnati, along the line of march; and likewise received some attention from the people of Covington; especially from rampant confederates who shouted, “Go to hell, you Yankee.”

The telegraph office at the Central Railway station had been taken charge of early that day, so as to prevent sending word ahead along the line of the railway that Union troops were coming.

After some delay, the train pulled out from the Central station, and we were off for the “Dark and bloody grounds.”

The first lessons in loading were given the men on board the cars; for up to the date when orders to move were received, the regiment had not been armed.

It was simply impossible to prevent the snapping of caps—“to blow out the vent in the tube,” the men said. Then some one had doubts whether the rifle would “go off”—the powder was so coarse. So he thrust the muzzles of his rifle out at the door—we
were riding in box cars—and pulled trigger; of course "off went the gun."

This popping aroused the regimental commander, and a repre-
sentative was sent along the line, severely reprimanding company
officers for permitting such work. These lectures came so fre-
quently that some thought they were a part of Hardee's Tactics!

The train, after loitering to kill time, reached its destination
about ten o'clock at night. As we neared Cynthiana, Major
Boynton came through the train and commanded perfect silence to
be observed on entering the place. The order was strictly obeyed;
not a whimper was heard; and when the train stopped, the men
bounded out and formed with glee, expecting to make a night
march to some point.

Companies C and H were placed on a train in waiting to go
forward and take possession of certain bridges between Cynthiana
and Paris. The company officers were taken into the rear car,
where Cols. Foley and Long were in consultation. The officers
were informed that guarding bridges was to be their duty.

The writer was directed to select twenty men, and be ready to
get off at the first halt made by the train. The squad was set down
at Lair Station, near one o'clock in the night. It was dark, and
we had some trouble to find the bridges, which proved to be tres-
tle works across deep ravines.

"Have your sentinels conceal themselves, and not make targets
for prowling confederates; allow no colored person to come into
your camp; be circumspect," were the instructions hastily given as
the train moved on and left us in the dark.

Three sentinels were stationed to guard the trestle works, and
instructed not to expose themselves, but keep concealed. When
two hours later the relief came, no sentinel was visible; it was
necessary to say, "Adam, where art thou?"—or more correctly,
we had to whistle, when a rustle among the bushes, here and there,
showed the hiding places of the sentinels.

This was obeying instructions literally; places were fixed for
them, where they were thereafter to stand, so that they could be found when wanted.

We had neither tents, nor blankets with us; so the agent opened the station house for our convenience. The men, not on duty, bunked down on the sacks of grain standing within the warehouse. Somewhere near three o'clock in the morning, a fearful racket was heard on the inside of the warehouse. The men came rushing out with their guns, thinking we were attacked.

Investigation showed the fact that Johnny Doyle, while asleep, on the sacks, rolled off among half-bushel measures, brooms, scoop-shovels, etc., causing a lively racket. The night passed away with only this mishap.

The citizens of the locality kept away from us: they did not fancy the presence of union soldiers on the sacred soil of old Kentucky, hence gave us a wide berth for some days.

No sooner had we entered the field, than we were met with the practical phase of the negro question; for hardly had our first camp been located, before orders came for the officers to send their colored servants back to Ohio. The delicate nerves of the great Commonwealth of Kentucky could not tolerate the presence of a free negro on its soil.

The general government, at that time, tried to handle the delicate union sentiment of Kentucky with silken gloves; but fortunately for the army, that policy did not prove a success.

On the first Sunday afternoon in camp the darkie population, from "all the regions round about" crowded for our camp. The instructions were to keep them at arms' length, and not permit them within our lines.

Many sent word from the picket posts, that they had important information to give, and would insist on seeing the officer. To such he responded in person, and listened to what they had to say, then dismiss them courteously, stating that at some other time he would permit them to enter camp, but on that day he could not, as he had positive orders to the contrary.

When the darkies saw white men, whom they knew to be
rank secesh, walk into our lines, while they with stout union hearts were refused, they could not fathom our ideas of consistency.

As the officer returned from one of the calls to the out posts on that first Sunday in camp, he found that an old negro had gotten into camp, and was entertaining the men with his story. He was an old, worn out slave, and severely crippled; hence the men had not the pluck to deny his request to enter camp.

He told a long, pittiful story of hardships and wrongs, suffered at the hands of slave masters. The tears rolled down his “shiny black cheeks” in great profusion. His story was truly sad. He related such deeds of human depravity, that we hardly knew whether to credit his story or not. At times we thought he was simply lying; then the earnestness of his manners carried plausibility with it.

The simple eloquence in which he narrated the sad tale of his wrongs softened the sternness with which we had ordered away from camp all of his race. It was not in our hearts to treat this unfortunate old slave with harshness; since in all probability this was the first audience he had during his whole life, where he could unburden himself, and tell the story of his life, which he had treasured up during many, many long years, and not a friendly white ear had ever heard it.

We were here under the commission of the nation to fight the slave power; and well he knew that his story was safe enough in our keeping. We came not like northern men before us, to fawn upon the slave master, and weigh our words, lest we should give offence; but we were here with muskets in our hands to assert the freeman’s rights.

There was a manifest desire among union soldiers, in the early stages of the war, to hear what the slave had to say regarding the contest; and to satisfy such desire, the officer determined that the old slave should have time to tell his story unmolested, to an audience that would sympathize with him, though the orders were to the contrary, notwithstanding.
As the officer entered the circle of tents where the old slave sat, he arose, and with a low bow, said:

"Massa officer, I was tellin de men de story ob old Jim, de wo’r out ole slave."

Seating himself again, he repeated his story for the officer’s benefit.

"I wa’ bo’n in ole Virginney, dey say; don’t kno’ who my fadder wa’h, nebber seed him; don’t rekelect anything bout my mudder. Dey wa’h both sole to a Gorgy slave driver a’fore dis chile wa’h ole nuff to kno’ anything. I grow’d up on de planta-shun a stout nigger; could handle six ob dem kommon niggers."

Here upon he arose to his feet as if still in the full vigor of his manhood, to show his fine physical form. Even the mere wreck that was left showed that he had been a finely developed negro, fully six feet high, he had a low forehead, a fine set of pearly teeth, even at this age; his thick woolly head was sprinkled with gray. He did not stand long, but sank back into his seat, and continued his story.

"I nebber wa’h w’a massa kalled a ’ruly nigger; didn’t like how I wa’h treated; could’nt see no-how why I wa’h to wo’ke all my life for massa an git nuffin good to wea’h an eat. One da’ my massa ordered me out for a wippin; but he didn’t; he bro’t all de darkies on de plantashun to see me whipped; de blood biled in dis nigger’s veins. He ordered de bosses to tie me to de stake, but dey culd’nt; so he ordered de big niggers for to help ’em. I tell you I jist went froo’ de hole ob ’em, brok luse an run fo’r de woods—I hid in de swamps for fo’ weeks.

"I lived on green koh’n an de pikkins ob smokhouses dat wa’h round dar. But dey found me out at las; den dey kom wid a pack of bloodhounds an made right fo’r me. I killed three hounds as fas as dey’d kum up, but dey kum too fas’ an dey got hole ob Jim an’ to’r him arfully."

Here he opened his tattered garments, and showed numerous scars on his person which looked as though they had been the result of fearful gashes caused, as he said, by bloodhounds.
“Dey tuk me,” he continued, “to de ole plantashun an whipped ole Jim til he could’nt stan’. Three weeks I la’ on straw; couldn’t tel wedder Jim would lif til de morro’ or not. But, I got well, an den dey sol me to a Gorgy slave driver. I know’d what dat meant—no good to Jim. I said no go to Gorgy, and I didn’t. I wa’l chained to a long gang ob darkies, and marched of. De second night I saw my chance ha’ come, and I got luse an broke fo’ de timbers. I war’nt slo gitting long, I tel’ you. No gras grow’d under my feet.

“But dey got me again; I killed all de dogs dey had, but dey shot me—shot me three times, an broke my leg.”

Here he again showed marks, or scars of wounds upon his body, which no doubt were caused as he said.

“When I got over dat, dey whipped me again; but I nebber giv’ up. At las, dey sole me to a Kintuck massa. Dey broke my leg, an Jim was a kripple. I hav’ libe’d twenty yea’rs he’ah an wo’ked in de koh’n field. Now I am ole an’ ken’ wok’ no mo’r in de field. I git a patch o’v grown’ an must ra’se my own tings wh’a I eat.

“Jim has a hard time in dis wor’l. Dey say God kares for de darkie. I don’t bleve it; don’t bleve he is a just God, or he would’nt let stout, strong niggers be krippled up an be ’bused like ole Jim. I don’t bleve dare is a God nohow.”

The officer checked him in his course, as he uttered horrid oaths, as he proceeded.

“Beg pardon, massa officer, beg pardon, I’l stop dis minit right he’ah if I fend. War’t going to say anything bad; but, when I tink wh’a I wa’s an wh’a I now am, my blood biles in my veins. I’l say no mo’, massa officer, I’l go right home to my ole hut, an la’ down an wait my time.”

The officer said he could tell his story, but must not swear.

“I knos its rong, but if you ha’ suffered haf wh’a I has, you would not be so hard with ole Jim. Look at me, a poo’ krippled up ole darkie—ha’b a hard time to make a lifin. You out to
see wh’a a strong man I wa’, an now all dis’kause my massa ’bused me. I don’t bleve God kares fo’ de darkie.”

At this he arose and said:

“Now I go back to my hut. If de ole massa fine out I w’a down he’a an talked wid de yankees, hel’ whip de poor ole soul half dead.”

As he hobbled out of the quarters, he turned around and said:

“I hopes you’ll whip de secesh, an not go home til poo’ ole Jim am free.”

This old slave spoke blasphemous words because God was said to be just, yet permitted such treatment of slaves. God had not forgotten him, nor his race. We were then on our way, with muskets in our hands, to fight the slave power; and as a result coming out of the contest, the slaves were freed. And it is hoped that old Jim lived long enough to hear the glad news of his freedom.

Capt. Gunkle was placed some miles further along towards Paris, to look after a system of trestle works. Lieut. Miller was stationed still farther on with a detail of some twenty men to guard bridges; while Capt. Earhart with some sixty men was taken to Paris to look after the bridges near that place. Thus the thirty-fifth held a long line of railway; which had to be guarded, and this class of work was a part of the duty of the regiment for some considerable time.

CAMP FRAZER.

The regiment went into camp on the bluff to the northeast of Cynthiana, on the Frazer plantation; and the camp was named in compliment to the owner, who was a substantial union man.

The work of drilling and organizing was pushed forward as fast as such matters can be performed. Time is an important factor in the work of disciplining troops; and only so much can be done within a given time, no matter how strongly the work is pushed forward.

Company and regimental drill were the order of the day; to
which were added guarding bridges along the railway, at which the different companies took their turn.

Recruiting for the confederate army was brisk, at this time, in Kentucky. The hot blooded gentry were at fever heat; and the ladies stoutly encouraged the young bloods to saddle "old Dobbin" and ride away to the rebel army.

A rumor came one day to the men guarding supplies at the depot, that a certain minister intended to depart that night for the rebel army, to serve as a chaplain. Some of the citizens promised to watch the manoeuvres and report results to the officer of the depot guards.

It was difficult for the depot guards to communicate with headquarters during the night, as the pickets and camp guards had a countersign which was not given to guards outside. But the case was urgent, and something had to be done.

A young corporal, who was rather ingenuous in working through difficult places, was sent to work his way into camp, and give the information, concerning the departure of the minister.

After various, "hair breadth 'scapes" he reached camp, and without formality reported to the Colonel, who was lying on his cot reading a paper by the dim light of a tallow candle. Without lifting his eyes from the paper, or even giving the corporal time to finish his story, said: "D——n him, let him go. I don't know of a concern that is more in need of prayer than the confederate army!"

The Colonel continued the perusal of his paper, while the corporal proceeded to work his way back, in the dark, through the cordon of sentinels, to the guards at the depot.

The corporal never after that risked to be made a target, in order to carry word to the Colonel that recruits were going to join the rebel army.

The minister was allowed to depart in peace, and to pray for the success of the confederacy, but his prayers were not answered. In order to test how the men would act in the face of danger, it was quietly arranged to beat the "long roll" one evening. The
men hustled into line with commendable promptness. It would have been regarded a genuine alarm, but for the fact that certain captains made too much fuss in attempting to impress on the minds of their men, that there was imminent danger. The guise was so thin, that the men saw through it, and laughed at the seeming concern of the officers; when no enemy was within fifty miles of camp. The only serious result was, that in the bustle to get into line, one poor fellow had his eye seriously gouged with a comrades bayonet.

The ladies of Cynthiana will be remembered as long as a genuine Thirty-fifth boy lives, for the present of a handsome national flag—regulation size. The regiment left for the field without colors, save a storm flag, presented by the ladies of Hamilton. The want of a flag was at once seen by the patriotic union ladies of the place, the first time they complimented us with their presence at one of our dress parades.

They acted upon the idea of presenting a flag made with their own hands. At the same time a quiet inquiry was sent to the commander of the regiment, whether such a present would be acceptable, coming as it would from Kentucky ladies. They were informed that the men of the regiment respected the American flag, wherever found, no matter by whom made, and particularly so, when the gift and handiwork of patriotic Kentucky ladies.

"The ladies met at the house of the Rev. George Morrison, where the flag was made. Those who took part, as far as the names could be recalled, were, viz: Mrs. Delling, Mrs. George Morrison, Mrs. Frank Gray, Miss. Pauline Ballingall, Mrs. Sallie Thompson, Miss Sallie Kimbrough. Mrs. J. S. Frizell, Mrs. Dickey, Mrs. Dr. W. O. Smith, Miss Mary January, Miss Emma Tabor, and several others whose names can not now be recalled.

"Mrs. George Morrison, at whose house the flag was made, was a daughter of Dr. Robt. Breckinridge, professor in the Danville Theological Seminary."—Statement given by J. S. Frizell, then a citizen of Cynthiana.

The flag was presented at Camp Frazer by the ladies. It is
unfortunate that the remarks made, in presenting and in receiving, were not preserved, as well as a correct list of the donors.

In this connection it may be well to mention that Mr. S. B. Corrington claims that the flag which the Thirty-fifth carried was the present of the citizens of Shawhan Station, Bourbon County, Kentucky. He says: "Capt. Stone received the flag in a very nice little speech; Stone's company was all that was present of the regiment. They were in dress uniform, and I very well remember how they and the union citizens applauded the beautiful lines of Longfellow, viz:

'Thou too, sail on, O ship of State.'

"The lines all being recited with marked effect. The flag fund was made up at Ruddle's mill a loyal little village of Bourbon County. I was in my teens then, and the only member of my family, at that time, who stood by the flag. My wife was a Miss Fisher, and I had the honor of writing the presentation speech for her."

The party making this latter claim is evidently mistaken as to the regiment; there were many regiments stationed at Cynthiana during the war.

The flag was one of the finest carried by a volunteer regiment in the western army; and was placed into the care and keeping of Color Sergt. Mark B. Price, and his color guard, and carried by them in every move made by the regiment during our term of service.

The rough usage the flag received in actual service in the field, caused it to be placed on the invalid list, after the battle at Missionary Ridge. So infirm and bullet riddled had it become, that its folds were carefully wrapped, shred by shred, around the bullet marked staff; and although carried in all marches thereafter, and since present at every reunion of the regiment, it never unfolds its pale stars and faded stripes to the breeze. It is a sacred relic, as dear to the men as their own lives. No price could purchase the "old invalid."

After the battle at Missionary Ridge, while the army was en-
camped at Chattanooga, a second flag was presented to our regiment by the ladies of Lebanon, Ohio. With this came also a state color; and on our marches thereafter three colors were carried. The old stand, which had seen hard service, by Sergt. Price; the new stand by Corporal Newton Cregar; and the state flag by one of the color guards.

The old flag has since been in the custody of its old and respected commander; and always present at the reunions of the regiment. The second flag has been in the custody of Capt. L'Homm edieu who commanded the regiment at the time that it was presented at Chattanooga. The storm flag presented, by the ladies of Hamilton, was carried among the camp luggage and lay stored so long in damp, dark, army ware-houses, that it became mildewed and literally rotted in the trunk or chest in which stored.

There was considerable talk about poisoning springs, and other sources of water supply, when we first entered the confederacy. It is doubtful whether a case of the kind ever happened; yet, it was believed that attempts were made, to so poison water supplies and the men were on the guard.

A story was circulated, that a certain man enlisted in one of the companies for the express purpose of poisoning water used by the men of the regiment, and do such other damage to the men as circumstances might offer. While in this camp, he was closely shadowed, and finally arrested for what was regarded as suspicious conduct. He was placed upon the "rack" and severely tortured, with the intention to force a confession, but, nothing could be drawn from him to implicate himself or any one. He was either strictly innocent, or an expert rascal, the latter was believed to be the correct theory.

A certain Smith made his appearance in camp, purporting to be a correspondent for the Cincinnati Enquirer. The word was whispered among the men that he was simply a spy; and should he enter camp, they would attend to him. Smith was warned not to place his valuable person within our lines, as the men were watching for him; but he would not listen to safe counsel.
Thirty-Fifth Ohio Regiment.

As he promenaded up the line of company officer's tents, the cry was given, and the mob gathered around the correspondent. The brass buttons were cut from his blue garments, and the lace peeled off his trouser legs; and he was landed at the guard house, and placed within a rail pen, where he had time to arrange the facts for his next communication for his paper.

This man was well known to a large portion of the regiment; and his rebel utterances on former occasions had not been forgotten. The young man was placed in charge of Wilk Beaty and taken by him to Cincinnati. He never ventured into the camp of this regiment again.
CHAPTER II.

CAMP BOURBON—REGIMENTAL DRILL—RIGGING UP TEAMS—PASSING THROUGH THE SEASONING PROCESS—WATCHING FOR CONFEDERATE RECRUITS GOING SOUTH.

We entered Kentucky as the advance guard, and took possession of the Kentucky Central Railway; but, we held the advance only a few days. Ohio regiments followed us in rapid succession, and passed by, spreading out over the central part of the state; and ere long our time came to move forward.

We broke camp at Cynthiana on the 22nd of October, and move by rail to Paris. As we marched through the place we made a soldierly appearance, which we were unable to do a month earlier while marching through the Queen City. One month steady drilling, with camp duties, had a good effect.

The regiment went into camp on the Bourbon County Fair Grounds; using the buildings to store our effects, and the stables for our horses. The bluegrass pasture fields to the south of camp became the drill grounds, where we labored faithfully to become efficient in the peculiar giration laid down in Hardee's tactics.

Before the military authorities authorize a certain military drill for the army, the author should be made to go through the drill prescribed; and become perfect in it personally; in that event much of the nonsense found in a work of the kind would be studiously eliminated. Hardee's two volumes would crawl into one, and not very large at that; still there would be enough and to spare.

The work of drilling now commenced in earnest, and by the close of November, we were willing to meet any regiment in Kentucky in competitive drill.

Fitting up teams for active campaigning was hurried forward. Wilk Beaty, the regimental wagon-master, was at Cincinnati se-
lecting horses. No man in the west was a better judge of horse flesh; and it was not an easy matter to palm off inferior animals upon him.

The rule at the corral was to take horses as they came; this Beaty would not do, and his quarrels with the post quartermaster were interminable. He made his appearance in camp one day with a lot of fine horses. He had to take some "scrubs," it was unavoidable; but a commission was appointed to condemn the same as unfit for the uses intended, and the "scrubs" were sent back.

The regiment started out with one fine six-horse team for each company, and some eight or ten extra teams for transportation purposes, while serving detached from the main army.

Raw troops have to undergo a process of seasoning, before they are prepared for active service in the field. Camp Bourbon, near Paris, will be remembered as the place where our regiment passed through this preparatory stage.

The ground on which we were encamped was damp and spouty; and the frequent rains made it positively unfit for such purposes. The sick list increased fearfully, so the camp was moved to a better locality.

The school buildings, and other public edifices in Paris, were fitted up for the accommodation of the sick. The good ladies of the city took the matter in hand, and administered to the wants of the unfortunate boys, who had to be placed in hospitals.

So well were they taken care of, and so kindly treated, that those who were well and had to drill so hard daily, almost wished they could exchange places with those who occupied cots in the public halls, and were fed on the delicacies, which only Kentucky ladies can provide.

Much of the sickness was evidently caused by a kind of ground furnace which the men constructed within their tents. It consisted of a trench, some twenty inches wide, with a like depth, the front side sloping; this was covered with a heavy stone, while a flue was cut near the top of the ground similarly covered, passing
to the outside of the tent, where a chimney was constructed of stone, usually surmounted by a barrel with bottoms out.

These stoves or fires heated the ground, which caused a damp steam to arise from the earth. The medical faculty of the regiment pronounced these furnaces unhealthy and they were abandoned.

Home guards, in gaudy uniforms, came almost daily into camp with information, that companies of mounted men would leave certain points on certain nights, and pass designated places on their way to the southern army, which was then in camp at Bowling Green in Kentucky.

Companies were sent out to intercept them; but the country was full of rebel sympathizers, and every move made in our camp in this direction was promptly conveyed to the camps where such troops were collecting, and informed that we were waiting for them.

They had the good sense not to come that way, but take "across lots" and keep out of our clutches. Many a night the men were "hustled" out of what we considered comfortable quarters, and marched for miles over the country, and placed behind stone fences, there to sit in the frosty atmosphere of a sharp November morning to await the coming of the rebel recruits, or daylight. The latter always came, but the recruits for the rebel army never.

All we did on such occasions was to catch belated darkies, who had been out on some raid all night. Usually these got badly frightened.

Several companies were out east of Paris one night; the men were placed behind a stone fence, with instructions to sit down close to the wall and in no way expose themselves to view, as the game we were looking for was expected to ride down that road along which we were stationed.

We neither surprised nor captured the company of rebel recruits, on their way to the confederate army, but, we surprised a darkie who came across the country, about 4 o'clock in the morning, and leaped over the stone fence, landing right among the
men. When he saw the long line of gun barrels glistening in the clear star light, he caught up his breath quickly, like men doing wading in water a little beyond their depth.

"Hellow, Cæsar, wha'r you g'wing?" said the boys.
"I's g'wing to Massa Perkins."
"Where have you been?"
"I's been at Massa Rickett's. I's belong to Massa Perkins; my wife belongs to Massa Rickett's. Sunday afternoon and nights I's lowed to go and see my wife. I's on my way home now."
"Any secesh about here, Cæsar?"
"Yes, some."
"Your massa a secesh?"
"Massa don't say much, can't say who's g'wing to hab dis ye'ar countr. De secesh had it al' dair way till youn's kom he'yar."
"Any secesh troops about?"
"A company le'f Graytown las' night for de army. They heerd you'n's wa' looking for 'em, so dey gowed of on de Gray-town road."
"You say they are gone?"
"Oh, yes sah, dey gowed of las' night. I heerd Massa Rickett's talkin' and lafin' how dey had beet dem Yankees in slippin' off."

The story was readily believed. Some one had reported that we would be out on the road watching for them, so they moved across the country, and got by us. There were too many leaky vessels hanging around, who pretended to be union men, and carried information as to our movements to rebel camps.

It was claimed for Paris that a strong union sentiment prevailed among its population. It is true that great friendship was shown by many towards our regiment. Large numbers came out to camp in the evenings to be present at our dress parades; and on a certain occasion a fine collation was spread in camp for the benefit of the regiment, by the ladies of the place. However, the "under tow" was bitterly secesh.
Paris was the home of Gerret Davis; at one time the regiment was marched to the city, and formed in front of the courthouse veranda from which Mr. Davis made an address.

Those who remember him as senator from Kentucky during the war, know his fondness to talk upon all kinds and shades of topics. He talked us tired; and we were only too glad when he got through telling how Kentucky soldiers marched to the defense of the great northwest during the Indian wars, and the war of 1812. We gladly marched back to camp, after he had finished; it was a good speech, but we wanted no more of that kind.

The patience with which the men stood in ranks, and submitted to the harangue showed how rapidly they had acquired those soldierly qualities which cause men to stand steady under any fire.

To relieve the monotony of routine duty in camp, the major planned amusements in the shape of regimental rabbit hunts. The first one came off near Paris, Kentucky. All fire arms on such occasions were strictly forbidden; a small club was the only weapon allowed.

The regiment was formed and deployed as skirmishers, no reserves, all were placed on line; with intervals of some six or eight paces. The bugle sounded "forward," and away:

"Through weeds, and thorns, and matted underwood,
We forced our way."

The instructions were not to break ranks, and run after rabbits. The allignment was pretty well preserved for some hours. The rabbits were beaten out of their hiding places, in brush heaps, briar thickets and corn shocks. The wings were at length swung around, while the center slackened pace: forming a kind of a circle, closing up by degrees the intervals. A goodly number of rabbits were thus corralled.

As the circle was nearly completed, and a perfect cordon was about to fence in the luckless game, some of the men became excited and pushed forward pell-mell, and a regular "mee-lee" ensued, in which quite a number of rabbits were taken, but, by far
the larger number escaped. These would have been bagged, had discipline been maintained; but the presence of a rabbit was too much for some of the boys—they couldn’t keep cool under the circumstances.

The tangled lines were readjusted after a fashion; and another swoop of grand strategy contemplated, but never carried out to a successful termination. The men were demoralized; and a promiscuous warfare was carried on for the remainder of the day.

At one time the shouts on the right wing, gave evidence that some timid quadruped had failed to seek a safe burrow in time. Similar shouts came from the left; while along the center up, started the affrighted hare, and away went the skirmishers, spreading far and wide through field and wood.

Here a clump could be seen collected around the crevice of some rock, prying into the private apartments of a Mr. Rabbit; there, in yon corner, others were assembled around a corn shock, tearing the stocks to the right and the left, while far off to the right, men were running promiscuously, flourishing clubs, as though they were playing an old game of “shinney.” For miles the country was full of men—all on a rabbit hunt.

We did not only excite and demoralize the rabbits; but we sent the blooded stock cantering through the fields, snuffing the air, in long, loud “snorts,” as they galloped over the lawn; even the quiet old blue grass settlers became excited as well. At first they could not understand what this peculiar movement of blue coats meant. But when informed that it was a rabbit hunt on a grand scale, they entered into the spirit of the game with enthusiasm.

The favorite saddle horse was brought out and mounted, the owner riding hither and yon, to view the fun with keen relish. The ladies also came out to view the lines as they swept across gardens, and lawns, through grain and pasture fields. They forgot for the moment to put on that peculiar scowl for the hated Yankee, who had forced their lovers to move farther south to join Buckner’s army at Bowling Green.
In our route, an old apple orchard was found, the trees in which looked as though they might have been planted by Daniel Boone. A tour of inspection, tasting the varieties, and testing the qualities of the apples satisfied a person that that opinion was about the correct one. Several of us rambled a long while among the old patriarchs; then by easy stages worked our way back to camp; calling a halt now and then under a hickory tree, when good nutting was found.

The greater number of rabbit hunters had reached camp ahead of us; we found the major engaged taking account of spoils, to find out how many had been taken, and which company had run up the largest score. The skirmishers came straggling in until dark; a few forgot to return, having found their way, by some means, to the far famed city of Paris. These were brought in later by the patrol guard, and were registered as guests at the regimental “hotel,” commonly known as the “guard house.”

THE SECOND RABBIT HUNT.

The second rabbit hunt came off near Nashville, shortly after our arrival at that place from Somerset, Kentucky, via Louisville and the Ohio and the Cumberland rivers. We reached Nashville shortly after Johnson had fallen back into the confederacy. We were in camp some four miles out on the Charlottesville pike. The daily company drills and dress parades became tiresome, and to give variety to camp life, another rabbit hunt was projected.

Col. Robt. L. McCook, of the Ninth Ohio, and in command of the brigade, proposed to join the hunt with his regiment, and take command of the party. Plans were laid down which should govern the movements; but it was difficult to enforce them, as the lines became entangled in the cedar thickets, which were numerous in that locality.

The work to get through these thickets was tiresome. The lines became broken and the men scattered, and drifted into squads; and no surrounding of rabbits was possible. The result was not satisfactory. McCook had serious complaints to lodge
against our men; the boys would not obey him; but broke ranks and "struck out" for themselves.

Our regiment reported about all that were taken; and that didn’t suit McCook. The major reported a fine list of rabbits caught, by our men, and innocently chuckled over the fact, that we came out ahead of McCook’s men. To this Col. McCook said laconically, “That’s quite natural. Your men are a set of darned hounds. Of course you can catch rabbits.”

The men didn’t seem to relish the rabbit meat of those here taken. They said it had a butternut flavor!

TARGET PRACTICE.

It is somewhat amusing to recall the first attempt made by the men at target shooting. An order was promulgated, while the regiment was in camp at Cynthiana, to the effect that the men be practiced daily at target shooting.

The captain of Company C. marched his men into one of the famous blue grass pasture fields, and took position on a hill crowned by a young black locust grove. Across the ravine, on a bluff, a board, some six feet long and a foot wide, was placed against the trunk of an old spreading walnut tree. In the center of the board a small sheet of white paper was fastened for a target.

The company was formed, and one man after another was called out, who advanced to a position, took deliberate aim and fired. Observation with a field glass told the result. One shot went far above the mark tearing off leaves and tiny twigs, clearing a perfect avenue through the branches of the old walnut; another plowed up the soil to the right; another ball rooted up the hill to the left; while still another plunged into the bank rods this side of the mark. Thus the work went on until the company of ninety muskets had each had several shots at the target. The board went through the fiery ordeal without a scratch—not a single shot struck the trunk of the tree.

This was rather an unsatisfactory beginning. The captain marched his company to its quarters, and had not a word to say
about the skill of his men at target shooting. These men were nearly all good shots with the ordinary squirrel rifle, and could pick a squirrel off a tree with deadly certainty. But the old muskets were so peculiar that the men did not know how to handle them. This was the first attempt and proved unsatisfactory; but the work was continued, and the men improved in the art of handling the guns.

While in camp at Paris, Kentucky, the citizens presented an old ash "liberty pole" as a staff for our fine storm flag which had been presented to the regiment. When the flag was hoisted, it looked as though it were flying at half-mast. The colonel could not submit to that, so he ordered out the best shots in the regiment, to shoot off the pole a short distance above the flag pulley. Possibly a hundred shots were fired before one took effect. The first shot to hit was fired by the colonel. The firing continued until the pole was so cut by bullets that it broke where desired and the top fell to the earth.

While at Ringgold, Georgia, in March, 1864, shortly before Sherman started for Atlanta, an order was issued to company commanders to practice the men under them at target shooting.

Across the Chickamauga, which flowed by our camp, stood a sugar tree, close to the mountain wall of Taylor’s Ridge. The tree was blazed to exhibit a mark about the size of the palm of a man's hand. The company took position on the opposite side of the river, over three hundred yards away, and the firing commenced. After delivering three shots by each man, the fact was shown that each shot was placed so close the mark, that if a string, six inches long had been taken as a radius and a circle swept around the centre of the mark it would have enclosed nearly every shot fired at the target.

These were the same men who took their first lesson at target shooting in the blue-grass pasture fields in Kentucky. This result was due to three years' continued service and practice with the rifle; and likewise to the improved arms now in the hands of the men. Those used while in the blue-grass pasture fields were the
old Springfield, smooth-bore, rifled; while the last were the Springfield pattern of 1862. It was evident from this "that practice makes perfect."

The history of this company, in this respect, was that of the other companies of the regiment.

An instance of the marksmanship of the men, as well as the effectiveness of the rifles in use, was shown during the first day of battle at Resacca. Our lines were pushed up to the edge of a field, along the edge of which a creek, now dry, passed having washed out a channel, into which the regiment was placed. Beyond the field on a ridge, in the edge of the wood were the rebel rifle-pits. A rebel battery was at work off to our left at a long distance. The men had no orders to fire, but seeing the rebel gunners at work, the temptation was to level muskets at them. It was noticed that the rifles carried so well that the balls fell among the gunners, which fact was made evident from the dirt thrown up, as shown by the small clouds of dust.

The discovery of this fact caused a shout among the men, and a fusilade was opened on the gunners, and resulted in driving the same behind protection. That battery was practically silenced for that day, for no sooner did a gunner show his head than a volley of bullets came buzzing around his ears and he beat a retreat.
CHAPTER III.

FROM PARIS TO SOMERSET—BURNING DR. BRECKINRIDGE'S FENCE AT LEXINGTON—OUR FIRST MARCH—CARRYING KNAPSACKS—CAMP DICK ROBINSON.

We left camp near Paris on December 1st, to join our brigade near Danville. The regiment was taken to Nicholasville by rail; thence to march where the brigade was encamped.

No restriction had been placed on baggage, and each man had an ample supply of things supposed to be needed. At Lexington the train was cut in two, as the grade was heavy thence to Nicholasville.

One part was left standing on the track until the locomotive could return for it. The night was cold, and snow was falling. The men got off the train to look for something to make a fire with.

"Whose fence is this?" was asked the colored men who had come out to see the Yankee soldiers.

"Massa Breckinridge's," was the answer. This was sufficient; no one asked which one of the Breckinridges. The conclusion was at once reached that the fence belonged to John C. Breckinridge, the confederate general.

The fence changed into a good hot bonfire so rapidly, that it is useless to say how it was done. Even the cedar posts were wrenched out of the ground; for it was the settled determination not to leave a single post or board unconsumed. It was amusing to see with what pertinacity the men tugged, pulled, and twisted at a strong well-anchored post to get it out of the ground.

About midnight the locomotive returned to take our part of the train; but before we left, the fact became known that the fence we burned was not the property of General Breckinridge, but of Dr.
Breckinridge, a professor in the Danville Theological Seminary, and one of the strong union men of Kentucky.

We had nothing to say in justification of the rash act, only that thereafter we made closer examination before proceeding to that kind of work.

The next morning the cars were unloaded, and affairs put in shape to make the march to our destination. The amount of stuff unloaded was really a subject to be amused at. It is safe to say, that the 14th Corps in the march from Chattanooga to Atlanta, had less effects to show. The articles brought on the train were really "too numerous to mention."

Johnny Doyle, officers' mess-cook, Company C, had a large "dry goods" box filled with nice, dry hickory wood, cut for the mess cook stove. The wood was so fine that it was a pity to leave it behind.

The colonel came along, as the teams were loading, and kept an eye on what was put on the wagons. When he saw the different articles which had come on the train, he "warmed up." He was usually very quiet, and choice in his use of good English; but here was an occasion where it cannot be said to be altogether wrong to depart from the instructions laid down in the decalogue. It was rumored, that on this occasion he did so depart, somewhat to the amusement of the men.

The wagons were loaded with effects, regarded as really necessary. We had only twenty-five strong six-horse teams connected with the regiment at this time. Everything was in readiness. "We move at six in the morning," were the orders promulgated by the adjutant.

The camp guard was in charge of the writer; the night was fearfully cold, so we took possession of a law office for headquarters. We dipped into the coal-bin lively, and made ourselves at home generally, using as much stationary as we found convenient.

Mr. West, Esq., was not at home; rumor said he was in the confederate army. We left our "compliments, with thanks," for the use of the office as camp guard headquarters.
The orders were to "rouse" the camp at four o'clock, and the camp was so "roused." It was nine o'clock when the march commenced. It is hard to understand why men had to be "hustled out" at such unchristian hours; and stand around camp-fires, when they might just as well have been permitted to sleep under their comfortable blankets for hours later and still be ready in good time to move.

The column headed for Camp Dick Robinson. The men carried knapsacks unreasonably heavily packed. Signs of weariness appeared before two hours' march had been made, and by the time camp was reached, at 4:30 p. m., the men were well fagged.

This was our first, and about the only day the men of the regiment carried knapsacks, during the term of service of the regiment. For some two years the knapsacks were carried in our wagons, and after that they gradually disappeared.

Camp Dick Robinson was located in an old forest. The trees looked as though they had seen several centuries; it is quite probable that Dan Boone hunted deer in this wood. The place was selected to protect a bridge across the Kentucky River, near by; and likewise as a rendezvous prior to a move into Eastern Tennessee by way of the Cumberland Gap; an idea seriously contemplated at that time by the military authorities. The campaign which ended in the battle of Mill Spring was a step in that direction. But the shaping of events elsewhere made such a move undesirable at that time. During the night that we encamped at Dick Robinson, a courier came into camp with an order for the regiment to move straightway on Somerset and reinforce Schoepf, who was then confronting Zollicoffer on the Cumberland River. This order changed our course, and we did not join our brigade until we met on the battlefield at Logan's Cross Road—known as the battle of Mill Spring.

In order to move with expedition, the knapsacks of the men were reduced in bulk and placed in wagons, so that they could move with ease and celerity.

The regiment left camp at noon, and made Lancaster by night.
The companies were quartered in churches and public halls. Some of the company officers accepted invitations to occupy soft Kentucky beds, which politeness forbade them not to refuse! They could not think of being so rude as to decline a pressing invitation in compliance with plain hints, that they wanted such an invitation; though they "hated ever so much" to be away from their commands; since there was no telling what a night might bring forth —being in the enemies' country!

The men enjoyed "roosting" on the soft side of a court house lobby bench, or on a Kentucky deacon's cushioned pew; but the mourner's bench was scrupulously shunned! Those quartered in the court house determined to have some fun, and to that end organized a courts-martial to try a man charged with conduct unbecoming a gentleman. The specifications recited that on the march he was politely invited to ride in an ambulance and refused.

The examination of the witnesses was amusingly rediculous. The prisoner was found guilty, and sentenced to ride in an ambulance for two days. It would hardly be correct to say that the court room was quiet that night; there were too many boys, and too few soldiers in it.

Lancaster was a straggling village, built around the court house which stood in the centre of a four acre lot. The officers who had been "invited out" thought the citizens good union people; the men, however, held different opinions; and had it been fashionable then, as it was later, to hurt the secesh in "basket and store," they would have left Lancaster a cleaned out town.

We took up the line of march at an early hour and reached Stanford by noon. At this place we left the fine country known as the blue-grass region, and started for the hills. Night found us at the entrance of Hall's Gap. There were no churches and court houses to lodge in, so we had to pitch our tents.

From the top of the hills, gained after an ascent around the cove, one of the finest prospects in all Kentucky spread out to our view. Stanford, Lancaster, and Danville lay in the distance, within the blue-grass region which we now left behind us.
The line of march lay over a broken country, wild in appearance. In the after part of the day we met ambulances conveying sick to Danville. A train of sutlers' wagons was also met going to the rear. The report was that our forces near Somerset, under Gen. Schoepf, anticipated an attack, and hence the sick were being sent to the rear. Still later in the day we got our first "grapevine." It said: "They are fighting, and our forces are hotly pressed." This spurred on the men, who were dragging along their weary bodies. It was remarkable how they stepped off, cheering vociferously. The tired, foot-sore chaps, forgot their ailments, and made unusually good time. Everything moved off with a smoothness and alacrity, which was more than amusing. But the enthusiasm quieted down, and the poor foot-sore chaps felt their pains again.

We reached Cuba near dark. Cuba was a model Southern Kentucky village, though it is not honored with a place on the maps. In its palmy days—which was not then—it had a blacksmith shop, a barn, a frame building used as a general country store, where were found on sale, Kentucky "jeans, kaliker, whiskey and tobakker;" and at one time it had a postoffice, established during Polk's administration.

At this place another courier met us with instructions from General Schoepf to move on his camp with dispatch. He also requested that the pickets stationed that night before our camp, be instructed to be particularly on their guard; as roving cavalry were on the lookout for us, to prevent us making a junction with his troops; that if attacked and hard pressed he might find it necessary to fall back on us during the night.

The pickets were placed, and everything would have been satisfactory, but for some remarks made by the colonel when he delivered his instructions. "The occasion demands unusual caution," said he. "Rebels may move to attack us, and likewise, Gen. Schoepf may decide to fall back on us during the night; you will be particularly on your guard, and be sure what troops are approaching before firing on them." This was all proper, but he
continued: "I selected you to take command of the advance picket, since you possess caution in a greater degree than any officer in the line."

Caution, no doubt, is a good thing in its place; but the officer was not ready to be put down as a McLellan man. Dash and impudence are regarded as soldierly qualities of a high order. Reckless Phil. Sheridan's dash is the soldiers' ideal.

The officer left for his post with the detachment, crest fallen, and with feelings of shagrin. He made up his mind that if any troops showed their profiles on the horizon, as seen along the ridge ahead, he would awaken the echoes with the sixty-nine one hundredth caliber muskets. He was fully determined to kick up a muss if possible, "caution or no caution."

He kept his eye along the ridge, over which the road passed, and paced his beat more faithfully than the sentinels under him. The night wore away, and everything was quiet until reveille sounded behind them in camp; when the pickets were drawn off for their coffee and hard tack, so as to be ready for the march.

It was late in the afterpart of the day when we reached Gen. Schœpf's camp. His troops were drawn up in line to receive us. After military compliments had been exchanged, the regiment pushed forward, and took position beyond Somerset on the Fishing Creek road, towards Zollicoffer's camp. Gen. Schœpf, with his command, came up the next day, and went into camp near us.

A picket of fifty men, under Lieut. Dine, Co. D., was stationed that evening, a mile or so out on the Fishing Creek road. He was not so strict with the men as he ought to have been, but gave permission, when not on duty, to roam about in hunt of persimmons which abounded in the old fields around him, and which were ripe at this season of the year.

During the day a regiment of rebel cavalry appeared upon the scene, and captured many of Dine's pickets, while scattered around in search of persimmons. The lieutenant was not in shape to make much of a defence, and after a scattering volley, with
those of his men at hand, they took to the woods and made their way as best they could into camp.

The lieutenant came in having lost his sword, coat and hat, in the race. He looked, and no doubt felt, somewhat "skeered." The men not captured came straggling in, one by one, during the evening.

When the racket at the picket post opened, the "long roll" was beat in camp by Orie Neff, our drummer boy, who was then only thirteen years of age; possibly the youngest drummer who ever beat the "long roll" when an actual attack was made.

This little unpleasant occurrence fastened upon us the title of "The Persimmon Regiment." The same was not very palatable at first; but, by and by, we took pride in the title, which clung to us to the end of our service.

An Indiana regiment claims the title of the Persimmon Regiment. The nature of the facts upon which the claim is made is not known. That it may have a claim to a similar title may be true; but the Thirty-fifth Ohio has a copyright to that name, which ante dates all other claimants; and notice is hereby given, that no one will be allowed to infringe on a so well earned title.

Trade marks possess a business value which the courts respect; and we do not propose to surrender our claim to the title of "The Original Persimmon Regiment." To gain that title cost the death of one comrade, several wounded, and some eighteen prisoners.

This price was paid, Dec. 8th, 1861, at Somerset, Kentucky. If any regiment can place an earlier date for the night we will surrender our claim; if not, then we demand that we be permitted to wear the honor, and be left in quiet possession of our well earned title.

The night of the occurrence named above, we took our first lesson in digging rifle pits; a business which became more common as the war progressed. In the campaign on Atlanta we never rested for the night until some protection or defence for our camps had been provided.
OUR FIRST MARCH.

At Nicholasville, Kentucky, the regiment left the railway, and made its first march, thence to Camp Dick Robinson. The knapsacks were well filled with such things as we thought actually necessary. As the march progressed, and the hours drew out their "long length" the knapsacks reminded us of their presence, by their weighty importance.

At the first halt made they were opened, and an account of stock taken, to find what had been added since the march began, which had increased the weight fully one half.

Another half hour's march convinced the bearer that something had to be done. The weight was increasing at an arithmetical ratio; while the power to endure was decreasing very much in the same way.

The mind of the soldier was now busily engaged to ascertain what among the effects could be dispensed with; and at the next halt made, the work of reduction commenced, with throwing out the fine port-folio secured at considerable outlay, in which gilt edged note paper was stored for "fine correspondence." Then the pocket ink stand followed. A package of valuable old letters from a "kind friend" was torn into small bits. This was done with mental regrets, but it was a work of necessity.

With this reduction another "bout" was taken in response to the bugle's sound of "forward." But the knapsack was heavy after all that reduction of valuable effects. What other articles can be spared? The straps pressed hard, and had a tendency to make sore the parts so pressed. The load must be lightened.

And when the next halt came, and it came none too soon, another examination of stock on hand was taken. A vest was picked out, it was'nt really a part of a soldiers' out-fit; this was generously donated to a darkey, whose curiosity had drawn him from the field to see the soldiers. An old pair of shoes, in which there was still considerable service, was generously donated to the same person. Then the glee song book, with music, which was such a favorite in the tent in the evening, had to take a long good by from its old friend.
Thirty-Fifth Ohio Regiment.

This reduced both bulk and weight; but the arms were sore, and the knapsack pressed heavily. What next? Must the entire contents go? When the regiment left camp in the morning the knapsack weighed less than thirty pounds; but the weight increased as the day advanced, until it reached seventy-five pounds—at least that was what the bearer rated it at; and his word was usually taken for whatever he affirmed.

There was now left, as an invoice showed, an extra pair of pants, a shirt, a pair of drawers, and a pair of socks knit by Kitty, which came by mail the day before we started on the march. No, he could not part with them; “I wish the regiment would go into camp,” said the soldier to himself.

Then there was the cartridge box with “forty rounds,” and such “rounds.” The slugs called bullets, looked like the shells of a “thirty-two pounder,” and forty of these; what a useless mass of lead! The authorities must have thought that the confederate soldiers were covered with the hide of a rhinocerous, to have given men such awful slugs of lead. Such were some of the quiet thoughts that passed through the soldier’s mind as he struggled onward under the weighty facts strapped on his back.

It was hinted that now and then a package of ten cartridges quietly left the cartridge box; the owner was unable to account for the disappearance! The facts were, we had no fighting, no skirmishing, no target shooting, yet, the loss of cartridges was something alarming.

The weight of the haversack decreased in the natural way; the canteens were easily emptied; but, there was the rifle, not an ounce could be deducted; it was a stubborn fact of eleven pounds of wood and iron, and could not be reduced in heft, no matter how much emery paper was used to cut off the rust—it was a constant weight and torment, which had to be carried.

How we envied those who rode on horses. If a call had been made the evening of the first day’s march, for the regiment to enlist in the cavalry service, there would have been no need for a motion to make it unanimous!
In all the reduction of effects during the day’s march, one thing must be said to the credit of the boys of the regiment, not one of them threw away the ambrotype of the girl he left behind in Ohio. In all that long line of cast-away stuff from Nicholasville to Camp Dick Robinson, not one photo or ambrotype was to be found.

This fact shows clearly of what kind of stuff the regiment was made. Those valuable photos and ambrotypes remained in their places, within those knapsacks, until the morning of the second day’s battle at Chickamauga, when the men were ordered to pile their knapsacks, and move hurriedly to the left, to restore order over there; by driving back the saucy rebels who were doubling back Gen. Baird’s left flank.

In the absence of the regiment, important events took place on the right; during which the knapsacks which had been left, were taken by the confederates, with love letters, photos, ambrotypes and all. Thus ended that matter; those who got the photos, captured the likenesses of good looking ladies; something which can not be said concerning the photos we captured among confederate effects.

At Camp Dick Robinson an order was received for the regiment to move direct on Somerset, and reinforce Gen. Schoepf. A reduction of baggage was ordered, so as to make room to haul the knapsacks of the men. Officers’ mess chests, cots, camp stools, with trunks containing dress-parade clothings were sent to the “innocuous desuetude,” of army ware-houses. Officers deprived of their prescribed uniforms took to wearing ordinary blouses, and found them so comfortable, that they were slow in abandoning the habit.

The knapsacks were now in the wagons, but the fearfully heavy muskets and that magazine of lead and powder, stowed away in the cartridge box remained as a gentle reminder, that the soldier’s “burden was not light.” The parts pressed by the waist and shoulder belts kindly reminded the soldier that the cartridge box was “still there.” Then, the solid pikes on which we marched had the effect to make prominent each bone in use while marching,
and also to show how tired muscles became when kept in undue use.

The blisters which unkind shoes planted on heels and toes, gave plain and substantial evidence that feet were neither all wood nor bone; but there was that which conveyed pain.

While the marches were often tiresome in the extreme, they were sure to give a good appetite. The scene in camp, after a day's march, was one well worth looking at. Arms stacked, tents pitched—now for supper.

Watch the eight hundred men; build fires along the color line, the full regimental front, out of dry, solid secesh fence rails; a most excellent article to build quickly a hot fire. The rails are changed into living, glowing coal; the cooks are busy; the beans are cooking, the bacon frying, the coffee boiling; the articles are now prepared, and the scene changes; eight hundred men now sit on the ground, tailor fashion, or on piles of rails, on stumps, stones, with a tin platter full of steaming beans, a slice or two of frizzling, sizzling bacon, a cup of black, hot coffee, strong enough to bear an egg, sweetened to suit with rich, yellow army sugar. The haversack, with hard tack, hangs at his side; all are at work, satisfying the appetites—and such appetites! The sight of this busy crowd would fill the heart of a dyspeptic with envy.

The jolly laugh; the babel of tongues; the disappearance of bacon, of coffee, and of hard tack, was a sight well worthy to be seen.

There were no dysptetics in the army. The black, strong coffee had no demoralizing effect on a man's digestive apparatus; that slander on coffee is only practiced in refined home society; where it is epidemic to say mean things of the soldier's cherished and respected beverage.

And now the plates have been cleaned of the last bean, and slice of bacon; the cup drained of the last drop of black, strong coffee; supper is over and the plates cleaned; the kitchen set to rights, in time so quick, and in a way so easy, as to call down the envy of our modern kitchen artists in these days of peace and civilization.
There was a simplicity in the kitchen work, which could be studied with profit in modern home life, and be the means to remove many of the burdens now so grievous.

Kitchen work done; the chunks of rails half burned, were righted up and fresh ones piled on. The men gathered around with pipes, and cigars for a smoke. Notice the styles and varieties of the pipes! What a collection for a museum! Good cheer sparkles in all faces; the hard work of the day is done; the knapsacks lie in the tents, and the magazines of powder and lead by their sides.

The sore places, which were pressed so hard by the belts, have now rest, and the pain is forgotten. Good cheer, rich, mirth provoking stories come one by one; and one round of jolly laugh followes another. There is no care on the mind for the morrow; let that day lake care of itself; the present is all that fills the thoughts of the hour.

No being is so indifferent as to what a day may bring forth as the soldier; to him "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof;" no meeting of trouble half way. No seeking for it, let it come all the way on its own accord; it will receive attention when it comes; until then enjoy the present hour.

The fires gradually die down, and the men gather closer; the interest in the yarns increase; pipes are replenished, while the smoke from the same, ascend in circling whirls through the quiet atmosphere, in ever widening circles, and scatter among the branches of the trees.

By and by "tattoo" is sounded near headquarters, and the camp-fire breaks up. The men gather into their tents; and when "taps" beat off the hum of voices, with the lights go down into quietude. The weary soldier lies on his bed, upon the earth, and sleeps with a quiet conscience, and a heart devoid of care; and so soundly does he sleep, that even dreams find no lodgment in his brains.
CHAPTER IV.

RECONNOISSANCE ACROSS FISHING CREEK—DESTRUCTION OF REBEL SALT WORKS—THE ATTACK ON GEN. THOMAS—WADING A SWOLLEN STREAM—THE BATTLE FIELD—THE RETREAT AND PURSUIT TO ZOLLCOFFER’S CAMP.

Gen. Schoepf had seven regiments, a battalion of Wolford’s Cavalry and a battery of Standard’s Artillery with him at Somerset. He made reconnaissance into the disputed territory lying between the Union and rebel forces. This compelled us to cross the famous Fishing Creek, or “F-e-e-sh K-r-e-e-k,” as the natives pronounce the name of that famous stream.

The approach was over the spur of a hill, which projected far into the valley, and around which the creek made a sharp bend. In front lay a valley half a mile wide; to the right the creek broke off in a beautiful curve to the northeast, skirted by high hills, covered with forest trees. The valley to the left wound to the southwest, guarded on both sides by the same rugged and precipitous hills. Along the valley flowed the now famous Fishing Creek, a modest, quiet, unassuming stream.

To pass down into the valley, wade the stream, and ascend the heights beyond was no easy matter, as we found in our first reconnaissance. Once on the heights, we moved on toward the rebel camp, and at a suitable point, the regiment was placed in ambush, while a company of Wolford’s Cavalry was sent forward to draw out a rebel regiment of cavalry, said to be encamped near the place, and as they would pursue our cavalry, fall into the ambush.

Hours passed, we waited; at length the company came in, and reported no rebel troops to be found. The suspicion was that the squad passed forward to a suitable distance, slipped into a thicket, and there rested until time to return; then rode in a circle—circus fashion—until the horses were all in a foam, when they came riding in, looking brave!
Thirty-Fifth Ohio Regiment.

This suspicion, of course, was mean, but it had many believers, since at that stage of the war, cavalry had no great reputation for bravery.

Our band played “Dixie,” and then we started on our return for camp.

“Laws,” said a settler’s wife, as the band struck up, “if them Yank’s haven’t got a pianner out thar in them woods.”

These excursions resulted in nothing substantial save in giving the lay of the land, and plenty of healthful exercise.

Salt works were in operation near the point where we crossed Fishing Creek. These works supplied the rebel army with salt, which made them legitimate plunder for us to destroy. Our regiment was sent, on a frosty December morning, to the heights this side. Four companies descended into the valley; when Company A, with a host of stragglers from other companies, waded the stream to destroy the works.

The concern was too salty to burn; all that could be done was to smash the kettles, tear up the furnaces, and pull down the building. When the bugle on the hill sounded the return, the men waded back across the creek, carrying with them loads of the purest salt found in any market.

Gen. Thomas arrived on the high grounds beyond Fishing Creek, January 17th, ’62, on his way to Zollicoffer’s camp. We left our camp, at Somerset, on the 18th, to join him at Logans Cross Roads. We started off in a drenching rain, waded across Fishing Creek and commenced the rugged ascent on the opposite side, when Gen. Schoepf, returning from Gen. Thomas’ camp, ordered his troops back to Somerset.

Gen. Thomas had only four regiments of his force with him at this time, the remainder were back, struggling heroically to get through the mud. He was not ready to move on Zollicoffer’s camp until his troops had concentrated. A number of his regiments, and batteries, with baggage trains did not get up until after the battle.

While resting in camp at Logans Cross Roads, awaiting troops
to come up, Zollicoffer moved out to attack Gen. Thomas ere he could concentrate; sending us back, Saturday night, was a mistake, and would have proved fatal had the rebel troops been properly handled; but Thomas was more than a match for both Gens. Crittenden and Zollicoffer.

Sunday morning, January 19th, the ball opened at day break. We started, pell-mell, for the field. The roads were almost impassable, and as was the general remark, "the bottom had fallen out." It can not be said positively that this was true, only that the legs of the men were not long enough to reach the bottom, if "still there!"

In our march to the field, on Sunday, as we were nearing Fishing Creek, we met citizens and stragglers, from the army, pressing for the rear. One squad would give the intelligence that Zollicoffer was killed; the next squad met contradicted the statement; and thus the matter alternated, as one straggler after the other was met and interrogated.

This process furnished amusement to the men as they struggled through the deep mud. Presently, a wagon master from the Second East Tennessee Regiment was met, going to the rear with his train of wagons, for supplies.

"What's the news at the front?" was asked.
"Zollicoffer is killed," said he in an abstract manner.
"That is contradicted," said one.
"Dead, and in h—I," said he, with heroic emphasis, holding up a lock of hair, said:
"There is a bunch of the son-of-a-guns hair, I cut them off his head myself."

This settled the question; we had no further doubts on that subject.

We tugged on through the mud with heroic will; and waded Fishing Creek, now swollen by constant rains, until no longer safe for men to wade. Ropes were stretched across the stream, and fastened to the trees on either banks. The men bundled their effects, and swung the same over the bayonets, holding the gun thus
loaded at a "support" with one hand, while with the other they caught the rope, and waded through the chilly waters across the stream.

This delayed our arrival on the field in time to take part in the fight; but we joined in the pursuit.

The battle opened unexpectedly, with the advantage on the confederate side; as Thomas had only seven regiments on the field when the contest opened. He had halted to gather up his forces; yet, when the attack came he was not taken unexpectedly. There are no cases of surprises, or even seeming surprises, to be defended or explained in any of his campaigns. He was uniformly wide awake, and never rested until he knew to a certainty that his camp was safe.

The advance forces under Crittenden and Zollicoffer met our pickets miles in advance of Thomas' camp, and by the time the pickets were driven back our forces were in readiness for whatever order might be issued.

The confederates had established a chain of posts, stretching across the country, from Cumberland Gap to Columbus on the Mississippi River. Col. Garfield was operating with a force up the Big Sandy, or the Chattaroi River; Gen. Thomas against Zollicoffer at Beech Grove opposite Mill Spring; Gen. Buell was working up to the rebel army at Bowling Green; Gen. Crant was on his way to Forts Henry and Donaldson; while Gen. Sherman, in connection with a fleet of gun-boats, was on the move down the river to attack the works at Columbus.

Gen. Thomas moved from Columbia, Kentucky, January 11th, with two brigades on Zollicoffer's entrenched camp at Beech Grove, opposite Mill Spring; and arrived at Logan's farm some nine miles this side the rebel camp, January 17th; where he halted for his troops to concentrate, a goodly part being mud-bound and had hard work to get on. Schoepf's brigade at Somerst was likewise to join him.

The rebel commander, now Gen. G. B. Crittenden, determined to move out and attack Gen. Thomas before his forces could con-
centrate; he believed that the recent rains had so swollen Fishing Creek, that the brigade at Somerset could not join Thomas.

Near 12 o'clock the night of the 18th of January, he moved out with eight regiments of infantry, three battalions of cavalry, and two batteries of artillery. By daylight on the 19th, the rebel cavalry attacked our advanced cavalry pickets who fell back, while the infantry pickets skirmished with the oncoming foe, giving way gradually to prevent being captured, until they met the Tenth Indiana, formed on the right of the road, near the junction of the Columbia and Somerset roads.

Col. Fry, Fourth Kentucky Regiment, coming up was formed in a field on the left of the road. Gen. Carter with the East Tennessee brigade was sent to form on the left of the Somerset road, and move forward and connect with the left of the union forces.

Gen. McCook, with two regiments of his brigade, arrived on the field as the ammunition of the Tenth Indiana and Fourth Kentucky became exhausted, was ordered to relieve the same, while they retired to replenish the cartridge boxes of their men.

The contest continued for over two hours and a half; the rebels were maneuvering for position, when Gen. Thomas saw his opportunity, ordered McCook to charge the enemy.

The rebel army was whipped before properly brought on the field, the result of prompt and effective work. The union forces Under Gen. Carter had scarcely reached the position assigned, when Gen. Thomas ordered McCook to charge and sweep the Confederates off the ridge into the valley beyond. Quick work won the day. The advantage gained was followed up by other troops coming on the field. The Confederates fled through the "deadened timber" beyond, and found it difficult to get their artillery off over fallen trees.

It has been customary to say that Pap Thomas was slow, as well as other uncomplimentary things, by rival generals. The men under him never regarded him as slow; for, from actual knowledge, they knew better.

No battle of the war was more vigorously pressed, than was
this engagement, by Gen. Thomas. He hurled the advance of of the rebel forces back in confusion on the troops coming up, so rapidly, and decidedly, as to cause panic to spread, until the entire mass was leavened with panic. He did not give his opponent time to form in line, before the army that moved out in high glee to whip him, was in full retreat for its entrenched camp.

To such an extent had the panicky feeling been impressed upon both troops and commander, that but one thought seemed to possess the entire mass, and that was to get the Cumberland River between themselves and Gen. Thomas. It must be confessed they performed that maneuver admirably, for they were on the other side before we had a hint that the fighting was over.

The union army reached the entrenched camp by night the same day; where it rested until morning, satisfied with shelling the rebel camp:

Beech Grove lay in the bend of the river on a promontory formed by a sharp bend in the river and White Oak Creek. It was a strong camp, with flanks well protected by the river on the east and south, and White Oak Creek on the west. The only approach by land was from the north, which side was protected by lines of heavy earthworks, well secured by heavy abatis.

The lines were formed in front of the works. Gen. Thomas was seen standing on the roof of a cabin in the vicinity with his field-glass surveying the works ahead. It was near nine o'clock when the orders were given to advance. The artillery had been shelling the camp all morning. The first line of works on the ridge ahead was found deserted; likewise the second. By this time it was discovered that the rebels had crossed the river and made their escape, burning the boats on which they had crosse.

Thus by noon the second day Thomas occupied Zollicoffer's entrenched camp—the birds had flown. With a soldier's curiosity the men examined the log shanties, which had been so recently inhabited by the fugitives. These were in many respects rather inviting after a march through mud and rain for several days.
The structures were miniature log cabins, chinked and plastered, with clapboard roofs, and wooden chimneys, log cabin style.

The pursuit here ended, as Gen. Thomas had no means to cross the river, now at flood heights. The boats on which the confederates crossed were, of course, left in a ruined condition.

The amount of stuff captured, or which fell into our hands was large, but of small value to the union army.

Gen. Thomas had the honor to win the first decisive and complete victory gained by union forces in the war, either east or west. Forts Henry and Donaldson were yet in confederate hands. It was the first break made through the chain of posts stretching from the Cumberland Mountains to the Mississippi River, held by Polk, at Columbus; Buckner, at Donaldson; Johnston, at Bowling Green, and Zollicoffer, on the Cumberland.

The Thirty-fifth, with several other regiments, was ordered back the same day to Somerset; and not to rest until our camp was reached. We left at 1 o'clock; our camp was distant eighteen miles, with a swollen stream between us and the camp. The prospect was not encouraging; the condition of the roads was such as to prevent an orderly movement. Companies broke up into squads, and it was simply impossible to keep any considerable number together. Scarcely a score of men got in that night, save such as were mounted.

There are times when men reach the limit of physical endurance; that point had been reached in most instances by the men. It was noon the following day before the bulk of the forces ordered to camp reached the place.

The cavalry under Zollicoffer could not cross the Cumberland, and it was conjectured that they were sent off up the river; in which case they would be compelled to pass near Somerset, where it would be easy to dash in and destroy the stores there collected; hence the order to make Somerset that night.

We passed over the battle-field on our way back to camp. The bodies of many of the dead were still lying on the field, and had swollen, in many instances, to enormous proportions; some
had turned black, which caused debate, whether or not the body was that of a negro. It was then generally believed that whiskey had been issued the men, in which gun powder had been dissolved, in order to make them fearless and reckless to danger. That such was the case is hardly correct.

A battalion of Michigan pioneers was at work collecting and burying the dead. We came on a party of this class near a log shanty where twenty bodies of confederate soldiers had been gathered. A trench, six feet wide, about two feet deep, and long enough to accommodate the bodies collected at that point, had been dug in the garden.

One after the other was placed within the grave; such as happened to have a blanket about the person when found, were wrapped within the same. The bodies were laid as closely to each other as the rigidness of the dead would admit. There they lay, faces turned upward, hands placed upon the breast,—a ghastly looking sight: over these soil was thrown, and the graves filled. This kind of work was going on all over the field. We did not linger; as it was no inviting place; so we willingly moved forward towards Somerset.

The few scattered shanties, and other buildings found on the field where the battle was fought, were taken for hospitals where the wounded were gathered in, until the ambulances could bear them to more suitable places.

Surgeons had tents, near these places, where the fierce work of amputating limbs was going on. Like the Pharisee we passed by on the other side; the sight was more than most nerves could endure. When a contest was going on, men would look on bodies horribly torn by shot and shell; but when the sound of battle had died out, then there were few that could muster courage to look at sights like those to be seen at a surgeon’s tent near a field hospital.

Mill Spring was the first battle fought in the west; and the first complete union victory of the war, either east or west. It was likewise the first genuine test as to what union troops would do under fire.
The battle of Bull Run simply convinced southerners that their boast that one southern man in the field was equal to five Yankees was correct. But the engagement at Mill Spring disabused the southern mind of that illusion, and showed the true character of the northern soldier; for in this contest the superiority in numbers was on the confederate side.

The troops that met the rebels on this field were the division which Gen. Thomas had organized, and was moulding into the veteran, and which constituted the nucleus out of which grew the 14th Corps, the same that believed it had no superior for fighting, and for staying qualities on the field of battle, in the union army, and never yielded an inch, when an enemy pressed in front.

The union losses in this engagement were, 39 killed; 207 wounded; no prisoners. On the part of the confederates the losses as far as were ascertained then were; killed 125, wounded 306, prisoners 99; total loss 530.

During the earlier stages of the rebellion, the confederates played numerous tricks on the union forces, by way of getting supplies through the lines. Kentucky was a fruitful field for such operations. This resulted from the fact that the government handled affairs in that state with gloved hands. Nothing was to be done by union forces which would in any way arouse the indignation of the conservative union people of the state.

Unusual attention was given to that matter. Officers of northern regiments, who had in their employ colored servants, were compelled to send them back to the north, since the delicate nerves of the would be conservative union men of the state, could not allow the dignity of the great commonwealth of Kentucky to be insulted by the presence of a free colored man, who was not a native of the state.

The troops submitted to the indignity with a protest; but obeyed since so ordered by the “powers above.” While catering to that element it was impossible for the military authorities to draw the lines so as to curb the secesh in their lawless work.
The confederates had strong allies, in the game of smuggling, in the would be union men, all over the State. These were good union men in the presence of our troops; and pure and unadulterated rebels when not under the eye of our forces. They conveyed information of every movement we made; purchased supplies, representing that they were for the home guards, which were organizing in almost every county within our lines; then the arms were transferred, clandestinely, to rebel camps.

A very clever trick was played on our forces at Somerset, Kentucky, then under command of Gen. Schoepf. Intimations had been given by some of the "sand hillers" in that locality, to the effect that arms were being passed through the country from the north into Gen. Zollicoffer's camp, near Mill Spring.

One day some of our troops were returning from a reconnaissance beyond the famous Fishing Creek, and just as the troops were climbing the rough and precipitous hills on the north side, on their way to camp at Somerset, they met a wagon in charge of two union soldiers—or at least dressed in the union blue—having in their wagon two coffins. We halted the solemn looking affair and catechised the men sharply as to the contents of the coffins: where they came from; and whence they were to be taken. The story told was, that the coffins contained the bodies of two union soldiers who had died in hospital at Camp Dick Robinson; that they had been sent to take the bodies to the homes of friends for interment. To substantiate this declaration they produced papers signed by some one styling himself as "medical director," and countersigned by Gen. Buell. No one among the persons making this investigation had ever seen Buell's signature and could not say whether it was genuine or counterfeit.

The men told so plausible a story, and looked so solemn, and with all had such a genuine business way about them, that after a long cross-examination, they were permitted to pass on without examination as to the contents of the coffins. After the battle of Mill Spring, which happened a week later, we found the identical wagon, among those captured with other effects, in Zollicoffer's
camp, and from prisoners the fact was learned of the fraud practiced; they considered it a good joke on the Yanks.

The coffins contained revolvers, purchased of a well known Cincinnati firm. The revolvers were first shipped to Lexington under the guise that they were for the use of the home guards, then organizing for state protection. At Lexington the revolvers were reshipped to a place of rendezvous, where they were placed in coffins and boldly carried through the lines, as containing dead bodies of union soldiers, who were said to have died in hospitals, and the bodies were permitted to pass into confederate lines, by the courtesy and consent of confederate generals.

It required smarter tricks to win later on during the war. Our men became too sharp to be gulled by anything so transparent.
CHAPTER V.

AFTER THE BATTLE—GEN. THOMAS RETIRES TO SOMERSET—GATHERING IN THE SPOILS—DEAD CONFEDERATE OFFICERS—MOVEMENT NORTH—A RACE FOR LEBANON—MOVE TO LOUISVILLE—DOWN THE OHIO—UP THE CUMBERLAND.

After the battle at Mill Spring, Gen. Thomas retired with his army to Somerset. The effects captured were removed to that place as rapidly as circumstances admitted. The plunder taken made a great display, but was of little value to our forces. No wagon master found a horse that he would place in his teams; neither were many considered fit for cavalry, or artillery service; so the horses were sent to Louisville and turned over to the military authorities.

Many of the wagons captured were parked near headquarters; they were motley looking affairs. If Barnum had seen them, with that eye of his to business, he would have promptly purchased the lot, for his museum. The cannons that fell into our hands were of an ancient model, mostly cast of “pot metal,” and were turned in for that use again.

The body of Zollicoffer, with those of other confederate officers that fell into our hands, killed on the field, was brought to Somerset, and placed into a building near headquarters, until arrangements could be made to send them through the lines at Munfordville, there to be taken in charge by friends living at Nashville.

There was considerable curiosity, on the part of the men, to see the bodies of the dead confederates; but it was difficult to get the necessary permit from Gen. Schoepf. Personal acquaintance with his brother-in-law, a member of the general’s staff, enabled some to get a permit, hence could say they had seen Zollicoffer.
A correct account of Zollicoffer's death may never be given. It was said at the time, that soon after the beginning of the battle, Zollicoffer rode up to Col. Fry, of the Fourth Kentucky, and said, "Colonel, you are firing on our men."

As the confederate general was riding away, one of his aids came up, and discovered that Col. Fry was a union officer, and fired at him, wounding his horse. Some promiscuous firing ensued, in which the officers and their staffs took part, and during which Zollicoffer fell, and Gen. Fry is accorded the honor to have fired the fatal shot.

When we came on the field, the body had been removed to a tent, and was under guard. The charge made by McCook's brigade swept back the confederate line, leaving the body of the dead general in our possession.

The army of stragglers which always follow in the wake of an army, at a safe distance, made ruthless assaults on the dead body, to secure something for mementoes. The garments had been torn off and divided and sub-divided into thousands of shreds. Not only stripped of his apparel, but likewise shorn of his flowing locks, with which he seemed peculiarly favored.

These were plaited into strands, and sold for mementoes at fair prices. For days, hardly a letter went north from this army, that did not contain something connected with the confederate general.

The statement is generally accepted that Gen. S. S. Fry, then colonel of the Fourth Kentucky Infantry, shot Zollicoffer, early in the day, during the engagement at Mill Spring. There is very little doubt as to the correctness of this statement; though it has been doubted.

In an interview with the historian of the First Corps, Gen. Fry made the following statement:

"My command was facing eastwardly, and temporarily halted. I came riding along a road from the south; my regiment was on a road running east and west. The one I was on intersected that road from fifty to a hundred yards in rear. I observed an officer riding slowly from the west. We came together at the intersec-
tion of the roads; he had on a pair of blue pantaloons, and an oil cloth overcoat, concealing his uniform and rank—it was raining.

"We sat on our horses, side by side, for some time, close enough to shake hands. Zollicoffer observed to me 'we ought not to fire on our men;' I said we would not, intentionally. Then I left him and rode forward to go to the right of my regiment; when an officer came from the rear, and took a position by the side of the officer I had left; we were thirty or forty feet apart. The officer that came up was partly clad in confederate uniform, and at once drew his revolver to shoot me. I quickly wheeled my horse, and at the same time drew my revolver to shoot at him. His revolver failed to fire, which gave me the advantage. He dodged behind a tree that stood convenient.

"All this time the officer that had been by me remained in the same spot, and had taken no part. As they were now in company and as the one had a confederate uniform, it occurred to me that the first one had attempted to deceive me, and I fired at him, as the other one was safe behind the tree. When I fired, he fell mortally wounded, and it proved to be Zollicoffer.

"There are two theories to account for his presence on our side at that time. The one was that he got lost from his command, and was cautiously approaching our troops with the hope that they were confederates, until he got a little too far, and was given away by his aid.

"The other was, that he was tired of the confederate service, and came to surrender. He was forced into the service against his will. His father remained a union man, and as such received the body of his son, when sent to him at Nashville for interment."

The former of these theories was evidently the correct one. He certainly did not intend to surrender himself at that time or place. That he entered the confederate service against his inclination is quite likely; but that could be said of many other generals, who did faithful service, after once on duty.

The next move was expected to be into eastern Tennessee. This was the cherished idea of the Tennessee troops, with us at
the time. There were reasons to believe that the commander of our army was desirous to move thither through Cumberland Gap, and cut the railway connections between the eastern and the western rebel armies. But these hopes were not realized, as the army under Thomas was ordered to Lebanon, Kentucky, thence to Bowling Green via. Munfordville.

On the 8th of February, we received orders to break camp at Somerset and move to Lebanon, where Thomas' forces were to rendezvous, preparatory to a move on Nashville. Our brigade at this time was in command of Col. Van Cleve, of the Second Minnesota Regiment. Col. Robt. L. McCook was disabled on account of wounds received in battle. It happened that at this juncture our regimental teams had arrived from Lebanon loaded with stores.

The brigade commander sent orders to Col. Van Derveer to move his regiment to Lebanon and take with him the stores on his wagons. The colonel declined to move until the wagons were unloaded for the use of his regiment. The orders were repeated, and the colonel again declined to move. He was placed under arrest, and the lieutenant colonel was ordered to take command and obey the orders issued. He likewise declined, and was also placed under arrest, and the command assigned to the major. The same orders were given him, and he refused to obey, and also placed under arrest. Thus the regiment was without a field officer to command.

The brigade in the mean time moved off for Lebanon, and we remained in camp on the hill side near Somerset. The third day after the brigade had moved off, an orderly came in with a dispatch from the brigade commander, addressed to the colonel to the effect, that he and the other officers were released from arrest; and in a somewhat sarcastic strain instructed him to move his regiment to Lebanon, Kentucky. It said: "Do with the stores what you please; move when you please; take what route you please, and report at Lebanon when you please."

"Damm;" said the colonel, "I'll obey that order."

It is said that this was the nearest the colonel came "using
unscriptural” language. At times the best of men will “break over,” under strong provocations.

The order was received about noon, and by 2 o’clock the regiment was on the march, testing the depth and stiffness of southern Kentucky mud. The other troops had now been on the way north something over two days. The roads were simply horrid; the teams stuck in the mud, and the teamsters were whipping, hollowing and “cussing.” It was the usual remark that no man could drive an army team and get to heaven.

The colonel resolved to beat all the troops to Lebanon. To this end he called to his aid the old wagon master, who had during our stay at Somerset, made numerous trips over the road, with supply trains. He knew every road and by-way between the points. The regular road passed around the head waters of Fishing Creek and its hills. To cut across was difficult and laborious work, but it shortened the distance by many miles.

The colonel struck out boldly for the hills, with his command. Details were placed on duty to repair roads; teams were doubled, and wagons dragged “up hill” by main force. Men were stationed along teams with hands-full of gravel, and when word was given to start, the same were “shyed in” on each span. The horses spang into the collar and dragged the load up fifty or sixty feet, then came a halt to rest and gather wind, when the process was repeated, until the top was reached.

Teams were then sent back to assist in pulling up other wagons. Thus the work went on until all were up. The descent was not without labor; ropes were fastened to the hinder part of the wagons, and men took hold to prevent the wagon beds from turning somersaults over onto the teams; and when a short curve was made around the spur of a hill, those having hold of the ropes would hug in close to the hill.

The troops were marched to the full extent of their ability; and the teams urged onward with all possible speed. Wagons that stuck in the mud were lifted out by placing levers under them, and with main force literally “boosted” out of the “chuck holes.”
In the afterpart of the third day of our march, as the regiment gained the top of a hill, a long, loud shout ran along the line of the troops.

"What's the matter now?" was asked by those who were engaged pushing wagons out of the mire, and helping to force them up hill. As we reached the point with our wagons, we understood it all. Before us was a pleasant little valley, through which a small stream flowed; beyond, along the opposite bank was a turnpike. The sight of a macadamized road caused the men to cheer, as though they had whipped an enemy and gained a splendid victory.

Our work with the teams was seemingly over, and the details took their places in the regiment, glad to be relieved from so severe a task. But all was not smooth sailing yet, for towards evening we found a break in our pike of some three miles, and we had to resume our work of helping our teams over bad places.

By noon the next day we were in camp on the commons near Lebanon. The colonel had made his point, and was seemingly satisfied. When the troops left Somerset, we were in camp awaiting the result of the contest between the brigade and regimental commanders.

When the division arrived, we were in camp at Lebanon.
Col. VanCleve rode up to Col. VanDerveer's tent, and said:
"You are here?"
"Yes," said VanDerveer.
"How did you get through?"
"Marched through."

The brigade commander perceived he had a person to deal with not so easily handled, so he quietly rode away.

We remained in camp a day or so to give time for straggling troops to come up; then we started for Munfordville, and Nashville via Bowling Green.

The 19th day of February, 1862, will be remembered by the men, as the most disagreeable one of the many disagreeable days during our term of service. The rain fell in torrents all day, and
the men were drenched to the skin. Towards evening the regiment came up with a wagon train working its long length across Muldraugh Hill. The route was thoroughly blockaded, so we were moved over a swampy plain and went into camp on the bluff beyond. We were a sorry looking set of boys; it took nearly all night to dry our clothing, standing around huge log fires.

We continued the march the next day, and as we gained what was known as Camp Wickliff, a courier from Gen. Thomas came up ordering us back to Bardstown. We encamped that night in the same camp we had left in the morning. We moved with the division to Louisville, where we took boats for a trip down the Ohio River.

Gen. Johnston had fallen back on Nashville, and we were to move in boats to that place.

The troops under Thomas, reached Louisville on the 25th of Feb. Companies B, E, H, and K were placed on the steamer "Belle Creole," while A, C, D, F, G, and I were placed on board the Franklin No. 3. The Ninth Ohio and Second Minnesota were taken on the Jacob Strader, the largest boat on the Ohio River. TheEighteenth Regulars belonged to the brigade and had a boat which took in the entire regiment. On the 26th, after all our effects were loaded, or boats dropped down over the falls, and tied up at Portland. On the 27th, all was in readiness and we slipped cable, and the convoy of boats, carrying Thomas' army, steamed down the river.

The boats assembled at Smithland, at the mouth of the Cumberland River, where we awaited orders. The rebel forces had started south from Nashville; we were halted until the plans of the rebel chieftain were developed. This could not be definitely ascertained; so we were sent up the Cumberland to Nashville.

The river was more than "bank full" and we had fine sailing. Boats made short cuts across country; the main channel was avoided, so as to keep out of the sweep of the current.

The two boats conveying our regiment were lashed together, for the convenience of the regiment. The captain of the Belle
Creole was somewhat of a blow, and talked valiantly what his boat could do if only free; as it was, he had to tug the Franklin No. 3. This kind of talk "warmed up" the captain of the Franklin; and, without regard to the wishes and comfort of the commander and the regiment, cut loose, and steamed on, leaving the little Belle far behind and out of sight.

The spirit of racing had taken hold of the boatmen, and advantage was taken to make short cuts, through bayous so as to gain distance.

The pilot of our boat knew where he could make miles of distance by passing through a bayou; and gained the captain's consent to take that route, though seemingly he had misgivings as to the success of the proposed plan. The boat entered and made fine headway for a while; but the channel narrowed, until the branches of the trees brushed the boat on both sides.

"We had better pull back," said the captain.

"Oh, we'll get through," replied the pilot, confidently.

The boat moved forward, quietly feeling the way. The prospects to get through seemed to lessen, and the captain showed signs of apprehension.

"Better pull back, Jack," repeated the captain.

The pilot hesitated; he couldn't see his way through, but he hated to acknowledge that he was beat. He calmly surveyed the outlook ahead for some moments, then said:

"Well, if you say so, we'll pull back, but I am sure we could get through."

He was anything but sure, only he hated to confess that he was beat.

The officers of the boat had some quiet jokes to put at the pilot after that.

We lost time making this experiment, looking for a short cut; but when once out in the main channel, we steamed up and passed one boat after the other, until only the Jacob Strader, the largest boat on the Ohio River, was ahead of us.

The fleet assembled under orders at Fort Donaldson; beyond
that point it was not certain, that it was safe for straggling boats to pass alone.

While tied up to await the boats to come in, we improved the time examining every point about the rebel works; even passed down the hill on the west side where Smith's forces charged the works. We found it difficult to climb through, or over the fallen trees and obstructions, over which the boys in blue forced their way under a heavy fire.

The gun boats had done much damage to the water batteries as well as the earth works of the main forts. We concluded it was a strong position and should have been better defended by men claiming to be disciplined troops. Floyd, who was in command, carried a sort of guilty conscience, caused by the remembrance of what he had done while in Buchanan's cabinet; and had no relish to be captured by union forces; so he turned over the command to a man who would stick to his post, and stay with the men.

Fort Donaldson is one of the points favorably remembered by the union army; and the thought of which causes a tinge of regret, or feelings of an unpleasant nature in a confederate's breast.

We reached Nashville on the 4th of March and found the magnificent suspension bridge destroyed. The cables had been cut; while the wood work was still burning. The bridge at Clarksville, across the Cumberland, had likewise been burned. The evidence of rebel vandalism was to he seen on all sides. The rebel military authorities were desirous to burn Nashville, when the confederate army withdrew, so as to prevent becoming, as it did, a stronghold for the union army. But better counsel prevailed; and Nashville was taken and held until the close of the war by the union army.

Gen. Thomas swept the last organized rebel forces from the vicinity, in December, 1864, and gained the most complete victory of the war in the west.

Our boats tied up at the wharves, and the work to discharge
effects commenced. While this was going forward, the first lieutenants of companies F and C strolled up town to see the sights. The little rebel damsel on the streets gave them a wide berth as they passed them on the pavements, gathering up their garments on the side next them, lest they might touch the despised Yankee.

This amused the officers, and in their ramble they came to a place where the walks were blockaded with packing cases, leaving only a narrow passage way; they noticed a bevy of "little rebel vixens" coming toward them.

"Come," said the one, "let us sit down on these boxes; you take one side, I the other, and compel them to pass between us; let's narrow up the passage way as much as possible, and see how they will manage to get through."

They took positions and awaited the result. When "the little vixens" came up and took in the situation, they started for the street, stepping across the gutter with flowing water, and waded through the mud around the position held by the lieutenants until they could conveniently regain the pavement; thus avoided passing between the two detested Yankees. This performance amused the officers immensely.

Nashville was intensely secesh; and if any union sentiment ever existed it had been well subdued while the confederates held the place.

The town is finely situated, and has charming environments; but its beauty was marred after being a military camp for so many years. The fine lawns and beautiful groves, which surrounded elegant residences, were literally destroyed. The surrounding heights were crowned with fortifications, and "grim dogs of war" kept watch on the hills.

OUR REGIMENTAL WAGON MASTER.

Our regimental wagon master was one of the most eccentric characters in the western army. He was an endless talker and a habitual story teller. He had the faculty to manage several stories at the same time. It was no hardship for him, when in a chatty
mood, to carry on six stories at once, and complete them all; but it taxed the ingenuity of the listener to separate the *disjecta mem-
bra* and place them where they belonged.

There was no better judge of horse flesh in the army; this was why the colonel worked so hard to have him mustered; the must-
tering officer hesitated since Beatty gave his age as 64 years.

When Gen. Thomas reached Logan’s Cross Roads, where the battle of Mill Spring was fought, his supply trains were mud bound and could not get up. He sent to Gen. Schoepf, at Somer-
set, for supplies. Wilk Beatty was dispatched with the needed supplies, being the only man that could successfully get through the deep mud, and over the swollen Fishing Creek.

The train reached Gen. Thomas’ camp in a drenching rain. Beatty demanded a place to discharge his effects. The commissary ordered that they be kept on the wagons. “You can not unload,” said the officer.

“But, I must,” said Beatty. “My colonel has ordered me back to camp this night.”

“I have no place to shelter them from the rain,” replied the commissary.

Beatty broke for Gen. Thomas’ tent, and entered without cere-
mony, and in his rattling, garrulous way demanded a place to unload the stores brought from Somerset; saying that he was under orders from his colonel to report his train back to camp that night.

His frank clattering way of talking, and his entire innocence as to what was due persons of rank or station, amused the old general; and strange to say, the two became intimate friends, and often during the war, would engage in friendly chats, planning what they would do when the war was over. No man in the corps got more favors from Gen. Thomas, than did the old wagon master.

The part taken by Beatty and his teams in transferring the plunder, captured at Zollicoffer’s camp, to the camp at Somerset, gave Beatty cast with Gen. Thomas. He had use for just such a man, and when armed with instructions, over Gen. Thomas’ sig-
nature, Beatty selected animals for Thomas' headquarter teams, and it can be said without contradiction, that no finer teams were found in any army, east or west.

While transports were discharging their effects at Nashville, and teams were "rigging up," Wilk Beatty concluded to visit an old acquaintance, who was then conducting a female boarding school in Nashville.

He rang the door bell, was shown into the waiting room and asked to be seated. When the professor entered, Beatty arose, and offered his hand, and said:

"Why, how are you, old fellow? It's been many, many, years since I saw you; I am here with the army, and I thought I would make you a visit, and deliver you this letter from your brother at Hamilton."

The professor withdrew disdainfully, and said: "I don't shake hands with men who come down here to despoil us. I regard you as an enemy, and the sooner you leave my premises the better it will suit me."

This made the blood boil in the veins of the hot headed Wilk. He had been a noted fighter in his day, and even now, at his age of life, would not brook an insult, although he was well on to 65 years of age. Beatty withdrew, promising himself the pleasure to revenge the insult before he left Nashville.

When Buell issued his orders for the movement on Pittsburg Landing, Beatty got his train under way, then rode ahead to Nash-ville, through which we had to pass, and called at the professor's residence. As that gentleman came out on the veranda, Wilk drew a cowhide and proceeded to lay it on the professor's back, as though he were an obstreperous army mule.

After a good cudgeling, Beatty said: "There, you infernal old traitor, take that, and see whether you can't be at least half decent, if you must be a traitor. I'll have you understand that you can't insult union men, at your pleasure. If you ever come back to the
old Miami Valley, where you and I were boys together, and I meet you, I promise that you shall have another sound flogging."

Beatty mounted his horse, and rode back to meet the regiment, and report what he had done.

"You old rascal," said the colonel, "get off your horse, give it to one of the boys, take his gun and get into the ranks; they will arrest you as sure as guns, when we get to Nashville.

Beatty did as ordered, but the garrulous old fellow wouldn't keep still. He would repeat and re-repeat what he had said to the "infernal old traitor" and with all, made such an awkward fist at marching that we were sure he would be arrested, as the provost guards inspected us closely for the man Beatty. He got through, however, without detection, and took charge of his train.

The difficulty between Wilk and the professor was not yet ended; the latter asked satisfaction in a challenge to fight Beatty on the field of honor. The challenge was promptly accepted.

"As I am the challenged party," said the acceptance, "it is my right to select the weapons, and I now announce that they shall be iron pokers six feet long, and red hot at one end. The distance two paces, each combatant to be seated on a keg well filled with good powder, and suitable touch holes, the powder to be ignited with the red hot end of the pokers!" This was certainly an effective weapon, and the plan of operation commendable on account of its simplicity. The duel was never fought, very much to the regret of many, as they wanted to see the old "coons" go up. The galvanized old southerner had no relish to fight on so simple and effective a plan.

Beatty continued with the army until after the fight at Chickamauga. When the troops had settled down at Chattanooga, he resigned, and opened a hotel at that place. It was then simply out of the question for any one to get a pound of freight shipped by rail, save Beatty, who got all he wanted for his hotel, as he held a general permit from the authorities to ship effects.

The close of the war found him in easy circumstances; while
at the time he entered the army he was financially worth very little; his fortune had been bankrupted by placing his name on too many accommodation papers. The hotel venture proved remunerative and removed the financial pressure that rested upon him while in the army.

It is one of the remarkable things how he succeeded to gain the good graces of a man like "Pap Thomas." Evidently the peculiar make up of the man attracted the general's attention, and the rattling way of talking, so peculiar to Beatty, afforded amusement and recreation to a mind so habitually over-worked.
CHAPTER VI.

FROM NASHVILLE TO SHILOH — A LEISURELY MARCH OF EIGHTEEN DAYS — FORTY MILES AWAY WHEN THE BALL OPENED AT SHILOH — HURRIED MARCH OVER HORRID ROADS — CROSSING SWOLLEN STREAMS — WE REACH THE FIELD AS THE BATTLE ENDS — WERE OUR FORCES SURPRISED? — WHO BLUNDERED?

Thomas' division went into camp some four miles out from Nashville, on the Charlottesville pike. Buell's army was now assembled near the town awaiting results.

The confederate lines, which stretched across the country, from Columbus, on the Mississippi, to Mill Spring, on the Cumberland, had been swept back; and where the new line would be established, was a problem not yet solved.

We remained in camp fifteen days, during which time it was definitely ascertained that the rebel forces were concentrating at Corinth.

On the 20th of March we broke camp and headed for Franklin. This was the first time the Army of the Ohio moved together, as one body. The weather was lovely; and the country through which we passed delightful. The peach trees were in full bloom; the young clover nodded politely before the passing breeze; and a more inviting landscape could scarcely be pointed out.

The army under Buell consisted of four divisions, commanded respectively by Gens. Thomas, Nelson, McCook, and Mitchell. Gen. Mitchell with his division moved on Huntsville, Alabama; while the main army headed for Savannah, where the army of the Tennessee, under Grant, was assembled. The objective was the rebel army under Albert Sidney Johnston, then said to be concentrating at or near Corinth, in Mississippi.

We reached Spring Hill on the third day out from Nashville,
where we went into camp to await the construction of a bridge across Duck River, which had been destroyed by fire, the work of some "bushwhackers."

At this place we halted some days, and were ordered to resume battalion drill.

On the 29th, we moved some seven miles towards Duck River, and again went into camp, to await the movements ahead; and on the 2d day of April, we crossed the river on a pontoon bridge, and went into camp some three miles distant, and remained in camp the following day.

April 5th we moved forward, and now left the fine country through which we had been passing, and started over the hills toward Savannah. The roads became fearful, and the men of other regiments, who had adopted our plan to haul knapsacks, had to again sling knapsacks, so that their teams could get through. Our teams worked along with the usual load, and the men were not asked to carry their knapsacks; thanks for good teams.

The Thirty-fifth Ohio was in Gen. Thomas' division, which was rear guard in this march; Nelson had the advance, and McCook followed. Then came an almost endless line of transportation wagons, in rear of which we moved. When the battle opened on the field at Shiloh, we were nearly forty miles away. The long line of wagons was between us, and the other troops, which accounts for Nelson and McCook's divisions reaching the field in time to take part on the second day; while Thomas' division did not get on the field until the battle had ended, and the retreat commenced. No troops ever marched faster over almost impassible roads, or labored harder to cross swollen streams, without bridges or boats, than the division under Thomas. That the same did not reach the field at Shiloh in time to take part in the contest was no fault of the men. These troops were the same that fought and won the first decided union victory in the war, at Mill Spring.

On that Sabbath morning when the attack was made, we left our camp thirty-five or forty miles away, and were moved hur-
riedly forward around the long train of teams that were struggling to get over heavy roads; on we passed through tangled thickets and boggy streams. By noon the men showed signs of weariness; it was then that we heard the first dull, dead, boom of cannon on the field of battle. This spurred the men forward and added strength and endurance to wearied limbs, and made deep mud and boggy streams seemingly no hinderance to progress.

The night on which our men slept in the drenching rain, on the field, at Shiloh, after a hard day's fighting, we stood around fence rail bonfires, near Indian Creek, in the same drenching rain, without a tent, or shelter of any kind. The men were without rations, and means to prepare the same, when fortunately some were issued them during the night, in the rain. That to the men of the Thirty-fifth, will be remembered as one of the memorable nights in our army history.

We were some fifteen miles back of Savannah that night, and started early the following morning on our march; but the streams were so swollen by the heavy rains, that they could not be forded. Men were sent across with axes, swimming horses, to fall trees, which was done from both sides at the same time, falling them up stream, the current moving the tops down stream until they interlocked; other trees were then fallen on these until a foundation was secured to cross on, the men holding fast to ropes stretched for supports.

It was near dark Monday night when our brigade got to Savannah, where we remained until morning, when we were taken to Pittsburg Landing on boats. The fight was over; a fierce battle had been fought and won, at great sacrifice and heavy loss.

We found affairs around the landing, and over the field, somewhat "mixed up." Order had not yet come out of the confused shape matters were in during the contest. The air was full of rumors, of surprises and of bad generalship. These rumors were readily accepted as facts by us; and it required considerable time until the effects of the same could be removed by the plain facts in the case.
We were in humor to believe any kind of a report which reflected on regular army officers. Volunteer troops, at that stage of the contest, were impressed with the idea that regular army officers were tyrannical, and devoted more time to good drinks, than to required military duty.

The story was that our army was surprised; that the confederates walked into our camps, while the men were either sleeping, or eating their breakfasts. But the correct condition of affairs came gradually. The fact that Col. Moore, of the Twenty-first Missouri, held the confederate advance for half an hour until wounded; then the lieutenant colonel of the same regiment held the advance of the rebel army another half hour far in advance of the general outline of our camps, and stubbornly resisted the advance, so much so, that the confederate artillery had to open upon the regiment and force it back, this does not argue a great surprise.

If such work as that, could not awaken ordinary men, or cause them to make a hasty breakfast, then they were poor material to make veterans out of. The theory of surprise resolves itself into this: that our generals could not bring themselves to the belief, that a man with as good sense, as Albert Sidney Johnston was credited with, would move out of a fortified camp, over dismal roads, through an almost unbroken wilderness, to attack an enemy twenty miles away; and that enemy well supplied with the munitions of war.

That idea possessed the minds of our generals, and they could not free themselves from it. To that has to be attributed the want of better allignment and preparations to meet an attack; coupled with the evident want of experience, at the time, in managing campaigns.

The fact that Johnston did quit his fortified camp, and moved out to attack an enemy, so far away, when that enemy was arranging to attack him in his fortified camp, is an item against the soundness of his military judgment; it was a blunder, and will so stand in history.
It is a fact that the general alignment of our army was faulty. The troops were too widely scattered, and did not connect so as to support properly the different divisions forming the general line. The enemy were held in front; and our men made a stubborn resistance, but they were outflanked in every position taken, and were compelled to fall back or be captured.

The line as formed at noon the first day was in pretty good shape. Had that been the line at the outset, the confederates never would have made a serious impression on our forces. The position on which the army was encamped was well chosen. The flanks were protected by Lick and Owl Creeks, two insignificant streams ordinarily, but at this time, the Tennessee was bank full, while the back water which flowed into and up the valleys of these streams, formed bays so deep and wide, that no troops could cross, save on boats.

Had the lines been formed nearer the landing the troops on the field would have made a continuous line from water to water across the high neck of land between these two creeks; and the attack would have had to be made in front. The troops on the field were too few to form a continuous line, where the first attack was made, and have these inlets protect the flanks.

The battle of Shiloh has been a subject for the generals engaged, to wrangle over ever since the engagement was fought. It is pretty evident that somebody blundered, but no one likes to admit he was that somebody.

As a matter of fact the troops engaged were inexperienced, or as the phrase had it “were green;” and the same can be said of the generals. A statement to the effect that there was a sprinkle of inefficiency “all around,” might sound a little harsh, yet, it would meet truth, possibly, nearer than any other explanation that has as yet been given.

There must necessarily great allowances be made for inexperience, both as to troops and commanders when reference is made to work done in the earlier days of the conflict. But with all the charity that kind nature can grant, it must be said: ”Somebody
blundered," in the management at Shiloh prior to the hour of battle; but this is the point which all concerned desire to avoid.

The surviving generals of the war are now [1883] busily engaged in fighting the battle over again—with the pen—in some of the popular magazines. If they had fought half as valiantly, and commanded half as well, and had exercised half the sound judgment on the field, that they now do with the pen; what wonderfully well contested fields those of the rebellion would have been.

The correct history of the case is that nearly all the campaigns and engagements of the war had much of the haphazard in them. There were some well planned, and some well executed movements, on the one or the other side, now and then, but neither side had much the advantage in this respect. It seems that, as a rule, the western union armies were the more ably handled, and the more uniformly successful. In the east the reverse seems to be true. The reason for this may be owing to the fact that Washington was so near to the one, and so distant from the other. Richmond was the objective point in the east; the rebel armies were the objective points in the west.

Why Gen. Lew Wallace did not get on the field from Crump's Landing, six miles away, in time to take part in the first day's action, was a matter for debate at the time, and is so to this day. No reason as yet given, not even his own explanation, is satisfactory.

He was informed early in the morning to hold himself in readiness to move at a moment's warning; and he knew that a fierce contest was going on at Pittsburg Landing. He claimed his orders directed him to move on the Purdy Road. Gen. Grant said, he ordered him to move his command to Pittsburg Landing, without designating the route to be taken. Wallace was, or should have been familiar with the direct road, for some of his troops had assisted in placing the same in order, so that rapid movements could be made between the landings.

He also knew, or should have known, that troops move in rear
of lines, when sent to reinforce a point. But if true that he was ordered up over the Purdy Road, and recalled, the distance marched, all told, including the counter march, was only twelve miles.

The sound of battle ought to have "boosted" him rapidly forward. There is nothing so inspiring, or that assists to extricate the lower extremities out of deep mud, as the boom of cannon on the field of battle. The dull dead sound of cannonading, on Shiloh's field, twenty miles away, spurred on Thomas' troops, and helped them to make twenty miles over roads that ordinarily they would not, nor could not have made ten miles.

In this controversy, the statement of Gen. Grant's aids, who were sent to order Wallace to move to the field of Shiloh, are against Wallace's statement, and are so direct and strong, that it seems the same must be accepted; coming as they do from men who afterwards became known as Gens. McPherson, Rawlins and Major Rowley. These men were sent, in turn, to hurry up Wallace.*

The contest over the management at Shiloh may be summed up in saying: Gen. Grant was to blame for not having a more systematic and correct allignment of his troops on the field; that Buell was to blame for consuming eighteen days in marching from Nashville to Shiloh, and in not getting on the field days before he did; that Wallace was to blame in not getting his division on the field by 3 o'clock on Sunday, having only six miles to make. These were the blunders made, and can not well be laid to the door of any one single man.

Buell's advance got on the field in time to play an important part the second day. The fierce fighting was done on the first day, when the wire edge was worn off the confederate appetite for fight; although they had forced our army back within a mile of the landing. They did not come to the scratch in the morning, but awaited the onset from our forces.

Buell's troops fought admirably, they were well organized and

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equipped. The portion that reached Shiloh had not taken part in any engagement before. The troops that fought at Mill Spring were with Thomas and arrived after the fight was over.

It is not correct to say that there were more stragglers who drifted to the rear in this engagement, than at other contests of a like nature; or that there were more of this class on our side than on the opposite side. Beauregard says, in his report, that the Confederates opened the first day with 40,000 men, and on the second day with only 20,000. What had become of the 20,000? Certainly not all killed, or wounded, or taken prisoners!

The fact is that in every army, nearly one-fifth of the men do not carry arms; such as teamsters, ambulance drivers, musicians, officer and company mess-cooks, clerks in quartermaster and commissary's departments. Then there were more or less sick, or convalescent, who are found in the rear when an engagement is going on.

The grounds occupied, at Shiloh, by the Union forces represented a triangle. The line of battle was one side; Lick and Owl Creeks the other sides; while the landing was one of the angles, fartherest away from the fight; and all this swarm of non-combatants, with the shirks, and cowards drifted into this pocket. It was this fact, that gave Gen. Buell the impression that the bulk of Grant's army was at the landing anxious to get across the river.

The river and wide creeks held this mass, and would not let them pass beyond; and it was well, for hundreds of these frightened chaps mustered pluck, to go back, and join their comrades; and did duty like good soldiers the second day.

If the army had been the rabble the newspapers reported, it must be admitted a rabble fights well. "The newspaper accounts of the battle were mostly written by men not on the field; and the facts or accounts given came from the wounded carried off the field to hospitals, and from stragglers who fled from the field at the first fire. These reports gave a false account of the battle, which to this day has not been effaced; few men have as yet formed a correct idea of the contest."
The losses as reported are on the union side: Killed, 1,754; wounded, 8,408; prisoners, 2,885; total, 13,047. On the confederate side: Killed, 1,723; wounded, 8,012; prisoners, 959; total, 10,294. The reports of losses, or of numbers engaged on the confederate side are usually unreliable, and no stress can be laid on reports made, as they had no system in making reports, or if they had the same are not to be found.

ON TO CORINTH.

We bivouacked for ten days on the Shiloh battle-field, with no shelter save such as brush huts covered with leaves afforded. Our teams could not get up on account of the condition of the roads. The rains were not so frequent as while we were on the march to the field. We had fine, warm sunshine between the rains; and the forest in which we encamped, was putting forth a shelter of fresh and tender foliage; while all nature wore a smiling countenance.

Halleck left St. Louis immediately after the battle, and took personal command of all forces concentrated, for the purpose of a move on Corinth.

Gen. Thomas with his division was transferred to the army of the Tennessee, and placed in command of the right wing. Thomas ranked Sherman, who commanded a division under him. Gen. Buell with the army of the Ohio held the centre; while Gen. Pope, who had arrived from Island No. 10, with his army was given the left wing. McClellan and Wallace were held in reserve. Gen. Grant was nominally second in command, but in reality was wholly ignored; this resulted from a dislike on the part of Halleck for Gen. Grant.

The lines began to move forward about April 20th, and then opened one of the most singular campaigns of the war. For more than five weeks we continued to move gradually closer and closer, entrenching at each halt made, until on the night of May 30th, just as Halleck thought he was ready to spring his trap, and catch the game, it slipped away.

The confederates took with them everything of value, down to an old horse shoe, save the Quaker guns mounted on the earth-
works, which frowned on us so fearfully, and yet were so harmless. Halleck was completely outgeneraled, and never fully recovered from the effects. This was his first and last command in the field. He was better suited to issue his commands from some far-away place, away from the front.

A reconnoissance was made towards Monterey on the 24th of April, to ascertain where the rebel forces, if any in our front, were located. We came to a hospital where some of our wounded were found. These were taken back within our lines.

Some six miles further on, after driving in several advance rebel pickets posts, we came on a camp where two confederate regiments were encamped. These were routed and the effects left behind, destroyed.

The Eighteenth Regulars and the Thirty-fifth Ohio moved out on the main road towards Monterey, while the Eighth Missouri and an Indiana regiment came up on another side, and were the first to reach the rebel camp.

Sometime later appeared in Harper's Weekly a full page illustration of this small affair; it represented the Eighth Missouri as charging over the Eighteenth Regulars, who, it was stated refused to advance, on the rebel camp. Some would be artist, wanted to give the Eighth Missouri a send off, and make heroes of them, got up this illustration.

The entire account was made of whole-cloth. The Eighteenth was with us; and when the "brush" opened, was formed in line under Col. Bob. McCook's directions; while the Thirty-fifth formed a second line, immediately in rear of the Eighteenth. We moved forward in this order; and no Eighth Missouri was within a half mile of the Eighteenth Regulars when the affair opened, and no troops charged over that regiment that day. The entire was a libel on a good regiment.

The Eighth Missouri was known for its peculiar capers, and fine qualifications in the line of foraging off the country. It was more or less a terror to the inhabitants where it was located. Its reputa-
tion, no doubt was well earned, and its character became widely known in the Western army.

A story is told of one of Sherman’s bummers who strayed off from the line of march seeking something to eat. He entered the house of an old secesh planter and said:

"Can I get something to eat?"

"No," said the planter, "I hav’nt a thing to give you, your men have stripped me of everything. Why they took off just now a blind mule, the last living thing on the plantation. I hav’nt a thing left on the entire plantation."

Then with a deep sigh continued: "Thank God, there is one thing I possess that your soldiers can not deprive me of."

"What is that?" asked the soldier.

"Why sir, they can’t take from me my hope of eternal salvation."

The soldier contemplated the old planter for a moment, then said: "Just wait until the Eigth Missouri comes along!"

Our lines reached Monterey May 4th. We were now in Mississippi, and eight miles from Corinth. The army moved as though a formidable foe lay in front, ready to take advantage of every misstep made.

Hardly any one save the cautious Halleck, believed that stout resistance would be made outside the rebel fortified camp, and hardly there. To come out and fight us was tried at Mill Spring and at Shiloh, neither attempts proved very satisfactory to them. It was thought that even confederate generals would benefit by experience.

At this stage of the advance rebel picket were rather bold, infact saucy, but as we came nearer Corinth, matters along the lines of picket posts became remarkably quiet. Rumor said that Beauregard was drawing off his forces and his effects.

Gen. Thomas seriously believed that such were the facts; everything so indicated to his mind; but Halleck had made up his mind that the confederate general intended to fight at Corinth, and nothing that happened could change his mind.
Thirty-Fifth Ohio Regiment.

We got within a thousand yards of the rebel works on Mea 29th and threw up breastworks. That night company C was placidly in advance on picket within point-blank musket range of the rebel lines, concealed only by the thick undergrowth in front.

There was a commotion in the early part of the evening, among the rebel troops in our immediate front. At first it was thought they were preparing to attack us, and we were on the lookout for them, but as matters became more quiet, the inference gained credence that they were moving off. We heard trains arriving and departing all night. Those coming in moved smoothly along, while those departing moved away with puffing locomotives. It was concluded that departing trains were heavily loaded; while incoming ones were empty, and that the rebels were getting out as fast as possible, that they were "skedaddling."

About 4 o'clock in the morning, a most infernal din and racket was heard in the direction of Corinth. It made a person breathe quickly and deeply. The rebels had fired their magazines, and the exploding shells made an unearthly racket, which filled the cool morning air.

The men sprang to their feet and exclaimed with one voice, "the rascals are gone." And so they were. The sun rose majestically in the east, there was a death like calm in front of us, after the sound of the explosion died away; but there was a stir and rustle back of us in the camps of the union army.

The troops stood in line expecting momentarily orders to move forward; but no orders came. At length by some ones orders the troops moved out. McCook's lines passed through our picket lines; we remained in the woods doing duty, while the brigade had gone into Corinth. There was a general forward movement said to have been without orders from the commander-in-chief.

An hour or so after the brigade had moved off, Gen. W. T. Sherman, our division commander, came up to our picket line and asked:

"Where is McCook and his brigade."
“He passed our lines an hour since, and is in Corinth by this time.”

“By whose orders did he move forward?”

This question, of course we could not answer. The general rode away, followed by his staff, with a look which indicated that somebody would have to answer for moving without orders.

Halleck was informed in the night that Beauregard had evacuated, but he seemed to know differently, and was slow to order his troops forward to enter the town, for the apparent reason, that he had not made arrangements to that effect. But after the army moved into the place from three sides, and was actually in, Halleck accepted the fact, and sent Gen. Pope in pursuit.

Our division was sent forward to assist Pope; who, it was said sent word he had captured twenty thousand prisoners. This may have been a misunderstanding. Pope possibly said he intended to capture that number!

We loitered for a week or more around in the woods of Mississippi, waiting to take the twenty thousand prisoners to Corinth, but we only got a squad of about fifty or so. Most of the “Johnny’s” taken were moody, and averse to answering the questions put to them by the boys.

“Why did you go to war?” was asked.

One of the more talkative said:

“I’ll tell you, if you’n’s had’nt come down he’ar to fight we’n’s, we’n’s would’nt have fit you’n’s!”

This was the southern translation of the French, “Laissez faire.”

Our regiment after the pursuit of the confederate army into Mississippi, went into camp a mile east of Corinth on the Memphias and Chattanooga Railway; but later moved farther out where there was an excellent spring to supply the regiment with water, and where nice camping grounds were found.

Working parties were sent to Corinth, to help place buildings in order where supplies were to be stored. Nothing was required of the officers after reporting the men to those having the work in charge. This gave an opportunity to explore the town, and its
surroundings; and report for meals at the Tishamingo House, which an enterprising person had opened to the public, soon after the "skedaddle."

The matter at interest was the variety the table afforded. This variety was not in edibles, but in table clothes and dishes. It took three cloths to cover one table, and no two of the same color. Out of fifty plates, hardly two belonged to the same set, so also the tea cups, saucers, etc. The variety in color and sizes was infinite. Then, all were nicked, cracked, or partly broken. The spoons and forks were made up of "all sorts." The corn bread and bacon was served on cracked, slivered and nicked plates. The tumblers were motley. The price per meal was the only thing that had uniformity about the house.

There were two General Shermans in the western union army, both division commanders before Corinth. The one was known as "crazy" Sherman; the other as "granny" Sherman. The former was called crazy, because he gave it as his opinion, while in the Department of the Ohio, that it would require two hundred thousand men to conduct the war successfully in the west. Succeeding events showed that he was not so crazy as some thought. It is a matter of history that two years later that same crazy Sherman led an army of over a hundred thousand against Atlanta.

The other Sherman commanded our division before Corinth, in 1862. He was an old army officer, fussy, crabbed and cranky. He had about him a full staff, and whatever was allowed a commander of a division.

Company C of our regiment was selected by him to do provost duty at his headquarters. This under the circumstances was anything save agreeable. His instructions, orders, and counter orders to the provost were simply interminable.

"Place three sentinels to watch my horses, and those belonging to my staff," were his orders.

The men had no more than taken their places when an orderly came with the message, "The general wants to see you, sir."

"I want you to take off two sentinels; one is sufficient to look
after the horses; one is plenty, sir, do you understand? Take them off, take them off, right away."

The order was obeyed, but hardly had the provost gained his tent, when the orderly was at his tent again, with:

"The general wants to see you, sir."

"Place two guards before my tent; I don't want to leave my tent unguarded when I go away."

The guards were placed as indicated. Things seemed in order now, so the provost returned to his quarters, but there was no peace yet:

"The general wants to see you, sir," said the orderly.

"Take the sentinel away from the horses. What do I want with a sentinel to watch horses securely fastened? Place him there during the night!"

That seemed sensible, and certainly all things were now satisfactory; but not so, for the orderly stood again before the door, with:

"The general wants to see you, sir."

"Take these sentinels away from my tent. I don't want guards about me to hear what I say, and see what I do. Take them away, take them away, do you hear?"

This brought us through the first part of the day. During the after part of the day, the story was repeated, without the omission of an item. Thus it happened day in, day out, when not on the march.

While in camp, in the woods, near Blackland, Gen. Sherman found it necessary to issue an order forbidding all discharge of firearms. The men were out foraging over the country, and used pistols to shoot stray pigs, cows and whatever came in their way, to insult them! Not only this, but officers were out practicing with revolvers.

Orders were given the provost, to send out patrolling parties to scour the surrounding woods, and arrest all found violating the order. One day, soon after issuing the order, the orderly came with:
"The general wants to see you, sir."
"Do you hear that pistol firing?"
"Yes, general, but those firing are members of your staff," said the provost.
"That makes no difference, arrest them and bring them to me."
The gentlemen of the staff were informed that they were to report under arrest at the general's tent.
"There will be h—I to pay," said one, but they obeyed and followed the provost to the general's tent.
The general was in waiting; and lost no time in proceeding to business. It would be impossible to describe his indignation. He exhausted his vocabulary of epithets, at the members of his staff; then fell back to replenish, like a battery of artillery, when its ammunition is exhausted.
The staff, consisting of lieutenants, captains, majors and colonels took all good humoredly, and when the general was thoroughly exhausted and could replenish his caisson no longer, he said: "Go to your quarters;" and they all obeyed!
To the provost he said: "Be vigilant, and arrest all officers, no matter what rank they hold. I will see whether my orders are not obeyed."
CHAPTER VII.

UP THE TENNESSEE — MARCH TO IUKA — FINE SPRINGS — CAMP AT TUSCUMBIA — FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION — RECONNOISSANCE TO HOG ISLAND.

We went into camp near Corinth, after the "skedaddle," expecting to remain there all summer. The sutler of the Ninth Ohio ordered up a goodly supply of Cincinnati lager beer, for the boys, which arrived on the 22d of June; and likewise orders came the same day to move to Iuka.

The only way to take the beer along was to take it inwardly; and it can be said the boys of that regiment "fell to" and did good duty; but with all that, large quantities had to be left, to the disappointment of the many.

A rapid march was made to Iuka; the weather was hot; and unused to marching for some months, the men fell out of ranks by the score. Iuka is east of Corinth on the Memphis & Chattanooga Railway; and had been a summer resort for southern people. The attractions were several mineral springs. That year the fashionable southern did not "materialize," the Yankees were too near.

One of the hotels was open while we were there; but the secesh landlord was averse to receive Yankee guests. This dislike was at once acted upon, and the Yankees crowded in for meals, and made the landlord provide for them. The fare at the hotel was but little better than our cooks could provide in camp, but there was a satisfaction in annoying his secesh highness, and in compelling him to have Yankees at his table.

We held the place several days, until other troops came up, when we continued our march, by easy stages, starting from camp about four o'clock in the morning, and would go into camp again
about eleven o’clock, resting in the shade during the heated part of
the day.

The numerous fine springs of remarkably cool water were
among the noticeable things along this line of march. Camp was
placed each day near one of these.

We encamped the night of the first day out from luka at
Dixon’s Spring. The owner of the plantation was in the rebel
army; and the family did not think much regard would be had
for their property by the Yankees, so the colored people, on the
plantation, were sent to gather in pigs, cattle, fowls, and whatever
might tempt a hungry Yankee soldier; and place all under the
eye of the “army widow,” and her bevy of grown daughters.
The darkies gave a complete history of the family; and likewise
gave the names of each girl’s beau, all of whom were then with
Beauregard.

We had to respect the property, since so ordered by those
high in authority. How we wanted to clean out that plantation.
Some other troops doubtless did what we were forbidden to do.

We left company F, at Buzzard’s Roost, to guard a bridge,
while we moved forward and went into camp near Tuscumbia,
where the regiment remained until the 27th of July.

Gen. Thomas made his headquarters at this place, and col-
lected his troops around the town, save such as were engaged
repairing the railway. One of the largest springs in the land
issues from the hill on which the town stands, and forms a deep
and wide river from the place whence it issues from the hill.

Tuscumbia is surrounded by large, fine cotton plantations. At
this time the same had been planted in corn; to furnish supplies
for the confederate army. Cotton could not be eaten; and the
confederate government found it difficult to get it through the
“blockade,” and ship it to other countries.

The crop of corn then growing was rather puny in appearance,
with only one stalk in a hill; colored women were in the corn fields
plowing with mules. From this it was plain that the confederate
authorities could call out the full strength of white men fit for
military duty, and use colored men to do pioneer duty, repairing roads, build fortifications, etc., while the colored women did the farming.

July 4th, '62, was remembered by the firing of a national salute, at headquarters at noon. This did not satisfy the colonels of the volunteer regiments who had been accustomed to make speeches on that day. Permission was obtained from Gen. Thomas to march the different regiments to headquarters in town and have an old fashioned celebration.

In the cool of the evening we were assembled; and Col. Fry, of the 4th Kentucky Regiment read the Declaration of Independence, and followed the reading with a speech; then came speeches from Col. James B. Steedman, of the Fourteenth Ohio; Col. Harlan, of the Tenth Kentucky and Col. Connolly, of the Seventeenth Ohio. Some one made remarks reflecting somewhat on the abolitionists of the north, as well as on the president and his administration. This brought out the fiery Bob McCook, of the Ninth Ohio, after which some pretty lively sparring ensued.

Gen. Thomas sat in his chair near the speakers, and quietly listened; and when the matter was becoming somewhat embarrassing suggested, that it was time to march the troops to camp. As the same moved away he remarked: "If the boys can't keep within bounds, they must omit celebrating the 4th of July hereafter!

Col. McCook with the Ninth and the Thirty-fifth Ohio was sent to make a reconnaissance to Hog Island, which lies in what is known as the "muscle shoals." On this island a guerrilla camp was located, and we were to rout the same. We left our camp on Saturday evening, July 9th, and moved to South Florence; where a short halt was made to rest and fill our canteens with cool water, when the march was continued, until 10:30 that night. Possibly, no march fell to our lot in which the troops suffered more from heat than this. If the troops had waded the Tennessee river their clothing could not have been wetter.

At four o'clock in the morning the march was resumed. After some hours marching we halted in a grove a mile from Hog Island.
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The colored men said, "nobody thar." Cols. McCook and Van-Derveer, with their aids and orderlies proceeded to reconnoiter; a rather hazardous undertaking, and seemingly unjustifiable. They reported that Hog Island was still there, but the hogs had departed!

The troops rested in the shade until the cool of the day when we returned to South Florence; where we remained for the night, regaining camp early in the morning.

These reconnoissances, as a rule, were of little practical value in a military sense; but they gave a chance to see more of the country around the camp.

At this place we discovered for the first, the peculiarity of the southern climate. Our camp was in an open plain or an old field; no shade or protection of any kind from the direct rays of the sun, save our tents, yet, we did not suffer from the heat, to any great extent. The days were hot, but the nights cool. From sun up to about eight o'clock, the air was calm; and then the heat proved the most oppressive; about that time a fine cool breeze would spring up, blowing constantly inland, until near sun set, when another calm was experienced, which continued until near eight o'clock at night. During this time it was exceedingly sultry, but at the time named a breeze would again spring up blowing in the opposite direction from that during the day; and continue all night without scarcely an interruption until sun rise.

These breezes were most acceptable, and with all made it endurable under the hot rays of the sun. It was found to be more pleasant to encamp in the open ground, than in the densely shaded wood, owing to the fact that the regular breeze could fan us in the open ground, while in the dense wood the breeze was shut off.

Tuscumbia was a small, old fashioned town or village; the buildings were old and dilapidated. A few of the residences made an attempt to adornments, being shaded, or entwined with some southern "creeper." Such residences were usually situated in large gardens, wherein were some flowering shrubs, and other attempts at adornments; but the entire was more or less forbidding.
As it regarded public improvements, that idea had not reached so far south! The streets were usually paved with a dense crop of dog fennel, in full bloom, quite aromatic! It was at one time, under the old slave regime, a place of considerable note for its cotton production; and some old ancestral mansions were located around the place. These at this time were quiet, and seemingly abandoned, as the owners were in the rebel army.

The citizens, such as were still there, were stoutly secesh, and could be seen gathered in clusters, at a certain law office, where the yankees were "cussed and discussed" in no flattering terms. It was at this place that some of us delighted to meet and occupy the seats on the varanda, and under the trees, for no other assignable reason, save to annoy this nest of treason plotters. Our presence always reminded the clique that they had business elsewhere, and the Yankees held the field.

The wives and children of those in the secesh army, were supplied with rations from Uncle Sam's commissary; this was simply an outrage. We fed the families of rebel soldiers, so that they could fight us with more assurance, knowing that their families were being taken care of, while they were trying to shoot us. It was done for humanity's sake. How much humanity was there in the shot aimed at union soldiers, by the very men whose families we fed?

There was a wrong in this, that could not be submitted to by the union soldier, such was the conclusion reached at this place, by the men when they saw the work of feeding rebel soldier's wives and children. This was done under a plea of humanity; what wrongs are clothed in humanity's garb.

There is no doubt but that some of the members of the left wing of the regiment could tell an interesting story as to what became of a confederate widow's honey, who resided near the left of the regiment while in this camp.

It might be regarded as a breach of confidence to mention what could be said on this subject; hence the matter is passed by; yet, it is not at all impossible that Crittenden A. Cox, Co. E., could
give pointers regarding the mysterious disappearance of this confederate honey.

Our division left Tuscumbia, July 26th, and crossed the Tennessee river near Florence; at the point where Gen. Jackson crossed on his way to New Orleans to fight the British. We remained at Florence over Sunday, July 27th. The men regarded it their duty, like good soldiers, to attend church and listen to a sermon from a confederate minister.

They entered the church quietly; took such seats as were not occupied; and deported themselves in a gentlemanly manner. The minister, a man named Mitchell, took occasion to pray for Jeff. Davis and the southern confederacy; and then proceeded to call down the wrath of the Almighty on the Yankee hordes which then infested the States of the sunny south.

The prayer was intensely bitter and insulting. When it was ended, Col. Harlan, of the Tenth Kentucky Infantry, (now a judge on the supreme bench) and several other officers arose and quietly walked out—the boys in blue followed. The minister imagined his prayer had been heard and answered, and his church happily cleared of that pest—the Yankee soldier.

Col. Harlan proceeded to Gen. Thomas’ headquarters, and stated what had happened at the church. Gen. Thomas directed that he return at once and arrest the rebel preacher and bring him to his headquarters.

When Col. Harlan, with a large number of officers and men, re-entered the church, and walked up the isle toward the pulpit, the Rev. Gentleman suddenly paused in his discourse. and intently eyed Col. Harlan.

The colonel said: "Mr. Mitchell, we, soldiers of the army of the United States, entered your place of worship this morning; we came in quietly and took seats in order to listen to the discourse you intended to deliver here this day; we were gentlemanly; we made no disturbance; we insulted no one; we had no evil intent; yet, we had scarcely taken our seats, when you proceeded to grossly insult us because we were soldiers in the army of the United States.
I am directed by the general in command to arrest and bring you to his headquarters. You will, therefore, come down from the sacred desk which you have dishonored, and go with us as ordered."

The Rev. Gentleman closed the bible with a bang, and came down, and meekly walked with the colonel to Gen. Thomas' tent.

The scene which followed at the church when the minister came down from the pulpit was somewhat amusing. The sisters sprang out into the isle and shouted: "Oh, dear, dear, don't let them pull our pastor, our dear pastor out of the pulpit and drag him off. Don't let the Yankees have our pastor," with other shouts and shrieks, which made thinks rather hideous.

A number attempted to block the isle, and impede the colonel's progress with his prisoner; but he simply waved his hand, ordering them off, and they obeyed like "little women." The weeping and moaning was deep and no doubt sorrowful, on the part of the congregation; but to us the performance seemed more or less ridiculous, and it may be added, highly enjoyable.

Justice demanded that the rampant little rebel minister be punished for his impudence; so he was sent to Nashville to board in the penitentiary, at Uncle Sam's expense. It was believed that in the meantime he would have leisure to cultivate his rebel propensities; and possibly learn a little common sense.

Our camp at this place was besieged by slaves, who wanted to go with us. The instinct to be free is as strong in the colored man's breast as in that of the white man; and all the slaves were ready to escape at the first opportunity. The masters kept a close watch; and it was difficult for a slave to get away. One, Henry, made arrangement with Sergt. Hippard's mess to go along and become their mess cook.

Henry hid in his master's cornfield, which was near our camp, until we moved. It was "roasting ear" time, and the boys helped themselves pretty freely to Mr. Harris' "roasting ears." A commission was appointed to assess the damage done the corn; and Henry had an interesting time dodging his master while he and the officers were passing through the field.
Thirty-Fifth Ohio Regiment.

When the brigade marched off, Henry was stowed into the company wagon with knapsacks before him and knapsacks behind him, sweltering under the hot sun, with no protection, save the wagon cover. The second day out Henry left his cover, and began his duty as company mess cook.

He followed the fortunes of the regiment until the same was mustered out of service. He was one of the few honest, industrious, and reliable men that are now and then to be met. He came to Ohio with the boys and remained some years at Hamilton. But a longing came over him to see his old home, and kindred in the sunny south; he returned thence, and has not been seen or heard from since.

The troops moved off for Decherd; and as the weather was excessively hot, marches were only made from four to ten o'clock a.m., when the regiment went into camp. Col. Robt. L. McCook, who was in command of the brigade, arose from a sick bed, when we left Tuscumbia, and was being conveyed in a carriage in which his cot was arranged for him to lie upon.

On the 5th of August, our regiment had the advance; Col. Van Derveer was temporarily in command of the brigade, which was moving under the guidance of the brigade topographical engineer, who was not as well informed as to the route to be taken as he might have been. At a point where the road divided he led off on the wrong one. Col. McCook came after us at a short distance, and seeing we were on the wrong track, sent an orderly to recall us. He in the meantime drove ahead, lying on his cot in the carriage, and was now in advance of his troops.

An hour or so later, as the regiment was marching up a hill, it was fired into by some guerrillas. McCook was ahead and of course had fallen into their hands.

Col. Van Derveer took Company C, and moved on a run after Col. McCook, whose wagons were found on fire; and his fine horses taken; and the ambulance in which he was being conveyed overturned, lying by the road side; while he was found in a cabin near by, wounded; left in charge of the family, all his attendants
captured and taken away. His wounds were mortal and he could not be moved; so the brigade went into camp.

The outrage was keenly felt by the men of the brigade, and particularly so by McCook's old regiment, the Ninth Ohio. It was one of the finest regiments in the service; and no better disciplined body of men was found anywhere; but this act of perfidy so aroused them, that they broke over all restraints; and could not be controlled. They were bound on revenge and proceeded to work.

It was said that the guerrillas were cheered, as they dashed by after some of McCook's attendants, at a Baptist minister's house, situated on the road we were passing. The inmates were given thirty minutes to get out whatever effects desired; after which the house would be given to the flames. The wife and grown daughters scouted at the idea of burning the house.

When the time had expired the flames broke out from all sides, and in an hour a smoking ruin was all that was left; the flames, seemingly, licked the very earth. The work of destruction did not stop here. The houses of those reported by "intelligent contrabands" as members of the guerrilla band, were sought out and given to the flames. All that day and the next, the black curling smoke could be seen rising heavenward, marking the spot where a guerrilla lived; the lines were smoked effectually. The cavalry sent out from Dechert scoured the country for miles, but no guerrilla band was found; it had disbanded, and members appeared as citizens, until ordered out by the commander for another raid.

The murder of McCook was a cowardly act. He was lying on his bed in an ambulance, unable to rise, being reduced by sickness—they shot him in this helpless condition.

The revenge taken by the regiment on the country around, may have been severe; but in strict accordance with the usages of war. The citizens were in accord with the acts of the guerrilla band and boldly avowed the same, as did the Baptist minister and family.

McCook lingered nearly two days and died. The brigade was placed in motion at once to convey the body to the nearest railway station, so as to be sent thence to Cincinnati for interment.
The fame of the Ninth Ohio as "avenging angels," spread rapidly; and when the citizens of Winchester heard that we were approaching that place, they petitioned the military authorities for extra guards to protect their town. We noticed, on entering the place, that an unusual number of sentinels were stationed on both sides our line of march; and numerous inquiries were made: "Which is the Ninth Ohio?"

That regiment was then the rear of the brigade; and when it reached town, the band struck up a well-known Prussian air, and every man fell into place. The regiment marched through Winchester in fine style; more orderly troops never passed the streets of any city. It was not known until afterward, that extra guards had been placed to protect the citizens against the Ninth Ohio. Had that fact then been hinted, there would have been trouble.

Frank Gurley was the leader of a band of outlaws, or guerrillas, in the correct sense of that term; since the band was no part of the land or naval forces of the confederacy. Gurley, with his outlaws, dashed on McCook, who was in advance of three of his regiments, with a fourth considerably in advance, looking for a place to encamp. Mounted orderlies had gone ahead to look for water where troops could go into camp; the guerrillas pounced on these and drove them back; who coming up notified McCook of danger; when he turned and drove rapidly to meet the Thirty-fifth Ohio, which was in the advance.

The distance was so great and the guerrillas gained on McCook so rapidly, that he could not reach his command; and gave signs to surrender, amid a furious fusilade from the rascals in pursuit. Gurley came up and is said fired the fatal shot. Capt. Hunter Brook and McCook's colored servant carried the wounded man to a cabin near by. The colored man crawled out of the window and made his escape; but Capt. Brook was hurried off across the country with the other prisoners.

An attempt was made to capture Major Boynton, who had gone to the left to look for a suitable place to encamp. When he saw the guerrillas approaching, cutting him off from Col. McCook's
train, he rode for the regiment, and being well mounted he dis-
anced his pursuers.

Gurley was among the persons captured with John Morgan, in
the raid made into Southern Indiana and Ohio. Gen. Thomas
convened a military commission, presided over by Col. John E.
Miller, of the Twenty-ninth Indiana Regiment, to try Gurley for
the murder of Col. McCook. The defence set up was that McCook
was ordered to surrender; but that he drove on at a furious rate,
and paid no heed to the summons.

The truth is, no such demand was made; even if it had been,
the band of outlaws rode after the retreating party, howling, yell-
ing, and making such an unearthly noise, that no one, not even
they themselves, could hear what the leader commanded.

Capt. Hunter Brook, McCook's aid de camp, was in the car-
riage, and testified before the commission that no demand was
made, as Gurley claims, to surrender. Gurley was permitted to
scour the confederacy, and bring before the commission every wit-
ness he wanted.

The statements of the outlaws who were with him, were to the
effect that McCook was summoned to surrender; but drove on to
make his escape. This was evidently an after thought, put in to
save the leader. But Gurley could not prove by any one in the
confederacy, not even by the records of that concern, that he then
was regularly or otherwise connected with the military forces of
the confederacy.

The commission found him guilty of murder, and ordered that
he be hung. President Lincoln approved the sentence, but never
ordered it put into execution. The finding of the commission was
right, and justice would have been served had the sentence been
promptly put into force. Gurley has since given his statement,
and woefully perverts the facts.

Compte de Paris, in the Fourth Volume of his History of the
Rebellion, says of this affair: "Gurley proved on trial that
McCook was ordered to halt and refused, and was shot in the at-
ttempt to escape. But he could not prove that he and his band
were regularly mustered into the confederate service; and not being a case of self-defense, was sentenced to be hanged. Lincoln approved the sentence, but the execution was deferred from time to time, and the war coming to an end Gurley was spared.”

Col. E. L. Drake relates the story as told him by Gurley. Of course Gurley had a case to make, and “tempered the winds to the shorn lamb.” To those who were there and know the facts, his account reads like Munchausenism.

According to this authority, Gurley says: “He met two hundred federal cavalry, McCook’s train and body guard, and drove the force back, who fled past the General and left him unprotected.”

No cavalry at this time was nearer than Winchester. The cavalry seen by Gurley and his band, were half a dozen orderlies and some headquarter servants on horse-back, traveling with McCook. Most of these had gone ahead to look for water where the troops could go into camp.

He further says: “That McCook’s driver was a colored man, the property of Gen. Pillow; and that the same was killed by his band which he deprecated.” This statement has several slight mistakes in it. The colored man in question came with Col. McCook from Cincinnati, and had been in his employ for a year or more.

The colored man helped Capt. Brook to carry McCook into the house, then crawled out at a window and escaped into a corn field. He was not killed by the guerrillas, as Col. Drake bemoaned. That part of the iniquity can be canceled.

Drake further says: “The sentence of the commission was not carried out. Generals Hardee and Lee threatened to retaliate.” No doubt there is truth in this statement, yet it does not paliate the crime committed by Gurley and his band of guerrillas.

Gurley and his friends may shape things as they will, the fact remains, that his was simply a band of guerrillas, without military authority from the confederacy; and the sentence put on him by the commission was just, and right; and justice would have been served had the sentence been promptly put in force.

McCook was the volunteers’ ideal of a general. He had a way
to appear as an equal among equals; and hide the appearance of authority. It was difficult to tell him from a private soldier in his dress; for he wore no insignia of office.

While the regiment was in camp at Nashville, in March, '62, Lieut. Miller, company C, was one day officer of the guard. His instructions were to keep citizens out of camp. "Some infernal old secesh," said he to the officer of the day, "has passed the lines twice this forenoon, and if he comes again, I'll arrest him, and put the sentinel in the guard house for not halting him."

Later on, the same "old secesh" came towards camp and walked through the lines without being halted by the sentinel. The lieutenant started off in a wrothy mood to arrest the "old secesh," and place the sentinel under guard. The "old secesh" met Capt. Earhart, and the two entered into conversation. Lieut. Miller stepped to an officer and asked: "What old secesh is that talking with Capt. Earhart?"

"Why, that is Col. McCook!"

As an officer he was wide awake, and on the alert. The venture he made in going ahead of his troops, on that fatal day, is accounted for in the fact that no organized confederate troops were known to be anywhere for miles around; and one of his regiments, the Eighteenth Regulars, had passed that morning over the road he was on, and no signs of an enemy had been reported.

Had he lived, there is no doubt, but he would have developed finer military abilities, than his brother, McDowell, exhibited during the contest, who was a military educated man.

Buell's troops were now concentrated about Dechart; a railway station at the intersection of the Nashville and McMinnville Railways; preliminary to a move on Chattanooga. To this end some of the prominent points about the place were to be fortified; and Col. Millikin's cavalry, the First Ohio, scoured the country for "contrabands," who were placed on these works.

About the only remarkable matter to be recalled as happening at this place, is that the Thirty-fifth was placed in camp along a steep hill-side, very stony; the men were ordered out almost daily
to “police the grounds” and sweep down more stones. This matter continued until fears were entertained, that the valley below would be filled up, and should the confederates ever return they would not know the place.

There was nothing so interesting to men, as the frequent calls to police company grounds! It passed into a saying by the men, that when officers knew not what next, they ordered out the men to police the quarters!

SEARCHING A HOUSE FOR CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS.

While in camp near Tuscumbia, Alabama, a report was brought to Col. McCook that at a certain house, not far from camp, several rebel soldiers were home on a visit. An order came to our regiment to send an officer with a detail to the house in question, and capture every man in or about the premises, and bring them, dead or alive, to McCook’s headquarters.

This meant business; and it fell to the lot of Lieut. Andrews, company I, who had charge of the camp guards that day. He surrounded the house with his detail, and made a thorough search of the premises, looking into every nook and corner, down stairs and up.

No men were found, save an old cripple, who could neither walk nor stand.

“I am ordered to take you to camp,” said the lieutenant.

“Certainly you do not want me,” said the man, “a person who can neither walk nor stand.”

“I have orders to search this house, and bring every man I find in or about it to camp, dead or alive. Here boys, carry this man in his chair to headquarters.”

The detail reported the crippled man at McCook’s tent.

“What the deuce do you bring a crippled man to me for,” said the colonel.

“Your orders were to search the house, and bring every man found, dead or alive. I found this man, and brought him.

The colonel saw the point and said angrily: “Take him back! take him back!”

The lieutenant remarked dryly: “It was fun for the boys to carry him to the colonel’s tent; but it was h—I to get him back. That was so much like work.”
CHAPTER VIII.

RACE AFTER BRAGG INTO KENTUCKY—WATCHING THE GAPS IN THE MOUNTAINS NEAR PELHAM—MARCH TO NASHVILLE—ON GARRISON DUTY—ORDERED UP WITH THE ARMY—RACE FOR LOUISVILLE—BUELL’S ARMY COMES IN AHEAD—BATTLE OF PERRYVILLE.

After a halt at Dechert of fifteen days, the army moved to Pelham, a noted gap through the mountain, on the direct route to Chattanooga.

Information was received, to the effect, that Bragg was on the move, headed for Nashville. We were sent out to “plug up the rat holes” or gaps through the mountains, and force him higher up, so as to make matters more inconvenient for him.

The greater part of Buell’s army concentrated in the valley before Pelham gap, while McCook’s division came up the valley from Battle Creek, on the opposite side of the mountain, to find what was going on beyond.

The valley into which we moved had fine cornfields, and excellent use was made of the advantages thus afforded. Never did roasting ears disappear more rapidly.

Capt. Lambright, then a lieutenant in company K, reported that he usually disposed of nine ears at a meal, and might do some better if necessity required. The captain’s theory was, that there were two practical ways to put down the rebellion. The one was to whip the rebels in the field; the other to damage them in store, or literally “eat them out of house and home.” The captain had conceived the idea of uniting both plans so as to shorten the job!

Capt. L’Hommedieu was sent through the gap with a detail to look at the country beyond, and spy out the condition of the “smoke-houses” in that part of the confederacy. The captain was regarded a trusty officer in that line, being a good judge of nice ham and bacon!
The party had smooth sailing until it met a Kentucky colonel, out apparently on a similar expedition with his regiment. It seemed the captain and his party were the better experts, and raked in the contents of the "smoke houses" with satisfactory success, and secured the richer booty.

The Kentucky colonel was not pleased with this showing, and used the authority which the heavier shoulder straps carry with them, and placed the captain under arrest, for doing what he evidently wanted to do himself, but was not very successful.

That kind of tactics, however, did not prevent the captain and his men from loading their booty on an old-fashioned family carriage or coach, one with bent wooden springs over which strong thick leather straps or belts were fastened to support the carriage body; the style was that similar to the one Jackson used for a family coach while President of the United States. The detail came in pulling the conveyance thus loaded, by a long rope fastened to the pole of the coach; the gang reminded a person of an old styled fire engine company on a run to a fire.

The ham and bacon nevertheless were relished, eaten with our roasting ears.

We remained in the valley nearly a week, then left it, but no roasting ears in the fields, or confederate bacon in smoke houses!

Bragg was moving for Nashville, and we were put in motion to keep him company. The affair became interesting, and we had plenty of excitement to drive away monotony. There were large stores of army supplies at Murfreesborough and Nashville, and if Bragg could dash in at either place he would benefit by the act.

The race began with a mountain chain between us. Forces were placed at the gaps, or "rat holes" to keep the confederates on the east side until our stores could be removed to Nashville, and sufficient forces concentrated at that point to protect the same.

On the first of September we were encamped at Manchester. This was considerable of a town with numerous nice churches and school houses, but the edifices had suffered much from the fact that
both armies, in turn, had changed them into barracks and hospitals, as needed.

The following day we got to Beech Grove, near Hoover's gap, where we remained a day to await McCook's division which was coming in from McMinnville. Beech Grove will be remembered for the fine stately beech trees which stood where our regiment was encamped.

Near this point, a year later, we rejoined the 14th Corps in the move on Tullahoma, after a separation of nearly six months. The army was now on a rapid move north, and troops were only halted until all stores could be removed by train. The object was to concentrate on Nashville, and get all stores and effects to that place.

We reached Murfreesborough on the fourth of the month, and remained two days. Early on the sixth we left camp a short distance north of the place and reached camp south of Nashville by two o'clock that day making a rapid march over hard pikes, on an exceedingly hot day. When the colonel halted where the regiment was to leave the road for the camping spot, only one commissioned officer and thirty men constituted the number of his force present. The men were scattered along the line of march, foot sore, tired and exhausted. Only on one occasion, prior, had such a showing been made, that was on our return from the battlefield at Mill Spring, when ordered to make our camp at Somerset eighteen miles away.

Buell's army was now at Nashville, and Bragg was compelled to pass by. If he intended to strike that place, he had lost the opportunity. Preparations were under way to pursue the rebel army, and Gen. Thomas was placed in command at Nashville, at Gov. Johnson's request, to garrison and hold the place, while Buell moved after the confederate army.

The work of fortifying was pressed forward with vigor. Our regiment entered town September 7th, to assist on the works. On the fourteenth Gen. Thomas was ordered up with his division, to join Buell. At four o'clock Sunday, we moved for Edgefield, leaving our tents standing on the commons, near Fort Negley, where
we had been at work building breast works from the Fort down the slopes, connecting works.

It was gratifying not to be held in the rear while the army was moving forward. The troops under Thomas were early on the move the next day, and made Holiday Springs by night. The men came in weary and foot sore, having marched rapidly over hard pikes. Bowling Green was reached on the eighteenth, where a halt was made for a day, to make arrangements, and sent the teams with spare baggage around by way of the Green River route, so as to disencumber the movements of Thomas’ division, and enable a smaller escort to guard the long lines of army wagons with their effects.

The division went into camp near Cave City on the following night, at what was known as Bell’s Tavern, and came up with Buell’s forces near Woodland. Gen. Steedman, our brigade commander, supposed Woodland to be a village, moved his troops past the place, and had not an aid of Buell’s staff come up and halted us, the column would have moved right up into the rebel camp and stirred up the chaps.

During our halt at this place, the troops were ordered to prepare three days’ “cooked rations in the haversacks,” and flour was issued them for that purpose. There was nothing at command to bake with, no bake ovens, no “dutch ovens,” nothing of the kind. The men mixed up the flour with water, then heated boards, flat stones and articles of the kind, on which they pasted the dough to bake. This was the occasion when we lived on unleavened bread. It cannot be said that it was palatable, but it was that or nothing, as our “cracker line” had been cut off by Bragg, who had no respect for our comfort!

Sunday, September 21st, the lines were formed, and the forward movement was begun northward. Bragg had the advance and moved ahead, we followed as closely as we could. Munfordville was passed, where Bragg captured Gen. Wilder’s command, consisting of troops recently enlisted. We met the Eighty-ninth and Ninety-third Indiana regiments, paroled prisoners taken in the forts.
at that place. They showed fight, and did their duty well for new troops, but they could not hold out against the forces opposed to them, Buell was too long coming up to render assistance.

Bragg found himself crowded by the union forces, so he left the main road for Louisville at Elizabethtown, and bore off to the right, to join forces under Kirby Smith, moving from eastern Kentucky.

We went into camp on the 23d, four miles north of Elizabethtown. Our unleavened bread was out, we would have been glad for more just then, as horrid as the article was. That night we fasted; it was not voluntary on our part, but a dire necessity.

The advance expected to reach the Ohio River that night at West Point about midnight, where boats would be in waiting to take them to Louisville, and be in readiness to meet Bragg, who was expected to make a dash into the place ere Buell could get up.

In our camp, the night was put in nursing the gripes of hungry stomachs, and bathing blistered feet. Twenty-one miles had to be made before the river could be reached, where rations were to be had. That point was to be made by two o'clock the next day. An early start was taken, and the men marched with a will that had an emphasis. The river was reached by the time named, but no boats with rations were at the landing. The Kentucky potato patches, of which there were plenty, suffered. The proprietors saved the expense of digging, but they did not realize financially as they had promised themselves in their dreams.

Near sunset a fleet of boats came down the river, loaded to the guards with what hungry soldiers relished. It was useless to attempt a systematic distribution of what the boats had, as it was not safe to land so near a half starved mob, that had assembled on the shore.

The boats came along side the shore at a safe distance, and the boat hands tossed the bread, ham, bacon and other articles overboard among the crowds of hungry men on shore. The scramble for the precious morsels thus tossed among the boys, was more than interesting. The farmer who has cut up corn in his field, and thrown it over the fence for his half starved hogs, can picture the scene here enacted.
The following morning the Ninth and Thirty-fifth Ohio regiments were taken in boats to Louisville, so as to reach that point as soon as possible, while the other regiments of the brigade marched to the place. Louisville was all bustle, stir and commotion. Troops came in by the thousands, and were placed in position to meet Bragg, should he venture to make a dash on the city. But he had lost the race; we got in ahead and were at Louisville before he could concentrate his forces to make an attack.

The confederate leader left Chattanooga the last week in August, and by the 24th of September his advance appeared before Louisville. There was at first doubt as to the intentions of the rebel commander. Doubtless it was to dash in on Nashville. In this he was foiled; then, since he was so far along, he decided to slip past and move on Louisville.

He met obstacles which retarded his onward sweep. New levies from the northern states met Kirby Smity and checked his advance; the garrison at Munfordville checked Bragg's movements. These checks delayed the rebel chief, and gave the union general time to divine what the rebel intended, and to concentrate forces to meet the enemy.

We lay at Louisville several days, enjoying the good things the commissary department offered, and made up for lost time, while we fasted. No more unleavened bread for us. We did not patronize Louisville hotels, eating houses, restaurants, groceries, or places where good things to eat were to be had. The reasons for not doing so were plain. We had no greenbacks, our pay was six months in arrear, and the soldier who had a "shinplaster" in his pocket under such circumstances would make good salve for weak eyes. Our feastings were restricted to what could be gotten at uncle's grocery.

The work of re-organizing the army of the Ohio was commenced at once. New regiments were added to the old brigades. Sunday, the 28th, the Eighty-seventh Indiana regiment joined our brigade, and took position to our right in what was an old brick yard. As it filed past our quarters it was regarded as a birgade,
compared with the depleted ranks of the old regiments, which had come through in the race with Bragg's army.

One month, that day, we lay before the Gap at Pelham, Tenn., a hundred miles south of Nashville; now we were resting at Louisville. In this race from near the southern line of Tennessee, through that state northward, and thence to Louisville, during the month of September, making forced marches, none were left in ranks, save those who were proof against any kind of marching; so our ranks were thin as compared with a full regiment which had come by rail from Indianapolis, and there was not much wonder we looked upon the Eighty-seventh as a brigade.

A personal quarrel between Generals Nelson and Davis terminated in the latter shooting the former, at the Galt House, in Louisville. The court martial convened to try Davis exhonorated him, and he was retained in command, and did good service through the war. It is deplorable that officers cannot adjust differences in some other way, or rather that they have not that in their code of ethics which forbids such difficulties to arise at all.

The army of the Ohio was organized into three army corps. The First was placed under command of Gen. McDowell McCook; the Second under Gen. Crittenden; the Third under a general who was a "new comer in" to the troops, and signed official papers as "brigadier general, acting major general." He soon became noted for "nosing" through baggage wagons to see what effects officers and men placed in them.

The forward movement began October 1st. McCook headed off eastwardly towards Frankford; Crittenden moved direct on Bardstown; while Gilbert, "acting major general," took the country road west of the Bardstown Pike. Gen. Schoepf, commanding the Third Division of Gilbert's corps, to which we belonged, moved out on the Preston Street Plank Road towards Sheppardsville, being the extreme right of the army.

The troops marched in splendid order for the first five or six miles, but it was whispered about that this was the opening of a campaign against the rebel army, and the men had expected pay
ere a new start would be made. The fact had more or less of a depressing effect, and the men became grum; and by and by shouted, "paymaster;" The song was taken up along the line; the conduct was somewhat unsoldier-like, but all that could be done was to let them indulge until satisfied.

The authorities were not prepared to pay old troops; the large bounties given men in new regiments depleted the revenue, and old troops had to wait. There may seem to have been a sprinkle of unfairness in this, but new troops were needed, and the payment of large bounties in advance was used as an inducement to fill up the new organizations. While this was not just towards those who served from the beginning of the war, still it was "business."

A goodly number of officers got permits to go home, and others took "French leave," until officers were rather scarce in the regiment; many of these did not rejoin the regiment until after the battle at Perryville. The same happened in other regiments of the division.

Twelve miles were made the first day, and we went into camp at McCauley's Creek, where we remained until noon the next day, thence moved to Shepardsville, where another halt was made. The movements were made with caution, and as the forces covered a wide space of country, it was necessary to advance in concert.

Sunday noon Bardstown was reached; the rebels had skipped the place several hours before. Crittenden's corps came up about the same time. The columns headed for Springfield, pursuing the retiring confederates. The advance got a glimpse, now and then, of the rebel rear guard, and some shots were exchanged, but nothing of importance happened. That night we reached Mill Creek, or what was known as Fredericksburg.

On September 6th we entered Springfield, where the rebels showed some disposition to dispute the advance of our troops. Steedman formed our brigade and swept up the hill beyond Springfield, and as the lines neared the rebel rear-guards they scampered. Their artillery, planted on an elevation beyond, threw shots right into our regiment, but did no damage to any one. That night we
encamped on the banks of Buck Creek; here Sheridan’s division passed us, and Crittenden's corps came up and went into camp to our right and rear.

The following day Gilbert's corps moved to Chapel Creek near Perryville; while McCook came in from the northwest as far as Mackville. Crittenden was off to the southwest, and did not move up until after the engagement.

Buell's army was now, practically, concentrated near Perryville. McCook, with two divisions, moved from Mackville on the morning of the 8th of October, towards Perryville to develope the position of the enemy. He was not to venture so far as to bring on a general engagement.

McCook was a man who had ideas of his own, and did not always come down to the strict letter of the order. In this instance he doubtless moved farther than prudence justified, unless he determined to stir up the confederates, which he certainly did. Possibly he was not favorably impressed with the cautious handling of the enemy, and thought it time to strike a blow, before Bragg escaped entirely. In this he may have been correct, but his views and that of the commander were not in harmony.

He pressed forward until his left under Jackson rested near the Harrodsburg Pike, and his right joined Sheridan's and Mitchell's divisions of Gilbert's corps near the Springfield Road, where the same crosses Chapel Creek. Schoepf's division of the same corps lay a mile to the rear, on the same side of the road, while off to the right, some four or five miles away, on the Lebanon Pike lay Crittenden’s corps, where Gen. Thomas had his headquarters.

Skirmishing commenced early in the day, which developed into an angry artillery duel. In the meantime the forces "locked horns," and a terrific contest ensued.

The lines as formed extended from the Harrodsburg Pike on the left to the Springfield Road, with Jackson's and Rousseau's divisions of McCook's corps, continued by Sheridan's and Mitchell's division of Gilbert's corps, extending towards the Lebanon Pike. Four divisions only were on line at this time, and practically fought
the battle. The lines encircled Perryville on the north and west. Had Crittenden come up, he would have closed in on the south practically heming in the confederates around Perryville.

The firing during the early part of the day aroused Gen. Thomas, who sent an orderly to Buell, asking what it meant, and received reply, that it was only a skirmish brought on by a reconnaissance under McCook.

Had Gen. Thomas heard the musketry rattle as it rolled along the lines at that hour, he would not have been so easily satisfied, for the fight was growing angry and desperate. McCook was sorely pressed at all points by vastly superior forces, and called for reinforcements, but received none, although the valley along the Springfield Road was literally blocked with troops awaiting orders to move in.

Gen. Schoepf was impatiently awaiting orders to render McCook assistance, and asked permission to send a brigade to his support. Steedman was lying with his brigade on the hights overlooking the valley, chafing furiously, that he was kept idle, while there was such need for his assistance at the front.

About four o'clock he received orders to come up with his brigade. We moved into the valley, and awaited positive orders to move to McCook's aid. It was nearly sundown when such orders came. We moved forward rapidly, passed brigade after brigade lying along the roadside. The valley presented a scene of bustle and commotion; ammunition trains were pushing to the front; ambulances passing to the rear with wounded men; aids and orderlies were urging onward their jaded steeds, while stragglers seemed intent on but one idea—getting to the rear.

We pressed hurriedly forward, around ammunition trains and ambulances, through fields, amid dust that almost suffocated. As we ascended a hill, in front we saw the battle smoke in the distance, and heard the angry rattle of musketry with a distinctness not heard before while back in the valley. We passed Gen. Schoepf, who was giving definite instructions to Gen. Steedman. As we
gained the summit, we were greeted with canon shots, which screeched wildly and closely over our heads.

The rebels had pressed back Rousseau and Sheridan, and widely separated these forces, into this gap, against the heavy columns coming onward, Steedman’s brigade was sent, to check the oncoming hords.

He formed, and moved forward down the slope, and halted near the edge of the wood, on a bench or terrace like space of ground, in front; within point blank range lay heavy bodies of rebel forces, massed for an attack on our position. Three batteries were playing on us, while the infantry opened with musketry. They sent in shot, shell, canister and minieballs as rapidly as the guns could belch forth the deadly shot.

Loder’s regular battery on the right, and Loomis’ battery on the left of our line opened, and by the superior handling of their guns made sad havoc with the rebel batteries.

Steedmen ordered his men to lie down, and await the coming of the rebel lines. “Don’t fire until you can see the white of their eyes,” said the general. The confederates suspected an ambush, and opened with musketry, hoping to draw our fire, and thus develope our lines.

The minieballs dropped around us like the falling of nuts on a frosty fall morning, under a heavy wind storm. For an hour and a half we were under this, possibly the most terrific fire any troops were under or exposed to during that day.

It was nearly sundown when our batteries opened. The moon soon thereafter arose directly over the rebel batteries, and added grandure to the scene. The skies were cloudless, and the little stars peered down upon the scene, with a friendly sparkle. The flash of cannons, the exploding of shells in their angry course, the incessant rattle and roar of musketry under the mellow moon-beams, gave to this scene an interest seldom witnessed by man.

The din and racket of war continued until near 8 o’clock, when musketry fire ceased, and the boom of cannons quieted down, and silence fell upon the field, save as a picket fired at an imiginary foe.
We lay for the night, "on our arms," in the first position taken.

With all this furious cannonading, and terrific musketry fire, we passed through the ordeal without serious damage, having none killed and only a few wounded. Dawn revealed the fact that the enemy withdrew under cover of darkness.

Thus ended this singular battle. Among the many mysterious things that happened during the war, and which have never been, and possibly never will be satisfactorily explained, is why the battle of Perryville was fought without a commander.

History must record that Buell was not on the field, though within the sound of the guns all day. McCook was fighting one of the stubborn and bloody battles of the war; he was sorely pressed for help, and no reinforcements were sent him in response to frequent calls for the same.

To say that he brought on the contest without orders, or contrary to orders, will not justify the commander of a large army to sit quietly in his tent, and give no attention to what his lieutenants were doing.

Buell had been pushing the enemy for a month, and now his forces were concentrated, and in front of that enemy, ready to strike the fatal blow. The advantages were all on his side, and he had but to give the word and the deed would be done.

Buell lost the opportunity of his career, as a commanding officer in this affair. The army under Bragg could have been destroyed, or so crippled, as to have been practically removed as an opposing element. But Buell was not on the field. When a man has a great opportunity, and fails to improve it, he looses the right to complain of his stars.
CHAPTER IX.


The day after the battle of Perryville, the army gathered in and around that place; the pursuit commenced, and was conducted in a way to correspond with the management on the field.

A week was consumed to get as far as Danville and Lancaster, by which time the heft of the confederate army was near the Tennessee line, and the plunder collected removed beyond our reach.

The marches and counter marches about Harrodsburg and Danville were of a nature to make profane men use peculiar language. The troops were moved up one road and down another; across fields, now backward, now forward, until we became familiar with ever road and lane in Boyle and Girard Counties. We reached Crab Orchard on the 16th of October, eight days after the battle, where it was announced that the pursuit would be abandoned.

The army returned to Lebanon on the 20th, where needed supplies were to be secured. Buell was relieved from command, and Gen. Rosecrans assumed command of the army of the Ohio, the name of which was changed to that of the Army of the Cumberland. Troops were headed for Nashville, where Crittenden and McCook's divisions arrived shortly afterwards. Thomas' division was assigned to the duty of repairing railway connections to that place.

Our brigade, under Steedman, moved from Lebanon via New Market and Greensburgh, across a broken country and over steep hills, which compelled us to double teams in order to pull our wagons up hills by main force, and where Enoch Knox's skill as a teamster was sorely tested.
Thirty-Fifth Ohio Regiment.

We lived off the country, and foraging was a part of our daily duty. The country through which we passed was not one flowing with "milk and honey," hence the quartermasters had all they could do to supply the demands of the troops.

The plan pursued was to take whatever was needed, and issue a quartermaster's certificate, which enumerated the articles taken, gave value of same in dollars and cents, "to be paid when the parties proved their loyalty to the union." The country was filled with that kind of floating indebtedness; all of which, no doubt, have been paid; for when a matter of dollars and cents is involved, its an easy matter to prove loyalty. There is no question that the parties from whom we foraged threw up their hats a few days previous when Bragg's forces passed over the same country; they were Confederates to the backbone then, though they professed to be good union men while Uncle Sam's boys were passing.

We halted at the South Tunnel, which was to be placed in order. The tunnel had been arched over with timbers resting upon wooden support. Morgan had the tunnel litterally filled with wood; when he fired the entire, heating the rock, so that it crumbled and fell in, filling the passage-way to the depth of six, and at places eight, feet with crumbling rock.

To remove this mass, a work train with hands operated from the north, while detachments of soldiers worked in from the south, using hand-cars to remove the rubbish, as no trains could get in from that side.

The main work of removing the rubbish was completed by the 23d of October, and that evening an order came to move to the aid of the Thirty-first Ohio, under Col. Leister, who was guarding a ford on the Cumberland River south of Gallatin. The Second Minnesota and Eighteenth Regulars joined us. We made one of those peculiar night marches which soldiers became so familiar with during their service.

Our destination was reached at 1 o'clock in the morning. The little colonel had his camp barricaded with wagons, as was the custom of Caesar while conducting war with the Gaelic tribes. The
danger at this place had passed, so we moved at 4 o'clock that morning for Cairo, higher up the river. At that place orders came to go to Cunningham's Ford, farther along.

This was one of John Morgan's favorite points to cross the river in his raids upon our line of communications. There is an island in the river here, which divides and make it the more easily fordable.

Our camp was placed in a fine old forest of poplar, oak, and hickory trees. The owner no doubt prized it highly; but the men took a fiendish delight in cutting down these stately oak and poplar trees.

Camp life here, like post duties at other places, became monotonous. At 3 o'clock in the morning camp was aroused, companies formed, and marched to the color line, arms stacked, and men dismissed with instructions to keep accoutrements on.

The mornings were cool, and the men built large fires, around which they gathered to "spin yarns and crack jokes;" while the ill-grained class, of which an army has a few, grumbled, and were on ill terms with "all the world and the rest of mankind."

The general in command at Gallatin, sent almost daily word that Morgan was about to make a dash on our post at Cunningham's Ford, and gave instructions to the commander of the post, Col. VanDerveer, to be vigilant.

One evening a courier came in, his horse was all afoam, carrying a dispatch from the general in command at Gallatin, to the effect that Morgan would attack our camp the following morning about sun-rise without fail.

The officers in command of the different detachments, guarding the fords of the river, were called to meet at Col. VanDerveer's tent to agree on some concert plan of action to defend the fords and hold Morgan at bay. Taking into account the fact that danger was imminent, and our forces rediculously small in comparison to those reported to attack us, this council was an amusing affair.

There were two noted wags with the detachments—a colonel and a lieutenant-colonel. These were present at the "council of war."

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Reports were handed in by the commanders of the various detachments, stationed along the river, and discussed in their order. The major of one of the battalions of the Eighteenth Regular Infantry, sent word that he was busy adjusting his command and fortifying his camp and could not attend. If attacked he could hold his position one hour and a half, without support.

As he knew nothing as to the number that might be placed against him, this was certainly a queer report to send in. It offered our wags an abundance of material to work on. They had the floor, and it was next to impossible to get in a sensible word on any subject before these wags would head off the speaker with some ludicrous remark, and set the grave "council of war" in a roar of laughter.

The colonel of the Second Minnesota held a rather exposed position, as his camp afforded a good mark for Morgan's artillery, when planted on a hill on the other side of the river. How to manage this problem was debated; the position could not well be abandoned, as it was essential to hold it, so as to defend the ford, and harass troops attempting to cross.

Col. George at last summed up the case by saying: "Colonel, I think, if the rebels open on me, I'll right oblique down the ravine and let Morgan shell and be d—d." This model military speech brought our wags to the forefront, they had the floor, and proceeded in a mock, solemn way to reprove the colonel for his unscriptural remarks, made on an occasion that demanded the most serious conduct. "Here we are," said they, "on the eve of a fearful contest, where nothing is more certain than death; it was an hour when men should at least give a moment's reflection to the gravity of the situation; and to hear such language from a grave colonel, who had under him brave men, whose lives were precious, was more than they were prepared for!"

The "council of war" broke up near one o'clock in the morning. As officer of the guard, the writer was instructed to be vigilant, and awake the camp at the first intimation of danger.

This was about the only definite point reached during the
council, which lasted until an early morning hour. The day dawned, and Phœbus drove his chariot up the heavens in quietness—no sound of strife broke in on the stillness of that tranquil and fine December morning. John Morgan had no inclination to attack seasoned troops, so he slipped by, and pounced on a brigade at Hartsville, of a recent enlistment. We held our ford in peace until ordered away.

On the opposite side of the Cumberland River, to the southwest of our camp, and in full view of the same, were cleared hills, on which a flock of sheep could be seen almost any day. Troops at this time were compelled to subsist off the country where located. Our foraging parties were at work almost daily gathering in whatever could be used to subsist men and beasts.

The articles sought were becoming scarce on our side of the river within reasonable distance from the camp. It was planned to send parties across and test the richness of the land on that side. Capt. L’Hommedieu was named to take charge of a detail to cross, and look over the hills and beyond, to capture and bring in whatever he found valuable to subsist men upon.

The detail captured three heifers, and proceeded to corral the flock of sheep, so often seen from our camp, belonging to a lady who was the owner of the hills seen at camp. The stroke of grand strategy adopted to capture the sheep was working well, which consisted in sending a line of skirmishers around the flock, closing up intervals, until the flock was so closed in on as to enable the men to catch the game.

The lady of the house had an eye on the bold yankees, and divined the plan under contemplation, when, on a sudden, she rushed into the field and reached for the bottom of her dress, raising it up with both hands, flopping the same vigorously like the buzzard his wings, crying: “Shoo, s—h—o—o, s—h—o—o.” While the attention of the men was drawn to the action of the old lady, which amused them greatly, the sheep escaped through the intervals not as yet sufficiently closed up. The detail had to return with only the heifers, which Jeff., the butcher, placed in shape for use.
Thirty-Fifth Ohio Regiment.

We left Cunningham's Ford on the 22d of December, to join the other part of the brigade at Pilot Knob. Gallatin was to be made the first day, but the troops made such good time in reaching that place, that the colonel voted to move on and reach Pilot Knob that night. We got in by seven o'clock, tired and somewhat worse for the wear. The men said such marches were the easiest things in the world to make—by those who rode horses!

What the troops did here; or for what purpose stationed at this place, never appeared in the war records thus far published; neither did we learn from contemporary history! But we were here and remained for some time. Our only duty seemed to be to patrol the surrounding country, and pick up strolling parties, that were out on enterprises not considered strictly legitimate, and deliver the chaps over to the kind hospitalities of the provo-marshal.

Near camp was a Mr. Franklin, who had a plantation of some seventeen hundred acres of land. The same was well stocked with corn, hay and fodder. He had one son who had served under Buckner at Fort Donaldson, but died at that place from exposure. There was a daughter at home, a real little secesh. How the men relished to be ordered to forage off the old reliable confederate.

The Eighteenth Regulars left our brigade at this point, and moved to Nashville to join a brigade of regular troops being formed at that place. The Eighteenth constituted a part of the brigade from its organization in October, '61. While regular and volunteer troops did not always harmonize, yet it must be said that the best of feelings prevailed between that regiment and the other regiments; we were sad to loose the Eighteenth Regiment.

Capt. John S. Earhart, Co. C., was appointed topographical engineer on Gen. Steedman's staff, and left the regiment at this point to assume his duties as staff officer.

December 26th the brigade was called out at three o'clock in the morning to move on Gallatin. The troops at that place had gone up along the railway to watch Morgan, who broke across the river soon after we left Cunningham's Ford. It was this move, on the part of Morgan, that kept the brigade from taking part at Stone
River. We were on the eve of moving on Nashville, when ordered back to Gallatin to help look after the rebel raider. While this was going on, the army under Rosecrans moved on Murfreesborough and fought the battle of Stone River.

After the Morgan raid was settled, the regiment was sent to Bledsoe Creek, on the Hartsville Pike, to take charge of a grist mill, where the confederates had collected some wheat, but were forced to leave it on their return from Kentucky, after the battle of Perryville. Company G was placed into the mill, whose captain was a practical miller, and who had under him those who could convert secsh wheat into good union flour, for the use of our army at Murfreesborough. After the stock on hand was exhausted, foraging parties scoured the country, and gathered in all the wheat within reach.

Col. VanDerveer headed one of these foraging parties, going towards Hartsville with a hundred teams; and came back well loaded. Until the railway could be placed in good working order, such work had to be done to support the army. After the country had been well cleaned out of grain, we were placed in motion for Nashville to take our place at the front. For some days we were held at Nashville, then proceeded to Nolinsville on the Triune Pike.

This village was noted only for the difference of opinion held by its liquor men, in spelling. One concern had a sign, "tippling shop," while another a little farther on insisted on having it "tippling shop." What the difference in the liquor was could not be determined, as the proprietors insisted to depart before we got there, and failed to leave any of the liquor behind, to our disadvantage!

We went into camp at Concord Church, which sacred edifice we used to hold courts-martial in. Near this place was the residence of Col. Battle, of the Twentieth Tennessee Regiment, confederate. His son Joe was known to many in our regiment, he having graduated at Miami University, Oxford, Ohio. He served as adjutant in his father's regiment, and was killed at the battle at Mill Spring.
The courts-martial held at Concord Church adjourned to occupy the parlor of the Battle House. The old ambrotypes and other bric-a-brac were brushed off the parlor centre-table for the use of the judge advocate. Col. Battle was not at home, though his wife was; he was otherwise engaged in the rebel army. He came in later, however, as a prisoner of war and was permitted to visit his home on parole. The Second Minnesota Regiment was encamped in the lawn near the house.

Our regiment was armed when it left camp at Hamilton with the old '69-100 caliber Springfield rifle, which was a smooth bore altered to a rifle. After many unsuccessful attempts to get the newly improved rifle, we were at last successful. To require the men to carry such an unnecessary load of lead in the shape of cartridges, was a species of refined imposition.

The improved Springfield rifle was a fine weapon, and next to the Spencer rifle, the best in the service at that time. The breech-loaders now in use indicate the advance made in the line of equipments since then.

Gen. Steedman was ordered to make a reconnoissance towards Chapel Hill; he was to cross the Harpeth River and proceed to a certain cross-road, there to await troops from Murfreesborough; and should none arrive in due time, then to return to his camp near Nolinsville.

No troops were found at the place designated. He went into camp until the morning, supposing that the troops expected would come up during the night. Morning came, but no troops. Steedman determined to proceed with his brigade to Chapel Hill. The rebel pickets were driven in, and skirmishing commenced with the enemy's advance pickets, and kept up until the camp was reached; where our lines were formed, and we moved to the attack on the rebel camp. The troops marched to the banks of the river, where the lines hesitated. Steedman dashed along and shouted "forward;" the men sprang into the water and waded across.

This was not expected by the rebels in camp beyond, and as we gained the opposite bank the "Johnnies" wheeled and galloped to
the rear. That movement was hastened by the fact that Brown-
low's cavalry was moving to cut off their retreat, and had nearly
completed the move. A hasty "skedaddle" was all that saved
them from capture.

Their camp was well stocked with fodder and supplies. Our
wagons came up and loaded, and what could not thus be taken
away was given to the firmes—shanties and all. The troops
started on the return, and went into camp near the Harpeth River.
About midnight a courier arrived in camp, sent out by Gen. Thomas
at Murfreesborough, with an order for Steedman to place, without
delay, the Harpeth River between himself and a force of rebels
sent to capture him. The crossing was slow work, as the bridge
had been destroyed, and the men had to cross on fallen trees.

Daylight found us on the north side, and none too soon, as the
rebel advance made its appearance.

The brigade was halted at Triune, and went into permanent
camp at that place, where it remained until the middle of June.
This was one of the chain of posts stretching from the Cumberland
River above Nashville, around to the same river below that city; the
main army being at Murfreesborough.

Our division concentrated at Triune and fortified. The post
was at first under command of Gen. Steedman, who was succeeded
by Gen. Schofield, who remained only about a month, being sent
to take command of the department of the Missouri. No man
gained the favorable opinion faster than he. He placed great
stress on brigade drill, and kept the troops at work in that line, and
in strengthening the fortifications around the place.

Gen. John M. Brannan succeeded Schofield, against whom, for
some reason, a prejudice existed, when he arrived. Some one had
started the cry "Potomac style," which was sufficient to settle any
man's reputation with western troops.

The general proceeded to work, and placed affairs in excellent
shape. There were matters in the line of discipline very much
needed in the division, as was the fact in all the divisions of the
army; these received his attention. The result of this work showed
up to advantage on the field at Chickamauga. Brannan, from
being the most successfully hated division commander came up in
the estimation of the men, until he was rated second only to Pap
Thomas. The good sense of the man could not be placed in any
better light, that to say, that next to Gen. Thomas he was the
favorite among the men in the division.

The early commander of this post was somewhat liberal in
issuing passes to persons who claimed to be good union citizens.
The result of this process was, that whatever happened within our
camp was kown to the enemy within an incredible short time.

Numerous finely planned movements, on the enemies camps
were projected and handsomely carried out, but the rebels always
had skipped when we got there; they had been advised of what
was coming by some of the "union citizens" holding passes to our
camp.

This condition of affairs Gen. Brannan at once rectified by
taking up the passes, and having those arrested against whom
proof could be found of treachery in this line.

A military commission was appointed to try those persons,
which commission was constituted of Col. Durbin Ward of the
Seventeenth Ohio Regiment, as president, the writer as recorder,
and a captain of the Second Minnesota, as the court. We needed
no overpowering preponderance of evidence to convince us of the
guilt of the accused. The conduct of these persons was so notori-
ous, and the demand for correction so pressing, that we sent the
men to the Nashville penitentiary, and the women through the
lines to their friends. The result of such action was simply healthy.

While our brigade was stationed near Concord Church on the
Nolinsville Pike; several officers visited the picket station located
at the old Baptist Church on the hill opposite Concord Church,
and made a reconnoissance of the surroundings, in that locality.
They came on an old "settler," who was chopping wood.

The officers proceeded to interview him. He was a comically
looking chap. He had on two pairs of trowsers; the under pair came
to within several inches of reaching his shoe-tops; the other pair
was nearly six inches shorter—all of the butternut hue, shaded off by time, wear, and dirt, principally the latter. They found him the essence of innocence, and sadly lacking information regarding what was going on in the world around him.

"Are you a confederate?" was asked.
He didn’t know what that was.
"Whom did you vote for at the last presidential election?"

"Yes, I voted at the election. I voted at the school house which you’ens will find if you go down this h’year lane til you’ens come to the creek, then cross the creek, go down the other side, til you’ens come whar’ the road forks, take the one that goes up the hill, and thar’, on the hill stands the school house whar’ I voted."

"Did you vote for Jackson?"
"Blief, I don’t know who he is."
"Why, you know Jackson, certainly you do. He lived near Nashville."

"Wall, no, spose he sold out and left before I knowed many people."

"Why, didn’t you know Gen. Jackson. He lived over here at the Hermitage. Gen. Jackson, who fought the battle of New Orleans, and was President of the United States. Certainly you must have heard of him."

"Wall, I blief I did he’ar some speak of him, but he moved away before I growed up."

"How far is it from here to Nashville?"
"Wall, they say its near onto six miles."
"You have been at Nashville often, have you not?"
"Wall, no, I never war thar."
"How long have you lived at this place"
"I war born ye’ar."
"How does it happen you are not in the confederate army?"

"I isn’t much on sojering. Capt. Morgan wanted me to jine his critter company, but I’se got to stay at home and take care of the old ‘oman."
"Are the people about here mostly confederates, or are they secesh?"

"As to that I can't say, I hav'n't been talking with people 'bout ye'ar much lately."

"What was the politics of the county before the war?"

"Wall, I can't say that it had any!"

There was too much innocent simplicity in the man to press the interview any farther.

Rosecran's army remained in position, in line with Murfreesborough until June 23d. This seeming inaction was grievously endured by the authorities at Washington, as well as the country at large.

There were reasons for this delay; and chiefly among them was the want of horses to mount the cavalry, a very important branch of the service; and likewise to equip the artillery. Horses were gathered from all sides, since few were forwarded from the supply posts at the north.

We had to surrender our horses. No regiment in the army had finer teams than we; these had been in our possession since we entered Kentucky in '61. We greatly prided ourselves in our fine teams; but by a general order we had to give up horses for the artillery service, and take the "scrubby army mule." After this we had no longer the advantage in hauling unusual quantities of baggage; we had to reduce like other regiments.

Then the question of supplies, generally, had to be solved. The line of railway and river facilities were of a nature not to impress an intelligent commander with an overly amount of reliance on the same. But an order was issued at Washington, that the army must move, whether in shape or not.

The confederate army under Bragg was in line on the south bank of Duck River, with headquarters at Tullahoma; and a chain of advance posts at Columbia and Shelbyville on the left; and at Manchester and McMinnville on the right. A range of abrupt hills, the spurs or off-shoots of the Cumberland range of mountains, lay north of Duck River, and between the armies; these had to be
crossed at several depressions, known as Liberty and Hoover's gaps, at which places the rebel advance was stationed.

June 23d, Granger's reserve corps moved from Triune on Shelbyville, by way of Eagleville. Gen. Brannan, from the same place on the same day, moved across the country to the left of Granger, following no road in particular, but heading southward. McCook moved from Murfreesborough to Liberty Gap; and Gen. Thomas, from the same place, to Hoover's Gap; while Crittenden started for McMinnville against the enemy's extreme right.

We came up with McCook's advance by noon the second day. He was then contending for possession of the gap. As his forces were not all up, we were held to support the troops fighting in the gap, and remained in line until evening. After we were relieved we proceeded several miles eastward along the range of hills, towards Hoover's Gap, and then went into camp.

Rain had commenced falling early in the afternoon, and continued without scarcely and interval until the following morning.

The spot selected for camp happened to be flat and was converted into a lake by daylight. The roads became heavy, and rapid movements were to be made, so the work of reducing baggage was ordered, and many a nice and valuable article was left behind.

An army is an engine for destruction—not of life only, but of property, no matter how valuable. The man whose "bump" of destruction is not fully developed will never make a successful general.

Amid rain and mud we reached a point near Beach Grove, at the northern entrance of Hoover's gap, where Thomas' troops were warmly engaged, trying to force the confederates out of the gap. Troops were working their way up the heights on either side of the gap. We got up and formed; standing before us were six lines.

The movement began; some moved off to the right, others pressed directly forward; we moved off to the left to support batteries which were working their way up the sides of a rounded peak or mamelon. The enemies' batteries quieted down, and the conjecture was that they were beating a retreat. On a sudden, a boom
came from a wood projecting into the opening on the right of our position, within point blank range, and enfilading our lines. The saucy rebel battery had passed around, and under cover of the wood slipped down upon us.

Walker's brigade of our division which had formed behind us and moved off to the right, came suddenly upon the saucy rebel battery, which considered it prudent to withdraw more hastily than it advanced.

At this juncture the union lines to our left, and beyond the gap were seen moving forward, skirmishing with the enemy. The day was consumed in this kind of work. Matters were in readiness to move against the enemy in the morning, but the fact became evident that he had slipped off during the night.

The corps followed up, and that night we advanced on Manchester in a wearisome night march, and reached the place near morning. From here the troops were placed in motion towards Tullahoma, which was a little south of west from Manchester. Crittenden came in from McMinnville, and McCook was not far off.

The advance met with resistance some six miles from Tulla-homa, and time was consumed skirmishing. Our brigade under Col. VanDerveer was out all day skirmishing through the jack oak forest. Rain was falling without intermission, and with wet grass beneath our feet, and the water dripping from the leaves on the scrub oaks, succeeded in successfully drenching the boys on the skirmish lines.

The causalities during the day were few. Capt. L'Hommedieu was wounded with several of the men, none dangerously. The Assistant Surgeon, Dr. Wright, had his horse killed under him; the cannon ball striking the horse in the breast passed clear through; the action of the animal had the effect to toss the doctor into the air some distance coming to the ground somewhat like a flying squirrel.

That evening Gen. Steedman with his brigade relieved us and we returned to camp, where the men occupied the night in drying their effects.
Gen. Rosecrans had his entire army in position before Tullahoma, July 1st, and moved against the rebel entrenched camp, from the north and east. The entrenchments bravely stood their grounds, but the rebs had departed. Bragg evacuated June 30th; he had fallen back across Elk River, at Bethphage Bridge, and after his effects were over, burned the railway bridge.

Napoleon is reported as having been greatly incensed when the British under Sir John Moore, in his retreat on Corrunna destroyed bridges behind him, after crossing the Esla. If that was "contrary to rights and usages of war," as Napoleon declared, then this act of Bragg's came under the same head.

Brannan and Rousseau were sent with their divisions up the river to cross at Jones' Ford, above the bridge. The river was swollen by recent rains, and to wade the stream was no easy matter. Ropes were stretched across the river by which the men were to hold to while wading across. They had bundled their clothing and other effects in a package, and suspended the same on the bayonets; then holding the rifle at a "support arms" with one hand, marched into the stream, holding on to the rope with the other hand, so as to balance themselves against the swift current. It was warm weather and the bath was enjoyed.

The scene along the river was mottley, and highly humorous to the beholder. The crossing was accomplished in good style, and the troops moved down the river upon the retreating enemy, the river front was cleared and the troops went into camp for the night. Here the pursuit ended, as the river came up so rapidly during the night that no further crossing could be made. The cavalry which crossed the first day of the pursuit, followed the retreating enemy as far as Pelham, and then withdrew.

The Tullahoma campaign ended July 4th. Sixteen days prior we broke camp at Triune, and rain had been falling almost incessantly, the streams were bank full, while the roads were in a condition such that cannot be described. Two divisions were now on one side of the river, while the supply trains were on the other.

The rations we had taken with us when we crossed were ex
hausted, and communication with the supply trains was cut off by
the swollen stream. The country in which we were, afforded
nothing. It never had much, and the retiring rebel army swept off
whatever there was to be had.

We did some substantial fasting, until Col. Boynton organized
a corps to get supplies across the river at all hazard. The stringers
on which the floor rested, were partly in place on the burned
bridge. While it was impossible to place a floor upon the same,
yet the men "cooned it across" pushing packages of supplies ahead
of themselves. Thus by dint of perseverance and hard work, sup-
plies were gotten across the river. The train with these supplies
came into camp after midnight. The news spread, and the men
were out of their lodges in an instance, awaiting the issuing of ra-
tions, when cooking and eating commenced and continued until
daylight.

A week later we moved to Dechert and Winchester where the
14th corps concenerated.
CHAPTER X.

DIFFICULT PROBLEM TO BE SOLVED—THE ARMY CROSSES THE TENNESSEE RIVER—SAND MOUNTAIN—LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN AND MISSIONARY RIDGE—MANOEVERING IN THE VALLEY—CONCENTRATION OF THE ARMY.

The difficulties which confronted the union commander in the opening of this campaign were chiefly those of supplies. These had to come over a single long line of railway, through a hostile country. To protect the same against rebel raids and hostile citizens, as well as to handle the rolling stock of the railway, so as to get the needed supplies, was a problem somewhat difficult for the commander-in-chief to solve.

That fact seemed to give no concern to the authorities at Washington, who had only one song, “move forward.” No thought was given to the fact that a great river lay in front of the army, which had to be crossed in face of a large confederate army. If the Washington authorities had come west and viewed that river, and had tried to cross on a “dug-out,” or on some improvised raft, they would either have bestirred themselves in forwarding the needed materials to construct bridges, or would have had less to say about forward movements.

“How don’t Rosecrans move forward?” was an easy question to ask by those in the rear, who had possibly never seen an army, or who had certainly little conception of what is required to sustain an army in the field. Soldiers must have something to eat, like other people; their shoes, blouses, and trousers will wear out; every shot fired reduces the supply of ammunition. Rivers cannot always be waded, like Duck River.

But, why hadn’t Rosecrans pontoon bridges ready? Why were they not made in camp at Murfreesborough? These ques-
tions may not be so readily answered; this, however, is plain, that, provided he had all the bridges needed ready, he had not the means to take them with the army. How were they to be taken with an army which lacked transportation, in such a measure that the men had to carry their tents, three days' rations, and sufficient ammunition for a day's fighting?

Blame may be heaped on Rosecrans, but all must end in accusation, as no case can be made against him in this matter.

There are still some things impossible in military affairs. There were impossibilities which confronted the great Napoleon, the most complete military autocrat the world ever saw; and there were some of the kind still remaining in the time of the great rebellion. Rosecrans had his share of them to contend with, and overcame as many as any general in the armies.

The rebel army was at Chattanooga; to reach it, a mountain range and the largest river in the south, save the Mississippi, had to be crossed, while the enemy watched the southern bank. This presented a problem which no other general of the armies had presented to him. The Rappahannock, the Rapidan, even the James presented no such formidable obstacles to an army.

The campaign against Tullahoma practically ended July 4th; and the work to cross the mountains and the river commenced. In order to subsist the horses and mules on the growing crop of corn in the country, it was deemed proper to defer the forward movements until that crop was sufficiently matured, which would take until September.

In the meantime pontoons and such things as were needed to cross the river, were gotten in readiness as far as possible. While these events were going forward, the commander was maturing his plans; and when forced to move forward so as to quiet clamors at Washington, he adopted what proved to be the most daring and successful strategy of the war.

The Fourteenth and Twentieth Corps, under Thomas and McCook were to cross the river between Battle Creek and Decatur and move for the gaps or passes over Sand and Lookout Mountains
and seize Bragg’s communications; while Crittenden, with the Twenty-First Corps and the cavalry were to make a vigorous demonstration opposite Chattanooga and along the river above. This was done so as to attract the confederate commander’s attention to those points, while the real work of crossing the river was going forward below Chattanooga.

The feints made by Crittenden were the more successful since Burnside, with the army of the Ohio, was moving for Knoxville. The confederate chief naturally concluded that the intention was to unite the two armies; cross above Chattanooga and attack him from the east. This seemed a plausible view, and Bragg had impressed his mind that such was Rosecrans’ plans. All the reports of the presence of troops below Chattanooga, making great demonstrations to cross, could not divert Bragg’s attention from what Crittenden was doing above him.

Brannan’s division left Dechert August 16th and moved by way of University Point to the mouth of Battle Creek. VanDerveer’s brigade occupied the works thrown up a year earlier by McCook’s forces, prior to the race after Bragg into Kentucky.

Troops were put at work to build a bridge across Battle Creek near the river, and also to construct rafts and “dug-outs.” Lieutenants Miller and Houser had charge of working parties engaged on the bridge. The plan of construction was to build a crib for center pier. The water was deep, being back-water from the Tennessee. The crib was constructed while floating at anchor, on the water, and as round after round was added, the crib sank deeper into the water, and when the same had sunk to the bottom it was to be anchored with stone, and then place stringers reaching from the banks to the crib.

It was rather critical work to add round on round while thus floating on the water, and as the work under Lieut. Miller’s direction was progressing, the concern toppled over and the logs floated at will, spreading out over the water. The colonel in command of the brigade happened along just then; it is said the sight of the floating logs furnished a subject for complimentary remarks!
Thirty-Fifth Ohio Regiment.

VanDerveer was ordered August 29th to send troops across the river, drive off the rebel pickets, and reconnoitre the opposite side. This duty was assigned to the Second Minnesota Regiment. The commanding officer of that regiment was not impressed with the sufficiency of the means at hand to cross, and so expressed himself. Col. VanDerveer remarked, "you can do as you choose; it's your privilege to accept the honor to cross first, but if not satisfied with the means at hand for crossing, I'll find a regiment that will." The Thirty-fifth was selected, and the place of honor to cross first was given to Capt. L'Hommedieu.

The Captain crossed his party at 11 A.M., in what are known as "dug-outs," or canoes, made out of large trees so shaped that they can be rowed without turning or rolling.

Gen. Brannan reported to headquarters of the corps August 29th: "Two companies of VanDerveer's brigade were thrown across the river opposite the mouth of Battle Creek at 3 o'clock, meeting no resistance. The country has been scouted for a circuit of two miles; no enemy."

August 30th, Brannan reported that the Third Brigade, Colonel VanDerveer, was across the Tennessee, save Smith's Battery.

Thomas and McCook's Corps crossed the river without serious opposition and moved directly for the passes across the mountains, and pushed for Bragg's line of communications before he awoke to the true state of affairs. He was now compelled hastily to evacuate Chattanooga and fall back on LaFayette.

One of the most interesting chapters in the history of the army of the Cumberland, is the crossing of the Tennessee River in this campaign. McCook's Corps, save Sheridan's division, crossed at Caperton's Ferry. Sheridan crossed at Bridgeport, then moved on Sand Mountain and crossed at Winston Gap. The divisions of Baird and Negley, of Thomas' Corps crossed at Bridgeport; Brannan at the mouth of Battle Creek, and Reynolds opposite Shellmound. The Fourteenth Corps moved forward and crossed the mountain at or near Shellmound and concentrated at or near Trenton, and took position along the west slope of Lookout Mountain.
As soon as these corps had crossed, and had commenced to ascend the mountains, Crittenden passed down the north side of the river, crossed at Bridgeport and came up on the south side to Lookout Valley and eventually passed around that mountain to Chattanooga.

Rosecrans had his forces across, and determined to push over Lookout Mountain and strike for Bragg's communications. On the 7th of September, Negley commenced the ascent of Lookout Mountain, and by evening of that day reached the summit. This fact satisfied Bragg that his communications were endangered; and the evacuation of Chattanooga was ordered.

The fact that he had withdrawn became known the next day, and by the 9th of September Crittenden entered the place and leaving a brigade to hold the town, moved up the valley through the gap at Rossville. Thus Chattanooga, the objective point of the campaign was captured, and remained in our hands to the close of the war.

Rosecrans, in speaking of this event, says: "In ten weeks, hampered and embarrassed by a hostile Secretary of War, and a distrustful and incompetent commander-in-chief at Washington, I crossed two high mountain ranges with my army, maneuvered Bragg, who had an army almost as large as my own, out of his stronghold at Shelbyville and Tullahoma, either of which was as well fortified as Vicksburg; and successfully crossed the Tennessee River, doing all this at a wonderfully small cost.

"In military history, the campaign that began the last week in June, with the advance of the army from Winchester, practically terminated with the Battle of Chickamauga, and the seizure of Chattanooga, will stand as one of the most memorable of the war.

"I menaced the Tennessee to the north with heavy forces of men; made an ostentatious display of cavalry and artillery in plain view of the enemy, and kept camp-fires burning at night just behind the crest of the hills along the Tennessee and the Sequatchie Valley, for seventy miles.

"From the noise we made and the disturbance that was kicked
Thirty-Fifth Ohio Regiment.

up, the confederates must have thought there were at least a million
Yankees getting ready to overrun the confederacy.”—Washington
Republic, Oct. 24th, 1883.

As soon as the report that Chattanooga was in our hands reached
Washington, the authorities ordered Rosecrans in pursuit of the re-
treating confederate army. It was conjectured that Bragg was
falling back on Rome. McCook at Valley Head, received orders to
move on Alpine and Summerville, to intercept the advance of the
rebel forces. Thomas was ordered to cross Lookout Mountain and
Missionary Ridge and strike the same army in flank.

McCook reached Alpine, but found no signs of retreat. He
sent his teams back upon the mountains and ordered the cavalry
under Stanley to reconnoitre towards LaFayette, and ascertain the
locality of the enemy. The same day, Negley passed down from
Lookout into the valley as far as Bailey’s Cross Road, in front of
Dug Gap, through Pigeon Mountain.

The discreet Thomas advanced with deliberation as he saw signs
which led him to doubt that Bragg was in full retreat; the idea
upon which Rosecrans was acting. For this he was censured by
his superior. The facts were accumulating that the entire rebel
army was at LaFayette, awaiting the opportunity to take Rosecrans
in detail. The combination was to strike Thomas first; then move
on Crittenden, while McCook, so far away, could be easily disposed
of afterwards.

The disposition made of the union forces, under Rosecrans’ or-
der, could not have been more favorable to the confederates, if di-
rected by themselves. At the hour that Negley was moving into
the valley, Bragg was urging onward his combinations to emerge
from Dug and Cattlets’ gaps, to destroy Negley, then pounce on
Baird who was coming up; this done, pass through Stevens’ gap
and overthrow the other divisions under Thomas.

But Thomas was not the man to allow such a game to be played
on him. It has been customary to say that he was slow, yet no
one ever accused him of being asleep when danger was nigh. The
facts before him did not indicate that Bragg was retreating, and his rigid logic in handling facts, said "move with caution."

On the 10th the evidence became positive, that the rebels were in force in front of Negley, beyond Missionary Ridge, and held the passes or gaps through the same. The timely arrival of Baird's division and the tardiness or inactivity of Bragg's lieutenants enabled Negley to extricate himself from the critical position he was in, and by 4 o'clock the next day the union divisions were back through Stevens' gap, and the 14th corps was again united. Thomas' conjectures in regard to the presence of the enemy in force were fully verified. The corps was placed in line along the western slope of the mountain from Stevens' gap to Cooper's gap.

Bragg's combination had miscarried, and he now entered into another, having in view the taking of Crittenden's corps in detail, then sweep along the valley and rout Thomas' forces. Three corps were placed under Polk which moved northward to capture Crittenden, VanCleve, of Crittenden's corps, while moving southward on a reconnaissance towards LaFayette, met Polk's advance, and attacked so fiercely, that the rebel forces gave ground, and were pressed back with vigor.

The decided manner in which this was done gave Polk the idea, that he had superior forces in front of him, so he halted and called for reinforcements. He had three corps in his command, and was opposed by one brigade. The halting, hesitating policy of Polk caused this second combination to strike Crittenden in detail, and then move on Thomas, to fail.

Bragg's plans had miscarried, yet they were excellent, and the opportunities to carry them out were such as are offered only once in a general's career. The failure was not his fault, it belongs partly to the wildness of the country, or rather to the lack of suitable roads to move large bodies promptly, and more particularly to the inexcusable tardiness of his lieutenants. These causes saved our army, now so widely scattered under the hallucination of the commander, that Bragg was precipitately retreating on Rome.

There are times when it seems as though the fates were leagued
against certain men, whatever they attempt, miscarries; while there are others who seem to be favorites, so that even their blunders turn to good account. A spell like the former seemed to have enveloped Bragg on this occasion, and the latter hung like a curtain around "Old Rosy."

While the combinations made by Bragg were judicious, and eminently proper, the orders of Rosecrans could not have been wilder, had the facts then been known; yet, the acts of the former led to disappointment and defeat of plans most judiciously made; and the blunders of the other worked into line, as though planned and executed by the wisest council, and the most judicious execution.

The fates, if there be such things, stood in with the union army, and caused the miscarriage of the wisest plans, on the part of the confederates, while the rebel chief was planning wisely, and his combinations miscarried; he had his forces concentrated, and well in hand. At the same time the union army was widely separated, no two corps in supporting distance.

Rosecrans now issued orders to concentrate his forces. The entire rebel army lay in front of Thomas' corps, with only a low mountain between them, and the gaps in the possession of the enemy. Now came hours of care and solicitude to the commander-in-chief. He removed his headquarters from Chattanooga to Trenton, so as to be on the ground where stirring events were culminating.

McCooK received orders to move up on Thomas at midnight, September 12th. He was to move along the base of the mountain, to Daugherty's gap, this was found to be impossible, and that idea was given up. There was said to be a road along the summit of the mountain, but citizens knew nothing of such a road, and McCook had not time to reconnoiter, so he moved to Valley Head, and recrossed the mountain through Henderson's gap, on the night of the 13th.

His trains which had been sent to the top of the mountain a few days previous, were placed in charge of one of his divisions, and with the other two he moved along the western slope of
Lookout Mountain, to Steven's gap, where he recrossed into Lookout Valley, and on the 18th came up within supporting distance of the 14th corps.

While this was going forward, Gen. Thomas was moving gradually toward Crittenden, who was at Lee & Gordon's Mill, but not in a manner to uncover Stevens' gap through which McCook was expected to arrive. Had Crittenden been attacked in the meantime, Thomas and his force would have been in close proximity to render assistance, yet he had not embarrassed McCook's advance.

McCook was some four days reaching Thomas, during which time his forces marched fifty miles, and crossed the Lookout range of mountains twice. Those were days of care and anxiety to the commander-in-chief, of a nature that few persons ever experienced. The eminent peril the army was in, was known only to the officers high in command.

The men were contented, resting quietly under their shelter tents, or foraged roasting ears, sweet potatoes and honey, with as much unconcern as though they were still north of the mountains and the Tennessee River. There was no dread in their minds that some disaster might happen any hour to the army, as was preying on the spirits of the chief in command. This was one of the instances, when ignorance was bliss.

When McCook's forces began to issue from the mountain gap, and move into the valley, a load was lifted from at least one man's mind, who was then truly satisfied.

During the night of the 18th of September, Thomas moved up to Crittenden, followed by McCook, passed in rear, and by morning, Baird's division followed by Brannan halted at the Kelley farm, the point to which Gen. Thomas was ordered with his corps.

There is no case on record where an army so widely scattered was concentrated in time to deliver battle, when the enemy was concentrated in the immediate front of one wing of the army and anxious to fight or take advantage of any mistake made by its foe. The entire campaign, from the crossing of the river and the mountains, until the army retired into Chattanooga, is but one series of
surprises and remarkable events. Certainly there is no contest connected with the war of the rebellion that is so remarkable in all its features as that at Chickamauga.

And not the least among the remarkable events during this campaign, is the question, what was Bragg doing during the perilous days when McCook was marching with a will and a vim to join Thomas, and effect a concentration of the army at Lee & Gordon's Mill? Among the unexplained events, this is one of interest. To the union army this inaction of the confederate chief was its salvation; to the confederate cause it was the golden hour lost.

Events made known subsequently, seem to show that there was no unity of purpose between Bragg and his lieutenants. Bragg apparently planned well, before and during the engagement, but his officers failed to execute with promptness, save, possibly Longstreet, who came on the field only the second day.

The war records as published place facts before the public, concerning the condition of affairs in Bragg's army, which go to a considerable degree in explaining, why the confederate army was so quiet between the 12th and 18th of September, '63, when the union commander was putting forth such herculean efforts to concentrate his widely scattered forces.

While there was no open revolt against Bragg's authority, on the part of his main lieutenant, there was that which was next to open rebellion. Bragg's orders were not strictly disobeyed, yet they were so tardily executed that they amounted to what may be called left-handed obedience. Some of his leading corps commanders quietly showed what a "masterly inactivity was," and how that game could be played in the attempt to freeze out a commander, that was not to their liking.

As soon as the confederate army had located along Missionary Ridge, Gen. Bragg asked that certain ones of his prominent general officers be relieved; and he preferred charges against them for disobedience, which resulted in courts of inquiry, the proceedings of which fill some interesting pages in confederate history.
Counter charges were made against Bragg, setting forth incompetency. The generalship on the part of Bragg from the time he left Chattanooga and fell back on LaFayette, until he placed his army on the top of Missionary Ridge, does not substantiate the charge made.

But the conduct of his lieutenants fully support the charges made against them by Bragg. There were bickerings and jealousies among confederate officers, as well as among union officers; and when malcontents resorted to the tactics of "masterly inactivity," the success of an army was compromised.

Rosecrans had now his army in hand, and he determined to deliver battle. There was nothing, if so desired, to have prevented him from moving his army into Chattanooga by the morning of the 19th, as early as it arrived on the Kelley farm, where the battle opened. It is a fact well established that he was not forced into this fight.

The faculty the soldier had to start an incredible story, with a seeming truth in it, known as a "grapevine," was fully developed during the peculiar movements of the army while in the valley of Lookout and McLemore's Cove.

The avidity with which such stories were taken up and carried along, was likewise worthy of note. A story never lost anything in traveling; on the other hand it grew and increased while moving.

Some one conjectured that something was being done in the rebel army; or that a certain move was under contemplation at our own headquarters, and so expressed himself. A comrade in the file ahead, passed it along. It traveled, and by the time it reached the other end of the line, it had grown and expanded, so that it was now a full grown, plump, and well matured "grapevine" in all respects, and seemingly reliability itself.

With all the incredibility attending it, which ordinarily would have exposed its character; yet, it was taken up with avidity, and promulgated with the assurance accompanying that of an old and well authenticated fact; which had been known from the days of
Adam. One moment’s thought would have shown the childishness of the idea set forth in the “grapevine;” but no one would give it that moment’s reflection, for that would have destroyed the pleasing thought which it suggested; or the very item which gave it a momentary pleasure; just as the unreal story of the novel does to the imagination of the reader.

The “grapevine” bears the same relation to army literature, that the romance does to ordinary literature. The origin of the “grapevine” is one of the things connected with the rebellion that is not fully known. Like the terms “skedaddle,” and “Johnnies.” These terms became quite appropriate, because soldiers had a fixed meaning, or a distinct idea attached to them; but why these terms had such meanings is not settled.

The “Grapevine” is an army romance, circulated by rehearsal, and never reduced to writing. The pith and spice are gone when put in a shape so substantial.

The mystery connected with our movements in Lookout Valley were involved in an atmosphere suitable to the growth and development of the “army grapevines;” and well did they flourish. But the early sunshine of the morning of September 19th dissolved the haze that clouded the mystery of the peculiar movements while in the valley.
CHAPTER XI.

POSITION OF THE UNION FORCES SEPTEMBER 18TH—AN ALL NIGHT MARCH—ARRIVAL AT THE KELLEY FARM—BRAGG’S PLANS MISCARRY—THE BALL OPENS—TERRIFIC FIGHTING.

For twelve days the armies lay near each other, and neither commander knew the exact position of the other. This resulted from the fact that the country, practically, was a wilderness, and between the armies was a low range of mountains.

On the 18th, the left of the union army under Crittenden was at Lee & Gordon’s Mill, where the LaFayette Road crosses the Chickamauga. Thomas was farther up the cove; while McCook was beyond, with his right well on towards Stevens’ gap.

Bragg’s plans were to mass on our left, crush Crittenden, and place his forces between Rosecrans and Chattanooga. This he could safely attempt to do as he had been reinforced.

The attack was to have been made on the 18th, but owing to the wooded nature of the country; the narrow roads; and the deep streams which had few fords, and still fewer bridges, his troops did not get into position that day, so as to make the attack.

Gen. Steedman of the reserve corps under Gen. Granger, who was near Ringgold, noticed heavy clouds of dust in the direction of the enemy’s position. The watch at the signal station on Lookout Mountain reported the same observation. These clouds of dust indicated that troops were moving in a north-easterly direction.

The forces under Thomas were placed in motion at four o’clock that day, to move up and pass in rear of Crittenden, and take position on his left at the Kelley farm. McCook was to follow and place his forces on the right of Crittenden. This movement placed the union army in front of Bragg; and between him and Chattanooga, and thus command the roads to that place.
Thirty-Fifth Ohio Regiment.

To accomplish this required a wearisome night march; possibly the most remarkable in the history of the army of the Cumberland. Of this march, Comte de Paris in his history of the rebellion, says:

"The night of the 18th, the 14th Corps, the largest, and perhaps the best directed in the army, moved to the left, to head off the confederates, who were moving to cut off Rosecrans' communications towards Chattanooga, and force him back against Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain.

"The movement continued all night. The air was chilly, and the men started bonfires of rails and whatever was convenient, at each halt made to warm themselves. As other troops came up and halted, the fires were replenished with fuel, and kept burning. This gave the appearance as though troops were stationed for miles along the valley.

"At daylight Baird reached the Rossville Road, which was the point contended for by the armies at this juncture. Baird was placed in line, facing eastward with right 'en potence.' Brannan came up later, having met with obstructions by Palmer's division. Brannan took position on the left of Baird facing the Kelley farm. The union army made a change of front by inversion during the night."

Baird was assigned a position east of the LaFayette Road, and on the right of the Reeds Bridge Road which intersects the LaFayette Road at the McDannel house, he was faced in the direction that the enemy was expected in his attempts to place himself between Rosecrans' left and Chattanooga. Brannan, who was coming up, was to be placed to the left of the Reeds Bridge Road and facing eastward.

Thomas was informed that a rebel brigade had crossed the Chickamauga the evening before, and that our troops from Granger's corps had destroyed the bridge after the rebel brigade had crossed, and that the brigade was on this side isolated.

The facts were that Bragg had placed fully half his army across the Chickamauga the day before, at Read's and Alexander's Bridges,
and his advance had moved up the stream on the west side to within a mile of Crittenden's left. A strong force had been left opposite Crittenden to entertain him while the flank movement was going forward.

Not knowing of the night march of the union forces, Bragg was intent on pushing forward his forces, and in preparing his ears for the music of battle. He soon heard what he was anxiously listening for, but it came from a direction different from that whence expected.

It was only a cavalry contest, he said, but the din and racket of battle's infernal music, opened so differently from that of a cavalry skirmish, that he listened uneasily. The news was borne to him of desperate fighting, with heavy columns of yankee infantry; and with it came calls for reinforcements.

The reserves which had been left before Crittenden were ordered up; but the distance around by Reed's Bridge was so great, and the pressing demands for reinforcements, made it necessary to recall troops marching to attack Crittenden and send them where the contest was raging.

So frequently came the pressing demands for reinforcements, that the plans to strike the left flank of the union army had to be abandoned, as it became necessary to look after the safety of his own army. Instead of coming down like an avalanche on the union left, an avalanche was coming down upon his right, which he had to meet with his entire army.

Had Bragg sent the forces on the west side of the Chickamauga to the sound of battle when the contest opened, he would have crushed the two divisions with Thomas at that time. Reynolds had not come up; Negley was at Crawfish Springs, and McCook had just arrived at the same place. Thomas was then beyond immediate supporting distance.

But Bragg was not ready to surrender his cherished idea of attacking with force the union left flank. This gave time for reinforcements to come up to Thomas' aid.

Thomas had sent Brannan's division out on the Reed's Bridge
Thirty-Fifth Ohio Regiment.

Road, in order to learn what was in the statement, that an isolated brigade was on the west side of the Chickamauga; as well as to examine the grounds between the LaFayette road and that stream.

Brannan moved as directed, deploying Croxton's brigade on the right; Connolly's in the centre; and VanDerveer's on the left. Croxton struck Forrest's cavalry, which was guarding Bragg's right: and a warm contest ensued. The cavalry was driven back until met by infantry supports.

Gen. Thomas ordered Baird forward to support Croxton. In this move Baird came unexpectedly upon heavy infantry forces coming up from the lines moving to attack Crittenden's corps at Lee & Gordon's Mill; and now the battle of Chickamauga opened with fearful earnestness.

Connolly and VanDerveer wheeled to the right, towards the sound of battle and came on Forrest's cavalry, dismounted and fighting as infantry. The same were driven back to the vicinity of Jay's saw mill, where forces from Hill's corps or Walthall's brigade of five Mississippi regiments of infantry were met; these fiercely attacked the union lines, under VanDerveer, but were finally repulsed and fell back.

Heavy reinforcements now arrived and were hurled against Baird, forcing his lines to give way, which caused considerable confusion. Ten pieces of artillery were left on the field which could not be gotten off owing to the wooded nature of the ground.

Brannan's lines remained in tack, and resisted the on coming wave of rebel troops. This was a critical moment for Thomas, who had been fighting fearful odds for hours, with only Baird's and Brannan's divisions. It was then past noon, Reynolds had not reached the field. Negley was still held at Crawfish Springs. These divisions were of Thomas' own corps.

He sent to Crittenden, who was nearest him, for reinforcements; and Palmer was sent. Rosecrans had ordered Johnson to the same point, these arrived about the same time, and were promptly placed in position, which took of the pressure from Baird's lines.
Troops were formed in the order of their arrival on the field. Baird came first and had his place assigned; Brannan came next and formed on the left; then came Johnson of the Twentieth corps; next Reynolds of the Fourteenth; VanCleve of the Twenty-first; Davies of the Twentieth; Negley of the Fourteenth; Woods of the Twenty-first; and Sheridan of the Twentieth. This order indicates the arrival on the field, and all formed on the right of Baird, in the direction of Lee & Gordon's Mill. Brigades were often separated from their divisions; while regiments and brigades frequently formed in rear of lines, not of the same corps or divisions, and moved over lines to regiments or brigades whose ammunition was exhausted, to give such troops an opportunity to fall back and over other troops to replenish; and when such supplies had been secured then in turn moved over other troops to give them time to replenish empty cartridge boxes.

The corps of the army of the Cumberland were well disposed toward each other. Brigades and divisions of different corps stood together, and worked into each other's hands with as much unanimity as with those of their own corps.

The wave of battle swept towards the right, in the direction of Lee & Gordon's Mill; while the fighting before Brannan's forces quieted down and ceased entirely after three o'clock. Brannan and Baird were drawn back, and formed on more advantageous grounds.

Later in the day the confederates broke through Reynolds's line and forced our troops across the Lafayette Road in the vicinity of the Vinyard House. Brannan's division was sent to reinforce Reynolds, and assist in restoring order. The division reached the place just as troops had arrived from the direction of Crawfish Springs; Brannan was not placed on line, but withdrew towards the Dyer house, and VanDerveer's brigade went into bivouac on the hill to the northwest of the same.

Fighting had almost entirely ceased along the entire field, save an attack made on Baird and Johnson after dark by Hood's forces which had reached the field late in the day, by way of Reed's
bridge. This attack was repulsed after a short but fierce contest, which ended the day's conflict, the union forces holding the grounds occupied in the morning when the ball opened.

As darkness had gathered over the field, and the angry contest of the day settled down in stillness, the tired soldier fell upon the ground with his faithful rifle in his hand and sought rest in sleep. The night was chilly, and the air frosty; no fires were allowed; the men were without blankets, having piled knapsacks in the morning when ordered out to the attack, and were miles away from where the same had been left.

And now while the men are resting along the lines on which they fought so fiercely, and while the commander-in-chief has called the corps commanders to meet him at the widow Glenn's house to plan the contest for the morrow, let us improve the opportunity to look over the field on which this fierce contest waged this day, and note some of the peculiarities.

In order that the reader may be the better prepared to understand a more minute description of that part of the contest in which this regiment and its brigade participated, it may not be inappropriate to pass over some of the narrative already given in part.

The grounds upon which the battle of Chickamauga was fought on the first day, is situated between the outlying hills of Missionary Ridge and the Chickamauga River. The general characteristic of the field is that of a level stretch of country, thickly wooded, and covered with a dense undergrowth of stunted pines and scrub oak.

The surface is not, however, a dead level, being somewhat undulating. In this reach of land were no openings, save a small field near the Jay saw-mill, and one some distance to the northeast, until the Kelly and other farms on the LaFayette road were reached on the west.

The slopes of Missionary Ridge, or its outlying hills, verge closely on to the Chickamauga River near the Crawfish Springs. Below the Lee & Gordon Mills the valley widens out, so that from the Kelly farm to the river, in an eastwardly direction, there is a wide space of country which was then an almost unbroken wilder-
ness, with few roads, and such as did exist were mere traces through the forest. Cavalry could not maneuver, and artillery was practically useless.

Reed’s Bridge Road passed through this forest, leaving the LaFayette Road at the McDannel house. Within a quarter of a mile of the Jay saw mill this road crosses a glade passing along a ridge in a south-westerly direction; this crossing marks the extreme left of the union lines on the first day of the battle.

After reaching the Kelly farm, early in the morning of September 19th, Col. VanDerveer received orders from his division commander to move with dispatch along the Reed Bridge Road, and take possession of a ford near the bridge across the Chickamauga River. This was part of the plan to capture the rebel brigade, said to have crossed to the west side of the river, after which the bridge was destroyed by our forces.

The brigade turned off the LaFayette road at the McDannel house, moving eastwardly along the Reed’s Bridge Road, in the direction of the Chickamauga River. Shortly after leaving the main road, the men were ordered to pile knapsacks; when the brigade was deployed, sending skirmishers ahead.

The lines were pressed forward as rapidly as circumstances permitted, as the troops were maneuvering in a thick wood with dense undergrowth. In the meantime the brigades to the right became engaged. The din of contest at length indicated that VanDerveer was passing beyond the lines of the enemy, and finding no opposition in front, he commenced swinging his lines to the right in the direction of the sound of battle. The brigade at this time was passing over high grounds, along the summit of which was a natural glade, or opening through the wood.

In front of the ground now reached was a depression, formed by the ridge held by the union forces, which bent around towards the northeast on our left; and likewise towards the southeast on our right, forming a figure somewhat like the letter U, with the opening towards the Jay saw mill. The Third Brigade occupied
Thirty-Fifth Ohio Regiment.

the head of this depression or cove; the enemy were in this depression when they moved to the attack of our brigade.

The description of the contest which here followed is graphically given by the brigade commander in his official report of the first day's battle, as follows:

"After a fatiguing march during the night of the 18th," and without any sleep or rest, while halting near the Kelly house, on the Rossville and LaFayette Road, I received an order from General Brannan to move with haste along the Reed's Bridge Road, to the bridge over the Chickamauga, and take possession of a ford near that point, and hold it. I immediately moved northward to the McDannel house, and thence at right angles, eastward to the bridge.

"A short distance from McDannel's I formed the brigade in two lines and sent skirmishers to the front, and advanced cautiously, though without losing time, one and one-half mile. In the mean time brisk firing was progressing upon my right, understood to be maintained by the first and second brigades of this division.

"Being without guide, and entirely unacquainted with the country, I am unable to state how near I went to Reed's Bridge, but perceiving from the firing upon my right, that I was passing the enemy's flank, I wheeled the line in that direction, and began feeling his position with my skirmishers.

"About this time I received an order stating that the second brigade was gradually giving back, and that it was necessary I should at once make an attack. This we did with a will. The first line was comprised of the Thirty-fifth Ohio on the right, and the Second Minnesota on the left, moving down a gentle slope, leaving the Eighty-seventh Indiana in reserve on the crest of the hill. At this time the Ninth Ohio, which had charge of the ammunition train of the division, had not arrived. Smith's battery, composed of four 12-pounder Napoleon guns was placed in position in the centre, and on the right of the line.

"The enemy having discovered our position opened a furious fire of artillery and musketry, which was replied to promptly, and
apparently with considerable effect, for in half an hour the enemy slackened fire, and his advance line was compelled to fall back.

"I took advantage of this movement to bring forward the Eighty-seventh Indiana, and by a passage of lines to the front carried them to the relief of the Thirty-fifth Ohio, which had already suffered severely in the engagement. This movement was executed with as much coolness and accuracy as if on drill. Scarcely was the Eighty-seventh Indiana in line before fresh forces of the enemy were brought up in time to receive a terrible volley, which made his ranks stagger, and held him for some time at bay.

"The Ninth Ohio, which I had previously sent for, arriving at this moment I placed it on line to my right; still farther to the right a section of Church's battery, and the Seventeenth Ohio which had been ordered to report to me were in position. As the enemy slackened his fire, Col. Kammerling, chafing like a wounded tiger that he had been behind at the opening, ordered his men to charge; away they went, closely followed by the Eighty-seventh Indiana, and the Seventeenth Ohio, the enemy falling back precipitately. The Ninth Ohio, in this charge, recaptured the guns of Gunther's battery, Fifth artillery, and held them.

"In the mean time the enemy, massing his forces, suddenly appeared upon my left and rear. He came forward, several lines deep, at a double quick, and opened a brisk fire, but not before I had changed my front to receive him. My new line consisted of the Second Minnesota on the right, next a section of Smith's battery, commanded by Lieut. Rodney; then the Eighty-seventh Indiana, flanked by Church's and a section of Smith's battery; and on the extreme left the Thirty-fifth Ohio.

"The two extremes of the lines formed an obtuse angle, the vertex on the left of the Eighty-seventh Indiana, and the opening towards the enemy, who moved upon the left of my line, delivering and receiving a direct fire, Church opening with all his guns, and Smith with one section. He advanced rapidly, my left giving way slowly until his flank was brought opposite my right wing,
when a murderous enfilading fire was poured into his ranks by the infantry and by Rodney's section shotted with canister.

"Notwithstanding this, he steadily moved up his second and third lines. Having observed his great force as well as the persistency of his attacks, I had sent messenger after messenger to bring up the Ninth Ohio, which had not yet returned from its charge, made from my original right. At last, however, and when it seemed impossible for my brave men longer to withstand the impetuous advances of the enemy, the Ninth came gallantly up in time to take part in the final struggle, which resulted in the sullen withdrawal of the enemy.

"In this last attack his loss must have been severe. In addition to the heavy fire of the infantry, our guns were pouring double charges of canister in front and on his flank, at one time delivered at a distance not exceeding forty yards.

"During the later part of the contest reinforcements had arrived, and were, by Gen. Brannan then present, formed into line for the purpose of supporting my brigade, but they were not actively engaged at this time.

"Our dead and wounded were gathered up, and a new line under the supervision of Gen. Brannan was formed. The enemy, however, made no further demonstration, and quietly withdrew. A small number of prisoners were taken, who reported that the forces opposed to us were two divisions of Longstreet's corps, one commanded by Hood. They fought with great obstinacy and determination, only retreating when overwhelmed, and fairly swept away by our fire.

"After the second withdrawal of the enemy, our empty cartridge boxes were replenished from wagons sent on the field by the general commanding the division. After resting my command for an hour or more I was ordered to report to Major Gen. Reynolds, immediately moving to his position, we arrived near the Kelley house just before sundown, and then by direction of Gen. Brannan went into bivouac."

While this fierce contest was going on in our front, on the first
line taken, the Second Minnesota was on our left, at some distance, hotly engaged, and cleverly belching, fire, ball, and smoke into the very faces of the enemy. The Fourth Regular battery, Lieut. Smith, was placed between the regiments named, and literally made "Rome howl" with shell and canister. The guns stood at some distance in rear of the Infantry lines, firing through the interval. Some of the shots passed uncomfortably near our left. At one time Col. Boynton rode to the left, halting near a small tree, a shot from one of Smith's guns struck the tree at the hight of the horse, cutting it so that the top fell to the ground while the splinters held the lower part to the stump.

The Colonel was not over three feet from the tree when struck, seated on his horse. This tree was found twenty-nine years later, and gave a satisfactory place to locate the lines, of the first attack in that interminable wilderness.

The conduct of the men in the brigade was truly commendable. Every man was in line, and remained at the place of duty; there were no stragglers to the rear; no "shirks"; no cowards.

The attacks on this part of the field were so persistent, and came from nearly every point of the compass, in turn, that the small part of the army present, when the ball opened, was compelled to defend itself practically on all sides to prevent being captured.

Battle lines were changed so frequently that it was difficult to keep trace of, or locate the lines. The only natural land mark that points out where the contest raged, is the glade which passes along a low ridge. This glade is caused by projecting ledges of rocks, upon which scarcely any earth is found, and upon which no shrub can grow. The point where the Reed's Bridge Road crosses the glade marks the spot where the brigade met the enemy, and fought so desperately for five hours.

The plans for the morrow were for Thomas to hold the left; McCook the right; while Crittenden, with two divisions was placed as a general reserve. Thomas was to draw his lines out of the interminable wilderness where his troops contended the day before, and form nearer the LaFayette Road.
East of the Kelly fields, beyond a narrow strip of wood, is a glade along which a road passes. Near this road on the west side and in the edge of the wood Thomas formed his lines; commencing at the northeast corner of that farm, passing along the road to the southeast corner of the same farm, crossing the LaFayette Road between the Kelly field and the Poe house, in the wood between these places, thence passing towards the Widow Glenn house, which was designated as the right of the army with flanks protected by Wilder's cavalry, or mounted infantry.

The lines on the left were placed on grounds selected under the eye, and with the approval of that military genius, Gen. Geo. H. Thomas, and the same were held until Sunday night; or until the army withdrew from the field, save where his lines connected with that part of the troops which were swept back; here it became necessary to draw back the lines to prevent being captured and to where the flanks could be protected.

Thomas advocated at the council of war at the Widow Glenn's house, the evening before, that the right be placed on what became known as Horse Shoe Ridge, but was overruled. Had that become the alignment, there would have been no break, and no ink would have been wasted showing what was the status of that battle; a victory, a defeat, or a draw game.

Near three o'clock in the morning, the movement to place the troops on the new line began, and at daylight they were in place and at work constructing such defences as were possible under the circumstances.

Thomas found he had not enough troops to protect his flanks, toward the McDannel house, and asked that his division under Negley be sent him to protect that point. To the failure in promptly sending those troops as promised, dates the beginning of reverses which befel our army; and this neglect was the entering wedge which caused the calamity on the right.
CHAPTER XII.


The result of the first day's contest at Chickamauga was not unfavorable to the union cause. No one in that army doubted that victory would crown the second day's fighting. The troops were resting on their arms along the lines held all day, and were in good condition and fine spirits.

The night was chilly, and no fires were permitted to make coffee. Fires would point out to the enemy the position of our lines. The men had marched from four o'clock on the 18th, until the morning of the 19th; fought all day, having been ordered into line before they had made their coffee; and now were not allowed fire for that purpose.

If a soldier can get a cup of good, strong, hot coffee, sweetened with regular yellow army sugar, he is in good tune, and ready for any duty. But when he fails in that, half the fight is gone out of him. No coffee that night; none the next morning before the battle, and yet the men fought as though they had not lost their coffee for days!

The lines for the second day were established from a point near the McDannel house to pass westwardly, and bend around the Kelly fields, cross the LaFayette Road towards the southwest in the direction of the Widow Glenn house. Baird held the left. Then came Johnson, Palmer, Reynolds, Brannan, Negley, Wood, Davis,
Sheridan. This was the order of divisions, as established in the morning.

Thomas was impressed with the idea that Bragg would renew his favorite tactics of attempting to turn his opponent’s left flank. He tried it at Perryville, at Stone River, and made an effort to do the same on the 19th, in the morning, and again attempted to do so in the evening of that day, which closed the fighting on the 19th.

For that reason Thomas asked that his division, under Negley, be sent to protect his left. Negley was not sent as desired, and as promised; and to that fact must be traced the origin of the misfortune which befell the union Army on the second day at Chickamauga.

At eight o’clock Negley was not where expected, and an aid was sent by Thomas to inquire why not sent as requested, so as to protect his left flank.

Rebel forces were now in motion reconnoitering on the union left. This made Thomas more pressing in his request for reinforcements. Rosecrans gave orders to different division commanders in rapid succession, as these demands came to reinforce the left, which part of his lines, he determined to hold at all hazard. Thus troops were withdrawn from the lines that ought not to have been taken away, and would not had Negley been sent as promised.

Troops were in motion for the left while these demands were being made, but as the fact was not reported to Gen. Thomas, he sent other and more pressing requests that forces be sent to protect his left. These repeated demands on the part of Thomas, and orders to commanders of divisions from Rosecrans, resulted in confusion, and broke the alignment.

The morning hours wore along in quietness. The expected attack was long in coming, but as a writer says: “At nine o’clock the sound of battle broke full-toned, with its infernal music, over the union left, and that Sabbath morning’s service continued until noon.”

The plan of the confederates was to strike early in the day,
but Gen. Polk, to whom was assigned the duty to open the ball by turning the union left, was not on the field at the hour to attack, and did not appear until sent for by Gen. Bragg. The confederate chief seems to have had trouble to get his orders executed.

It was past nine o'clock when the first attack was made on the union left, and although the confederate lines widely overlapped the union lines, still the attack miscarried. Cleyburne's division and a brigade of Brackenridge's struck the lines of Baird's division and were hopelessly damaged. The overlapping brigades of Brackenridge's were met by Beatty's brigade, and with other assistance coming up, drove the rebels back. Cleyburne lost five hundred men in less time than the fact can be related. The fighting was unparalleled, and the handling of the union artillery never was surpassed. Cleyburne, in his report, bears testimony to the fact.

The beginning of this day's fighting was particularly encouraging; every attack made was repulsed with heavy loss to the confederates. Cleyburne and Brackenridge fell back to rally and reform their forces. Fresh troops were brought up, and a second attempt was made to drive in the union left. This time they struck farther up, and came down the LaFayette Road, being between our forces and Chattanooga, and practically in rear of our lines on the left.

It was at this opportune moment that reinforcements came up. Among them was Van Derveer's brigade, which came from the right of Thomas' line, sent by Gen. Brannan. This brigade came on the field as the confederates reached the left of Baird's forces. Van Derveer formed his brigade under fire. The Second Minnesota and Eighty-seventh Indiana were in the front line, and opened on the confederates. The musketery on both sides was simply terrific and could not long be endured.

The orders were given—"Ninth Ohio, Thirty-fifth Ohio; pass lines to the front; fix bayonet; double-quick; march." These regiments passed over the front lines then lying down, and with a "Union shout" rushed at the confederates moving obliquely across the Kelly fields, and drove the rebels into the wood beyond, where
the lines halted and opened fire. The brigade had ventured beyond support, and with its flanks exposed, it was prudent to retire to a spot safer to occupy.

This was done by passing lines to the rear. The front line fell back over the rear line lying down, and at a suitable distance halted, faced about, and lay down; then the rear line, now the front, arose, delivered a volley, and retired over the line behind them. Thus the movement was continued until the brigade was in position where it could not be captured by a flank movement of the enemy, or be thrown into confusion by being attacked on the exposed flank.

The fighting on this part of the field quieted down about two o'clock in the day, and as heavy firing was heard on the right, Van Derveer, not having reported to any of the division commanders, was free to move, and returned through the woods and by half-past two o'clock reported to his division.

The left of the army had repulsed two severe onslights and still stood intact. But on the right the case was different; at the first attack the entire right, up to Thomas' line, was forced back and sent flying, towards Rossville. The forces under McCook and Crittenden were forced back in considerable disorder. A fortunate circumstance was that Thomas had under him a goodly part of both these corps, which were on his lines and remained with him all that day.

Longstreet commanded the rebel forces opposite to our right. He had fully one-half of the rebel army under him, and a goodly number of his troops had not been engaged the day before. Near eleven o'clock he moved against the union right, and found numerous flaws in the lines, into which he forced his troops, throwing McCook into disorder and flight. That part of Longstreet's lines which struck Reynolds and Brannan were roughly handled and severely damaged, so that they were forced to retire.

Hindman, the left of Longstreet, found no further obstruction after McCook gave way, and could have swung around to the rear of Thomas' forces and enveloped his lines, but he deemed it
unsafe to proceed, being isolated, as the right of Longstreet’s lines had fallen back. Hindman retired, and Longstreet rallied and re-formed his lines and added fresh troops for another attempt. He advanced again shortly after three o’clock and was checked and repulsed in front of Reynolds, Wood and Brannan, but he greatly out-flanked the union lines, and his left gained position to our right, where McCook’s corps was supposed to be. The disaster to the right had not been fully reported to Gen. Thomas up to that hour.

The rebel forces were marching for the rear of the union lines. There were no troops to meet this force. All union troops were on line and hotly engaged, save possibly on the extreme left. It was a critical moment. All the skill, coolness, and staying qualities of a Thomas could not meet such a condition without additional troops.

But at that moment troops were coming unexpectedly from two directions. Col. Van Derveer, who had been sent by Brannan to the left to help restore order over there, hearing heavy firing on the right, moved his command, without orders, towards Brannan’s position. Matters had changed in his absence, and he did not find Brannan where expected, but met Thomas. The colonel said:

“General, I report my brigade; where shall I place it?”

“Glad to see you, colonel,” said Gen. Thomas. “What condition is your brigade in?”

“All in line,” said the colonel, “save our dead and wounded.”

At this juncture two brigades of Granger’s division, under Steedman, arrived. The three brigades were hurriedly formed to meet the oncoming wave of the hostile foe. Van Derveer formed next to Brannan, and Steedman on his right. The onset was simply fearful.

The shock fell heaviest on Steedman’s forces, but they moved gallantly to the work; no better fighting was done on the field that day, and this is high praise where so much hard fighting was done on all parts of the field. The confederates were forced back, and retired to reform. On they came again with fearful momentum,
and were sent down the slopes from whence they came to rally and reform. They found the Yankees in front of them an obstinate set, unwilling to yield.

Longstreet now asked Bragg for reinforcements, but that officer could only say that the troops on his right had all the "fight knocked out of them, and were of no value to be led in a charge against the union lines." Longstreet then reformed his shattered lines and added what reserves he had left to make another desperate attempt to brush the union forces off "Horse Shoe Ridge."

The struggle was that of sheer desperation, and was handsomely repulsed. No serious impression was made on the union lines. All remained intact. This practically ended the fighting along this line, save a feeble effort made at dark, which was repelled by the Thirty-fifth Ohio, with a number of detached regiments which had drifted to this end of the lines from troops that were forced back when the 20th Corps was shattered.

While these contests were going on with Longstreet's forces, the battle raged along the line until, as Bragg said to Longstreet, the troops had all the fight knocked out of them. The contest quieted down from sheer exhaustion on the part of the rebels, while the union side became quiet from a want of ammunition. Some unauthorized person, supposed to have been Sheridan, had ordered ammunition trains into Chattanooga early in the day, and by four o'clock there was scarcely a cartridge found in a cartridge box. Both armies now settled down to watch each other. Thomas received orders to fall back on Rossville whenever he might consider it well to do so. By five o'clock quiet reigned along the lines, save the sputtering shots of skirmishers or pickets in advance of the regular lines.

Thomas formed his plans to withdraw, and shortly before six, Reynolds, occupying a position near the center, was drawn back to form a new line in the rear to cover the withdrawal of other troops. This movement was followed in turn, at intervals, by the divisions under Baird, Johnson, and Palmer. These troops were attacked in withdrawing, but the attack was not followed up.
Reynolds in advance, found rebel troops holding the Rossville road. These troops had remained there since the last attempt made to turn the union's left. Turchin's brigade charged these, and with the assistance of Col. McCook's brigade cleared the road to Rossville.

The advance met Sheridan on his way up to Thomas, but it was too late to render assistance. Sheridan's conduct that day is hard to explain. It is not probable that had Gen. Grant occupied Gen. Thomas' position that day, and Sheridan had pursued the same conduct, that Gen. Grant would have called him to the east, to become the hero of the Shennandoah, and eventually the lieutenant-general of the army. Sheridan, however, redeemed himself, partially, at Missionary Ridge, fighting under Grant's eye.

Hazen and Wood withdrew next, and after six o'clock Steedman withdrew his forces. Thus Brannan's division was the only one remaining on the line. As twilight was stealing over the field and shading off into darkness, rebel lines were seen coming over the grounds held by Steedman during the afternoon. This was unlooked for, as Steedman had not reported his departure. The Thirty-fifth Ohio was formed with six or eight parts of regiments from other divisions that fought on that part of the field. The men of the Thirty-fifth had one cartridge in the cartridge box, and one in the rifle, with this stock on hand it was placed in position to meet the rebel advance.

At a suitable time a volley was given the oncoming line. This simple volley settled the matter. The rebs found we were still there, and concluded we were not retiring on Chattanooga.

Van Derveer's brigade was rearguard on the right; Turching and King's on the left. That the army was retiring on Chattanooga did not enter the minds of the men of our brigade; for while in line on the eve of moving Col. M. B. Walker of the Thirty-first Ohio came along and said: "Boys, you showed yourselves men this day, prepare for still greater action." What next, was a matter for conjecture; the men considered a move on hand to take advantage of the confederates, and wondered where they were to get
cartridges; that question was to them of more importance, at the time, than were to replenish their empty haversacks.

In the gray of the morning sky the brigade halted in the Ross-ville gap and stacked arms. The men, weary and tired, fell on the ground and were asleep in an instant. At daylight some one said: "Here comes Pap Thomas." The sleepy heads sprang to their feet and gathered around the "Old Hero," and impeded his progress. He drew reins, and looking over the men, said: "Well, you don't look so few; if it hadn't been for some unauthorized person to order out ammunition trains to the rear, we would be out there still."

The men cheered the "old hero" as he passed on. That to Thomas was a satisfactory greeting, since it indicated that there was grit left in the men on which he could depend.

In leaving the field of Chickamauga there was no panic, no hurried departure. The withdrawal was as orderly as the movements of troops under any circumstance could be. The idea of retreat was not in the mind of any one. Then it can be said with truth, that no army in the service was under better discipline; and no troops east or west had such unbounded confidence in their commander as had the men of the 14th corps. This unbounded faith in Thomas was not confined to that corps, but was shared by the men of the other corps, serving in the army of the Cumberland. Thomas was with the men on the field, and that was sufficient; where he was they felt it safe to be.

There was no panic among the men. The panicky persons were officers pretty well up in authority, and the newspaper men. It was that class which left the field and could not be brought back. As it regards the men, those who stood to the last as well as those who were forced back, these alike were ready and fitted for a renewal of the contest whenever asked to advance.

The panicky newspaper men are to blame for flooding the land with unfounded accounts; or with statements made or copied from bewildered imaginations. Their stories were read by the public desirous for information concerning the contest, and unfounded state-
ments found lodgement in men’s minds; and years have passed without correct ideas being gained regarding the contest at Chickamauga.

It is to this day a debatable question as to who is to blame for the disaster to our right which swept McGook and Crittenden from the field, and carried with them the Commander-in-Chief. The custom has been to place the fault on Gen. Wood for obeying an order that on its face seemed absurd, having been issued under a misapprehension of facts.

Brannan received orders to withdraw from the lines on the right of Thomas, and move to the extreme left where Negley had been ordered, to protect Baird’s flanks. The order came just as the wave of battle struck Brannan. He deemed it unadvisable to leave, and at once reported the facts in person to the Commander-in-Chief. He complied with the order in so far as to send Van Derveer with his brigade to the place. This brigade had been held in reserve by Gen. Brannan.

Brannan’s remaining on the line was approved by Rosecrans, who, prior to that had sent an order to Gen. Wood to close up on Reynolds. The intent of the order was for Wood to occupy the place left vacant by the withdrawal of Brannan’s division; but as Brannan had not withdrawn no vacancy existed, and Gen. Wood could place no other construction on the order than that he was to take his division off the lines, move in rear of Brannan, and place the division in rear of Reynolds. This was the only way he knew how to support him under the conditions then existing.

He should have asked for an explanation of the order, and in so far he is to blame. Why Rosecrans did not at once countermand the order given to Wood, when Brannan reported he could not leave the lines, as the attack had reached his front, is one of the points that has not been explained.

Wood’s withdrawal left a wide gap in the lines, into which Longstreet moved heavy forces, and separated the right from the remaining part of the army.

But this was not the only flaw the rebels found in the Union
lines. Sheridan had been ordered to report to the left, thus mak-
ing a break which was not filled, and could not be as the rebels
were within the opening before forces could be put in Sheridan's
place. This was fatal as the forces entering turned on Davis and
hurled him back in confusion.

Sheridan's forces while passing the opening made by Wood were
struck by the rebels and thrown into confusion, and swept from
the field. Sheridan collected what he could of his forces and
marched to McFarland's gap; two miles in the rear, where he had
the same in fair order; but he could not be induced to move with
them to the field, though strongly urged to do so by Col. Thruston,
McCoo's chief of staff.

The result of Wood's move might not have been so disastrous
had Sheridan remained on line. The wave came through that
opening and threw Davis into confusion.

After the break on the right Brannan drew back his right, while
the lines of Wood and Reynolds were made to conform. The lines
on the other part of the field to the left remained as before. The
extent of the damage done was not reported to Gen. Thomas until
he was advised of the matter when Gen. Garfield reached him on
the field at half past three o'clock in the afternoon.

The appearance of rebel troops swinging around on Thomas'
right flanks which were met by the timely arrival of Van Derveer's
and Steedman's forces, gave unmistakable evidence that all was not
right in that direction; evidently something had happened, but to
what extent was made known when Garfield came up.

It was half past three when Gen. Garfield, Chief of Staff to
Rosecrans, and Col. Thurston's aid to McCook reached Thomas'
headquarters, and gave the first reliable information as to the real
damage done to our right.

Rosecrans reached his headquarters at Chattanooga about four
o'clock; whence he had gone to make plans to place his army as it
returned to that place. McCook and Crittenden came up with the
commander not long afterward. The dispatch which Garfield wrote
his chief, at Thomas' headquarters on the field, came in due time
after Rosecrans' arrival, and he read it aloud to the two generals now with him. Garfield stated that Thomas had six divisions on the field, with detachments from other divisions; that he had repulsed different assaults, and was holding the lines taken in the morning.

This dispatch Rosecrans, as has been said, read aloud to the corps commanders with him; then waving the dispatch over his head said: "This is good enough, the day isn't lost yet." Then turning to McCook and Crittenden, said: "Gentlemen, this is no place for you, go to your commands at the front." *

That was good advice and should have included the Commander-in-Chief. Had Rosecrans gone to the front instead of Chattanooga, and ascertained from personal observation the true condition of affair, including the spirit or morale of the troops at that hour, as they stood in ranks and beat back every assault made, the chances are he never would have ordered the retirement of the army to Rossville on that night of the 20th of September.

After eleven o'clock, Sunday, Thomas was the only general officer above a division commander on the field, on the union side. He had only six divisions with him, and with these together with such fragments of other organizations that came to him, he fought the entire rebel army, receiving reinforcements of only two brigades from Gen. Granger. He had only a little over one-half the men who fought the day before with him.

After the break he readjusted his lines on the right; placing the troops on the ground he had suggested to be occupied in the council at headquarters the evening before while in conference with his chief. Here he fought the entire rebel army for six long hours, beating back every assault made.

The entire contest that day was but one continued charge and counter charge. And amid all these Thomas held his ground, and was in line when darkness fell over the field. "Your order to retire on Rossville was received a little after sunset and communicated to Gen. Thomas and Granger," wrote Garfield to his chief when

* Cists. Army of the Cumberland.
he had reached the Rossville gap. On this field Thomas showed in a remarkable manner the staying qualities found in his make-up. He had given evidence of that on other fields; but here was the great example. Here he remained despite attempts to hurl him back, or envelop him with his small heroic band that stood by him on “Horse Shoe Ridge” until dark that Sunday evening.

Certainly, as has been said: “There is nothing finer in history than Thomas at Chickamauga.”

This was a critical hour in the history of the war. Had the troops along Thomas’ line become panic stricken and gone to the rear, as did many of the regiments, brigades, and divisions of other corps, the rebel army in the glow of victory would have followed, and either have captured the fugitives, or sent them flying on Nashville and the Ohio River. That would have put back the end of the war fully a year.

But the discipline of Thomas’ corps told admirably at the vital moment; and around this corps were rallied the remnants of regiments, brigades, and divisions of the other corps, which fought with the 14th to the end of the contest with commendable valor. By the conduct of this corps, with its accretions from the other corps, Chattanooga was held and the objective of the campaign secured.

If at this critical moment, when McCook, Crittenden, Sheridan, Negley, and the other generals that fled from the field towards Chattanooga with the bulk of their commands; and when the appearance on the right of the army indicated that all was lost; if at that moment the people of the North had seen the situation, they would have implored the men of Thomas’ army to stand at their post and hold the defiant rebels at bay, and protect the States and the homes of the union people from invasion by the foe.

Not one man, although deeply tinctured with copperheadism, would then have said one word against the soldier, but all would have joined to implore the men to stand between them and the invading foe. And if the army that stood a living wall between union defeat, and ruin, had asked that they should be provided for,
in their old age, and their widows and helpless children cared for, the answer would have been promptly given, "It shall be as you desire, only stand and repel the insolent foe."

Those men did their part then; but, now as age and infirmities have grown upon them, and as they look wistfully to the future, and ask how they shall support themselves during the few days left them here, their ears are greeted with reproachful words, coming from a people whom they served faithfully and well in the days of their young manhood, thereby compromising health and the chances of life, while exposing themselves to the deadly bullets, and the discomforts and diseases of camp life, so that "the nation might live and not be blotted from the earth."

These men now hear words from the Chief Executive, delivered before the assembled nation; words that say: "these men are making a raid on the treasury, and defraud the people," because they accept a small pension. The soldier finds that pledges are readily made in hours of need, to be wantonly disregarded when the peril is past. There is room for honest dealings with these men; and the hope still lives, that better and fairer dealings will yet come to the men who deserve better things at the hands of the present generation.

Whether Chickamauga was a victory or defeat for the union army, furnishes a subject for discussion to such as are willing to engage in it. This, however, remains true, that the union army lost nothing, save the usual casualties of battle, which befall an army whether victorious or defeated.

The battle of Gettysburg is regarded as a great union victory; yet the armies remained facing each other on the fourth day; neither daring to renew the contest. The matter of supplies on the part of Lee made it necessary for him to withdraw: so did the same question make it advisable for Rosecrans to place his forces on a new line at Rossville, near his ammunition trains and other supplies which had been hurried to that place by "some unauthorized person," as Gen. Thomas said.

The rebel army maneuvered all the next day; yet did not con-
front the union lines, but led off to the northeast, practically away from our army.

Lee fell back over the entire ground over which he had advanced, until he was back in his old camp north of Richmond. Rosecrans held Chattanooga, the point maneuvered for. If Chickamauga was a great confederate victory why did Bragg content himself to sit down on Missionary Ridge and look into the town he once held, and was forced to leave so as to save his army?

The real proposition lies in the question, how much ground did the union army lose in the campaign which ended in the battle of Chickamauga? Rosecrans started on his campaign from Decherd, on the north side of the Tennessee River, for the objectives, Chattanooga and the rebel army. The latter was neither captured nor destroyed; but Chattanooga was taken and held to the close of the war.

There was no retracing of grounds in this case; no recrossing the Tennessee River. The union army remained, and practically held the advance made; and the question is proper to ask, which of the two armies has the clearer title to the claim of practical success?

The price paid for Chattanooga was the contest on the field at Chickamauga; and it may not be improper in this connection to ask, how much advantage the rebel army secured by this contest? Practically the rebel army had ceased active work before five o'clock on Sunday, save only a small wavelet that struck our lines here and there, by way of reconnaissance. Thus ended the contest on the right, or on "Horse Shoe Ridge."

As the left was drawn off, a feeble attack was made on the retiring forces, but was not followed up, and the army retired without opposition to the line at Rossville gap. The facts are that the enemy suffered severely in these battles, and on the night of September 20th. was virtually defeated; having, as Bragg said: "All the fight knocked out of them."

Gen. Halleck in his report to the War Department says* of

this engagement: "The enemy made repeated attempts to carry Gen. Thomas' position on the left and front, but were as often driven back with great loss. At night fall the enemy fell back beyond the range of our artillery, leaving Thomas victorious on his hard fought field. As most of the corps of McCook and Crittenden had fallen back on Chattanooga, it was deemed advisable, also, to retire the left wing to that place. Thomas consequently fell back during the night to Rossville, leaving the dead, and many of the wounded, in the hands of the enemy.

"He here received a supply of ammunition; and during all of the 21st offered battle to the enemy; but no serious attack was made. The enemy suffered severely in these battles, and on the night of the 20th was virtually defeated; but being permitted to gather the trophies of the field on the 21st, he is entitled to claim a victory, however barren of results."

Confederate testimony on this subject leaves little room for doubt, that the confederate army was, if not whipped on the field by five o'clock on the 20th, it was at least so badly damaged that it could not again be brought to the scratch that day. In support of this fact, Gen. Longstreet will be placed on the witness stand. In his official report of the battle he says: "About three o'clock in the afternoon I asked the commanding general [Bragg] for some of his troops on the right wing; but was informed by him that they had been beaten back so badly that they could be of no use to me. I had but one division that had not been engaged, and hesitated to venture to put it in, as our distress on the right seemed to be almost as great as that of the enemy on his right." *

Gen. Bushrod Johnson will next be placed on the witness stand: Gen. Johnson's forces, under Longstreet broke through our right, and the same troops were afterwards met by Gen. Steedman and Brannan on "Horse Shoe Ridge." These were so severely handled that three brigades, Deas, Manigault, and Anderson's, save two regiments, were not again brought into the fight. The troops repulsed by Granger, Sunday afternoon, became demoralized, and it

was with difficulty that they could be rallied and held together.

Bushrod Johnson says: "The retreat on this hill [Horse Shoe Ridge] was precipitate, and called for all the exertion that I could command to prevent many of the troops from abandoning the hill. The officers joined me with energy and zeal in the effort to stay the retreat; and by appeals, commands, and physical efforts, all save a few, who persisted in skulking behind trees, or lying idly on the ground, were brought up to the lines in support of the artillery."

* * * * About this time my aid reported to me that some two hundred men of Benning's brigade were in our rear, under command of a major. Upon going to it the officer in command reported it utterly unserviceable on account of its having been cut up, and demoralized. I did not put it in the fight. The following morning revealed the fact that the enemy had left us in the possession of the field." †

Even Gen. Bragg is not a bad witness, he says: "After two days' hard fighting, we have driven the enemy after a desperate resistance, from several positions, and now hold the field; but he still confronts us. The losses are heavy on both sides, especially so in our officers." ‡

This dispatch was written Sunday night, he not knowing that the union army had drawn off the field. Bragg spoke modestly in his dispatches to the rebel War Department the day after the Chickamauga fight; but later dispatches show more of the military bombast, peculiar to reports made by general officers. Bragg's official report of the Chickamauga fight was not written until after the Missionary Ridge battle. The production assumes a more roseate hue than the dispatches sent from the battle field. Time had a mellowing effect on his views; he improved the time to work up a well arranged report, in which he made the best showing the circumstances allowed.

A large number of our wounded were left in hospitals near the field when Thomas withdrew the army from Chickamauga, on Sunday night. This was a necessity, since ambulances and wagons

† War Records, Vol. 3; Pt. II., pg. 463.
‡ War Records, Vol. 30; Pt. II., pg. 823.
had been swept back out of reach or control of Gen. Thomas, during the break on the right.

A week or so later an exchange of prisoners was effected, so as to get our wounded into our hands. A long line of ambulances was sent out to the field to bring the wounded to Chattanooga. At the rebel picket lines the ambulances were taken charge of by Confederates, who proceeded to where the wounded were, and returned the trains with them to the lines, where our men again took charge of the ambulances.

The wounded men were in a pitiable condition. It was impossible that they could be properly cared for while in that wilderness away from railway facilities. The Confederates were not provided with the medical stores and other necessities needed for the wounded.

Some interesting incidents occurred as the wounded men, under the direction of our surgeons, were placed in hospitals. Those whom it was apparent that they could not live, were placed on cots in a large hallway; while others regarded as of the class that would recover were placed inside in wards designated for them.

On one of the cots in the hallway lay a German soldier, who was severely wounded, and had received little attention while out on the field; his case had been pronounced as hopeless. He could not speak English, neither could he understand a word said by the surgeons.

By and by a wounded comrade came hobbling along, whom he accosted in German:

"Comrade, can you speak German?"

"I understand German, but speak it with difficulty," said the soldier.

"Go to the surgeon in charge and say to him I want to be placed inside and have my wounds dressed. And say to him farther, that there are not doctors enough in Rosecrans' army to kill me."

The surgeon was found and informed that the German on the
cot outside demanded to be placed inside and have his wounds dressed.

"Oh, he can’t possibly live," said the surgeon. "But he says he will live; and that there are not doctors enough in Rosecran’s army to kill him." He wants his wounds dressed.

"Well, if he talks that way," said the surgeon, "there is still something in him. I’ll have him attended to."

That man recovered; and the following May as our corps was wedging through Snake Creek Gap, a day or so before the battle at Resacca, that same German soldier rejoined his regiment, and on that field the following day, no musket spoke louder and oftener, than did that in the hands of our German. When the contest opened the barrel of his gun was bright and glistened like a newly coined silver dollar; when he came out, that glistening barrel was bluish brown, and black, caused by rapid firing.

Nothing, save his unbounded will power, or as we say "grit and pluck" saved the life of this brave German—No, not German—but genuine American!

Shortly after the battle of Chattanooga parties visiting the field of Chickamauga, reported that the union dead left on the field, still lay unburied on many portions of the same. On the 16th of December a detachment was sent from our brigade to that battlefield to look after the bodies of comrades that fell in the engagement, and were still unburied.

The men of the different regiments looked over the grounds where they had been engaged. That part which our regiment occupied on Saturday was a "woody wild," covered with "scrub oaks" and stunted pines, with a goodly supply of undergrowth. No tree seemed to have been above thirty feet high. The surface was indented with ravines pointing towards Chattanooga Creek.

The lines of battle held by the regiment at different times during the engagement could then be easily traced by the papers torn from packages of cartridges, which lay thickly strewn on the ground along the lines that had been held that day. The clubs and stones,
with other obstructions, were cleaned off by the men, who part of the time lay upon the ground.

The dead lay unburied, or partly uncovered. Nearly all bodies found were recognized by marks on clothings, or by pins with names inscribed, fastened on the blouses, or most frequently from letters found in blouse pocket.

The ground on which the regiment was engaged on the 19th, was simply a stony ridge on which there was scarcely soil enough to cover the bodies of the dead. It was impossible to dig a grave with the implements at hand, or at the command of the soldier on this occasion. This partly accounts for the poor burial the bodies received on that part of the battle field.

The only attempt at burial made, was to throw a scanty quantity of soil over the bodies where found. The rains with the decay of the bodies removed the soil and left the skeleton exposed. The blue garments showed at once the union soldier.

At places, bodies were collected and placed in depressions in the surface of the ground, over which brush, stones and some soil were thrown. But the bodies, or what was not decayed, lay exposed. At other points a pit was made by placing a number of dead side by side, old logs were placed on the sides and at the head and feet, and then dirt thrown over so as to cover the dead. The entire field showed a reckless indifference in the burial of the union dead.

The losses sustained by the Thirty-fifth at Chickamauga, September 19th and 20th, as published in the War Records, were 3 officers and 19 men killed; 7 officers and 132 men wounded; 1 officer and 26 men captured. The captured consisted mostly in men who went too far in the charges made; and in men who ventured on the grounds fought over, looking for missing comrades—this after our troops had withdrawn in the evening.

The regiment went into the fight on Saturday, September 19th, with 280 muskets. It will be seen at a glance the heavy loss sustained by the regiment.
CHAPTER XIII.


By daylight, September 21st, the union forces were formed to protect the entrance into Chattanooga at the Rossville Gap. The confederates in the early morning discovered that the union army had retired; and a cautious pursuit was commenced. It was well on to eleven o'clock before the advance of the enemy appeared before the union lines.

The confederates contended themselves with feeble attempts at skirmishing in our front; but no determined assault was made on any part of our line that day. During the night our forces retired to Chattanooga, and were placed on a line from the Tennessee River near the mouth of Chattanooga Creek, at the foot of Lookout Mountain, around in a semi-circular form to near the mouth of Citico Creek on the Tennessee above Chattanooga.

It was daylight, September 22d, when Brannan's division reached the new lines; being held on a line midway to protect the troops while retiring, should the enemy make an attack. Picks and spades were placed into the hands of the weary, sleepy soldiers, and put at work on the embankments to be thrown up. The men dug into the red clay, sank trenches, and threw up a line of earthworks from river to river, that would have been anything but healthy for Bragg to attack.

Regular fortifications were laid out; these, with such others as
the confederates had commenced, proceeded towards completion with a rapidity that surprised not only the rebels who sat on the heights of Missionary Ridge and looked down, but even the men who had them in charge. When the yankee soldier saw the necessity of any work, it was simply remarkable how much he could do, even while living on half rations.

The town of Chattanooga is situated in a basin, or valley, formed by Raccoon Mountain and Walden Ridge on the northwest, and Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge on the southeast. The valley is elliptical in form, and has a breadth of five or six miles at places. The Tennessee River forces its way into it through a break in the mountain range at the northeast, and passes out through a narrow gorge, known as the "suck."

The union army was in the valley holding works in and around the town while the confederates were perched on Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain, and held lines pushed out along the base of Missionary Ridge and in advance into the plain before that mountain.

The question of supplies was the problem for the Commander-in-Chief to solve. The first move was to place men on half rations. Half rations on the full line of items allowed soldiers, is of a nature that can be submitted to without serious complaint, but when half rations on only half the articles allowed are issued, then affairs grow rather slim; it is only a fourth allowance. But when rations are reduced to one-third or less on a list of only one-half articles, then starvation commences; and that was the point reached when Forest captured our train of three hundred wagons loaded with supplies, and killed or drove away a thousand mules; then starvation was plainly at the door.

And yet, with starvation staring men in the face, it would have been good for sore eyes to have found a man who advocated the propriety to retreat. A pluckier set of men than were here assembled never constituted an army. These men had a leader in Gen. Thomas who could hold the last man until death claimed him by starvation. The reduction of rations was known by the men
to be a necessity, and submitted to with scarcely a murmur or complaint. "Hard tack and sow-belly" were scarce; but, pluck and grit were abundant, and won in the end.

The men worked like beavers, and piled up embankments to protect against assaults. The work of picketing and fortifying increased as the size of the ration decreased. But Chattanooga was held until the "cracker line" was opened; then with the assistance of reinforcements, Bragg was brushed off the ridge and sent to Dalton to reorganize and fortify.

The work done by the union army to accomplish that event is too comprehensive to be recounted minutely; even an outline requires more space than can be devoted to it in this narrative.

Rosecrans was busy with his fertile mind devising means to open the river communication to Bridgeport, whence to draw supplies for his army. His Chief of Engineers had at work a large force building pontoon boats, which it was proposed to drift down the river on a dark night past rebel pickets to a point known as Brown's Ferry, whence to lay the bridge and cross forces to co-operate with troops coming up from Bridgeport.

While this was being placed in shape Rosecrans was relieved from command; the order bears date October 18th, 1863. He had command of the army of the Cumberland one year lacking twelve days. Gen. Thomas succeeded Rosecrans in command. The plans for opening river communication were pushed forward with vigor; but before matters were in readiness Gen. Grant was made commander of the department of the Mississippi, which included the territory occupied by the army of the Cumberland.

Under Grant's approval the work for opening the river communication proceeded. Hooker reached Bridgeport early in October with reinforcements. It was satisfactory to know that such forces were near; but that was all the comfort to be obtained from that source. Hooker could not add a single extra ration to our scant allowance; and that was the point at interest just then. The army had to fast and wait.

Gen. Grant on his way to take command of the department of
the Mississippi telegraphed Thomas to hold Chattanooga at all hazard. "We will hold it till we starve," was Thomas' reply. There is but one instance in heroic history that surpasses this gallant answer; and that was uttered by the immortal Luther before the Diet at Worms, when ordered to retract what he had written; to refuse was death at the stake. He gave his reasons why he could not retract, then said: "Here I Stand, I cannot do otherwise, God help me. Amen."

The blockade was broken, and the chances to starve decreased when Gen. W. F. Smith had his pontoon boats in readiness to launch. He moved with the same down the river the night of the 24th of October, quietly drifting past the rebel pickets, who lined the left bank of the river from Lookout Mountain to Brown's Ferry.

The boats landed at the designated point; when the men sprang out, captured, or drove the pickets off; and Hazen's troops were crossed over to meet Hooker's forces in the valley. The pontoon bridge was laid for the troops coming up to cross. The battle of Lookout Valley was fought that night, and we became masters of the situation. Henceforth supplies came up the river on boats from Bridgeport to Kelley's landing, thence hauled to Chattanooga.

Gen. Grant reached Chattanooga October 23d, to take command in person. He examined the plans under way to relieve Chattanooga by way of opening the river communication. He approved the plans, and ordered the same to be carried out, which was done as related.

This accomplished, the next object was to dislodge the rebel army hanging around Chattanooga; occupying Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge. Sherman with his army was moving up the Tennessee Valley to join the forces at this place.

Grant formed his plans of attack. It was to cross the Tennessee River near the mouth of the Chickamauga River, where that stream enters the Tennessee, several miles above Chattanooga, and move against the northeast point of Missionary Ridge, turn Bragg's
BREVET-MAJOR GENERAL ABSALOM BAIRD,
Commanding 3rd Division 14th Army Corps.
right, and force him back as far as where the railway passes through Missionary Ridge in a tunnel, and threaten Bragg’s line of communication. This part was given Gen. Sherman to do, for reasons that will appear further on.

The army of the Cumberland under Gen. Thomas was to demonstrate in front of Missionary Ridge, so as to hold the rebel troops along the line of the ridge and prevent the same from massing against Sherman; and as soon as Sherman reached the tunnel, then Thomas was to move on the rebel works in front of the mountain, and if thought advisable charge the works on the summit.

Hooker, who was in Lookout Valley, was assigned the duty to make demonstration around the point of Lookout Mountain, so as to entertain the rebel troops on and along that mountain. Such were the outlines of Grant’s plans of battle.

To aid in carrying out the plan pontoons for a bridge across the Tennessee were constructed, and hauled by a concealed route up to North Chickamauga Creek, a stream that enters into the Tennessee from the north. From this the pontoons were to be floated out into the Tennessee when wanted to place the bridge.

The attack was to be made on the 21st of November; but Sherman could not get up on account of heavy roads. After Sherman’s advance had crossed Brown’s Ferry bridge the troops passed up north of Chattanooga behind a chain of hills, out of sight of the enemy, who were watching movements on the part of the Union army from their “lookout” on the mountain. The entire valley below, occupied by our troops was in full view of the enemy.

The bridge at Brown’s Ferry was broken several times by logs sent adrift by the rebels, which delayed Sherman’s crossing; one division, Osterhause’s, did not get over, and was placed under Hooker who held the valley near the bridge.

The attack was delayed one day after the other for Sherman to get into position. It was his army that was to do the fighting; for we have Sherman’s word that Gen. Grant said to him: “The men of Thomas’ army had been so demoralized by the battle of Chicka-
mauga, that he feared that they could not be got out of their trenches to assume the offensive, and that "the army of the Cumberland had so long been in the trenches that he wanted my army to hurry up to take the offensive first; after which he had no doubt the Cumberland army would fight well." *

This stricture was wholly uncalled for and highly unjust. A more determined and pluckier set of men than those found in the trenches at Chattanooga never shouldered a musket. They were then anxiously awaiting the convenience of their generals to be led against the enemy on the slopes of Missionry Ridge. These were the men who stood on Horse Shoe Ridge on the Chickamauga battle field, and hurled Longstreet's veterans back as often as they approached. Braver men, with stouter hearts never wore the blue. These men needed no army of the Tennessee to show them how to fight.

That army fought well at Vicksburg; but had never seen fighting like that on Chickamauga's field on Sunday. These demoralized, faint-hearted, enfeebled and terrified troops, which Grant feared could not be coaxed to leave their entrenchments, did come out from their entrenchments upon the open field; formed in full sight of the enemy, and took the "offensive first," and advanced against the rebel lines stationed behind breastworks, and pushed back the rebel pickets upon their reserves, and drove these pell mell into the rebel works, which they charged, captured, and held, with Orchard Knob and Indian Hill, and never retraced a foot or yielded an inch; and this before Sherman's army got over the river to give that sample to these "cowed" chaps how to fight!

An eye witness describing this movement says: "Wood pressed rapidly forward; his compact lines marred by no straggling to the rear, swept from position, first the pickets and their reserves, and then moved without a halt or slackened pace to the attack of the strong lines in front." When two days later the army of the Cumberland charged the ridge, another writer an eye witness, says: "there were no stragglers to the rear."

This is high praise of the troops whom Grant feared could not be induced to leave their trenches; and on that account waited day after day for Sherman with the army of the Tennessee to come up and show these demoralized, frightened, faint-hearted, timorous and enfeebled boys of the Cumberland army how to fight! This, it must be remembered happened before Sherman crossed the river, or had fired a shot, so as to show these timorous and quaky men how they who have not become enfeebled by being behind earthworks fight! This, the opening act of the battle of Missionary Ridge by the army of the Cumberland, should be sufficient to vindicate that army against what may be termed a slander by one high in command; but other proofs will be adduced ere the battle closes.

Sherman got into position after repeated delays, and started with his veterans to swoop down on the rebel right, and double them back to the tunnel; and give the timid and enfeebled men of the Cumberland army a chance to move forward when danger was past, and follow in pursuit. But Sherman was long in coming. He stuck on the upper end of the ridge and could not get on.

Hooker on the 24th was sent to make a demonstration around the point of Lookout to hold the rebels in that locality, and not allow them to be withdrawn to reinforce those in front, where Sherman was to attack. Early that day Hooker moved to the work assigned him; and after considerable maneuvering crossed Lookout Creek, now greatly swollen by recent rains; moved forward along the slope between the palisades and the creek.

The contest waxed warm, and by noon his forces were seen moving around the point of Lookout, forcing the enemy back towards the Chattanooga Creek bridge and the Summertown road. This was the "battle above the clouds" so prominently published to the country. There is a sprinkle of fiction in this statement. A heavy fog hung along the base of the mountain, as is often the case along almost any river; and this fog hugged closely to the earth, while the grounds occupied by Hooker's troops was free from fog—hence said to have been above the clouds.

Having swept around to the northeast side, Hooker had to rest
the advance at about two o'clock; his ammunition was exhausted, and his trains could not get up. But for this he would have captured the bridge across the creek and the Summertown road; thereby cutting off the rebel troops on the mountain from the other part of the rebel army.

Carlin's brigade forced its way across from Chattanooga and joined Hooker, bringing supplies of ammunition, but the lateness of the hour prevented the renewal of the contest. The rebel troops withdrew during the night, and moved to reinforce Bragg's right, where Sherman was fighting, and assisted in holding him back; which they did, as he got no farther along on the ridge on the 25th. Hooker's action ended at about the hour that Sherman opened the contest that day on the north end of the mountain.

Hooker's part, which was to entertain the rebel troops on Lookout, caused them to withdraw and reinforce the right; which was precisely what was not desired, or intended in Grant's plan of the battle. Hooker pressed too vigorously.

On the following day Hooker was to push Bragg's left, coming up Missionary Ridge from Rossville; and Sherman was to move down from the north end; while the demoralized, frightened, and timid men of the Cumberland army were to look on from the plains below, and see how armies, not demoralized or effeminated behind breast-works fight.

The Cumberland army stood long, and waited patiently for the object lesson that was to be given them; but Hooker did not put in an appearance; Sherman had all he could attend to, and failed to get up to the tunnel; while all the boys of the Cumberland army wondered what had happened.

The day was passing; the sun had reached the zenith and was rapidly moving down the heavens toward the west; it was then that signs of "demoralization" were to be seen among the cowed and timorous boys of the Cumberland army. Impatience was marked on every face; and when Thomas was ordered to make a demonstration against the lines along the foot of the ridge, to ease up the pressure on Sherman, the men moved off with a will, and
CHARGE OF GEN. HAIRD'S DIVISION AT MISSIONARY RIDGE.
were not satisfied with carrying the lines at the foot of the mount-
ain; but with one impulse swept up the rugged sides of Missionary
Ridge, and literally brushed the rebels down the southern slopes,
back and away from their works.

This was pretty good work for effeminate, cowed, hesitating,
and quivering soldiers whom Grant feared to trust. This work
was done under Grant's own eyes, as he stood on Orchard Knob
watching the movements. When the lines swept over the works
taken, and passed onward and up the slopes of the ridge, he turned
to Thomas and said:

"Who gave orders to advance?"

Then, it was said he grumbled something like: "If the charge
fails some one will have to pay."

The ridge was carried; it was splendid work, and well done for
demoralized men who could not be "coaxed out of their trenches." Yes,
the slandered troops clambered up the rugged steeps with a
will and a vim. Something that would have been difficult, had no
hostile foe stood at the top with blazing musketry and artillery
belching minie-balls, grape and cannister.

These were the troops that secured for Grant the glory to ac-
complish one of the most remarkable feats in military history, and
which made him a Lieutenant General. He wore the honor they
won for him with distinguished grace; but he never apologized for
the depreciating and damaging remarks uttered concerning these
troops.

In his official report connected with this engagement he was
compelled to say:

"These troops [Baird, Wood, Sheridan, and Johnson's divisions,
constituting the army of the Cumberland] moved forward; drove
the enemy from the rifle-pits, at the base of the ridge, like bees
from a hive, and then commenced the ascent of the mountain
from right to left, almost simultaneously, following closely the
retreating enemy, without orders. They encountered a fearful
volley of grape and canister from near thirty pieces of artillery
and musketry from well-filled rifle pits on the summit, Not a
waver, however, was seen in that long line of brave men; their progress was steadily onward until the summit was reached and in their possession."

Thus Grant himself had to testify to the fact, that he had said what was not correct, and for which he had no facts to base any such remarks as Gen. Sherman reports him as having made.

The plan on which the battle of Chattanooga was fought may be full of military genius, and may meet all the requirements of military art as laid down in the books; yet the plans lacked in an essential respect; they could not be carried out; the element of the impossibility entered into the same in too many ways. This fact became evident to Gen. Grant as the engagement progressed, and the plans were modified on no less than three different points.

It is customary to say that Gen. Thomas was slow, which came from the fact that he could see from a glance when a plan was feasible and could be carried to a successful issue. And when his judgment said it was not feasible until such and such conditions were reached, he would not move, unless under positive orders.

He saw the mistakes in Grant's plans, and quietly suggested movements which brought about a correction. The action was carried to a successful conclusion, but the plans as laid down were not followed because of the impossibility to do so.

The battle of Chattanooga as fought was of the nature of "One scene, and four acts." Thomas opened the first act by charging the rebel advance line, capturing the same with Orchard Knob and Indian Hill, and extending his lines to hold the ground gained.

Then came the second act under Hooker in capturing Lookout Mountain; and when the curtains fell on this part of the field, then Sherman opened the third at the northeast end of Missionary Ridge at about the hour that Hooker closed his act.

The fourth and last act opened the following day near three o'clock when Thomas' army charged the rebel lines in front, and scaled the rugged steeps of Missionary Ridge, sweeping the enemy
from the summit down the southern slope, and sending the rebel army in precipitate retreat into the confederacy.

The charge made by the timid and "demoralized" men of the Cumberland Army was the finishing stroke of the battle; and it was likewise the most remarkable as well as brilliant charge on record, connected with the war of the rebellion, made by union or confederate armies.

The Commander-in-Chief had become impatient. Hooker did not arrive as expected; Sherman was still where he was in the morning. Regarding this condition of affairs, Grant ordered Thomas to charge the works at the base of the mountain "to ease the pressure on Sherman." That is, to call off forces in front of Sherman, to guard the front of the rebel lines now seriously threatened by Thomas.

It was past three o'clock when the lines were placed in motion. Thomas' entire army moved off in fine style, and without scarcely a shot being fired, the men pushed briskly forward, and when the open ground was reached, started off on the double quick, and next into a clever run, right at, and into the rebel works. The rebels fled, as Grant said: "like bees from a hive," up the hill to the rifle pits half way up.

The union lines halten but an instant at the rebel works at the base, giving only time for all to get up; when, almost simultaneously, the men leaped over the rebel works, and started up the steep acclivity of the mountain.

At first, the lines moved in pretty good order, but as they proceeded they became less distinct; color bearers were generally in advance, and men drifted toward the colors. The long-winded chaps were in the lead; hundreds had to slow up to gain breath. Regiments vied with each other as to which should reach the summit and gain the rebel works. The first to arrive came up in "clumps;" but men pushed on as soon as they regained breath, and it was but a short time before regiments as organizations were in line.

The Thirty-fifth was among the first to reach the summit and
planted its colors a short distance in rear of rebel troops massed to assist in repelling Sherman. These at once turned to strike the regiment in flank, but at that moment other troops reached the summit and took the rebels in flank; after a short but sharp contest the rebels gave way and withdrew down the woody slopes on the south side of the mountain.

Sheridan on the right of Thomas' lines found no further opposition after he gained the top, and passed down the other side in pursuit; but the left of our lines could not do so, on account of the masses of rebel troops found on that part of the mountain where they arrived; these were opposing Sherman's advance, and at once turned and made demonstrations which had to be met, and lines were formed to resist the attack from this side.

Night came, and troops rested on their arms on Missionary Ridge. During the night the rebels between Baird and Sherman withdrew from the summit. The closing contest that day was fought by Thomas' troops in a higher atmosphere than that in which Hooker's forces fought the day before, and were still below the clouds!

No one for a moment expected that the contest would be renewed in the morning where it closed in the evening. The troops slept in the sharp bracing atmosphere on the mountain top without having their dreams disturbed by apprehensions of an attack or disturbance of any kind. Daylight came and the pursuit was commenced and continued through the day. An occasional skirmish with the rebel rear guard was all that happened to be chronicled that day, or until Hooker's advance presented itself before the gap through Taylor's Ridge. Here a sharp contest ensued in which many causalities occurred while contending for what did not compensate for the gain that was effected.

The Thirty-fifth captured three rebel guns planted along the lines where it reached the summit. These were passed in pursuit of the rebels, who showed fight on the left where a sharp contest ensued; which was only ended after additional forces reached the summit. During this time troops to our right passed along the
summit and gathered in the guns captured by the Thirty-fifth, and withdrew the same to lines occupied by them; thus claiming the honor of capture to which they had no right.

Troops that leave an enemy in front to gather in trophies captured by others are not to be envied the honor in exhibiting such trophies. Gens. Baird and Van Derveer both mention this rape of guns in their reports of the Missionary Ridge contest, and give the credit of the capture to the Thirty-fifth. They say the regiment captured the guns driving the gunners from the pieces at the point of the bayonet.

The losses in this contest to the regiment were six men killed, three belonging to the color company; three officers and nineteen men wounded, and two missing, one was Johny Doyle who walked into the rebel lines with his basket containing the dinner of an officer's mess. The division having been sent to Sherman's aid at the north end of the ridge during Doyle's absence. Not finding the regiment where he left it, he naturally concluded it had moved to the front, and he walked into the rebel lines with his dinner for the officers, of which he was promptly relieved, as well as of his new hat and silver watch; and this by a general officer. It is to be regretted that the name of this officer is not known, it would be a pleasure to give him a free advertising for this chivalrous act.

One of the myths of the war is the oft repeated statement that the charge up the ridge was made without orders; or rather by a spontaneous move on the part of the men without orders. But like all such affairs this statement lacks the facts to support it.

Doubtless the order to charge was somewhat indefinite, and officers were left at first to conjecture whether it meant the line at the base or the summit of the ridge. The capture of the first line of works led to orders to follow up the advantage gained. Grant possibly did not intend to order a charge up the ridge; but some one, if not he, did order the troops forward.

Baird commanding the third division, in his report says positively he received orders to move to the summit. Col. Van Derveer commanding the Second brigade, says in his report: "After
resting fifteen minutes in the works captured, the general com-
manding the division ordered a charge up the crest of the ridge.”
Major Budd, commanding the Thirty-fifth—Col. Boynton having
been wounded—says: “After resting about fifteen minutes, an
order came to storm the heights.”

Sheridan in his report says: “He was not clear in his mind
whether the order given meant the rebel line at the base or the top
of the ridge, I received, he continues, an order that if in my opinion
I could carry the summit to charges. His judgment was that he
could, and he started. Gen. Wood received an order somewhat
similar.*

Whether Grant or Thomas issued the order does not matter,
some one did, and in obedience the lines started up the slopes, and
carried the ridge, sweeping the confederates down the opposite side
in great confusion. Bragg was greatly incensed at the conduct of
his troops on his left. While his right resisted Sherman with vigor,
the lines along the ridge before Thomas gave way and fled, pan-
icky, down the southeastern slopes as the union lines approached.
Bragg declared that a skirmish line should have held the ridge
against any force that might arrived. He says: “The enemy ar-
rived wearied and out of breath, and in no condition for an assault.”

This was partly true. He farther says that his men had seen
the union army parading in the plain before them for days, and
were familiar with the extent and appearance of the same, and
should not have become panicky when they saw the union men
come up the ridge worn and weary. But the lines broke and fled
from the fields, as he says, “in disgrace.” Bragg’s indignation was
of a nature that could not easily be appeased. He did what he
could to rally the fugitives, but found the mass so leavened with
panic, that nothing could be done but to lead the army back to a
safe place, to reorganize and gather in reinforcements. He took
position near Dalton, with advance as far up as Tunnel Hill.

*The myth that troops started up Missionary Ridge without orders has about
served its day; published Records do not sustain the statement—See Gen. Baird’s
The retreating army was nothing short of a mob. One third had thrown away their arms; another third moved without organization, like a drove of cattle; while the remaining part moved with the semblance of an organization, but were in bad humor, declaring that the confederacy had the bottom knocked out. So Hooker reported; who gave it as his opinion that had the pursuit been vigorously followed up, Bragg’s army would have gone to pieces, and never again appeared as a force in the field; and there was no reason why the pursuit was not followed up, even after sufficient troops had been sent to Burnside’s aid. Bragg in his report of the battle of Shiloh, while speaking of the panic on the union side on Sunday, says: “In this result we have a valuable lesson by which we should profit—never on a battle field to lose a moment’s time, to press on with every available man, giving a panic-stricken and retiring foe no time to rally.” A vigorous pursuit on the part of Grant would have proved ruinous to Bragg’s army, and would have eliminated it as a force of a formidable character.

The troops returned from the pursuit after Bragg’s forces to their old quarters at Chattanooga; having now the freedom of the mountains around the old camp. Supplies came up the river in quantities so that troops could count on something better than half rations. Gen. Grant says in his Century article on Chattanooga, that after the bridge was laid at Brown’s Ferry the troops received full rations. What he says on that subject is more fanciful than correct, as the men will readily certify to, who were then in camp and know what happened from actual facts.

Small as the supply was the men were quite well satisfied and settled down to life in winter quarters. The winter was unusually severe for that locality, and fuel was scarce or as difficult to secure as rations. There was plenty on the hills and mountain slopes, but no teams to bring it into camp.

The men improvised trucks using car wheels, and moved them out on the railway track to the base of the mountain where the track crosses Chattanooga Creek; whence wood was cut and slipped down the slopes to the tracks, loaded on the trucks, and pulled into
Chattanooga, fully two miles away. The convoys of loaded trucks had often to unload and clear the track for heavier cars coming from the opposite direction for fuel.

At times it took a full half day to get in a load from the mountain. Much of the inconvenience might have been avoided had correct railway management been enforced; compelling all to start for the wooded slopes at a fixed hour and return on a properly arranged time table.

New Year's night, '64, will be remembered as a fearfully cold night, when the mercury dropped from six to ten degrees below zero at Chattanooga. Pickets on duty were relieved every half hour, Ponds of water near the base of Missionary Ridge, around which the picket guards the morning before had to march to gain their appointed places, passed over on the ice when returning to camp after their duty had been performed.

Picket duty during the siege, and even after the Chattanooga battle, was unusually heavy and irksome. This was made more unpleasant by the peculiar conduct of General Sheridan who had assumed to be a kind of general picket inspector.

Between the river and Missionary Ridge the ground on which Chattanooga stands is cut up by ravines, resembling somewhat the waves of the sea, or ridges and depressions, these run nearly parallel with the base of the mountain. Along the crest of some of these ridges were the lunets occupied by the advance pickets. The reserves were placed in the ravines behind these.

Sheridan's delight was to pass down one of these ravines or depressions in rear of the picket reserves, and when opposite the same, spur his charger over the ridge, and ride down on the post before the men had time to form and receive a general officer, as prescribed in the tactics.

Sheridan usually made things lively for the commander of the picket reserve about this time, and then left for the next post, leaving a sulphureous scent that lingered in the air, or rather in the ears of the men on the picket reserves, on account of the vigorous
though somewhat questionable English which the general used while addressing his remarks to commanders of posts.

He made the rounds almost daily, and in his way of placing it, captured every d—d post. Officers usually returned from the term of duty crest fallen, uttering some warm terms towards "Phil." Sheridan not always complimentary.

A certain lieutenant in the regiment who, fortunately or unfortunately, was called to serve on courts-martial for a long period of time, escaped picket duty. The number of officers subject to such duty had been greatly reduced by casualties at Chickamauga, and still farther from the same cause during the contest at Missionary Ridge. This made picket duty exceedingly heavy for those present for duty. The President of the courts-martial got into a racket with the division commander, who made free to read the court frequent lectures for the mild penalties attached to offenses. The President submitted to these lectures until it was no longer possible to bear them, when he turned on the division commander and poured hot shot into the division commander's camp, ending with the request that his court be dissolved.

The request was granted, and no sooner was the fact officially reported, than our lieutenant was promptly detailed to take charge of the pickets of the regiment the next morning. This fact was more or less gratifying to the line officers, who called on the lieutenant and tendered their congratulations, and laconically said that "Phil." would give him h—I. The lieutenant hadn't much to say, since each of his fellow officers had come in day by day smarting under the castigation "Phil." had administered while on duty, and it was only natural that this lieutenant would be served in a like manner; prudence suggested to be modest and await results.

The detachment under our lieutenant was sent to picket a narrow strip between the Tennessee River and Citico Creek several miles above Chattanooga. Being the senior officer in the detachment the command of the post devolved on him. The reserve of this post was placed at the base of a mamelon covered with a dense cluster of trees and undergrowth; between this and the creek, which
was skirted with thick cane breaks, the distance was small, and only a narrow roadway passed between. This was easily obstructed by the falling of trees with bushy tops across so that no horseman could pass. The only way to reach the front of the guards was by a circuit around the mamelon, which was nearly a quarter of a mile.

The lieutenant placed his sentinels; six were stationed on out posts to watch the enemy, and seven were put to watch and give prompt notice of the approach of general officers,—and especially Phil. Sheridan! To these sentinels the most rigid instructions were given to be watchful and give timely alarm of the approach of officers, and should they allow any one to ride in on the picket post without giving prompt notice it would go hard with them. So emphatic was the lieutenant in his instructions to the sentinels watching the approach of an enemy in the rear—the picket inspector, and Phil. Sheridan in particular—that the men were unusually vigilant, and no less than a dozen times were the guards called to their guns to take arms during the day, being each time a false alarm.

The reason for this was that it was fiercely cold, and all persons, officers and men, wore the common regulation over-coat, and a private could not be distinguished from an officer at any considerable distance. The persons that came out in that locality that day were only teamsters, who were in the habit to cut cane to take to camp for their mules to browse on; and not a single general officer made his appearance during the twenty-four hours' term of duty. All this extra care was of no avail.

When the detail reached camp after being relieved from duty, the fact was made known that Phil. Sheridan had left Chattanooga the previous day for the eastern army!

Sheridan here ended his connection with the western army. Why Grant took him to the east was at that time a puzzle that few were able to solve. If the man's correct history, while in the west, is to speak, there will be little found in what he did to show that he was either a brilliant or a successful general.
He made his first appearance in the army while Halleck was maneuvering before Corinth, early in '62. Sheridan was then a quartermaster and became a colonel of a rather unruly cavalry regiment enlisted in Michigan. While in command of cavalry he made several successful dashes into Mississippi; in a "tussel" with some rebel cavalry he came out ahead. This was rather remarkable for cavalry in those days, and Sheridan was promptly made a brigadier and was placed in command of a division in the army of the Mississippi.

When Buell was on his famous race after Bragg, Sheridan was sent with his division to Nashville, and on his arrival was sent forward to join Buell. He came up while the army was assembled at Louisville, and his division was assigned to Gilbert's corps.

At Perryville, the left of Sheridan's division connected with McCook's right. He was instructed to protect McCook's flank, but for some reason he failed to do so. The rebels pressed heavy forces into the interval between the lines of McCook and Sheridan, against which the latter was to guard. In this gap Steedman's brigade was sent near sundown, and checked the rebel advance. Sheridan failed to do anything remarkable during this contest, though in position to do so.

At Stone River Sheridan's division was in McCook's corps, and with it was swept ruthlessly to the rear; and rallied only after Gen. Thomas placed his corps, the Fourteenth, in position to check the rebel advance, and give Sheridan a chance to regain himself, or reform his command. He did good fighting after that, but no one has yet chronicled any brilliant conduct for him on that field. Very little was heard from him in the army, or by the country after that until the contest at Chickamauga. On that field he and his division were thrown into confusion and disappeared at the first onset the second day, and were not heard from until in the evening when the union forces were withdrawn from the field.

It was reported to Gen. Thomas that Sheridan and Davis were at the gap near the McFarland house, with considerable forces collected by them of their divisions. Gen. Thomas sent an aid on
his staff to order them up. Gen. Davis reported with the troops at command, and did valuable services that day on "Horse Shoe Ridge;" but Sheridan knew his business, and proceeded with what forces he had to Rossville, then started on the return to the field, which he had left in such a hurry in the morning.

He did some service in assisting the troops to retire in good order, by forming lines to protect any assault that the enemy might make.

Gen. Sheridan, in his memoirs, has little to say regarding the battle of Chickamauga. This is quite natural, as he took but little part in it. His division came up late in the after part of the first day, on the 19th, and on the 20th, he was swept off the field, with scarcely an attempt at fighting.

He sagely remarks, in his Memoirs: "I have often thought, that had Thomas remained on the field, we could have whipped Bragg the following day with the reinforcements that I brought up the evening before."

There were many working in the ditches around Chattanooga the following day who then thought, and have "often thought" since, that had Sheridan come up, when ordered by Gen. Thomas, while at the McFarland Gap; as did Gen. Jeff C. Davis; and had he not ordered Thomas' ammunition train into Chattanooga, while on his famous march to the rear, that there would have been no need or occasion for Thomas to abandon his lines on "Horse Shoe Ridge." And that Bragg would have found it convenient to withdraw on the night of the 20th of September, instead of Thomas.

Sheridan does not attempt to show why he did not move to the sound of battle, as did Jeff C. Davis with what troops he had in hand. That part of his conduct on this field is not explained, although a very interesting one to those who fought on "Horse Shoe Ridge."

Sheridan blundered in this instance; and the historian can not say otherwise, or write an excuse for his conduct, at this hour in his career. There are times when men seem fated to do what is not expected. Rosecrans left the field when his presence would
have counted as much as the reinforcement brought on the field at noon by Gen. Granger. And Sheridan’s presence with his division, or what of it was in hand, would have neutralized all thought of the necessity to withdraw as darkness was stealing over the field. But Sheridan was not equal to the emergency, and that is all that can be said of him on this occasion.

Fortune, however, placed it in his power to regain something of what he here lost; yet with all that kind charity can say, he blundered; and a page in history has to be written, which it were desirable that it could be omitted.

At Missionary Ridge he did his part well; and after his troops had gained the summit, finding no serious opposition he passed down the other side in pursuit. But the forces on the left met the rebels massed in their front, and were compelled to fight for the possession of the ridge, and could not like Sheridan pass onward. Sheridan’s advance endangered the rebel line of communication, and added to the reasons why they considered it to their interest to take advantage of the darkness to get away.

Sheridan soon after this engagement was taken to the eastern army, at the request of Gen. Grant, who had great confidence in Sheridan and Sherman, and was not so favorably impressed with the men who held prominent commands in the eastern army.

The departure of Sheridan was not regarded as a particular loss to the western army, and few regrets were expressed. Yet, after this, Sheridan’s star came up from the horizon where it had been scarcely noticed while in the west, and continued to move onward until it reached the zenith.

The soldier’s mode of living, consists largely in fasting and feasting. These come by turns; and while invading an enemy’s country, the fasting come usually with more frequency, than the feasting.

The lines of communication over which supplies are carried, are the constant object for destruction on the part of the enemy; and when successful in their designs, the forces depending upon the proper condition of such lines, usually get the benefit of reduced
rations, and possibly of a good long fast. The feasting comes usually when a successful foraging expedition has been made; which in an exhausted country comes very seldom.

During the siege at Chattanooga, supplies had to be brought in wagons from Bridgeport, through the Sequatchie Valley. Forrest, in his raid, destroyed a large train, and captured the bulk of our mules, used for transportation. This caused the troops at Chattanooga to be placed on three-fourths rations; then on one-half; then on what could be had!

Possibly no set of men were more completely starved, during the war of the rebellion, than the union soldiers during that siege, save only the prisoners at Andersonville, and other rebel prison pens.

The chief topic of conversation, around the diminutive camp fires was concerning something to eat. Every conversation opened and ended about eating. A hungry stomach is a troublesome companion, and acts as a constant reminder that something is wanting.

Yet, amid this want of rations, this fasting and starving, the men were in good humor; grew more plucky and determined as the size of the ration decreased, and the pangs of hunger increased. Their compliments to the copperheads of the north became more biting and stinging; and it would have been as much as a man valued his life to have shown weakness, or signs of yielding to the ideas and suggestions of copperheads at the north.

During all that siege, and period of fasting, men were more than usually healthy, and seemed to hold their own in advoidupois. One day among this hungry, half starved crowd of union soldiers would have cured any milk and water compromise union man, who lived at the north out of danger, and the reach of starvation.

No words of compromise, no softening, or letting up, was ever breathed among that half starved concourse of union soldiers; but with compressed lips, and gritted teeth they growled “no compromise with treason.”
CHAPTER XIV.

ATLANTA CAMPAIGN—RECONNOISANCE TO BUZZARD'S ROOST—
THE CONCENTRATION—THE ADVANCE—ROCKY FACED RIDGE
—SNAKE CREEK GAP—BATTLES AT RESACCA—NEW HOPE
CHURCH—KENESAW MOUNTAIN—PEACH TREE CREEK—BATTLES AROUND ATLANTA—THE MOVE ON JONESBOROUGH—
ATLANTA IS Ours—RELEASED FROM DUTY—HOMeward
BOUND—THE MUSTER OUT—"HOME AGAIN."

The pursuit of Bragg's army, after the Missionary Ridge battle, was abandoned on the 27th of November. Hooker led his men back into Lookout Valley; and Gen. Thomas placed his timid and "demoralized" soldiers into the trenches before Chattanooga, to reflect upon the splendid object lesson in fighting, given them by Sherman's army on the north end of Missionary Ridge, which did not come near enough to be seen!

Sherman and Howard were sent towards Knoxville to drive off the rebel forces, that were besieging Burnside at that place. Work was pressed forward to get the railway between Bridgeport and Chattanooga into working order; some important trestle works had to be constructed near White Sides, or Falling Waters. So great was the destruction of the road caused by war, that it took until January 14th before trains could pass into Chaftanooga. In the meantime a roadway had been constructed around Point Look-out, for wagon trains to pass, bringing in supplies from Brown's Ferry. Store houses had been prepared in which to store the supplies as they came in; but these store houses did not fill up rapidly; so depleted had the supplies become that the half-starved and ragged soldiery took up the effects almost as fast as trains brought them forward.
The entire outfit of the army was gone, and had to be renewed. Since September scarcely any supplies, save rations and ammunition reached the army; and the men were not only starved but they were literally naked. The work to accumulate supplies went forward as rapidly as the limited means of transportation would allow. This became likewise the line through which the troops at Knoxville were supplied.

While the work of bringing up supplies was going forward Gen. Thomas made a reconnaissance towards Tunnel Hill to ascertain the correct location of the enemy, and prevent troops being sent away to oppose Sherman, who was making a raid from a point on the Mississippi River on Selma in Alabama.

The army of the Cumberland left camp on the 22d of February, and concentrated at Ringgold. Palmer with two divisions of the Fourteenth corps moved on Tunnel Hill, while Baird passed the Catoosa Platform and moved down the valley east of Buzzard’s Roost Ridge, where part of the Fifteenth corps was met. These forces moved against the fortified places, where severe skirmishing ensued. Turchin’s brigade charged the works on the ridge, but could not hold the ground gained, and had to fall back with considerable loss.

The troops on that side of the ridge were withdrawn that night to Catoosa Platform. The withdrawal was done by placing a line in rear of the position held with instructions to build camp-fires; then other troops formed in rear, and likewise started long lines of fires, and so on until the high grounds in rear were covered with blazing camp-fires, indicating that heavy reinforcements had come up. The artillerymen muzzled the wheels of their guns and quietly drew off; then the infantry followed in order, and by daylight were back as designated.

The following evening Baird’s division was sent down on the opposite side to assist the other divisions of the corps to withdraw; when the same tactics was pursued.

Thomas found the enemy in force, and did not consider it advisable, with the limited force at his command to move against
Johnson. The army of the Cumberland at this time was greatly weakened in the absence of 88 infantry and cavalry regiments on veteran furlough.

The advance of the union army was established at Ringgold, and the Thirty-fifth went into camp at the pass through Taylor's Ridge, being the extreme advance of the union army at this time. Baird's Division took position at Ringgold.

Gen. Grant was made a lieutenant general, March 17th, 1864, and took the command-in-chief of all the forces east and west of the union army. This gave one head, instead of a half dozen independent commands with no harmonious co-operation. It was a move in the right direction, and insured satisfactory results. Sherman was assigned to the command of the Department of the Mississippi; and plans for a campaign on Atlanta, or rather against the rebel army under Johnson, were taken into consideration.

Gen. Thomas had his plans in shape, and laid them before Sherman the day he reached Chattanooga to assume command. Thomas' plan was for the army of the Ohio to move down on the left; and the army of the Tennessee on the right past Tunnel Hill, along Rocky Face Ridge against Johnson's position before Dalton; while he, with the army of the Cumberland, was to move through Snake Creek Gap, which was not occupied, strike Johnson's line of communications near Resacca, and force Johnson either to fight him, or retreat eastwardly through a barren country. If Johnson should choose to fight, he would have to do so on grounds selected by Thomas; in which case Thomas said he could whip Johnson's army.*

This plan Sherman disapproved. He had a plan of his own. Thomas was assigned to the center, because his army constituted over one-half the forces under Sherman, and would become the rallying point of the other forces. Gen. Thomas felt confident, had his plan been adopted, of a speedy and decisive victory.

The campaign on Atlanta opened on the side of the union army, May 7th, 1864, when troops moved on Tunnel Hill. In

*Van Horn's Army of the Cumberland; Vol. II., p. 49.
this campaign Sherman had the advantage in point of numbers; but Johnson could select his positions, and his forces usually stood behind breastworks. In falling back he took up the garrisons along his lines of communications; while Sherman had to attack fortified positions; and every move forward took him deeper into the confederacy, and farther from his base of supplies, which increased the number of men needed to guard his lines of communication.

Johnson's losses in battle were compensated by the garrisons taken up as his lines were shortened. Sherman, on the other hand, not only lost in battle and by sickness, but his forces were heavily drawn upon to furnish additional garrisons to hold important points, as his lines of communication were extended.

Prior to the 7th of May, troops moved to concentrate for the advance. Baird's division was at Ringgold; Davis came up and joined Baird; Butterfield moved from Lookout Valley to Lee & Gordon's Mill, on the old Chickamauga battle-field, on the 3rd; Johnson came up to Ringgold; the Fourth Corps moved to Catoosa Springs on the left; Willich moved to Lee & Gordon's Mill; Geary came from Bridgeport, across the mountain, to Lee's tan-yard; McPherson, with the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Corps, took position at Lee & Gordon's Mill; while Schofield moved the same time to Red Clay.

From these points the general forward movement began the morning of the 7th of May, '64. The forces under Sherman, infantry, cavalry and artillery, including the garrisons left behind, numbered nearly one hundred thousand.

Thomas moved direct on Tunnel Hill and pressed the rebel forces onto Buzzard's Roost, and into Mill Creek Gap. Schofield moved down on the opposite side of Buzzard's Roost; while McPherson pressed for Snake Creek Gap, to cut Johnson's communications with Atlanta.

Some brilliant skirmishing was done on, and along, the slopes of Rocky Face Ridge, and in Mill Creek Gap. The skirmishers worked up the sides of the mountain on both sides of the gap,
while Newton's forces gained the top and worked forward. The scene at night was grand. The flashes of the picket's rifles, along the slopes reminded a person of the familiar scenes of a summer night, when the "fire flies" are out.

The rebel position was strong by nature; and had been made still stronger by the rebel works, along the valley and mountain slopes.

Several days were given to testing the strength of the fortified works along Rocky Face Ridge and Mill Creek Gap, as well as to allow Gen. McPherson time to pass through Snake Creek Gap, and strike Johnson's line of communications.

After an unusual amount of marching and counter-marching, our brigade under Van Derveer took position along the slope of a hill, whence we could look up the funnel shaped valley between Rocky Face Ridge and Buzzard Roost Mountain.

At a point where the valley divided, stood a wooden structure, occupied by Sherman as his headquarters, in front of which were assembled the principal officers of Sherman's army. Gen. Sherman was the central figure of the group. Near him stood Gen. Thomas, erect in form and manly in appearance. No finer figure was found in the western army; his very appearance gained for him the respect of both officers and men.

The eyes of all rested on him of those who drifted to that place. It was he who held his corps on the field, when the commander-in-chief with two of his corps commanders had drifted into Chattanooga with the "debris" of two corps. There was a curiosity to see the face of the man who could hold his corps to the mark, when half the army had been dispersed.

Then, there stood Hooker who, it is said, fought above the clouds at Lookout Mountain, Joe Hooker, fussy and impulsive, with that haughty and imperial bearing which Gen. Grant could not endure, and wanted him relieved. Howard circulated among the group, with a restless and an energetic movement. Then there were Gens. Stoneman, chief of cavalry; Gen. Brannan, chief of artillery in Thomas' army; Palmer, of the Fourteenth Corps; Scho-
field, of the Fourth; Little Phil Kilpatrick, Anson McCook, Jeff C. Davis, R. W. Johnson, Turchin, and a long line of staff officers. The scene was one to be remembered.

This, no doubt, was the largest and finest assembly of officers of the union army during the Atlanta campaign. It was evening; the sun had just gone down behind the western hills. The work for the day was practically done, and the officers had drifted to headquarters, and were enjoying themselves, and indulging in a short recreation from the hard mental strain which falls on all who hold prominent commands.

On Sherman's countenance alone there seemed to rest a shadow of uncertainty. The rebels in front were stubborn; the position held by them was strong by nature, and made more so by military art and skill. What move could he make to get Johnson out of his fortified position, and compel him to fight on equal footing; such seemingly was the problem Sherman was revolving in his mind at this hour.

It became evident that it was useless to waste time and powder in trying to carry this place. McPherson, who had been sent to strike Johnson's line of communication, had failed, and the enemy did not withdraw to Dalton.

The move around by Snake Creek was commenced, and by the night of the 12th, Sherman's army was in the gap. The troops moved into position on the 14th; McPherson on the right; the army of the Cumberland in the center, and Schofield on the left. Bragg had fallen back from Dalton and was in position near Resacca to dispute Sherman's advance.

Sharp fighting took place the same day that the army moved into position. The day following a fierce contest ensued, and heavy fighting continued throughout the day, which ended only after darkness curtained the field. The army under McPherson had gained a position to command the railway bridge over the river at Resacca, and Johnson found it necessary to withdraw while still in his power to do so; this was done by placing a bridge in rear of his army, and slip away in the night unobserved.
About midnight of the 15th, while our troops were resting on their arms; expecting to renew the contest on the morrow, maneuvering of troops was distinctly heard within the rebel camp.

Were they forming for a charge; or slipping away? was the question. Words of command were heard, and at last a strong voice sang out through the still night air: "Forward; Guide centre; March."

A sentinel, on picket, belonging to the Second Minnesota regiment, who had been quietly listening to what was going on within the rebel lines sang out, in a voice that could be heard for a mile in the stillness of the night:

"Come on old guide centre, we'll give you merry hell!" The men along the lines sprang to arms, and stood ready to meet the supposed charge, but it never came.

In this engagement Sherman had very nearly a hundred thousand men, while Johnson had seventy-five thousand men, as Hood admits in his report of this engagement. The field of Resacca had nearly twice the men that fought the battle of Chickamauga. Little is said of this contest, yet, it was one of vast proportions. The reason for this is the fact, that it decided nothing, and was unsatisfactory to both sides. Johnson had to leave, be captured, or have his line of communication cut off. Prompt pursuit was made, which forced the rebel army to the vicinity of the Etawah, where works had been thrown up in advance of the coming of the rebel chief. A halt of a few days was made near Cassville to give time to reconstruct the railway bridge near Resacca over the Oostenaula.

Here the Ninth Ohio left the brigade, their term of service had expired. That regiment had been a constant companion to the Thirty-fifth, being one of the regiments that made up the original brigade to which we belonged. It was a model regiment in every respect. No finer drilled body was found in the western armies, and it is doubtful whether it had an equal in any union army, either east or west. We had rather seen any other regiment march away and leave us than the Ninth Ohio.

Johnson had fortified the Allatoona Pass, through which the
railway passes. To flank this position Sherman cut loose from his railway connections, and with twenty days' supplies in wagons crossed the Etowah, at different places, and moved off to the right for Marietta. The army advanced by different routes, and was considerably scattered, so as to use different roads to gain Marietta the sooner.

The rebel chief discovered the designs of our movement, and promptly placed his army across Sherman's line of march. This happened near Dallas and New Hope Church. The rebel army was entertained by various demonstrations, until Sherman could concentrate; to do which no time was lost. The battle at New Hope Church was fought on the 24th of May.

When Sherman cut loose from his line of communications, our brigade was placed on duty guarding the long line of supply trains. At what was designated, as Burned Hickory, a somewhat central point between the railway and New Hope Church, near which our advance arrived, the brigade was held as a garrison sending out, now and then, a regiment to do duty guarding trains. We remained here a few days, when we were relieved and moved for the front. On this move, somewhere in the pine woods of Georgia, Major David Becket, serving in Hooker's corps, came along to visit some of his old acquaintances in the Thirty-fifth. We had a long and pleasant chat while waiting for troops to get out of our way.

He was as usual full of hope, looking only on the sunny side of all subjects. He was confident the army would reach Atlanta by the 1st of July. After a pleasant chat, when the bugle sounded, and the men fell in to move onward, he mounted his charger and rode away.

A few days later we received the account of his death. While in the discharge of his duty a sharpshooter made him a mark.

Johnson fell back from this field; and Sherman at once regained his railway connections. The burned bridges had been replaced, and trains came up to Big Shanty. The railway management was most admirable. The bridges along the line which it was certain would be destroyed were prepared in advance, from
specifications in the hands of the chief railway engineer; these had been found among the papers in the railway office at Chattanooga. As soon as the rebels fell back the bridges came up and were placed in a short time.

The union lines had hardly secured a position before Kenesaw Mountain when a yankee locomotive came whistling down the track; and ran up so closely to the rebel line, as to tempt batteries to open on it, which to this time, had kept concealed.

Johnson made several stands from New Hope Church, before he settled down on Kenesaw; always, however, behind works which had been constructed prior to his arrival. His engineers worked ahead of his army, towards Atlanta, and had works in readiness for his troops to fall back into at every backward movement made. These works were constructed by Georgia militia, and a large force of colored men, or slaves.

The fact that much of, if not all this fortifying, was done by colored men which is certified to by Gen. Johnson in his official reports, shows the wisdom of President Lincoln in issuing the emancipation proclamation to free the slaves, basing it on the ground, that it was a military necessity; or a war measure to damage the enemy. The idea was the result of the true logic of events. The slave was a strong element in the confederate army in the field; as he raised the produce which fed the armies and the families of the soldiers; and supported them by their labor; thus giving the entire white population, able to serve as soldiers, full opportunity to enter the army.

To take the slave away, would place the duty of providing supplies for the army and the families upon the white population, which was then almost to a man in the field. Then, freeing the slave, removed the objection to place the negro in the army. He was now a freeman; and as he was the principle cause of the war, he was interested in the result, and why should he not do his part towards securing permanently his freedom.

Then the fact that the confederacy used the negro to build breastworks and forts, was sufficient excuse for the union army to
use him in every manner possible, to the detriment of the confederacy.

By the 15th of June the enemy had been pressed back, and were behind their works along Mud Creek. The union forces pushed up, taking possession of elevated grounds, and threw up embankments in full view of the rebel lines, and within point-blank rifle range of the enemy's outer works. The work of entrenching continued during the day amid drenching rains. By evening the trenches were completed and the troops moved in, and were ready for work on the morrow.

In this affair the Thirty-fifth occupied one of the most exposed positions, laboring all day in the rain, and had not a man hurt while at work within the trenches; though several were wounded and one killed, Serg. Jackson, Co. F, while off duty, lying in the supposed sheltered position somewhat in rear. Gen. Baird, in speaking of this event in his report, says: "The coolness and bravery displayed by my own men exceeds all praise, and by dark they had constructed a line of rifle pits, in open grounds, confronting the finished works of the enemy, and within five hundred yards of them. I had obtained a magnificent position, and lost forty men in so doing." On our line of works at which we were employed, was Capt. Hubert Dilger, of the First Ohio artillery, with his four guns playing all day into the rebel works in our front. This was the famous "Leather Breeches," so familiarly known to the men in this campaign.

When daylight came the works in front of us were empty, the rebels had fallen back during the night and left us alone on the field. Our field glasses permitted us to see them arriving on the top of Kenesaw, and busily engaged getting their batteries into place to welcome the coming of the yankees; and they were not long in coming!

Our army moved up in front of the mountain amid a variety of summer showers, that were anything save agreeable. Rain had been falling since we left New Hope, and there was no lack of moisture. We had now been campaigning for forty days, during
which time scarcely an hour passed that the “minie” ball did not whistle about our ears, or the angry shell “screech” over our heads, or explode uncomfortably near.

The ground gone over was seemingly, a continued forest of “scrub oak,” or Georgia pine, we seldom came to a farm or plantation which gave evidence of life or enterprise. Resacca was fought in a wood with few spots that the enemy could be seen any considerable distance ahead. Around Cassville we found the only noticeable country that had marks of value; when we left that we found practically a wilderness until Marietta was reached.

We now occupied a position in front of the central knob of Kenesaw, and another line of works were thrown up, the Thirty-fifth again held the front line; by morning all things were in readiness for whatever might happen. The undergrowth in front of our lines was removed which exposed our works to the view of the rebel artillery. Our color sergeant unfurled the flag of the Thirty-fifth, which was damp from the constant rains, to dry in the sunshine, sticking the staff into the fresh earth bank of our works.

The colors were in full view of the rebel batteries on the mountain; and without notice or warning, “zip” came a shell, and struck the bank of fresh earth within four feet of the colors. The shell did not explode, and thus no one was hurt; but we got into the trench without losing time; and for an hour or so they sent in a hot compliment of shot and shell. These complimentary recognitions were repeated three times daily; but we knew how to receive them with little inconvenience to ourselves.

The lines were being extended to the right, and our position was frequently changed. The movements were made during the night time, so as not to be observed by the enemy, who held position on the mountain overlooking our lines. The night of the 21st, we were sent to the right to replace troops withdrawn from the lines; the men carried arm reversed, so as not to “glisten” in the starlight. When near the place ordered, at a halt made, the men changed position of their arms, and in doing so the glint of the barrel, in the starlight, was observed by those on the mountain, and the bat-
teries opened on us at once, and placed their shots right in among the troops, wounding and killing a number of men in the lines of the Second Minnesota regiment; some of the killed had been mustered out that day, their term of service having expired.

During the night of the 26th of June we moved to the right, marching almost all night, though the facts were, we did not proceed very far. About 8 a.m. we formed and advanced to works in front of us; the troops that left the same moved out against the rebel works. We had scarcely reached the line, before a most infernal racket of musketry and artillery opened in front, and along the lines, to our right and left, though the scene was veiled from our view by heavy foliage.

This was the famous charge of June 27th against Kenesaw Mountain, in which nearly three thousand of our army were either killed or wounded in less than one-hour. The open space in our front was filled at once with the wounded that came hobbling back bloody, and they presented a fearful sight. Wounded men were carried back on stretchers while the blood ran in streams through the canvass on which they lay. It required nerves educated to the work, to stand such sights. While the battle is raging; when the attention is occupied with what is going on in front, such matters do not affect a person; but when the contest is over, then comes the hour when it tries one’s nerves to look on the scenes around a field hospital.

The attack failed yet our men held every inch gained, and fortified closely to the rebel works. It was a desperate charge, made against works that could not be taken, and the charge ought not to have been attempted at that point, if at all.

It is hard to say what induced Sherman to order that charge, on grounds naturally strong, and made impregnable by heavy works. It is the more unaccountable, since he understood how to get around such places by flank movements, as he did all along the way down from Tunnel Hill. He again resorted to his old tactics when the charge failed. Thomas advised against it strongly; and pointed out a very judicious way to secure the object desired; but Sherman...
seemed obstinate in this matter; and no doubt regretted the affair after it had been made, and proved so fatal.

Movements made a few days later on our right, induced Johnson to fall back to the river; and he did not rest long until he placed the Chattahoochee between himself and the union army.

The question has been often asked by the uninitiated: How does a man feel when going into battle? Not the most comfortable by any means. There are many positions he would rather be in; in short he feels as though he would as lief it were some one else that held his place. The class that are just dying to get into a battle, are not found in an army! Either there is no such class; or they are careful not to be found when the recruiting officer comes along. As a rule, persons prefer to die, not on the battle-field, but somewhere else.

Men go into an engagement, and stand fire, not for the love of such work, but from a sense of duty. The staying qualities, under such circumstances, come through, or from educating up to that point. There may be such things as born heros; but they are certainly born in the poet's brain, and are not found made of flesh and blood.

The staying qualities of a regiment, under fire, depend on its discipline. If that be wanting, the regiment likewise will be wanting in the scale where courage is weighed. But while a regiment as an organization can be educated to stand under almost any condition, or circumstance, there are individuals within the organization who are constitutionally wanting in that which constitutes courage; and no discipline, no schooling to danger, can supply that which makes courage.

The first rattle of the enemy's musketry; or the screeching of the shell that comes along looking for a person, has an indescribable effect over a person, and produces a weakening about the knees. This fact is too real, or too well understood, to need proof to establish what is said. The legs which carried the soldier thirty miles in one day's march, and came into camp still strong; under the circumstances named, suddenly become weak, and are inclined to let down the body.
Likewise there is an unwillingness on the part of the muscles to do duty—unless required to carry the body to the rear, out of danger; in which case, it has been reported by those who have a right to know, that muscles increase in strength, as the distance widens between the person and danger!

But that indescribable something, which affects persons so peculiarly, is of short duration. One volley from the enemy and a warm response will do away with that squirmishness, and make a person feel like taking a hand in the muss. Let the mind be taken off self as soon as possible, and become occupied in what is going on ahead; and the man becomes himself. The sooner a person forgets himself; the sooner he becomes himself, and will stand to his work amid storms of bullets.

The experience of men under such circumstances would make an interesting volume. Gen. Grant said that when moving his regiment to what was thought a sure attack, “That he felt peculiar, and wished he were back at Galena, but he kept right on.” That expresses about the entire question. Men wish themselves somewhere else, but they keep right on. Their pride, their sense of duty, their ideas of manhood, the discipline, and the honor of the regiment in which they serve, will not allow them to do otherwise than stand up to the racket.

After Johnson fell back on the Chattahoochee River, our brigade was placed, temporarily, as a garrison at Marietta, where the supplies for Sherman’s army were being stored. We remained here eight days. It was a most delightful spot. The town is a park of natural forest trees, affording cool shade. There was literally nothing for us to do, but to spread our shelter tents, and lounge in the refreshing breeze under the trees. Only a few of the citizens remained, and we were privileged to go where we pleased. We strolled through the fine flower gardens, along pleasant walks and made ourselves at home generally.

We had been on the move for some eighty days; and were nearly all that time under fire, or where the bullets whistled about our ears. We were now not only away from the dull whirl of
the shell, and the sharp whiz of the minie ball, but out of hearing and beyond the sound of the cannon's boom.

Nothing now disturbed nature's quiet save the gentle rustle of leaves, as moved by the pleasant breeze; or perhaps,—a little songster that ventured out after the long and severe cannonading, while we besieged the fastnesses of Kenesaw Mountain, near by. In this quiet, the men seemed to lose all energy. The system had been on the strain so long, that the moment quiet was restored, they wanted to sleep all day, and all night. When the strain was off nature sought rest and restoration in sleep.

An aristocratic old rebel who resided near where our camp was located, had evidently decamped in as great a hurry as Johnson's army. He had placed the books of his library in packing cases to be shipped, but he departed in such a hurry, that he not only left the boxes of books behind, but forgot to nail on the lids. We examined his selections at our leisure, and found that he had many of the standard works of English literature, and some of the volumes were placed in most excellent binding.

The men changed it into a circulating library! It was found, in the language of primitive Hoosiers, that there was "lots of good redin matter" in it. The books proved agreeable companions while we remained. It can not positively be stated that all the books "circulated back" to the owner's house when we left!

During our stay, a number of officers formed a mess, and secured a lady, who resided near our camp, to prepare their meals, the officers finding the provisions. This proposition was gladly accepted by her, as the armies had stripped her of all she had to live on.

When the officers gathered in the dining room, and took their places at the table, the first meal, the lady occupied the head of the table and said:

"Now, gentlemen, you are all strangers to me, of course you are Christian gentlemen, and would not think of eating a meal before saying grace; who shall do it at the table is a matter I leave to you."
This was a point not thought of by the party. In fact it was a ceremony that had been entirely dispensed with for the three years or more that we had been in the field. Some of us remembered that it was a custom in vogue at the north, but were of the opinion that it had gone out of date within the confederacy!

The lady sat at the head of the table and patiently waited for some one to say grace, and made no effort to proceed with the meal until that part had been performed. The affair was becoming somewhat embarrassing, as to who, among such a graceless set, was to say grace!

Fortunately, there was a lieutenant among the number who had been a Methodist, in good standing, before he entered the army—a fact, however, not suspected by any one up to that date. When the affair became painfully interesting, he proceeded to say grace to the entire satisfaction of the confederate lady and her family.

It is due the lieutenant to say that, he performed that part of the ceremony at the table, as long as we remained at Marietta, which was not long, as we were ordered to the front in time to cross the Chattahoochee with Thomas’ army.

“This fable teaches; if you have Methodists among you, treat them kindly; they’ll come handy some time!”

The officers in taking their departure for the front purchased a fine supply of provisions, and presented the same to their landlady. Nothing in the line presented did she appreciate so much as the parcel of tea, which was found among the stores. That to her was a real luxury; it had been some time since she had tea at her table.

A few spare greenbacks were given her little daughter, who had become a favorite, as she made herself pleasantly agreeable to the officers. She was a real little pet, particularly so since it had been fully three years since the officers had met little folks. When the greenbacks were given her she hardly knew what to do with them. She supposed, of course, they were of value, or else would not have been given. If the little lady is still alive she has found out what to do with greenbacks.
After the fall of Atlanta, we moved back to Chattanooga. On our way we remained a week at Marietta. Several of the officers called on the landlady; she was very much concerned as to the fate of her Yankee boarders during the contest in and around Atlanta. One had fallen in battle and several had received slight wounds. The lady was pleased with the prospects that the theater of action was being transferred to other parts.

Orders were given for an advance on Atlanta, and July 17th we crossed the Chattahoochee on a canvas boat pontoon bridge, near Vining's Station. On the 18th the entire army was on the south side of the river, and pressed the enemy's skirmishers back on Nancy's Creek, a small stream between the river and Peach Tree Creek. On the 19th, in the evening, we crossed Peach Tree Creek at Howell's Mill, and the next day captured the rebel works along a woody ridge. A historian, in describing this movement, says: "Our skirmishers advanced and took possession of the works of the enemy, with the intention of occupying the same with our first line of battle. The Thirty-fifth Ohio was deployed, and moved up, on the double quick to hold the same. The execution of this movement was very creditable, and the regiment sustained considerable loss, in making it."

It was during this movement that Capt. Lewis F. Daugherty was killed. In his death, the regiment lost one of its faithful and valuable officers. The captain was with the regiment, and at the place of duty almost continuously without interruption during the entire term of service.

Only the evening before the occurrence, the captain and the writer sat on the banks of the now noted Peach Tree Creek, while the moon-beams came glinting through the fret-work of leaves, casting fantastic shadows upon the ground about us. We chatted familiarly and warmly of our homes: only 20 more days, and our three years term of service would be ended.

The captain spoke feelingly of his family which he left three years since in Ohio. We chatted far into the night about what we would do when the war was over. It was a pleasant chat, and the
memories of home and friends started thoughts which drove sleep from our eyes, until late in the night.

Now he was dead; his body was taken across Peach Tree Creek and buried near Howell’s Mill, under a spreading chestnut tree. The thought of his death was sad, but we had no time to give to grief. The lines moved on, and we came up to Atlanta, and took position in front of the works erected for its defense.

It was a part of Johnson’s plans to attack the union army at, or near, Peach Tree Creek. He having been relieved, Gen. Hood in command moved out to attack on the 19th, intending to profit by the fact that the union army had not as yet closed up. He made a furious assault on Hooker and Palmer, but by the judicious handling of troops on the field and the timely arrival of forces after the attack had commenced, Hood was beaten back, and compelled to withdraw from the field.

Hood made a terrific assault. It was his first attempt as commander-in-chief of the confederate army in the west, and the desire was natural to show that Johnson’s policy, to stand on the defensive, was not the correct one; but this assault, made on only a part of the army of the Cumberland, was not of a nature to give much consolation to the rebel cause. Two days later, as the union army was closing up against the outer works around Atlanta, and Gen. McPherson was coming in from Decatur; Hood had made a night march, first south, then east, then swung around towards Atlanta to strike McPherson in flank. This move was to be performed by daylight; but human endurance can not meet every demand made.

The march was too long, the men could not meet the plans laid out, and it was noon when the attack was made. It was a surprise to our forces, but promptly met. The troops at that juncture of the war were ready for an attack at less than a moment’s notice for any work required. After a desperate contest of four hours, Hood fell back within the fortified lines around Atlanta.

Hood struck McPherson with his peculiar dash and velocity,
fully determined to overwhelm him before reinforcements could come up to his aid; but in this Hood miscalculated, reinforcements came promptly to McPherson's help. The losses on both sides were heavy, McPherson was killed, one of the most promising officers in the army.

Thomas was at that hour locating his lines in front of the rebel works on the north side of Atlanta, when he received orders to send reinforcements to McPherson. The sound of battle was heard at the extreme right of the union forces, then held by Van Der-veer's brigade; occupied in fortifying its position. Gen. Thomas came to that point of the lines; dismounted and sat down under the shade of a cluster of Jack oaks.

"What does Pap want here," was the remark made by the men, who were busily engaged with pick and spade. This was the extreme right of his lines at that hour, and it was the critical point. No man in the army understood the vital point in affairs better than he; and at that place he could always be found. The troops intended to protect the right of his army had been sent to McPherson, and he came here to meet any attack that might be made on his flanks. He remained until the troops sent to McPherson returned, and were placed in position, after which he retired to his headquarters.

Hood was not as yet satisfied to remain behind his intrenchments and fight when attacked. The army of the Tennessee, now under Gen. Howard, was moved to the right of the army of the Cumberland, on the 28th of July. Hood sallied out from his works, and attacked Howard with unprecedented impetuosity; one of the fiercest attacks known during the campaign, was made; but he soon exhausted himself, and returned behind his works. This was the third and last assault on the union forces before Atlanta.

After this discomfiture, Hood remained behind his works, and could not be induced to come out to fight. Sherman was forced either to attack his fortified position, or move to outflank him, and draw Hood from his works. With this end in view, the lines were extended to the west and south of the city. During
these movements, one heavy skirmish or battle after the other was fought; in fact, it was nothing less than one continued engagement, until the army swung around, and moved for the railway south of Atlanta, which was reached near Jonesborough. This brought Hood from his works, and the battle of Jonesborough was fought, which decided the fall of Atlanta. Sherman’s objective was gained in one respect, in the fall of Atlanta; but the real objective, the rebel army, or the “Johnnies,” were still in the field.

The Atlanta campaign was one of the remarkable ones of the war of the rebellion. It was practically one of continued battles and skirmishes, from the day that Thomas moved on Tunnel Hill, until the day the battle of Jonesborough was fought, which caused the evacuation of Atlanta.

Only on one occasion, in this campaign, were both armies brought together face to face—at Resacca, where the rebel army slipped away in the night, leaving the result unsatisfactory.

There were, so to speak, daily battles fought by divisions or corps; now on this part of the lines, now on that; but the entire armies on either side were never brought into action at the same time on the same field, save as stated.

The losses during the campaign, taken from the published records are practically as follows: Union army, killed, 4,422; wounded, 22,823; captured, 4,412; making a total loss of 31,657. Confederate losses were, killed, 3,040; wounded, 18,947; captured, 12,975; total, 34,962.

Confederate reports are not always to be relied upon as they were not regularly made like those of union forces. It is proper to call attention to the fact, that the union army was on the aggressive during the campaign, while the confederates fought behind works on almost every occasion.

Atlanta was ours, but the rebel army was still in the field. Hood had 40,000 men of all arms, while Forest was raiding against Sherman’s line of communication with a cavalry force of 8,000 men, in addition. The war in the west was not over.

During this campaign the spade and pick were regarded a
part of the soldier's equipment. A number of men in each regiment was selected to carry picks and spades, for intrenching purposes; and at every halt made, if only for the night, the front of the camp was protected by earth works. If the lines were held for a longer time, head logs were placed along the top of the works, leaving a small space under which the rifles could be thrust and fired.

To prevent these logs being knocked off by the enemy's cannon shots, and thus rolled off and hurt the men in the trenches, skids were placed under the logs at suitable distances reaching over the trenches, so that should the head logs be knocked off they would roll over the heads of the men in the trenches.

A genius invented a looking glass about the size and shape of the glass in an ordinary spectacle, mounted on a peculiar shaped support, fastened into the stock of the gun, near the hind sight, so arranged that the soldier could seat himself with back to the enemy and the bank of the rifle pit, place the gun on the breast works, bring the front and rear sights in line with the enemy in front and fire a deadly shot while unseen and wholly out of danger himself.

There are moments in men's lives when the flow of happy feelings are so strong, that they carry everything before them. Such are the moments when success first crowns continued, persistent, and painstaking efforts. Then pains and perplexities are forgotten, because thrust aside by the strong flow of happy emotions. So we lived in joyous hours when, at midnight; the order came relieving us from duty at the front.

We had served three years; our contract was completed; our obligations fulfilled. It was not strange that no one felt like sleeping any more that night; or that our men on picket should know, that the order to relieve us had come, within five minutes after the same had been delivered.

Why should not men feel emotions of unusual happiness, after three years of active service in the field had ended; and now were to turn their faces homeward, where loving hearts awaited their coming?
We left the trenches before Atlanta on the eleventh day of the siege. Like Moses, we were not permitted to enter the promised land; yet, from the eminence we occupied, could see into the "Gate City."

Thus far the siege had been conducted with vigor. The grim messengers of death and destruction were hurled night and day into the fated city. At night, our sleepless hours were occupied in following the shells from our siege guns, by their whirr into Atlanta, until the low, dead sound of explosion came back to our ears.

During the day our attention was more particularly given to the action of the enemy’s guns in our vicinity; and to making sudden divings into our “gophers;” when the flash or puff of smoke indicated they were meant for us. Dodging or ducking, under the circumstances, was perfectly constitutional!

We knew when the shelling would commence, as well as though notice had been sent us by telephone, had that instrument then been in use. When the hour came we drifted towards our “gophers.” The big shells came thick and fast, and though we occupied a position down the slope, yet the rebels had the range so well, that the projectile force was so far exhausted, when our ridge was reached, that the shells curved rapidly, and dropped uncomfortably close. It is remarkable, that of the hundreds of shells thrown at us during eleven days, not a loss was reported. The men were skilled in the use of the “gopher holes.”

We bade adieu to the trenches and were off. Danger seemed a thing of the past. We were bound for “God’s country,” with gladsome hearts, and smiling faces. But we had to submit to delays; being held as guards at the Chattahoochee River, where the highest bridge known to military art was being erected.

That duty completed, we moved to Marietta, where we were held seven days. Wheeler had torn up the railway between that place and the Allatoona Mountains. To counsel patience is well enough so long as a particle of that article remains; but men returning home, after so long an absence, have never been known
to possess an overly amount of the same, as those who have had charge of mustering out men, well know.

Near Marietta are the Kenesaw Mountains, memorable for the determined stand made by Johnson. On the top of the big Kenesaw the rebels had planted batteries, and with these our heavy artillery fought daily duels; cannon balls bounded over the surface, like the school boys' base balls.

Everything in this world has an end, and so had our enforced delay. "The train moves at 6 o'clock to-morrow morning," came like words of cheer. The road was clear, and damages repaired.

We passed Big Shanty, Allatoona, Cassville in turn; and as the sun was settling down behind Lookout Range, we passed along where Resacca was fought. Then came Rocky Faced Ridge, Tunnel Hill, all places warmly contested, and rich with incidents, long to be remembered. Then our path lay along the valley of the Chickamauga, on whose banks the army of the Cumberland fought its bloodiest battle.

In the dim distances, and through the twilight, Missionary Ridge came into view; and towering above it, and beyond, against a western evening sky, loomed up bold Lookout, where Hooker fought. Further on we came to the base of Missionary Ridge, and passed under and through the tunnel.

Thus in one day, we passed the grounds over which the army fought for three months in a continuous campaign, of incessant skirmishes and battles; scarcely an hour passed during which, the boom of cannon, or the sharp rattle of musketry could not be heard. It was a relief to be beyond the hearing of the monotonous boom of the cannon and the dull sound of the exploding shell.

We were out of the wilderness of Georgia: for such virtually we found the country through which the army passed. Georgia was one of the original states that took part in the revolutionary war, and from that fact we expected to find finely cultivated plantations; but instead, abandoned farms, grown over with sassafras and persimmon sprouts.

We were now in Chattanooga, where the regiment was to be
mustered out. The mustering officer was a young West Pointer, and it became evident that he was not as well versed in his work as he might have been, a fact which he was not prepared to admit. Four different sets of muster out rolls were made, and each time, after completed, he discovered he had given wrong instructions. The company officers, engaged in the work of making out rolls, waited on the fancy mustering officer, being quite warm “under the jacket,” and demanded definite and complete instructions how he wanted the muster out rolls made. They were willing that he should have all the time he wanted to make up his mind; but declined to take up a pen until he was fully satisfied in his mind how the work was to be done: that when the next set of rolls were made not a scratch would be changed; they meant business.

The instructions came and the work was done in accordance; there was no further trouble. The men whose time had expired were mustered out and the colonel took them home.

Company officers who had been responsible for the equipments of the men, such as arms, tents, canteens, knapsacks, haversacks, etc., had to dispose of the same, by formally turning these over to the post quartermaster. These articles had to be invoiced, and passed upon by the proper officers.

Here, “was the tug of war.” Officers having charge of such work; located in the rear of the army, were not particularly concerned about our desire to “fix up,” and get off. The officers presented the requisite papers, and awaited the convenience of the dignified officials to come and pass on the effects to be turned in.

Had it been Gens. Thomas or Grant who had to perform this duty they would have been promptly on hand to do the work; but these were staff officers, and men of considerable importance. When this class saw persons who wanted to get work off their hands, they quietly put them off, to show that they were men who could do somewhat as they pleased.

When men have literally nothing to do, it is remarkable how long it takes them to do it!

We got away from Chattanooga eventually, just in time to
have Forrest get ahead of us and cut the railway at Wartrace, which compelled our train to go down the Tennessee and make Nashville by way of Decatur and Franklin. We got through just in the nick of time. Forrest struck the road that night.

At Nashville we had a racket with the military authorities who took an unusually long time to look over our papers, before issuing our transportation to Louisville. A threat to telegraph Gen. Thomas brought the required documents in suitable time. At Louisville all was lovely until we asked transportation for our servant, which was stoutly declined. This brought on a war of words, and the statement that we would be arrested should we attempt to cross our servants into Indiana.

We said to the pompous official that we started with our servant to take him home with us, and that we would do so at all hazzard. "I'll have you arrested if you attempt to cross your servant."

We said no more to him, but thought some strong English which might have been said with satisfaction, provided it had been policy to do so. We took our colored man, pointed out to him the station at Jeffersonville, and said: "You stroll along the river, select a canoe, and when dark, wrench it from its moorings, and paddle across, meet us at the station house; the train leaves at 9 o'clock.

When the train left the station that evening, our servant was on the train.

At Cincinnati we took the trouble to write our pompous and vigilant provost as follows, viz:

Dennison House, Cincinnati, O., ———, 1864.

Mr. Provost.

Dear Sir:—We are here with our colored servant. What are you going to do about it?

Respectfully, Kai Gar.

We were in the free north, where pompous Kentucky provost marshals, and Kentucky laws had no authority over us. Our servant, Henry, remained several years at the north, then returned to his former home in the south and nothing has been heard of him since.
The men, as they returned home, dropped into the vocations left, three years previous, and were at once almost imperceptibly absorbed in the ranks of the citizen. It can be said to the credit of the "boys," that they have made valuable citizens, and have shown no more marks of unbecoming conduct than is found among those who never served in an army.

The facts are, that the Thirty-fifth has as fine a record to show, serving in the ranks of private citizens, as it had, for fighting qualities while serving in the army of the union.

There are no failures or misconduct to be explained. Its record in the field is without blot or tarnish, and the same is to be said regarding the men of that regiment, who returned home, and took their places in the great army of private citizens.

It is a proud privilege to point to the uniform conduct of the men of the Thirty-fifth, while standing in the face of the enemy. There was not an act done, at any time, that needs an explanation; and it is still a more pleasing duty, to be able to say: these same men, have conducted themselves with becoming decorum, and have honored the name of the American citizen since their return, even more than that of the American soldier while in the army.
Thirty-Fifth Ohio Regiment.

CHAPTER XV.

Organization of the Regiment at Hamilton, Ohio—Character of the Recruits—Their Physical Ability, and Their Fighting Qualities—The Regiment Ordered into Kentucky—Guarding Bridges—Sent to Somerset, Kentucky—Incidents.

"Natures that are welded by the hot blast of peril, are not easily sundered."

The Thirty-fifth Ohio Infantry Volunteer was recruited in the old Third Ohio congressional district. The field and staff officers of the regiment were mustered—in August 7, 1861, by Capt. T. J. Cram.

Companies A, B, C and D were mustered by the same officer, August 20th, on the Butler County Fair Ground, near Hamilton; Companies E, F, G and H, September 9th; Company G, September 24th; while Company K was never regularly muster; the regiment was ordered hastily into the field before ready for muster.

The necessary tents were received during the first week in September, when camp was moved from the fair grounds, to the common, north of Hamilton, where the Niles Tool Works, and other establishments are now located.

Recruiting became brisk; companies filled up rapidly; and in less than one month from the time that this camp was opened orders were received to move into Kentucky. The regiment, however, left before it had its complement of men.

Nine hundred and twelve names were all that appeared on our first muster roll for pay; and only fifty-nine recruits were added during the three years that the regiment was in the service.
The first move made in organizing a regiment which resulted in the Thirty-fifth Ohio was made by a number of members of Company F, Third Ohio, while in camp, at Camp Dennison. Immediately after the President's proclamation for three hundred thousand three years' troops, the regiment to which they then belonged had not as yet re-enlisted for three years; and it was not positively known that it would enter the three years' service.

Plans were talked over, and pretty fully matured before the Third Ohio re-enlisted for the war. When the proper time came these men obtained leave to return to Hamilton. Shortly after reaching home the plans under consideration were placed in shape, by calling a meeting at Capt. Van Derveer's office. A report of the same was published as follows, viz.:

"ATTENTION, VOLUNTEERS!"

"In accordance with notice previously given, a meeting was held in Hamilton, for the purpose of taking into consideration measures to organize a regiment in Butler and adjoining counties.

On motion, George T. Earhart was called to the chair, and B. F. Miller was appointed secretary. The following resolution was offered and adopted:

Resolved, That a committee of five be appointed to draft a plan for organizing a regiment in Butler and adjoining counties, inviting the co-operation of all who are willing to assist in suppressing armed rebellion.

J. C. Thoms, F. W. Keil, John S. Earhart, of Butler; Joseph L. Budd, of Warren, and George D. Hendricks, of Preble, were appointed said committee.

The committee in due time presented the following report, which was submitted: "Since measures are on foot to organize an independent regiment in Butler and adjoining counties, which is simple, and attended with little expense, or loss of time:

"The regiment to consist of ten companies, of not less than eighty-three men, rank and file. The first ten companies fully organized will form a regiment. The position of honor will be assigned according to the date of tender of service after organized."
"When companies have elected officers, they will march their companies before a magistrate, or other proper officer, were all shall take an oath to the effect that as soon as the regiment is fully organized, its service tendered and accepted by the war department, the companies will march to the place of rendezvous, and then be mustered into the service of the United States.

Captains of companies will report to the secretary at Hamilton, Ohio; and to avoid the expense of attending the regimental organization, it is suggested that the commissioned officers be empowered to cast the votes of their respective companies for field officers. It is not contemplated in the foregoing plan to parcel out the offices in the organization of this regiment, but to reward merit, and efficiency through open competition.

"The committee, however, would recommend that the command of the regiment be tendered Capt. Ferdinand Van Derveer, who has seen service in the Mexican war; and whose military qualifications are fully recognized, and who, the committee is satisfied, would accept the command provided it be tendered him."

It will be seen from the foregoing plan that volunteers will not be taken from their employment, until the regiment is accepted by the government. It is hoped prompt action will be taken in the matter by the active and energetic young men of the county.

"By order of the committee.

"GEORGE T. EARHART, B. F. MILLER,
President. Secretary."

"The above appeared in the Hamilton Intelligencer, and in the Hamilton Telegraph, of date July 11, 1861. Editorial notices were made in both papers and the effort to organize a regiment was warmly seconded.

Influential citizens were induced to consult the governor of Ohio and have him appoint Capt. Van Derveer colonel of the regiment under contemplation. The commission was issued and the enterprise proceeded as is herein narrated.

Few regiments, after the first call for seventy-five thousand three month men, were recruited in a shorter time than the Thirty-
fifth Ohio. The defeat of the army of the Potomac, at Bull Run. electrified the people of the northern states, and brushed away the fond dream that the rebellion would be put down in sixty days as Seward was pleased to predict. It was now accepted by all, that serious work lay before us, and men responded at the recruiting offices with commendable zeal.

The class of recruits that offered, were of a high order physically, and were of the class that endured the wear and tear of actual service remarkably well. They had the thews and sinews of strong young men; and hearts that beat in consonance with the duty of the hour.

The record of the regiment shows, that the list of discharges for disability is as small as that of any regiment, in the service; having undergone the same service and exposure. While the number of "mustered out at the expiration of the term of service" shows as high a per cent. as is found in any Ohio regiment. The number so mustered out was 451, while the list of causalities in battle is equal to any organization of the kind.

Great care was exercised, while enlisting, to accept only such recruits as possessed the physical qualifications required by army regulations. The men so enlisted stood up under the severe marches and the trying ordeals to which subjected, with commendable endurance; showing thereby the high standard of physical qualifications claimed for the members of the organization.

The men in other respects were of a class that no one need fear that the statement will be called in question, when it is said, their conduct during the term of service was that of men who held a high regard for manly self-respect. They came not from the rabble, or the lawless; but were substantial men in every respect. They had, as a rule, held the standing of respectable citizens at home, before enlistment, and were not willing to compromise that standing while serving as soldiers in the national army.

There were a few instances where the severer discipline of the military had to be resorted to, in which the guard-house, or even courts-martial had to play a part; but fortunately such occurances
were few and far apart. It is believed the cases were rare, where men acquired habits while in the service, which placed them at a disadvantage after they returned to the walks of private life.

The Thirty-fifth was organized for service in the field. It was neither blessed nor cursed with those who had entered its ranks with ulterior ends in view. It is doubtful whether a single man served in the same who had political preferment under contemplation; if there was he had the good sense not to mention it during the term of service. There was but one object, and one aim, common to all, and that was to serve as soldiers.

The Thirty-fifth never asked favors, or easy places away from danger; but did whatever duty that was assigned. It entered the field within a month of the date of the muster of the first company; and served at the front until its term of service expired; being relieved from duty before Atlanta. There were no feuds, no bickerings among the officers, from the organization at Hamilton, until mustered out at Chattanooga, in '64. In this respect, it can be said, with truth—it was a model regiment.

The majority of men were under twenty-one years of age; this was true of most of the regiments in the service; and the fact is published to the credit of American boys. That class of recruits, had, at times, considerable trouble to pass the mustering officer; and numerous anecdotes could be related, how boys circumvented that officer, and worked their way through. It was a remarkable fact, that the crop of eighteen year old boys was uncommonly plentiful; or as a mustering officer exclaimed, when nearly half the company that stood before him had on the rolls in his hands, the age of eighteen years affixed: "That," said he, "must have been a h—I of a year for boys!"

There was a patriotism among the boys which was somewhat wanting with those calling themselves men. The nation in the hour of danger can depend on the boys, while it may not be so safe to say that concerning the men. The boys, however, had a serious siege, in going through the seasoning process; which it seems all must undergo. This at times was intensified by the low spirits,
while being effected by what is sometimes called "home sickness," or that singular longing for home and its comforts, which comes over the minds of most persons when away from home, and bound by circumstances which forbid an immediate return. This complaint is not peculiar, however, to boys from sixteen to twenty years of age, of whom, the regiment was so largely composed; but of men of more mature years were likewise seriously effected, and could not divest themselves from the spell that came over them.

After the novelty of soldier life had somewhat worn away, when the hardships of active campaigning commenced, then thoughts of home pressed seriously upon the minds of the men in ranks. Many were unable to resist such thoughts, which preyed upon them, and produced serious effects. The jubilant boys that sang so merrily at first, forgot their songs; and the joyous melodies departed. The depressed feelings, the low spirits, and the longings for home, placed the system in a condition for the complaints, peculiar to camps, to operate upon; and the men fell an easy prey to the attacks of measles, camp fevers, and the various complaints which usually follow an army of unseasoned troops.

But, active campaigning; that which called the attention of the men to something stirring in their midst, had a wonderful effect to cure such ailments. The despondent spirits revived, and the vigor and flush of healthy manhood was again painted upon the cheek. Home was still sweet, and its remembrance as dear as ever; but here was manly work; soldierly duty that had inspiration in it, which called for something worthy of the man. These boys grew into strong and seasoned soldiers, who could withstand all the hardships the service required; and the wisdom of accepting persons so young was amply demonstrated. The discharge lists of the regiment shows that it was made up chiefly from the persons enlisted known as men at the time; and in the list of those mustered out, with the company, at the expiration of term of service, will be found those known as boys when mustered.

As a rule, the men possessed the stamina of sound and health-
ful manhood, before becoming a part of the army, and they brought the same with them out of the service unimpaired. The reunions held annually by the survivors of the regiment will sustain what is here said. No one, however sensitive he may be, with reference to such matter, has any fear that improprieties will be done at these reunions by members of the old organization; and no one has ever remained away from any of our meetings, to avoid being made ashamed by the conduct of any of the old comrades.

It may not be amiss to make a quotation from a report of one of our reunions, published in the Cincinnati Gazette:

"One feature is worthy of mention, and that is, the strict temperance principle upon which the banquets are conducted. We refer to the absence of liquor. It is certain no one left the banquet unsatisfied, and it is to be said to the credit of the regiment, only one drunken man was present, and it is said, that has been his normal condition for years.

"There was observed among the boys, an unmistakable fraternity of feeling, a heartiness of greeting, which was infective, and made outsiders feel the better for being within its influence. No doubt many a looker-on wished he had belonged to the Thirty-fifth, or some other organization with a history to tell and be proud of."

The fighting qualities of the men of this regiment, were what might be expected from the class of men that enlisted. They were quiet, sober, substantial citizens; men who entered the service from a sense of duty, and hence could be depended upon, under all circumstances, to do their duty.

There were no failures, no short comings, on the part of the regiment at any time, or under any circumstance, during the years it did duty in the field. There is no more pleasant duty for the writer of this narrative to perform, than to speak the words of commendation due the organization.

The regiment served in a brigade, in a division, in a corps that has no defense to make for any act performed; for the conduct of
the same will stand prominent on the pages of our history; and from which no one of those who served in the regiment, division and corps will want a single line erased. The regiment has no act registered, that it wants changed, which it enacted while in the face of the enemy; the only regret it has to make is that it could do no greater harm to the foe than it did.

It has the satisfaction to know that it did its duty, that it stood its ground under all circumstances; not one word of reproach can be uttered against any one. With such a record the organization can well be satisfied.

The testimony of Gen. Brannan, as to the fighting qualities of Van Derveer’s brigade, may be quoted in this connection. While speaking of the disaster on our right, and his withdrawal of the lines and forming on Horse Shoe Ridge, he says: “Finding that this point was the key to the position desired by the enemy, I made every preparation to defend it to the last; my command was somewhat increased by the arrival of portions of Palmer’s and Negley’s divisions, and by Van Derveer’s brigade, which had successfully, though with great loss, repelled an attack on Baird’s left, and held its precarious position until all in its vicinity had retreated, then retired in good order, actually cutting its way through the rebels to regain my division. This gallant brigade was one of the few who maintained their organization perfect throughout the hard fought passes of that portion of the field.”

Gen. Wood speaking of the fighting of this same division [Brannan’s] of which this brigade was part, says: I should do injustice to my feelings were I to omit to record my testimony to the splendid resistance made on my right by Gen. Brannan’s command. It was the “Ne plus ultra” of defensive fighting.”

LEAVING CAMP HAMILTON.

September 25, 1861, the colonel received a telegram from the governor, saying:

“Col. Van Derveer:

You will consider yourself as under Gen. O. M. Mitchell’s orders.”
The same day the following dispatch was received, dated at Cincinnati, Ohio:

"Col. Van Derveer:

Gen. Mitchell directs, that you hold your regiment ready to move at a moment's notice.

N. H. McLean,
Capt. and A. A. G."

Later the same day the following was received:

"Col. Van Derveer:

Are you ready to proceed to Cincinnati with your regiment, with the necessary arms and equipments to enter Kentucky, and hold the Covington & Lexington Railway? Answer.

O. M. Mitchell,
Brig. Gen. Commanding."

Following this came another dispatch same date:

"Col. Van Derveer:

Transportation will be furnished you at 12 o'clock to-morrow. Sit up all night, if necessary, to be ready. You will leave here at 2:30 p. m. 'A secret.'

O. M. Mitchell,
Brig. Gen. Commanding."

The following day came this telegram:

"Col. Van Der Derveer:

Your regiment must leave as early as 10 o'clock, if possible. Do your utmost. Telegraph the hour you leave.

O. M. Mitchell,
Brig. Gen. Commanding."

The regiment was off on time; the charge was never laid to this regiment that it was not ready to move on the time ordered.

At Cincinnati Gen. Mitchell handed the Colonel the following instructions:

"Col. Van Derveer:

Sir: You will proceed with your regiment and take possession of the Kentucky Central Railway, from Cynthiana to Lexington. You will probably find it unnecessary to send your guards beyond the town of Paris; of this you will be the judge. I desire you to report to these headquarters, each day, the condition of your command and any matter of interest. Telegraph me the result of your expedition to-night. In case you require aid telegraph.
You are directed to inform citizens of Kentucky that you hold the railroad by the order of Gen. Robt. Anderson,

O. M. MITCHELL,
Brig. Gen. Commanding."

The regiment was now on the dark and bloody ground, and its time was occupied with guarding bridges, and with regimental drill.

The most rigid drilling the regiment received, was on the Bourbon County Bluegrass pasture fields, near Paris. While at this place Capt. McClean, of Sherman's staff, reviewed the regiment, and brigaded it with the Ninth Ohio, Second Minnesota and Eighteenth United States Regulars.

The brigade was then in camp near Lebanon, Ky., and the Thirty-fifth left its camp on the Bourbon County fair grounds on the first day of December for Nicholasville to join the brigade. At Nicholasville we left the railway and made our first march to Camp Dick Robinson. At this camp an order was received from Gen. Thomas, commanding the division to move on Somerset, according to the following order:

**HEADQUARTERS, LEBANON, December 3d, 1861.**

Col. Van Derveer, Commanding 35th O. V. I.:

Colonel, you will get ready and march to Somerset with your regiment as rapidly as possible, to the relief of the troops under Gen. Schoepf. Take five days' rations, sixty rounds of ammunition per man. Report to Gen. Schoepf for duty on your arrival.

Respectfully,

GEO. H. THOMAS,
Brig.-Gen. U. S. A.

The movements of the regiment have been detailed in former chapters. The narrative returns to notice incidents connected with the organization and its internal management.

The Rev. John Woods was selected out of four applicants for Chaplain. He continued in that position only until November 10th, resigning while the regiment was still at Paris, Ky. The Rev. Joshua C. Hoblet, of Warren County, succeeded Mr. Woods. He was only a short time with the regiment, having secured a
position to do duty in hospitals at Nashville. He resigned February 19th, 1863, after which the regiment had no chaplain.

Ten men desired the position of sutler. A commission consisting of Lieut. Col. Long, Major Boynton and Capt. Budd, selected, on the ninth ballot, Mr. Connor. The regiment had three different sutlers during its term of service.

Company officers began to drop out of line shortly after entering the field. Capt. Mallory, company I, resigned February 17th, '62, after the return from Somerset to Louisville; Capt. Stone, company B, resigned June 6th, '62; Capt. Gunkle, company H, resigned October 24th, '62; Capt. Ransford Smith, company B, resigned February 18th, '63; Lieut. Eacott, company B, resigned June 6th, '62; Lieut. Jos. C. Thoms, company F, resigned November 3d, '62; Lieut. Geo. T. Earhart, company G, resigned October 17th, '62. Other officers followed later, and at the close of the term of service only two of the original captains were with the regiment, one of whom was now major.

The ages of the men who enlisted is an interesting feature. The average was between twenty and twenty-one years, although thirty-three enlisted men had passed the fortieth milestone in life's journey. Wilke Beatty reported his age at sixty-four, and quite a number had reached fifty years. These men were above the lawful age at which recruits were to be taken, yet they were admitted.

The tall men gave way, under the strain of service, more rapidly than the medium sized, while the short statured seemed to stand up better than their taller companions. The young boys had a serious time passing through the seasoning period, through which troops have to pass.

The regiment lost none of its field officers in battle. The same may be said of the entire brigade, which was constituted of the Second Minnesota, the Ninth Ohio, the Thirty-fifth Ohio and the Eighteenth Regulars.

This record of losses is somewhat remarkable, since the regiment and brigade were in the hottest contested points during both days at Chickamauga, and in the front line in the storming of Missionary Ridge.
Col. Boynton was the only one of our field officers wounded in an engagement. The great loss of lives in an army is not the killed in action, but the deaths from disease in camp and hospitals.

In October, '62, the Eighty-seventh Indiana joined the brigade at Louisville, and, after the battle of Chickamauga, the brigade was increased by the addition of the Seventy-fifth and One Hundred and First Indiana, and the One hundred and Fifth Ohio. The Eighteenth Regulars left the brigade a few days before the battle of Stone River.

One of the difficult problems for the company officers to solve was how to keep men fit for duty in ranks. There were constant calls for men to serve on detached duty. These calls had to be submitted to, and were a heavy draft on able bodied men in the ranks. Then, men became sick, or were wounded in encounters. These drifted to the rear and were placed in hospitals to regain health, and become fit for duty again.

No reports were sent to the company officers, as to the condition of the men; or where they could be found; or when they would be able to serve at the front. Tracers had to be sent along the "red tape line" to find where the men were, and have them returned to their commands. Regimental officers were constantly prodding company officers to look up absent members of their companies, yet in spite of this the list in the rear often compared favorably, in point of numbers, with those at the front.

This fact is illustrated by the correspondence which arose from the application of private Michael Garver, company I, for a furlough to go north and see after children which had been left without protection. Standing orders demanded that the number of absentees from all causes, must accompany applications for furloughs. No leave was granted when the number of absentees was above 5 per cent. of the strength of the regiment.

The endorsement showed the aggregate strength of the regiment was 557; present for duty 223; absentees were far above the 5 per cent. line. The application was returned from corps headquarters with a sharp reprimand for the regimental commander.
Major Budd, in command of the regiment, replied as follows: "Respectfully returned to the Major-General commanding the Fourteenth corps. As the endorsement of Major-Gen. Palmer contains a reprimand, or charge of negligence on the part of the commanding officer of the Thirty-fifth O. V. I., I have the honor to request that the reasons for so doing be stated.

"By referring to the list of absentees, as stated on the accompanying paper, it will be seen that a large number of men are absent on detail duty; absent under orders of officers superior to the regimental commander. A still larger number are absent sick in the hospital, wounded or prisoners. All absent under circumstances entirely beyond the control of the commanding officer of the regiment.

"Applications are forwarded almost daily to have men returned to duty, and our efforts to keep up an efficient regiment, so far as numerical strength is concerned, are not without success. Immediately after the battle of Chickamauga we were reduced to one hundred and eighty muskets; now we number three hundred and fifty. It is questionable whether any regiment in the army, after two years and eight months service in the field, and not having their numbers increased by recruits, can make a more favorable showing than the Thirty-fifth Ohio.

"By far the greater number of these men became absentees while the regiment was commanded by Lieut. Col. Boynton, and as the endorsement of Major Gen. Palmer reflects not only upon myself, but upon Col. Boynton, (who is now at home wounded) I respectfully request that we may be notified wherein we have been so very negligent."

Col. Van Derveer forwarded the paper and added: "There is no regiment in the service where more pressing efforts have been made to keep the men together; and details have been resisted almost to a point of insubordination."

Gen. Baird likewise gave his testimony to the same effect. Gen. Palmer changed his haughty tone and centered his attack on the item, "Sixteen men absent without leave." This item was
made up chiefly of men who had been discharged at hospitals, and the efficient management at those places was shown in that the company commanders were not notified, hence the names remained on the company's rolls!

THAT DOG JACK.

The men of the Thirty-fifth, for some unexplained reason, took fancy to a dog, and, in a quiet way, made him regimental property, in which nearly every member considered himself a part owner.

This animal came to us while in camp at Paris, Kentucky. Company B has the honor to recruit the brute. The dog was a native of the "dark and bloody ground," and the only genuine Kentuckian in the regiment, which fact made him more valuable.

He was not a pretty dog by any means, nor was he in any sense unusually smart, but he had good sense, for he stood by the old flag. In this he exhibited better judgment than was shown by Buckner, Breckinridge, Gov. McGoffin and other prominent Kentuckians, who went into the rebellion.

Like Gerrit Smith, he started out boldly for the union, and,
unlike that individual, he stood firmly by the flag, not only until the last rebel was whipped, but until the confederacy was reconstructed and back in the union of states.

It isn't claimed that Jack had a fine voice, or that his nightly barks at the moon were more pleasant and endurable than those of dogs generally, but then they were all for the union—no secesh growl ever escaped from his throat.

Then it can be said, with truth, that he had no respect for confederate hen-roosts or smoke houses. He was fond of nice chickens taken from the southern plantations, and was not averse to a good "hunk" of secesh ham, when fresh meat was scarce.

His conscience never smote him, or prevented him from taking what he wanted in his foraging excursions while traveling in the confederacy. He was never known, however, to pry inquiringly into the private affairs of any one belonging to the regiment, in order to find what the contents were of a comrade's haversack—save, possibly, when pressed by sore necessity, while the army was starving at Chattanooga, when Bragg held Missionary Ridge and Lookout mountain.

It is not the part of well regulated dog nature to starve when something can be found to eat—even if it has to come out of a comrade's haversack. But, in this he did no more than others who were not dogs!

Jack knew every man and beast belonging to the regiment, and had a friendly recognition for them whenever and wherever found. He was no loafer, but was always found at his place, and slept within camp, ready for duty at any moment—like a good soldier.

It can be truthfully said he never "shirked" duty, or played "old soldier," and reported at surgeon's call for his quinine, so as to be excused from moving with the regiment on a scouting or foraging expedition. Soldiering agreed with him very well for he was not sick a day during his term of service, and always reported for his rations!

Jack was never found among the "chuck-luck gang," which assembled in concealed places to relieve each other of spare change.
He was uniformly orderly, well behaved and would not indulge in anything of that kind. The guard house record of the regiment never had his name on its pages. His visits to that place were to comfort and to cheer the unlucky fellow who had to pass long hours within that cheerless concern.

It is not known whether Jack had his picture taken by the army photographer. If he had his vanity was not of the kind that permitted him to peddle the same on sale through camp. The only photograph of him extant was taken when lying in state, prior to the funeral obsequies, which awaited his dog-ship.

That photograph will assist the "future historian" in giving a satisfactory account of Jack, the soldier dog of the Thirty-fifth, and the part he played in putting down the rebellion.

It may be said right here, that there were two ways to put down the rebellion. The one was to fight and whip the rebel armies in the field; the other was to destroy or eat up the supplies on which armies subsist. In the latter method Jack made a full hand!

It is not doing violence to truth to say that this dog did more valuable service for the country than a score of the stay-at-home patriots, or that other class who retired to Canada so as to have a quiet time watching the contest "over the border." This dog shared the hardships of marches and of battles. He did all he could to encourage the boys. He was friendly and had a smiling look for every one.

He took part in the amusements of the camp, and helped to catch rabbits and the stray chickens that would not stay on the roosts until caught. He damaged the confederacy as much as lay in his power by doing his best to eat the rebels out of house and home, which was an approved way to put down the rebellion. Of what stay at home patriot can half be said that may be said to the credit of this dog Jack.

He carried an ugly scar across the skull, which, some say, he received on the field of battle. For the correctness of this it is not vouched here, but it may be actually so, as he was no coward, and never drifted to the rear when bullets whizzed.
Thirty-Fifth Gibo Regiment.

Jack was present at Mill Spring and Shiloh, at Perryville and and Chickamauga, at Missionary Ridge and the battles on the way to Atlanta, and in all the numerous skirmishes the regiment participated during its three years of service, he came home with the men, receiving transportation like any other soldier.

At a reunion held at Hamilton soon after the war a silver collar was voted Jack, but the committee having the matter in charge were slow in doing their duty in the matter, and he died before it was ready for presentation. On his return north with the men Jack took up his abode with his friend, Sergeant West, company B, who cared for him, and when he died had him buried with appropriate ceremonies.

PLACES OF INTEREST IN A REGIMENTAL CAMP.

A regimental camp in the field has its attractions. The quartermaster's tent, where the soldier gets his blouses, his shoes, his canteens, his haversacks, his blankets and whatever he needs for an equipment, was one of the places of attractions.

The commissary's tent was not without attractions, for here they issued the rations; and it improved one's appetite to see how scrupulously nice the authorities were that everything should be presented in an appetizing manner!

Men usually drifted by that concern, and lingered a moment to look in. The boy on the sick list, whose appetite had failed, was sure to regain much of that which was lost in watching how delicately the choice things were handled by the ever obliging and gentlemanly commissary clerk!

Only a limited number were interested in the surgeon's tent, and made hasty morning calls, under a mild protest, unless a heavy reconnaissance, or foraging expedition was under way. It was then that some really marched to the surgeon's tent with a seeming smack of satisfaction.

But the real point of interest and where a large number could always be found, was at the sutler's tent. What the country store is to the village, or to the cross road, the sutler's tent is to the regiment. It is not intimated that men were attracted by the display of the
barrel shaped bottles labeled "Roorkack's Bitters!" but they came simply to look in and receive a greeting smile from Billy Cappellar, who was the patron saint of that hospitable concern.

There was really a comfort in looking into that tent, even when one had neither a shinplaster nor a sutler's check in his pocket, and when no one knew when the paymaster would venture near the front with his budget.

It is not known that any one ever suggested the name of an army paymaster for president, or senator, or congressman, or even a town councilman. That is as it should be, in payment for the manner paymasters treated the boys who were always at the front.

The rear guards, that class who wore paper colors, doing provost duty in towns we had captured, were regularly paid, but the brave paymaster kept his precious carcass away from where the bullets were flying. Capital is, and always was, timid!

Well, no one ever thought of getting into the sutler's tent at the back way and have a quiet game at poker behind the barricade of tobacco boxes. That was not our style, but then it was such a nice place to test the quality of the cigars which Billy Cappellar imported into the confederacy duty free!

Besides a person was always certain of a fine entertainment, for George Litch was sure to be there with a fresh story, which Billy Cappellar was bound to trump!

The guard house is often a prominent concern, and quite a necessity in some regiments; but the Thirty-fifth had little use for one, save to coop up suspicious characters that now and then hung about our camp. It is safe to say that not a man can be found in the regiment who, at any time, was an inhabitant of the guard house. The few who were so unfortunate as to secure lodgings in it, have long since departed, having "shuffled off this mortal coil"—at least a roll call of the boys would find no response.

It may be said that this record does not result from the fact that the regiment was made up of Sunday school boys. There were not as many of that kind in the army as some people may think, much as the fact is to be regretted.
Thirty-Fifth Ohio Regiment

This suggestion is not made under the assertion that it is positively so, for no one is known to have made an attempt to carry on a Sunday school within the regiment. Enterprising persons of that class, either did not enlist with us, or, if so, did not materialize. It is true the advantages were limited, for it would have been difficult to have found enough testaments within the entire organization for one ordinary sized Sunday school class.

If, however, euchre decks could have been substituted, then the case might have been different! There need be nothing surprising in this. Saints do not fight. It is not in accordance with the atmosphere wherein they move. They teach what the soldier does not practice.

But it must be understood right here, that we were no heathens, not in any sense of that term, but orderly, well-behaved citizen soldiers. We had a work to do, and we were fully determined to do it; then go back to our old business in the ranks of private citizens. We could not afford to acquire habits while in the army, which would place us at a disadvantage with respect to those who were at home, when we were to again put on the citizen's garb.

We claimed to have been sober, quiet, law-abiding citizens before we became a part of the army, and we intended to step right back into our old tracks, the moment the work given us to do was done. And we, here and now, claim that what we proposed to do we did; and that we have been as orderly and as respectable since our return from the field, as we were before we entered the army. In this respect we are willing to be judged.

We were no saints before we entered the army, and we do not claim to be such now. This we do contend, that we came home better men. better citizens, with an experience which tells us the worth of a nation, and of national honor. We received a schooling in which we pride ourselves. It was rough, and the tuition paid was dear, but it fixed its precepts indelibly in our minds and hearts. No one of those who passed through that school would surrender a single lesson, or sell for a price the name and honor which the term of service gave him.
Men said the service was hard, and the treatment rough, and were inclined at times to grumble, and possibly say some hard words against those above them, yet it can be said that no one who passed through that fiery ordeal, would to-day exchange the honor which the name of soldier, or his honorable discharge gives him, for any one’s name, or honor, or ease, who stayed at home when he was able and in duty bound to serve and did not.

Who to-day would sell his claim to the title of soldier, and the rich inheritance he shares in the name and the honor of the regiment in which he served? How penurious must that soul be, who served in the grand old 14th corps, under the heroic Pap Thomas, and would sell his interest in that honor for a price?

That is something which can not be bought. It is above price. No one who wore the blue and carried a musket in that corps would part with the name that he served in Pap Thomas’ corps.

Are men to forget great acts, great deeds, or sell their honor? What is life for? Is it not an honorable inheritance to have our names enrolled with the men who left home, and friends, and business, and ease to fight treason, and defend the old flag? For what price would any one sell the place he holds on the regimental roster and have it taken off, or have it wiped out?

Will any one name the price? No, our pride as citizens, our honor as soldiers are strengthened and enriched every time we look on that name as it stands on the roster of the old regiment in which we did honorable service. Sell that right, surrender that place? No, no price can purchase it. It is an inheritance which cannot be swept away. It is an investment which will always stand to our credit, and will not depreciate.

There is a reason to be satisfied with the name of soldier, for we served a cause that represented the right, and we have nothing to repent of. In that contest we were fearfully in earnest, and did nothing by halves, but placed emphasis on our acts. That we did not do more to injure our opponents was owing to a want of greater physical abilities and more opportunities. If we could have contrived a way to send six bullets instead of one at the enemy,
they would have been placed on their way. If we could have brought ourselves down to cooler heads, so as to secure sharper and steadier aim, the marksmanship of our troops would have been improved in accordance.

There was no opportunity to hurt the enemy left unimproved during our term of service. We wore no gloves in handling our opponents. We had no mawkism sympathy for those who held the other side.

But now, the war is over. We have secured all we aimed at, and possibly far more. Our antagonists have laid down their arms, and agree to live with us in peace, and be good American citizens and respect the flag. What more can we ask, and ought we not be satisfied?

We do not propose to forget, but to forgive. We are not ready to say "let bygones be bygones." But we have quit fighting and propose to make friends. This can not well be done by standing on one side of the stream, and throw stones at those on the other, nor make faces' and call names.

The union soldier has a manly respect for the confederates who stood him a stubborn contest, and gave him all the work he wanted and far more. It was the stay-at-home class who sang "On to Richmond;" or, "Why Don't the Army Move On?" Those at the front knew quite well why the armies did not move faster.

But while we have no harsh words for those who stood against us in the contest, we insist that we were "eternally in the right, and they in the wrong." We have no compromises to make. We never can and never will obliterate the line between the "Blue and the Gray."

Our sentiment on this subject is admirably set forth in remarks made by Gen. Van Derveer at a reunion of the regiment held in Dayton in 1888. The General said:

"I yield to no man in my respect and admiration for the bravery of the men who stood in front of me at Stone River, Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge, but when he tells me that these reunions are wrong, that they keep alive the memories of the war, and that
the day has come for us to lock arms with the gray and bury our animosities in one common grave, then I say, count me out. But if he comes to me, in the spirit in which he surrendered, and says: 'I was unfortunately wrong, and you were right, then I will forgive him all that is past.' But, comrades, do you know what the union of the blue and gray means? It means the placing of the hand of Jeff. Davis, red with the blood, the starvation, and the barbarity of Andersonville, in the hand of Lincoln, that penned the proclamation of emancipation, striking the shackles from the hands of more than four million human beings.

"Do you know what a composit picture is? Go to your photographer and he will tell you that he takes, upon one plate, the features of one hundred men, and he thereby secures a negative retaining the salient features of all, but the special features of none. And here, in the name of four hundred thousand dead comrades, I protest against casting the features of Abraham Lincoln on a plate containing the features of Robert E. Lee, Jeff. Davis, or the Devil."
Personal Mention.

CHAPTER XVI.

COL. FERDINAND VAN DERVEER, LIEUT. COL. CHARLES L. H. LONG, LIEUT. COL. H. V. BOYNTON, MAJOR JOSEPH L. BUDD, CAPT. JOHN S. EARHART.

Ferdinand Van Derveer was born in Middletown, Butler County, Ohio, February 27th, 1825. He attended school in his native village, and completed an Academic course at College Hill, near Cincinnati. He read law and was admitted to practice at Memphis, Tennessee, in 1845. Shortly after being admitted to the bar he returned to Hamilton, Ohio, and continued his legal readings in John B. Weller's law office.

May, 1846, war was declared against Mexico, and Ohio was called upon to furnish its quota of volunteers consisting of three regiments. J. B. Weller raised a company which became Company I, of the First Ohio, in which young Van Derveer became first sergeant. Weller was promoted to be Lieutenan-Colonel and James George was advanced to the Captaincy. The regiment took part in the battles of Monterey and Buena Vista. Capt. George resigned and Sergeant Van Derveer was advanced over First, Second, and Third Lieutenants to be Captain of Company I, as a mark of distinction for bravery on the fields at Monterey and Buena Vista.

It is remarkable that Capt. George and Capt. Van Derveer, who had been Captains in the same Company, in the First Ohio, met in 1861, each a Colonel of a regiment in the same brigade, and served three years side by side.

Capt. Van Derveer was highly honored after his return home from the service in Mexico. The citizens of Middletown complimented him in the present of a sword. The Captain was elected
sheriff of Butler County, but resigned before completing his term of office in order to go to California, being affected pretty severely with the gold fever, which was quite contagious at that time.

In 1861 he accepted a commission to organize a regiment, which became the Thirty-fifth Ohio. His regiment was the first to enter Kentucky by way of Covington and took charge of the Kentucky Central Railway to guard the bridges and keep open communication with Central Kentucky.

He continued with his regiment in the service during the war, and took part in many of the battles and skirmishes in the west. He was present with his regiment at Mill Spring, Shiloh, Perryville, Tullahoma, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Resacca, New Hope Church, Kennesaw Mountain and the siege of Atlanta.

In August of '64, at the fall of Atlanta, his regiment was mustered out at Chattanooga, and Col. Van Derveer took home that part of the regiment which had completed the term of service. He was with the regiment during the entire term of its enlistment in command either of the regiment or the brigade in which he served.

Shortly after his return home he received the commission as brigadier general and continued in the service until the close of the war. He was collector of internal revenue in the Third Ohio District, and held the appointment as postmaster at Hamilton under Cleveland's first administration, which position he resigned to accept the place of common plea judge, in which he served to the time of his death, which occurred November 4th, 1892, having reached the age of 70 years.

As an officer he took high rank and received flattering complimentary notices for gallantry on the fields at Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge from both his division and corps commanders, which appear in the official reports made by those officers.

Van Derveer was cool and wide awake on all occasions when his command was engaged. He possessed resources of a remarkable degree under trying circumstances, quick in making decisions, never hesitating for a moment. Nature did much to qualify him for a commander of troops, and the education received on the field was used to good advantage on all occasions.
When placed where responsibility rested upon him there was no danger that the enemy would find him asleep. He was noted for being on the alert on all such occasions. In critical places he seemed to ask himself: "What would I do were I in command of the other side and operating against troops situated as we are?" He assumed that human nature was the same everywhere, and that his opponents would do about the same that he would were he in their place.

On the field and in an engagement he was at his post, apparently dead to the idea of danger. If he felt danger in such positions he had a quiet way to hide it. No one in his command ever saw an instance where a sign of fear was shown during a contest, yet he was not of the kind that exposed his person recklessly or uselessly. This was shown in the fact that he protected himself in camp against the enemies' shots, like any other person.

He held important detached commands, and commanded a brigade fully one half the time he was in the field.

Promotions came, but it was late in the war. Promotions were rapid only when there were friends at court who looked after their constituents, as congressmen do to see that favorite ones get the postoffices. Gen. Thomas was not a man to have much influence at court. He was too much of a soldier and too little of a politician. Officers under him did not fare as well in this respect as those under other general officers, who came into the army from civil life, or where a man had political friends at Washington.

Gen. Grant would not to-day fill the place in history he does but for the friendship of Washburn, who stood by him and saw to it that he was advanced. There were other men in the army who possessed the needed qualifications mentally and physically to have filled the place Grant did, and would have made as favorable a showing as did he, but they had not the needed help to bring them into places where the powers they possessed could be shown.

Grant's chief qualification was his pugnacity, and that was the prominent feature which led to his success as a commander. There were men who possessed that as strongly as he, and in many
respects were his superior, but wanted the occasion to develop, or show the nation what they could do and what their abilities were.

Gen. Baird in his report on the Atlanta campaign says: "On the 27th of June Col. Van Derveer, commanding my second brigade, who had long been suffering from disease, was compelled to go north for relief.

"In loosing Col. Van Derveer my command, and the service generally, was deprived of one of its most gallant and best officers and most accomplished gentleman. Always prompt, judicious and brave he had distinguished himself on many a field, and his promotion had been strongly urged upon the government, but unaccountably overlooked."

At the annual meeting of the Thirty-fifth Ohio Volunteer Infantry Association held at Camden, Ohio, September, 1893, the death of Gen. Van Derveer was announced, when the following resolutions were offered and unanimously passed by a standing vote:

WHEREAS, In the course of events, our old and respected commander has fought his last battle, and has passed from life's bivouac to that country whence "no traveler ever returned," and now "sleeps the sleep that knows no waking," and,

WHEREAS, We who served under him do hereby bear grateful testimony to his manly courage, to his fine military qualifications as a regimental and brigade commander, and to his patriotic devotion to his country and its flag, as the numerous battle fields on which he fought so gallantly, plainly indicate. Therefore,

Resolved, That in the death of Gen. Van Derveer the nation has lost a valuable citizen, one who did his duty in the hour of the nation's greatest peril; that the country has lost a man who could rise above influences of party and could look to the country's welfare, and that we, the survivors of the Thirty-fifth Ohio, have lost a cherished and valued member and comrade.

Resolved, That we point with pride to the man who led us on many a field of battle, and always to success, and that we are proud of our history as made under his command and leadership.

Resolved, That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family, and that these expressions of our sorrow in the death of our respected commander be entered upon the minutes of the Thirty-fifth Association and a copy be sent to the family.
LIEUTENANT COLONEL CHARLES L'HOMMEDIEU LONG.

Lieut. Col. Chas. L'Hommedieu Long came to Hamilton on the 20th of September, 1861, when the first companies were mustered into service. He had been commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel and at once entered upon the duty of the position in the regiment. He remained with the same until June, 1863.

Col. Long was born in Franklin, Warren County, Ohio, in 1827, and was a native of the Congressional district in which the regiment was organized. His parents moved to Cincinnati, when he was ten years of age, and in which city he grew to manhood, and where he passed the greater part of his life.

He attended the famous Woodward High School in Cincinnati, though not a graduate, as he left his class to learn the printer's trade in the Cincinnati Gazette office, under the direction of his uncles, Stephen & Richard L'Hommedieu, who made that paper a power advocating the principles of the Whig party.

At the outbreak of the Mexican war, Col. Long, then a young man of eighteen years, enlisted in the First Ohio regiment. He made a record as a gallant soldier, as shown in a letter written by Dr. Chamberlin, surgeon of the regiment, giving a description of the battle of Monterey, in which it was announced that Chas. L'H. Long and Nat McClain, two comrades, fought like heroes, escaped unhurt.

After the Mexican war, Long again entered the Gazette office, but on the discovery of gold in California he was drawn with thousands of other men to the gold fields, having become affected with the gold fever which was unusually contagious at that time.

A company of five hundred men was organized, subscribing $500 each to the capital stock with which to purchase a suitable outfit for mining purposes. These were sent by ship from New York, around the Cape while the men started overland.

As the expedition proceeded the "gold fever" gained so rapidly on the imagination that the company began to disintegrate. Men rushed madly forward to get hastily over difficult places, abandon-
ing property until little was left. Long crossed the Sierra Nevada range afoot; horses and mules having given out.

When the ship reached San Francisco the company was scattered and there was not sufficient money to be had to pay transportation charges, and the outfit for mining purposes shipped from New York could not be gotten. The same was sold at auction to pay freight charges.

Col. Long encountered the usual fate of the gold hunter of that period, consisting of discouragements and failures. Then came a gleam of hope, enough to spur on. Then came discouragements, failures and sickness, all in the same line.

Two years of life in the mining camp sufficed, and he returned to Cincinnati, Ohio. * * * *

He responded to the call of President Lincoln for 75,000 men. He organized a company, and was unanimously elected Captain. His company became a part of the Fifth Ohio, and Capt. Long was elected Major of the regiment, and served with it until the Thirty-fifth was placed under organization, when he received a Lieutenant-Colonel's commission and reported at Hamilton for duty.

Col. Long was intimately identified with the Thirty-fifth for nearly two years, and a good part of the time in command of the regiment, as Col. Van Derveer had command of the brigade. He was full of energy, and never sought to evade duty in any respect. In every movement made by the regiment he took part, while serving with the same. It can be truthfully said no one took a deeper interest, or was prouder of the organization than he.

He possessed the instinct of a soldier and when placed with his command in responsible positions, he was ever on the alert, and took nothing for granted. It can be truthfully said he did his duty, and his dealings with superiors, equals, and inferiors, were uniformly gentlemanly and candidly fair.

July, 1863, Col. Long resigned and returned to Cincinnati. In 1880 he purchased the Lima (Ohio) Republican, which he published for some years, when he and his brother changed the paper
to a daily. They made a success of the enterprise, and when the place became one of note, owing to the oil interest which was developed at that place, it was regarded to be to the enterest of the place to organize the paper into a joint stock company, the Colonel retained a controlling interest in the same, and remained as editor until 1890, when he disposed of all his interest in the paper and returned to Cincinnati, where he was living when in May of that year he was attacked with the "la grippe," followed by pneumonia, which ended his life.

His memory is cherished by a large circle of relations and friends, and particularly so by the surviving comrades of the old regiment, with which he was so intimately associated, and of which he was justly proud.

MAJOR HENRY V. BOYNTON.

Major Boynton came to Hamilton on the 20th of August, 1861, the day when the first companies of the regiment were mustered. To that date few who became members of the regiment had seen him. He was small in stature, young in appearance, and seemed more like a boy of 16 than a man old enough to assume the duties of the soldier.

He had been commissioned major by the governor of Ohio, and ordered to report to Col. Van Derveer at Hamilton. Educated at the military school in Kentucky, he was well qualified for the duties which fell to his lot in the regiment. He made at once a favorable impression, alike on the officers and men of the Thirty-fifth, so much so that in the years the regiment was in the field Boynton as major and as lieutenant-colonel was held in unbroken respect, and no one had aught to render against him as a man, or to his skill and ability as an officer.

The command of the regiment devolved upon him from the close of the Tullahoma campaign to the Missionary Ridge fight, where he was wounded, which practically compelled him to relinquish the command of the regiment, though he made several
attempts to again take his place, and did move at his post of
duty on the 22d of February '64 in the reconnoissance made on
Buzzard's Roost, but was forced to yield on account of a trouble-
some wound.

His idea of equal and exact justice, and the enforcement of the
same on all alike secured for him the respect of both officers and
privates. A strict disciplinarian, yet he enforced his ideas in a way
that gave no show of authority, as coming from the person rather
than the position occupied. His commands and orders addressed
themselves to the better judgement of the men, who knew it was
their duty to obey as well as his to command.

In his taste, his feelings, and his way of thinking, he is thoroughly
American. There is no aristocratic element in his make-up. There
was a manifest good will shown by him towards all, both rank and
file. when they did their duty. Few officers in the western army
had the respect of their entire command more fully than Gen.
Boynton had of his. This result came not from any attempt made
to secure such a recognition, but from the manly conduct and the
exercise of good judgment, and the untiring effort that justice
should be done to all alike. The warm greeting accorded him at
each reunion of the regiment, when he attends, would make glad
the heart of any one. These greetings are outbursts of genuine
respect.

At the close of the war Gen. Boynton became the Washington
correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette, taking the place of
Whitelaw Reid, the present editor-in-chief of the New York Trib-
une, and the candidate for Vice-president on the Republican ticket
with Gen. Harrison in 1892. In the capacity of correspondent he
served over twenty-five years for the same paper. He made a repu-
tation in this capacity seldom acquired, and not surpassed by any
one belonging to the long line of notable correspondents that have
served at the National Capital since the profession of correspondent
has come into existence.

Readers of the Cincinnati-Gazette will remember the numerous
contests in which Gen. Boynton crossed swords with distin-
guished men of national reputation, notably Gen. Sherman, Gen. Howard, Senator Harlan and numerous newspaper men of reputation, like Murat Halstead. It has been the general verdict that he seldom came out of these contests second best, where he measured fabers with his opponents. The General not only yields a biting pen, but he posses a good memory, a most valuable faculty for a newspaper man. He is an indefatigable worker among archives, and dusty, musty tomes filed, or piled away, in the public offices at the War Department.

The General never moves out to meet a contestant without having his flanks well protected with official records, containing the facts in controversy, and usually possesses scraps of personal history, or acts of his opponents, which frequently have a marked bearing on the matter under controversy.

Few men have a better command of good, strong, polished English than he has. The address before the Society of the Army of the Cumberland, delivered at Chattanooga, September 15th, 1892, is a model of English composition, and may be studied with profit. Men may disagree with the conclusions reached, but none who are competent to judge will deny that the production is a gem of excellent English.

The enterprise with which Gen. Boynton’s name will be more particularly associated, is the conception, development and completion of the National Park, embracing the battlefields of Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge. This park will be one of the most noted on account of the historical interest, connected with the war of the rebellion. Its peculiar features have the marks of the General’s genius forcibly impressed. He has given years of study, time and attention to bringing out the ideas which make it so notable.

The soldiers of both Union and Confederate Armies in the west are drawn to this park. The Confederates claim Chickamauga as a victory for them; while the Union Army is not ready to accord the honor which they claim. The contest around Chattanooga will be claimed by no Confederate as anything save a Union victory, and a Confederate rout. The war of the Rebellion can show no
more fiercely contested field, nor more stubborn and persistent fighting, than that during the two days' contest on the Chickamauga battle field.

It was the hardest fought field during the war of the Rebellion, considering the numbers engaged. This park, covering a large part of both fields, will perpetuate, for time to come, the fierce contest here enacted, as well as the bravery of the American soldiers. In point of completeness with reference to location of the lines of battle, and points of fiercest encounters, nothing seems left unattended to, and when completed, will be a national park worthy the name.

MAJOR JOSEPH L. BUDD.

Major Joseph L. Budd was born in the town of Mount Holly, New Jersey, in 1833. His family moved to Hamilton, Ohio, in 1836, where the subject of this notice spent his boyhood days in attending school at the old Hamilton Academy. The building in which the Academy was conducted was later converted into the Long, Black & Alßätter Iron Harvester Manufactory. The Academy was at that time in charge of C. C. Giles. The school had gained a wide reputation, and students in large numbers came from distant points to attend the same.

At the age of seventeen the subject of this notice removed to Lebanon, Ohio, in Warren county, to enter upon the mercantile profession, and to begin the "battle of life." He continued in that business up to the breaking out of the rebellion, meeting with a successful career.

Major Budd had a taste for the military, as is shown in the fact that as early as 1857 he was a member of a company known as the "Warren Guards," in which company he was chosen First-Lieutenant, when organized, and later became Captain of the same company.

After the first call of President Lincoln for troops, the "Warren Guards" practically ceased to exist, the members entered the
Twelfth, Seventeenth and Thirty-fifth Ohio regiments, which were organized in Southern Ohio. Some twenty or more from the old organization formed the nucleus of company A, Thirty-fifth Ohio under its old captain.

The company was recruited to its maximum, and when the plans for organizing the Thirty-fifth were made Capt. Budd took his company to Hamilton on the 15th of August, 1861, and went into camp on the Butler county fair ground. On the 20th of that month companies A, B and C were mustered into the service. Capt. Budd's company becoming company A, because the first to report in camp.

Major Budd was identified with the Thirty-fifth as captain of company A, which he commanded until June 63, when he received promotion as major of the regiment, and served as such until the regiment was mustered out of the service in '64.

He served after the battle at Chickamauga on Gen. Baird's staff as inspector, which position he relinquished at the battle of Missionary Ridge, when Col. Boynton was wounded, to take command of the regiment.

Major Budd was found at his post of duty, and always moved with the command, and his presence was as certain as the movement of the regiment, unless there were substantial reasons for his absence. His deportment was always that which was to be expected of a military man, no matter in what position placed.

From January, '64, until the regiment was sent north to be mustered out of the service, Major Budd was in command of the regiment, or, in other words, he commanded the Thirty-fifth on the Atlanta campaign. Col. Van Derveer was in command of the brigade while Gen. Boynton was disabled on account of wounds received at the storming of Missionary Ridge.

CAPT. JOHN S. EARHART.

Capt. Earhart was born in Jacksonsburg, Butler county, Ohio, March 10, 1824. His parents moved to Hamilton when the sub-
ject of this notice was only two years of age. At this place he attended the Hamilton Academy, and later he entered the College Hill Academy, then under the management of Freeman Carey, the same school where Gen. Van Derveer graduated, and where ex-President Harrison spent some years preparing for Oxford College.

After Capt. Earhart graduated from Carey’s Academy he returned to Hamilton and commenced the study of civil engineering under his father, who was a practical engineer. He assisted his father in building a number of turnpikes in southern Ohio; in the construction of the Hamilton hydraulic and surveying lands, as well as in work connected with railways. The Ohio division of the Junction Railway was under Capt. Earhart’s management. The fine bridge that spans the Miami River, and the viaduct through the First ward of that city, a masterpiece of engineering skill, was wholly constructed by Capt. Earhart.

He became chief engineer on the middle section of the Miami & Erie Canal, and when the Rebellion commenced he resigned his position as engineer and assisted in recruiting the Thirty-fifth. He commanded company C of the regiment until the spring of 1863, when he was appointed topographical engineer for the Third Brigade, Second Division, Fourteenth Corps, and assigned on Gen. Steedman’s staff, which position he held for some months, when he was advanced to the same position on Gen. Brannan’s staff, who was in command of the division. He served in that place until his death, August 10th, ’63.

His death was noticed in general orders No. 42 of the Third Division of the Fourteenth Corps. The orders recited:

“His zeal and undoubted ability in the discharge of his arduous duties insured him the confidence of his superiors, and his high moral character and gentlemanly deportment the respect and admiration of all. In the death of Capt. Earhart the service looses a faithful and efficient staff officer; society a worthy and respected member, and while we, his associates in life, can but mourn his loss, let us humbly hope that in his exemplary life, and character, death has gained for him peace above. By command of

BRIG. GEN. BRANNAN.
Capt. Earhart died near Winchester, Tennessee, and his remains were sent to Hamilton, Ohio, for interment. Capt. Earhart was well qualified for the place he held. His ideas of strict military discipline were somewhat ahead of what the volunteer was willing to submit to; at the opening of the war, yet all submitted to even closer and more rigid discipline during the later years of the war.

OUR BRIGADE.

The brigade in which we served was organized in Kentucky October, 1861, under the eye of the gallant Pap Thomas, and it held its identity unimpaired to the close of the war. It formed a part of the division which fought the battle at Mill Spring in February, 1862, and helped to win the first complete union victory of the war, either east or west.

The brigade was constituted of the Second Minnesota, the Ninth and Thirty-fifth Ohio, and the Eighteenth Regular Infantry.

On the arrival of Buell’s army at Louisville in the race with Bragg for the Ohio River, while encamped on the commons at Louisville, the Eighty-seventh Indiana joined the brigade. In December, 1862, the Eighteenth Regulars left the brigade, in accordance with orders to unite all regular troops in the west into one brigade.

After the battle of Chickamauga the army was reorganized, the Twentieth and the Twenty-first Corps were consolidated with other corps, the brigades of the Fourteenth were strengthened, and the Seventy-fifth, the One Hundred and First Indiana, and the One Hundred and Fifth Ohio were added to the old brigade.

Robert L. McCook, of the Nineth Ohio, was the first commander. He was killed by guerrillas near New Market, Tenn., July, 1862, when Gen. James B. Steedman was placed in command. Soon after the battle of Perryville Col. Van Derveer, of the Thirty-fifth Ohio, took command and continued in command until the army reached Kenesaw Mountain on the Atlanta campaign, when compelled on the account of ill health to surrender the
command to Col. Gleason, of the Eighty-seventh Indiana, who continued at the head of the old brigade to the close of the war.

The division to which the brigade belonged was organized and commanded by Gen. Thomas until the army under Buell was re-organized at Louisville in August, 1862. Gen. Schoepf succeeded Gen. Thomas; then Gen. Speed S. Fry held the command for a short time; then Gen. Steedman took command, who was followed by Gen. Schofield, and he in turn by Gen. John M. Brannan, who was made chief of artillery under Thomas in the Army of the Cumberland, when Gen. Absalom Baird assumed command and held the same to the end of the war.

THE SECOND MINNESOTA.

Was organized and started from Fort Snelling for the eastern army, but at Pittsburg its course was changed and sent down the Ohio River to Louisville. It was sent thence to Lebanon, Ky., where it was brigaded as stated before. It served with the brigade, and in 1864 the regiment re-enlisted for a term of three years. Col. George, of this regiment was the captain of the company in which Gen. Van Derveer served as first sergeant and of which he became captain in the Mexican war. At this time Gen. Van Derveer outranked Col. George, who served in the brigade.

The Second Minnesota was one of the reliable regiments in the army, and never failed in its duty in the face of the enemy. On the first day at Chickamauga it held the extreme left of the Union lines, and found lively work to prevent being out flanked, and had to change front quite frequently. It had entirely faced about when it fought its last contest near the Jay saw mill on Saturday.

The second day it held a place again on the front line in the fight near the Kelly house, and when the Thirty-fifth and Ninth Ohio were ordered to charge the Rebels over the first line, that line followed to a man and assisted in withdrawing the lines from a critical position. On the Horse Shoe Ridge the Second Minnesota stood to the last.
Thirty-Fifth Ohio Regiment.

It has a fine record to look back upon, where ever engaged, to the last battle at Bentonville.

THE NINTH OHIO.

The Ninth Ohio was organized in May, 1861, at Camp Dennison, for three years' service. The men were all Germans, members, mostly, of the Turner Association. Physically they were ideal soldiers, and, without doubt, the regiment was the best drilled organization in the western army. The commands were always given in German, using the Prussian drill.

The Ninth was with McLellan in the short campaign in western Virginia up the Gauley River. In September the regiment entered Kentucky and became part of the brigade. It was at Mill Spring, and, with the Second Minnesota, made the charge which swept the Confederates off the field and won the victory.

The regiment remained in the brigade until May, 1864, when its time expired, and left the brigade for home, at Cassville, during Sherman's campaign on Atlanta. The regiment was noted for charging the enemy's lines. It made a famous charge the first day at Chickamauga and recaptured the battery lost a short time before, and brought it back into the Union lines. It occupied the right of the charging column, near the Kelley house, on Sunday on the same battle field. It made several telling charges down the slopes of Horse Shoe Ridge that day. It took part in the charge up the Missionary Ridge, being on the second line.

The regiment never failed when wanted in the hour of battle. It has a history that it may well be proud of.

THE EIGHTY-SEVENTH INDIANA—THE WALNUT CRACKERS.

The day after our arrival at Louisville, in September, 1862, the Eighty-seventh Indiana regiment joined our brigade. It had just arrived from Indianapolis, and was not inured to hard marching like the regiments that came with Buell and had been on the move for two months.
The pursuit after Bragg's army began in a few days after the Eighty-seventh came to us. At first the movements were by easy stages while developing the location of the enemy, but, by and by, the march commenced in good earnest. The weather was hot; the roads were hard, dry and dusty, while drinking water was one of the scarce articles.

The old blue grass pasture fields of Kentucky are full of walnut trees with spreading branches, affording fine shade for the stock which grazes in the fields. Under these the worn out, foot sore, tired and weary boys of the Eighty-seventh gathered, and amused themselves in hulling and cracking walnuts. There was scarcely a tree to be seen along the line of march under which a cluster of these weary boys of the Eighty-seventh were not found.

The men of the old regiments "dubbed" the Eighty-seventh the "Walnut Crackers." This nick-name fastened on the regiment and stuck to it to the end of its term of service. At first the men rested uneasily under what seemed to them a stigma, but, by and by, they gained scraps of our history, and learned the fate of our picket post at Somerset, Kentucky, where the Rebel cavalry "gobbled" up almost an entire post while the men were out over the country gathering persimmons. The boys of the Eighty-seventh got the "Persimmon Regiment" on us and made good use of it. It was the "Walnut Crackers" vs. "The Persimmon Regiment," and it would be hard to say which had the better.

For a long time the Eighty-seventh was regarded as a somewhat soft regiment, and many a joke passed at its expense. Time passed and we came up at Chickamauga. The Eighty-seventh stood up to the racket like veterans, and on Sunday, when the brigade was sent to check Breckinridge's Rebel division, which was doubling up our left and was moving to our rear, the Eighty-seventh was in the front line when the ball opened, and heroically did it hold its ground while the death shots rattled demon like through its ranks.

And when orders were given to pass lines to the front and charge the rebel hords the Eighty-seventh came up and stood to
Thirty-Fifth Ohio Regiment.

our shoulders like heroes as they were. That day the boys of the Eighty-seventh were placed among the true and tried veterans, and not another disparaging word was allowed to be said concerning that regiment.

That day they exhibited pluck and genuine soldierly grit, which endeared them to all true soldiers, and for a man to say he belonged to the Eighty-seventh Indiana is sufficient pass word to be taken by the hand as a comrade and brother in arms. No Indiana regiment has a finer record than the "Walnut Crackers."

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTH OHIO.

The One Hundred and Fifth Ohio joined the brigade while the army was at Chatanooga, Tenn. It was made of substantial material, and had among its numbers some very intelligent persons. It came from the western reserve; was mustered into the service near Cleveland, August 20th, 1862. Within the regiment was found a large number of clerks, teachers, students and professional men. Albion W. Tourge was a lieutenant in one of the companies of the regiment. He has become well known to the country since the war as the author of "A Fool's Errand," and "Bricks Without Straw."

The regiment entered Kentucky at Covington, the same place the Thirty-fifth entered a year earlier. It passed on to Lexington; was brigaded with the Ninety-third Ohio, under Charley Anderson, and moved to re-inforce Nelson at Richmond, but the battle was fought before its arrival.

The regiment made some hard marches while in Kentucky over hard pikes during hot weather through a region scarce of water; hence the men had to endure hardships. It lost heavily at Perryville, having forty-seven men killed and 212 men wounded.
SEVENTY-FIFTH INDIANA.

The Seventy-fifth Indiana entered the field at Louisville, Kentucky, in August, 1862, about a month prior to Buell's army reaching that place.

It was attached to troops then operating against Kirby Smith, and was not with the army at Perryville. It was still on duty looking after John Morgan in his raids through Kentucky when Stone River was fought, and, with other troops then operating in the rear hurried to the front, reaching the field as the din of battle was dying out among the cedar thickets around Murfreesborough.

The regiment served in the Fourth Division of the Fourteenth Corps until the re-organization of the army at Chattanooga in October, 1863. At that time the Twentieth and Twentys-first Corps were consolidated into the Fourth Corps; while the troops constituting the Fourth Division of the Fourteenth Corps were placed among the other divisions of that corps. The Seventy-fifth and One Hundred and First Indiana and the One Hundred and Fifth Ohio were attached to the Second Brigade of the Third Division, commanded by Col. Van Derveer; and these troops continued in the Brigade to the close of the war.

The Seventy-fifth marched with Sherman to the sea, and with the Brigade in the review at Washington. The historian of that regiment, the Rev. D. B. Floyd, formerly Sergeant Co. I, has published a neat and interesting history of the marches, and campaigns in which the regiment participated.

The writer of this narrative is indebted to the historian of that regiment for the sketch showing the part taken by Bairds Division at the storming of Missionary Ridge. The sketch was made on the field by a member of that regiment; also for the map of Chattanooga, and other favors received from the same accomplished gentleman.

The Brigade constituted of the troops here narrated, made a history of which it may well be satisfied. There is not an act, performed, while in the presence of the enemy, from its first battle
at Mill Spring, to its last at Bentonville, which it is unwilling to
have critically examined. It accepts with pride the remarks of
Gen. Brannan, in his report of the contest at Chickamauga. At-
tention has already been called to this, yet will repeat it in closing
this chapter.

When speaking of the brigade as having returned from the
Kelly farm, where it fought so fiercely the rebel troops that were
moving down on Baird's left flanks, and now reached Gen. Brann-
an on Horse Shoe Ridge:

"My command being increased by the arrival of portions of
Palmer and Negley's divisions; and most opportunely reinforced
by Col. Van Derveer's brigade, which having successfully, though,
with great loss, held its precarious position in the general line, until
all in its immediate vicinity had retreated, then retired in good
order, actually cutting its way through the rebels to rejoin my
division. This gallant brigade was one of the few who main-
tained their organization perfect throughout the hard fought
passes of that portion of the field."

It is a matter of satisfaction, on the part of the members of
this brigade to be able to point to such complimentary notices;
and likewise to look back over a history of four years' service in
the field, and have it in their power to say that this brigade never
retraced a step while confronting the enemy.

There is no instance on record, where any one of the regiments
of the brigade became confused, or were thrown into disorder,
even momentarily, while opposing the enemy.

In this respect the discipline of the brigade, as enforced by its
first division commander, Gen. Thomas, told on every occasion in
which the brigade was brought into the presence of danger. This
item of discipline, as enforced by Gen. Thomas, on all troops in
his division and corps, furnishes the secret of his success in every
engagement in which his troops fought; it was that which enabled
him to hold in check the confederates at Chickamauga, when so
large a proportion of the union army was swept from the field.

The regiment may well be proud of the good fortune which
placed it in a brigade, which held its identity through the entire contest of four years; and in a division and corps commanded by the gallant Thomas, whose name and fame grows brighter as the years roll by.

No name in the history of the late war has such an enduring fame, and will stand out so prominent, and with such an unfading luster, as that of the Rock of Chickamauga.

Here the writer closes the narrative of the organization, and the campaigns of the Thirty-fifth Ohio. In so doing he expresses the regret that necessity compelled him to hold the same within prescribed limits, which caused the necessity to omit so many personal incidents and anecdotes, which he had gathered during the service in his diary, kept throughout the service. However, the omission may be well, while the incidents might have been entertaining to some, but not so agreeable to those upon whom the weight of these incidents might happen to fall.

The writer has endeavored to omit everything to which objections could be taken, and hopes that in this he has succeeded.
Roster of the Thirty-Fifth Ohio.

It was found impossible to present the roster of companies as originally prepared, since it required more space than could be given to this object. The plan had to be remodeled and confined to names, date of muster in and date of muster out, with remarks giving the soldier's history in, brief words. Absolute accuracy in the list of names is not claimed, owing to the fact that the muster out rolls could not be secured. The compilation had to be made from such rolls as could be collected. These were compared with those published by the State of Ohio, which are far from being accurate; as was found in making comparisons with company rolls with which the writer was personally familiar. If incorrect in one case, it may be so in other respects.

ROSTER OF FIELD AND STAFF.


Charles O. Wright, Assistant Surgeon—Aug. 15, 1862. Resigned June 18, 1864.


James H. Bone, Adjutant—Aug. 15, 1861. Appointed from lieutenant company A. Promoted captain company D.

James E. Harris, Adjutant—Aug. 20, 1861. Promoted to lieutenant from first sergeant company C. Mustered out with regiment.

John Van Derveer, Quartermaster—August 2, 1861. Promoted captain company C. Mustered out with regiment.


Benjamin F. Clark, Sergeant Major—August 9, 1861. Promoted from ranks company B.


Joseph F. Saunders, Quartermaster Sergeant—Aug. 9, 1861. Promoted from private company B to second lieutenant company D. Mustered out with company.

Martin Betz, Quartermaster Sergeant—Sept. 7, 1861. Promoted from private company G. Mustered out with company.


Samuel Hart, Hospital Stewart—Sept. 5, 1861. Discharged June 26, 1862.

Mordicai T. Cleaver, Hospital Stewart—Sept. 5, 1861. Promoted from company F. Mustered out with company.
Thirty-Fifth Ohio Regiment.


Clark Castator, Principal Musician—Aug. 9, 1861. Promoted from musician company B. Mustered out with company.

REGIMENTAL BAND.

The band was mustered into the service Aug. 17, 1861, to serve three years, but all bands were mustered out Sept. 10, 1862, by order from the War Department.

The following persons constituted the Thirty-fifth Regimental Band:


COMPANY A.

Mustered in Aug. 20, 1861, at Camp Hamilton, Ohio. Mustered out at Chattanooga, Tenn., Aug. 26, 1864. The company was recruited in Warren county, Ohio.

Joseph L. Budd, Capt., Aug. 15, 1861. Promoted to major, July 13, 1863.
Perry Gregg, Sergeant, Aug. 15, 1861. Promoted to 1st lieutenant in Mississippi Marine Brigade.


Ira Lacey, Corporal, Aug. 15, 1861. Appointed corporal May 1, 1863. Mustered out with company.


Simeon Williams, Drummer, Aug. 5, 1861. Mustered out with company.

John Perrine, Wagoner, Aug. 15, 1861. Mustered out with company.


Charles H. Blake, Private, Aug. 15, 1861. Mustered out with company.

David W. Bishop, Private, Aug. 15, 1861. Appointed corporal Aug. 30, 1862; reduced, transferred to band. Mustered out with company.


Emile Belot, Private, Aug. 15, 1861. Discharged at Camp Hamilton, Ohio, on surgeon’s certificate of disability.

James P. Bryant, Private, Aug. 15, 1861. Discharged April 1, 1863, at camp near Columbus, Tenn., on surgeon’s certificate of disability.

Stephen Bryant, Private, Aug. 15, 1861. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, July 12, 1864.


Benjamin Cummings, Private, Aug. 15, 1861. Mustered out with company.


Joseph Clauzman, Private, Aug. 15, 1861. Mustered out Sept. 21, 1864, at Columbus, Ohio, on expiration of term of service.


Benajah Clark, Private, Aug. 15, 1861. Died March 7, 1864, in hospital at Bardstown, Ky.

Jacob Calvin, Private, Aug. 15, 1861.

Peyton F. Clark, Private, Aug. 15, 1861. Mustered out with company.


Milo Collins, Private, Aug. 15, 1861. Discharged Sept. 20, 1863, on writ of habeas corpus.

Benjamin F. Downs, Private, Aug. 15, 1861. Mustered out with company.

Ellis Douglass, Private, Aug. 15, 1861. Discharged April 2, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon’s certificate of disability.

Leopold Dominic, Private, Aug. 15, 1861. Discharged Nov. 9, 1863, at Chattanooga, Tenn., on surgeon’s certificate of disability.


Daniel Fryer, Private, Aug. 15, 1861.
Josiah Gillespie, Private, Aug. 15, 1861. Mustered out Oct. 1, 1864, at Columbus, O., on expiration of term of service.

Henry Glady, Private, Aug. 15, 1861. Mustered out with company.

William Goe, Private, Aug. 15, 1861. Discharged Sept. 17, 1862, at Columbus, O., on expiration of term of service.


Andrew Hathaway, Private, Aug. 15, 1861. Wounded at Corinth, Miss. Mustered out with company.


James P. Hogen, Private, Aug. 15, 1861. Mustered out with company.

George Hider, Corporal, Aug. 15, 1861. Promoted to color corporal Sept. 20, 1863.

Mustered out with company.


Andrew J. Lucas, Private, Aug. 15, 1861. Mustered out with company.


Thomas Lyons, Private, Aug. 15, 1861. Died July 1, 1864, at his home in Warren county, O., of wounds received Sept. 30, 1863, at battle of Chickamauga.


Caleb Lucas, Private, Aug. 15, 1861. Mustered out with company.

John Myers, Private, Aug. 15, 1861. Mustered out with company.


Augustus E. Mulford, Private, August 15, 1861. Mustered out with company.


John M. Oxley, Private, Aug. 15, 1861. Mustered out with company.


Robert Peckinpah, Private, Aug. 15, 1861. Discharged Sept. 12, 1862, at Columbus, Ohio, on surgeon's certificate of disability.


John B. Parker, Private, Aug. 12, 1861. No record.


Miner Ricketts, Private, Aug. 15, 1861. Mustered out with company.


Nathan Smith Ruch, Private, Aug. 15, 1861. Died May 20, 1862, at his home in Monroe, Ohio.


Eli Stewart, Private, Aug. 15, 1861. Discharged at Corinth, Miss., on surgeon's certificate of disability.

Andrew M. Sherritt, Private, Aug. 15, 1861. Mustered out with company.


John R. Smith, Private, Aug. 15, 1861. Mustered out with company.
Wm. B. Wheelely, Private, Aug. 15, 1861. Mustered out with company.
John Wilson, Private, Aug. 15, 1861. Mustered out with company.
Wm. H. Wooten, Private, Aug. 15, 1861. Mustered out with company.
Andrew Wilson, Private, Aug. 15, 1861. Died May 22, 1862, in camp near Corinth, Miss.
John Warren Weaver, Private, Aug. 15, 1861. Mustered out Aug. 23, 1864, at Columbus, Ohio, on expiration of term of service.

COMPANY B.

Mustered in Aug. 20, 1861, at Camp Hamilton, Ohio. Mustered out at Chattanooga, Tenn., Aug. 26, 1864. The company was recruited in Butler county, Ohio.

Thomas Stone, Captain, Aug. 9, 1861. Resigned June 6, 1862.
Ransford Smith, Captain, Aug. 9, 1861. Promoted from 1st lieutenant June 6, 1862. Resigned Feb. 18, 1863.
Jonathan Hennis, Captain, Aug. 9, 1861. Promoted from 1st sergeant to 1st lieutenant Jan. 30, 1863; to captain Feb. 18, 1863. Mustered out with company.
Samuel Hooser, 1st lieutenant, Aug. 9, 1861. Promoted to 2d lieutenant Jan. 20, 1863; to 1st lieutenant Feb. 12, 1863. Mustered out with company.
Robert Hooser, 2d lieutenant, Aug. 9, 1861. Promoted 2d lieutenant Feb. 12, 1863, and 1st lieutenant o. i. March 19, 1861.
Alonzo Fisk, 1st sergeant, Aug. 9, 1861. Appointed sergeant May 12, 1863. Mustered out with company.
George W. Kimball, Sergeant, Aug. 9, 1861. Appointed sergeant July 26, 1863. Mustered out with company.
Henry E. VanDerveer, Sergeant, Aug. 9, 1861. Discharged July 26, 1862.
Robert J. Livingston, Sept. 20, 1861. Mustered out with company.

David Brady, Corporal, Aug. 9, 1861. Mustered out with company.
Euros Wilson, Corporal, Aug. 9, 1861. Mustered out with company.
George Hauer, Corporal, Aug. 9, 1861. Mustered out with company.
Jacob W. Houser, Corporal, Aug. 9, 1861. Mustered out with company.
William G. Mars, Corporal, Aug. 9, 1861. Mustered out with company.
Abraham B. Bell, Corporal, Aug. 9, 1861. Discharged Sept. 16, 1865, at Hamilton, O.
James M. Coppage, Corporal, Aug. 9, 1861. Discharged April 5, 1862, at Nashville.
George Lewis, Corporal, Aug. 9, 1861. Trans. to Vet. Reserve corps, Mar. 15, 1864.
Alonzo Runyon, Corporal, Aug. 9, 1861. Trans. to Vet. Reserve corps, Apr. 30, 1864.
Jacob Garver, Wagon master, Aug. 9, 1861. Mustered out with company.
Jacob Myers, Wagon master, Aug. 9, 1861. Mustered out with company.
Jacob Jackson, Musician, Aug. 9, 1861. Mustered out with company.
Charles J. Jackson, Musician, Aug. 9, 1861. Promoted to chief musician May 1, 1863.
Abie, William, Private, Aug. 9, 1861. Mustered out with company.
Albert, Chas. P., Private, Aug. 9, 1861. Died February 15, 1864, at Nashville.
Bell, James N., Private, Aug. 9, 1861. Mustered out with company.
Sullard, Chas. W., Private, Aug. 9, 1861. Mustered out with company.
Bauer, B., Private, Aug. 9, 1861. Mustered out with company.
Bane, Andrew W., Private, Aug. 9, 1861. Killed at Perryville, Oct. 7, 1862.
Bowers, George W., Private, Aug. 9, 1861. Died July 14, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn.
Coppedge, Robert, Private, Aug. 9, 1861. Mustered out with company.
Cone, J., Private, Aug. 9, 1861. Mustered out with company.
Case, Daniel, Private, Aug. 9, 1861. Mustered out with company.
Clark, David, Private, Aug. 9, 1861. Discharged Aug. 5, 1862, for disability.
Clark, Benjamin F., Private, Aug. 9, 1861. Discharged Aug. 5, 1862.
Crane, Chas. W., Private, Oct. 5, 1861. Mustered out Sept. 8, 1864.
Dillon, Samuel P., Private, Aug. 9, 1861. Mustered out with company.
Emminger, Edward, Private, Aug. 9, 1861. Wounded and captured at Chickamauga; mustered out at the close of the war.
Frank, George W., Private, Aug. 9, 1861. Died Aug. 16, 1862, at Germantown, Ohio.
Ferguson, Daniel W., Private, Sept. 15, 1861. Died June 19, 1864, of wounds received at Pine Mountain, near Marietta, Georgia.
Gerhardt, Frederick, Private, Aug. 9, 1861. Discharged Nov. 10, 1862, at Nashville.
Harris, John W., Private, Aug. 9, 1861. Mustered out with company.
Knox, Enoch, Jr., Private, Aug. 9, 1861. Mustered out with company.
Keller, Adam, Private, Aug. 9, 1861. Mustered out with company.
Kinsey, James, Private, Aug. 9, 1861. Died March 12, 1864, at Louisville, Ky.
Kite, James F., Private, Aug. 9, 1861. Died April 18, 1864, at camp Dennison.
Keck, Robert C., Private, Aug. 9, 1861. Discharged Aug. 8, 1862, at Columbus, Ohio.
Leisner, Bernhard, Private, Aug. 9, 1861. Wounded and captured at Chickamauga.
Lawson, Alexander, Private, Aug. 9, 1861. Mustered out with company.
Lander, Philip L., Private, Aug. 9, 1861. Mustered out with company.
Loop, William C., Private, Aug. 9, 1861. Discharged April 5, 1863, at Nashville.
Mench, William, Private, Aug. 9, 1861. Mustered out with company.
McCarthy, John, Private, Aug. 9, 1861. Mustered out with company.
Miller, William, B., Private, Aug. 9, 1861. Died March 11, 1862, at Louisville.
Nicholas, James S., Private, Sept. 15, 1861. Mustered out with company.
Overholtz, Wm. H., Private, Aug. 9, 1861. Mustered out with company.
Pittifer, Joseph, Private, Aug. 9, 1861. Mustered out with company.
Rogers, Wm. H., Private, Aug. 9, 1861. Mustered out with company.
Ryan, James, Private, Aug. 25, 1862. Died Sept. 16, 1863, at Riley, Ohio.
Schumaker, M., Private, Aug. 9, 1861. Mustered out with company.
Sharer, Wm. H., Private, Aug. 9, 1861. Mustered out with company.
Sweeney, Conly, Private, Aug. 9, 1861. Mustered out with company.
Small, Jos. H., Private, Aug. 9, 1861. Died Feb. 27, at Somerville, Ohio.
Scheisler, John, Private, Aug. 9, 1861. Died April 5, 1864, at Camp Washington, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Sully, John, Private, Aug. 9, 1861. Discharged Nov. 13, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn.
Swalney, Chas., Private, Aug. 9, 1861. Discharged Dec. 6, 1862, at Hamilton, Ohio.


Thomas, James B., Private, Aug. 9, 1861. Mustered out with company.

Tate, Robert V., Private, Aug. 25, 1861. Trans to Vet. Reserve corps, Feb. 16, 1864.

Tapscott, James C., Private, Aug. 9, 1861. Mustered out with company.

Voorhees, Jerome, Private, Aug. 8, 1861. Discharged April 5, 1863, at Nashville.


Webb, Foster, Private, Aug. 9, 1861. Mustered out with company.

Wunderlick, John, Private, Aug. 9, 1861. Mustered out with company.

Willis, Lem., Private, Aug. 9, 1861. Mustered out with company.

Wescott, Peter M., Private, Aug. 9, 1861. Mustered out with company.

Welborn, Wm. M., Private, Aug. 9, 1861. Wounded—mustered out with company.

Winterstein, James, Private, Aug. 9, 1861. Mustered out with company.

COMPANY C.

Mustered in August 20, 1861. Mustered out August 26, 1864, at Chattanooga, Tenn. Recruited in Butler and Preble Counties.


Allen, Leonard, 1st Sergeant, Aug. 20, 1861. Discharged March 11, 1863, to enter the marine brigade.


Harris, Jas. E., Sergeant, Aug. 20, 1861. Promoted to 1st lieutenant, March 19, 1864. Appointed adjutant, Mustered out with regiment.

Huggins, James, sergeant, Aug. 20, 1861. Died at Winchester, O., Feb. 13, 1863.


Beachler, Wm. H., Corporal, Aug. 20, 1861. Mustered out with company.


Barnett, Francis, Corporal, Aug. 20, 1861. Discharged Feb. 18, 1863, for disability.

Haller, John, Corporal, Aug. 20, 1861. Died in hospital at Nashville, Nov. 20, 1863.


Darrah, William, Drummer, Aug. 20, 1861. Detached to serve in regimental band.


PRIVATES.


Bowman, Henry, Aug. 20, 1861. Mustered out with company.

Brown, Franklin, Aug. 20, 1861. Mustered out with company.


Berry, David C., Aug. 26, 1861. Mustered out with company.

Berry, John, Aug. 26, 1861. Mustered out with company.


Brown, John, Aug. 28, 1861. Died in hospital at Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 5, 1863, of wounds received at the battle of Chickamauga.

Becker, Emilian, Aug. 25, 1861. Mustered out with Company.

Bookwalter, Benj. F., Aug. 20, 1861. Mustered out with company.


Carle, Hezekiah, Aug. 20, 1861. Discharged Oct. 6, 1862, for disability.
Doyle, John, Aug. 20, 1861. Taken prisoner at Missionary Ridge; sixteen months in rebel prisons; relieved at the close of the war.
Enbody, John W., Aug. 20, 1861. Discharged for disability Oct. 6, 1862.
Emrick, John, Aug. 26, 1861. Wounded at Chickamauga. Mustered out with the company.
Emrick, William H., Aug. 23, 1862. Promoted to 1st lieutenant in the 18th Ohio regiment.
Ellingham, James, Aug. 26, 1861. Re-enlisted as veteran Jan. 16, 1861.
Fitts, James, Aug. 20, 1861. Appointed corp. April 1st, 1864. Mustered out with company.
Garrett, James W., Aug. 26, 1861. Mustered out with company.
Hatchinson, Thos. H., Aug. 20, 1861. Ordered on Brigade staff.
Holzapfel, Moses, Aug. 26, 1861. Appointed corp. Wounded at the battles of Chickamauga and Peach Tree Creek.
Hall, Andrew J., Sept. 7, 1861. Mustered out Sept 8, 1864.
Hime, George, Oct. 21, 1861. Died at Pittsburg Landing, April, 1862.
Henry, Isaac B., Oct. 21, 1861. Died at Nashville, March 6, 1862.
Jones, Newton, Aug. 20, 1861. Re-enlisted as veteran Jan. 18, 1864.
Kumler, Abram N., Aug. 26, 1861. Mustered out with company.
Kumler, Franklin W., Aug. 26, 1861. Mustered out with company.
Parker, Samuel, Aug. 26, 1861. Died May 17, 1862, at Sevenmile, Ohio.
Price, Mark B., Aug. 20, 1862. Promoted to color sergeant; served as such for three years.
Rohr, John H., Aug. 20, 1862. Mustered out with company.
Reel, Benjamin A., Aug. 26, 1861. Mustered out with company.
Richardson, Alex. P., Aug. 26, 1861. Discharged May 18, 1862.

Saum, Martin, Aug. 26, 1861. Mustered out with company.

Samuels, Thomas F., Aug. 26, 1861. Mustered out with company.

Samuels, Macajah L., Aug. 26, 1861. Re-enlisted as veteran.

Samuels, Nathan R., Aug. 26, 1861. Mustered out with company.


Saylor, Samuel, Aug. 26, 1861. Mustered out with company.


Shollenberger, D. S., Aug. 18, 1862. Promoted to 1st lieutenant 18th Ohio. Wounded and captured at Chickamauga.


Vannatta, Squire H., Aug. 26, 1861. Taken prisoner at Chickamauga. Died on his way home from prison.

Vannatta, Joseph H., Aug. 15, 1862. Died on the field at Chickamauga of wounds.

Withrow, Dennis F., Aug. 26, 1861. Mustered out with company.

Wong, Sereno, Aug. 26, 1861. Mustered out with company.

Woolvertor, John, Oct. 9, 1861. Died Jan. 1, 1861, on his way home on furlough.


**COMPANY D.**

Mustered in September 9, 1861, at Hamilton, Ohio. Mustered out September 8, 1864, at Chattanooga, Tenn. Recruited in Butler County, Ohio.

Nathaniel Reeder, Captain, Aug. 26, 1861. Died at Hamilton, Ohio, July 1868.


Hiram, Shedd, Sergeant. Mustered out with company.

Jacob Caughill, Sergeant. Mustered out Sept. 23, 1864.

Adam Pauluss, Sergeant. Transferred to Company C, 18th O. V. I.

Hezekiah Campbell, Corporal, Sept. 7, 1861. Discharged April 20, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn.


John Spence, Corporal, Aug. 9, 1861. Mustered out Sept. 8, 1864.


George Evans, Corporal, Aug. 9, 1861. Mustered out Sept. 8, 1864.

**PRIVATES.**


Anderson, Calvery, August, 1861. Wounded at Kennesaw Mountain, June 14, 1864. Mustered out with company.


Baily, Abraham B., March 26, 1862. Wounded at Chickamauga. Transferred to Company C, 18th O. V. I.

Black, John, Feb. 26, 1861. Died Aug. 18, 1834, at Louisville, Ky., of wounds received July 20, 1864, in battles before Atlanta.


Thirty-Fifth Ohio Regiment.

Dilge, George, Aug. 20, 1861. No record of this soldier.
Fritch, Mathew, Sept. 7, 1861. Mustered out Sept. 23, 1864.
Flanigan, John, Sept. 7, 1861. Discharged July 24, 1862, at Cincinnati, Ohio, for disability.
Gorman, William, Aug. 20, 1861. Discharged Aug. 6, 1863, for disability.
Gibson, William B., Aug. 20, 1861. Mustered out Camp Dennison, Jan., 1863, for disability.
Hall, Charles, Aug. 26, 1861. Discharged Dec. 9, 1861, at Camp Dennison, Ohio, for disability.
Hughes, William, Sept. 7, 1861. No record of this soldier.
Haldeman, Joseph, March 17, 1862. Transferred to Company C, 18th O. V. I.
Hall, Cyrus, Feb. 17, 1862. Transferred to Company C, 18th O. V. I.
Long, George W., Aug. 20, 1861. Mustered out September 8, 1864.
Myers, John, Aug. 20, 1861. Discharged Sept. 3, 1862, at Camp Chase, Ohio, for disability.
Martin, Lewis, Sept. 7, 1861. Mustered out with company.
McKelvey, James, Sept. 9, 1861. No record of this soldier.
McGriff, John W., Nov. 25, 1862. Transferred to Company C, 18th O. V. I.
May, William S., Nov. 27, 1863. Transferred to Company C, 18th O. V. I.
McNally, James, Aug. 20, 1861. Mustered out Sept. 8, 1864.
Norris, Thomas, Sept. 5, 1861. Transferred to Company C, 18th O. V. I.
O'Kane, Joseph, Aug. 26, 1861. No record of muster out.
Ross, Albert A., Aug. 20, 1861. No muster out record.
Reiter, George, Aug. 26, 1861. No muster out record.
Rogers, Francis, Aug. 20, 1861. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, Jan., 1864.
Shearer, Henry, Oct. 8, 1861. Discharged Sept. 11, 1864, at Chattanooga, for disability.
Singer, William H., Nov. 27, 1863. Transferred to Company C, 18th O. V. I.
Sned, Winfield S., Nov. 27, 1863. Transferred to Company C, 18th O. V. I.
Shool, John S., Aug. 20, 1861. Died March 14, 1864, at Hamilton, Ohio.
Webb, William, Aug. 20, 1861. Discharged July 1862, at Camp Dennison, Ohio, for disability.
Wilson, Theodore, Aug. 9, 1861. Mustered out Sept. 8, 1864.
Walter, William, Aug. 20, 1861. No muster out record.
COMPANY E.

Mustered in September 9, 1861, at Hamilton, Ohio. Mustered out September 8, 1864, at Chattanooga, Tenn. Recruited in Preble County, Ohio.

Kemp, Benj. F., Sept. 1, 1861. Mustered out with company.
John W. Dinkins, Sergeant, Sept. 15, 1861. Died of wounds received at Chickamauga.
Marcus M. Austin, Sept. 1, 1861. Appointed corporal Sept. 9, 1861; sergeant Nov. 3, 1862. Mustered out with company.
Joseph Larrison, 1st Corporal, Sept. 1, 1861. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
William S. Ware, Corporal, Sept. 1, 1861. Died Oct. 10, 1863, of wounds received at the battle of Chickamauga.
Andrew J. Stakebake, Corporal, Sept. 1, 1861. Wounded at Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge.
Isaac Tracy, Corporal, Sept. 1, 1861. Died at Belle Isle, date not known.
Chas. H. Thompson, Corporal, Sept. 1, 1861. Killed by accidental musket shot Sept. 27, 1863, at Chattanooga, Tenn.
William H. Bowles, Corporal, Sept. 1, 1861. Died from wounds received at the battle of Chickamauga.
Philip Bladner, Corporal, Sept. 1, 1861. Mustered out with company.
Charles C. Gavin, Corporal, Sept. 1, 1861. Appointed corporal May 1, 1863.
Albert Ince, Teamster, Sept. 1, 1861. No record.

PRIVATES.

Bickle, Jacob, Nov. 13, 1861. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, March 15, 1864.
Bridge, Ruben, Sept. 1, 1861. Discharged at Corinth, Miss., July 8, 1862.
Caughey, John, Sept. 1, 1861. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
Cottingham, John, Sept. 1, 1861. Killed at Chickamauga.
Davis, Martin, Sept. 15, 1861. Died Aug. 5, 1862, near Salem, Tenn.
Ewalt, Frederick, Sept. 1, 1861. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
Thirty-Fifth Ohio Regiment.

Falkner, Daniel C., Sept. 1, 1861. Mustered out Sept. 8, 1864.
Gardner, William H., Sept. 1, 1861. Veteran, transferred to Co. K.
Hyde, Francis M., Sept. 1, 1861. Died Aug. 18 at Cowan Station, Tenn.
Jones, W., Sept. 1, 1861. Mustered out with company.
Johnson, Francis E., March 10th, 1862. Discharged Dec. 5, 1862.
Kettle, Tanis W., Sept. 1, 1861. Discharged at Cynthia September, 1861.
McFadden, David, Sept. 1, 1861. Discharged Jan. 5th at Chattanooga, Tenn.
Ogden, David, Sept. 1, 1861. Mustered out Sept. 8, 1864.
Ridgely, Fred. W. G., Sept. 1, 1861. No record of this soldier on rolls.
Shumaker, James, Sept. 1, 1861. Mustered out Sept. 8, 1864.
Showalter, George M., Sept. 1, 1861. Mustered out with company.
Singer, John, Sept. 1, 1861. Mustered out with company Sept. 8, 1864.
Stakebake, Henry H., Sept. 7, 1861. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
Sands, Samuel, Sept. 7, 1861. Mustered out with company.
Tenecky, William, Sept. 7, 1861. No record of this soldier.
Wilson, William, Sept. 7, 1861. No further record of this soldier.

COMPANY F.


Thirty-Fifth Ohio Regiment.


Morris Cratz, Sept. 5, 1861. Mustered out with company.


Discharged on account of wounds.


Benj. F. Boatman, Corporal, Sept. 5, 1861. Died of wounds received at the battle of Chickamauga.

Scof, Harlan, Corporal, Sept. 5, 1861. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.


John D. Cornelius, Corporal, Sept. 20, 1861. No record of this soldier.


Henry Richter, Corporal, Sept. 5, 1861.


Low, Samuel, Musician, Aug. 20, 1861. Mustered out with company.

Henry Hagerman, Teamster, Sept. 5, 1861. Discharged for disability April 20, 1862.

PRIVATE.

Atkinson, Samuel, Sept. 5, 1861. Mustered out with company.


Byers, W. M., Sept. 5, 1861. Wounded in action at Chickamauga. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.

Bennett, John L., Sept. 5, 1861. Mustered out with company.

Bennett, John G., Sept. 5, 1861. Mustered out with company.

Beaty, Frederick K., Sept. 5, 1861. Transferred to Co. C, 18th Ohio Infantry Vols.

Braddock, Job, Sept. 5, 1861. Died June 8 at Pittsburg Landing.

Barkus, George, Aug. 20, 1861. Died of disease near Corinth, Miss., May 20, 1862.


Boatman, Jerry, Sept. 5, 1861. Transferred to Co. I Nov. 9, 1861.


Cleaver, Mordecai T., Sept. 5, 1861. Promoted to hospital steward.

Coneley, James, Sept. 5, 1861. Discharged for disability Sept. 24, 1864.


Cresar, Henry N., Aug. 20, 1861. Wounded at Pea Tree Creek July 24, 1864. Leg amputated; member of color guard.


Drake, Franklin, Sept. 5, 1861. Promoted to corporal. Mustered out with company.


Eillmore, Samuel C., Sept. 5, 1861. Discharged Feb. 23, 1863, for disability.

Ell, Mathias, Sept. 5, 1861. Mustered out with company.

Everhart, John, Sept. 5, 1861. Mustered out with company.


Ford, Henry, Sept. 5, 1861. Discharged Nov. 30 at Nashville, Tenn.


Finley, Webster, Sept. 5, 1861. Died at Nashville, Tenn. March 30, 1862.

Folk, Charles, Sept. 5, 1861. Discharged Oct. 18, 1862, for disability.

Gebhart, Sidney, Sept. 5, 1861. Discharged Oct. 18, 1862, for disability.


Howland, James, Sept. 5, 1861. Mustered out with company.


Holloway, Thomas, Sept. 5, 1861. Captured at Somerset Dec. 15, 1861; in prison at Salisbury, N. C., eight months.
Thirty-Fifth Ohio Regiment.

Holt, Robert, Sept. 5, 1861. Mustered out with company.
Harris, John, Sept. 5, 1861. Wounded and taken prisoner at Chickamauga.
Hartman, James, Sept. 5, 1861. Mustered out with company.
Hart, Samuel B., Sept. 5, 1861. Discharged near Corinth, Tenn., June 29, 1862, on surgeon's certificate of disability.
Kemp, John W., Sept. 5, 1861. Promoted to corporal Feb. 1, 1862. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps April 30, 1864.
Leadwell, James, Aug. 20, 1861. Died of disease at Lebanon, Ky., Feb. 18, 1862.
Mountjoy, George, Sept. 5, 1861. Died of disease at Clarksville, Ohio, Dec. 15, 1862.
McGinley, Horace, Sept. 5, 1861. Discharged for disability July 9, 1862.
Morrow, Samuel S., Sept. 5, 1861. Mustered out with company.
Moore, Jonathan, Sept. 5, 1861. Mustered out with company.
Norris, Andrew M., Sept. 5, 1861. Discharged for disability Nov. 10, 1862.
Perry, John W., Sept. 5, 1861. Mustered out with company.
Pope, William, Sept. 5, 1861. Discharged April 20, 1862, for disability at Nashville, Tenn.
Smith, Edward, Sept. 5, 1863. Discharged April 20, 1862, for disability.
Shaffer, Nathan, Sept. 5, 1861. Wounded at battle of Chickamauga Sept. 29, 1863.
Smith, Milton, Sept. 5, 1861. Mustered out with company.
Swaney, Fletcher, Aug. 20, 1861. Mustered out with company.
Shaw, Joshua, Aug. 20, 1861. Mustered out with company.
Thomas, Alfred, Sept. 5, 1861. Mustered out with company.
Thompson, Oscar E., Sept. 5, 1861. Discharged May 15, 1862, for disability.
Vinard, John, Sept. 5, 1861. Died from wounds received at battle of Missionary Ridge Nov. 25, 1863.
Wetzel, James, Sept. 5, 1861. Mustered out with company.
White, John W., Sept. 5, 1861. Discharged Nov. 7, 1863, for disability at Chattanooga, Tenn.
### Thirty-Fifth Ohio Regiment.

**COMPANY G.**


<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Rank</th>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Action</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Samuel L'Homméduieu</td>
<td>Captain</td>
<td>Sept. 7, 1861</td>
<td>Brigade Inspector from April to Aug. 1864</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>George T. Earhart</td>
<td>Lieutenant</td>
<td>Sept. 7, 1861</td>
<td>Resigned Oct. 17, 1862</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William H. C. Steel</td>
<td>1st Liet.</td>
<td>Sept. 7, 1861</td>
<td>Promoted captain, assigned to Co. E.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John Adams</td>
<td>2nd Liet.</td>
<td>Sept. 7, 1861</td>
<td>Promoted from Sergeant Major, Oct. 14, 1862</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wounded at Chickamauga Sept. 20, 1864</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William A. Bonar</td>
<td>Sergeant</td>
<td>Sept. 7, 1861</td>
<td>Mustered out with company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ephraim A. Day</td>
<td>Sergeant</td>
<td>Sept. 7, 1861</td>
<td>Died Nov. 27, 1863, at Chattanooga, Tenn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>George W. Gover</td>
<td>Sergeant</td>
<td>Sept. 7, 1861</td>
<td>Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Charles Hunsaker</td>
<td>Sergeant</td>
<td>Aug. 26, 1861</td>
<td>Mustered out with company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>James M. Wyck</td>
<td>Sergeant</td>
<td>Sept. 7, 1861</td>
<td>Died Nov. 30, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William H. Helmer</td>
<td>Corporal</td>
<td>Aug. 26, 1861</td>
<td>Mustered out with company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lewis W. Byers</td>
<td>Corporal</td>
<td>Sept. 7, 1861</td>
<td>Killed Sept. 20 at Chickamauga</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lester Shaw</td>
<td>Corporal</td>
<td>Sept. 7, 1861</td>
<td>Wounded at battle of Chickamauga Sept. 19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John H. Haber</td>
<td>Corporal</td>
<td>Sept. 7, 1861</td>
<td>Appointed sergeant Nov. 25, 1863</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wm. Newcomb</td>
<td>Corporal</td>
<td>Aug. 26, 1861</td>
<td>Killed Nov. 25 at battle of Missionary Ridge</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Calvin Livingood</td>
<td>Corporal</td>
<td>Sept. 7, 1861</td>
<td>Taken prisoner at the battle of Chickamauga</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>James Clancy</td>
<td>Corporal</td>
<td>Sept. 7, 1861</td>
<td>Appointed sergeant Nov. 30, 1863</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Charles C. Schramm</td>
<td>Musician</td>
<td>Sept. 7, 1861</td>
<td>Mustered out with company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peter Livingood</td>
<td>Musician</td>
<td>Sept. 7, 1861</td>
<td>Mustered out with company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frederick S. Warner</td>
<td>Wagoner</td>
<td>Aug. 26, 1861</td>
<td>Died at his home March 1, 1863</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### PRIVATEs.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Rank</th>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Action</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Anderson</td>
<td></td>
<td>Sept. 7, 1861</td>
<td>Killed at battle of Chickamauga Sept. 20, 1864</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bowman, John H.</td>
<td></td>
<td>Sept. 7, 1861</td>
<td>Veteran; transferred to Co. K Sept. 23, 1864</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Betz</td>
<td></td>
<td>Sept. 7, 1861</td>
<td>Transferred to quartermaster department Nov. 1862</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barber, Elias</td>
<td></td>
<td>Aug. 26, 1861</td>
<td>Veteran; transferred to Co. K Sept. 23, 1864</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boyd, Wm.</td>
<td></td>
<td>L. Oct. 18, 1861</td>
<td>Transferred to Co. K Sept. 24, 1864</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boyle, Elijah A.</td>
<td></td>
<td>Aug. 26, 1861</td>
<td>No record</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Concilin</td>
<td></td>
<td>Sept. 7, 1861</td>
<td>Appointed corporal Sept. 19, 1863</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crane, Joseph H.</td>
<td></td>
<td>Sept. 7, 1861</td>
<td>Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carpenter, Thomas</td>
<td></td>
<td>Aug. 26, 1861</td>
<td>Mustered out with company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clark, David M.</td>
<td></td>
<td>Dec. 30, 1862</td>
<td>Captured at Chickamauga Sept. 19, 1864</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Creager, William O.</td>
<td></td>
<td>Sept. 7, 1861</td>
<td>Discharged Feb., 1862, from wounds received in skirmish at Somerset, Ky.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Durkill, Joseph</td>
<td></td>
<td>Sept. 7, 1861</td>
<td>Mustered out with company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Deiter, Charles W.</td>
<td></td>
<td>Sept. 7, 1861</td>
<td>Discharged March 4, 1864, on account of wounds received at battle of Chickamauga</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dorse, John</td>
<td></td>
<td>Sept. 7, 1861</td>
<td>Died Nov. 12, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Davis, Joshua</td>
<td></td>
<td>Sept. 7, 1864</td>
<td>Mustered out with company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dennis, Samuel</td>
<td></td>
<td>Sept. 7, 1861</td>
<td>Mustered out with company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dayhoff, Martin</td>
<td></td>
<td>Sept. 7, 1861</td>
<td>Mustered out with company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Foster, John</td>
<td></td>
<td>Sept. 7, 1861</td>
<td>Killed in battle July 20, 1864, before Atlanta.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Flack, William L.</td>
<td></td>
<td>Sept. 7, 1861</td>
<td>Wounded at Chickamauga Sept. 19, 1864</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Focht, John B.</td>
<td></td>
<td>Sept. 7, 1861</td>
<td>Discharged Nov. 4, 1862, at South Tunnel.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grosch, Samuel</td>
<td></td>
<td>Sept. 7, 1861</td>
<td>Mustered out with company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Guette, Christian</td>
<td></td>
<td>Sept. 7, 1861</td>
<td>Mustered out with company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gilliepie, J. C.</td>
<td></td>
<td>Aug. 26, 1861</td>
<td>Died of wounds received at the battle of Chickamauga</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gover, George W.</td>
<td></td>
<td>Sept. 7, 1861</td>
<td>Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps. Mustered out Nov. 16, 1864</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hudgel, Henry</td>
<td></td>
<td>Aug. 26, 1861</td>
<td>Mustered out with company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Howell, Harry</td>
<td></td>
<td>Sept. 7, 1861</td>
<td>Mustered out Sept. 28 at Columbus, Ohio.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hunter, George W.</td>
<td></td>
<td>Oct. 29, 1861</td>
<td>Transferred to Co. K Sept. 23, 1864</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Havens, John W.</td>
<td></td>
<td>Aug. 26, 1861</td>
<td>Transferred to Co. K Sept. 24, 1864</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hime, Emanuel</td>
<td></td>
<td>Oct. 8, 1861</td>
<td>Discharged by order of War Dept. Date not known.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Thirty-Fifth Ohio Regiment.

Kislinger, Charles M., Sept. 7, 1861. Mustered out with company.
Kay, Joseph, Sept. 7, 1861. Died Aug. 9, 1863, at Winchester, Tenn.
Lane, Albert, Sept. 7, 1861. Mustered out with company.
Lawler, James M., Sept. 7, 1861. Transferred to Signal Service.
Lander, Orange, Aug. 26, 1861. Mustered out with company.
Mosier, Christopher, Sept. 12, 1861. Mustered out with company.
Moss, Henry, Aug. 26, 1861. Mustered out with company.
McKean, William, Sept. 7, 1861. Mustered out; no date.
McGuff, Emerson, Sept. 7, 1861. Mustered out with company.
Mills, Robert, Aug. 26, 1861. Discharged Jan. 6, 1862, for disability.
Mills, Francis M., Sept. 7, 1861. Mustered out with company.
Price, James, Sept. 7, 1861. No record of this soldier.
Quin, Francis, Sept. 7, 1861. Discharged Dec. 2, 1863, to accept promotion as 2nd lieutenant in the 7th New Jersey Cavalry.
Fackler, Alexander, Sept. 7, 1861. No record of this soldier.
Schmutz, Calvin, Sept. 7, 1861. Mustered out with company.
Sheldon, Thomas C., Sept. 7, 1861. No further record.
Sherer, Christopher, Sept. 7, 1861. Mustered out with company.
Shadwick, George, Sept. 7, 1861. Mustered out with company.
Strong, Nathaniel, Aug. 26, 1861. Mustered out with company.
Thomson, Newton, Sept. 7, 1861. Discharged March 19, 1862, for disability.
Williamson, Able, Sept. 7, 1861. Discharged; time and place not given.
Zehring, Henry, Aug. 26, 1861. Mustered out with company.

COMPANY H.

Mustered in September 9th, 1861, at Camp Hamilton Ohio. Mustered out September 8th, 1864, at Chattanooga, Tenn. This company was recruited in Montgomery County, Ohio.

Samuel Martindale, Captain, Aug. 26, 1861. Promoted to be captain Oct. 25 from 1st lieutenant.
Andrew Bell, Sergeant, Aug. 26, 1861. Appointed sergeant Nov. 1, 1863, from corporal.
David Huber, Corporal, Aug. 26, 1861. Appointed corporal July 1, 1863. Mustered out with company.


Abiah Z. Hoffman, Corporal, Sept. 15, 1861. Appointed corporal April 1, 1861. Mustered out with company.


PRIVATES.

Amlin, Alfred, Aug. 26, 1861. Died Nov. 26 of wounds received in battle at Missionary Ridge.


Billmire, David, Jan. 21, 1864. Transferred to Co. C, 1st Ohio Nov. 10, 1864.

Cotter, John, Aug. 26, 1861. Mustered out with company.

Coleman, George E., Aug. 26, 1861. Mustered out with company.

Christine, Benjamin F., Sept. 15, 1861. Mustered out with company.

Covens, Barney, Aug. 26, 1861. Mustered out with company.


Clenzy, John W., Feb. 26, 1861. Transferred to 18th Ohio Oct. 20, 1864.

Christine, Simon, Aug. 26, 1861. Transferred to the 18th Ohio Oct. 20, 1862.

Deardorff, Wilson, Sept. 15, 1861. Mustered out with company.


Erisman, Abraham, Sept. 15, 1861. Died April 14, 1862, at Lebanon, Ky.

Earhart, William, Sept. 15, 1861. Appointed corporal; no further record.


Guntzle, Phillip, Jan. 21, 1861. Discharged May 29, 1863, at Camp Dennison Ohio.

Grimes, David A., Feb. 26, 1864. Transferred to 18th Ohio Nov. 10, 1864.

Haven, Frank, Aug. 26, 1861. Mustered out with company.


Hemming, Fred, Aug. 26, 1861. No record of this soldier after muster.


Ingram, John, Aug. 23, 1861. Mustered out with company.
Jackson, Stiles H., Aug. 29, 1861. Mustered out with company.
Kemp, Frank, Sept. 15, 1861. Mustered out with company.
Lorentz, Michael, Aug. 26, 1861. Mustered out with company.
Miller, Moses H., Aug. 26, 1861. Mustered out with company.
Miller, John, Aug. 26, 1861. Mustered out with company.
Michaels, Phillip, Aug. 26, 1861. Mustered out with company.
Michaels, Adolph, Aug. 26, 1861. History of this soldier not given on rolls.
McCarthy, James, Aug. 26, 1861. No record of this soldier.
Morris, Samuel, Jan. 21, 1864. Transferred to Co. C, 18th O. V. I.
Miller, George, Jan. 21, 1864. Transferred to Co. C, 18th O. V. I.
Stegbenhau, Jacob, Aug. 26, 1861. Mustered out with company.
Shaffer, Michael N., Aug. 26, 1861. Discharged April 29, 1862, for disability.
Snyder, George, Aug. 26, 1861. Discharged for disability April 1, 1862.
Swallow, Simpson, Aug. 26, 1861. No record of this soldier.
Shipman, Charles I., Aug. 26, 1861. No record on roll.
Spohn, Levi W., Jan. 21, 1861. Transferred to Co. C, 18th O. V. I.

COMPANY I.

Mustered in at Cynthiana, Kentucky, October 3d, 1861. Mustered out September 23d, 1864, at Chattanooga, Tennessee. Recruited in Butler County, Ohio.

Robert B. Davidson, 1st Lieut., Aug. 9, 1861. Promoted to 2d lieut., in Co. B; to 1st lieutenant March 10, 1861; assigned to Co. I. Mustered out with company.
George T. Jenkins, Sergeant, Sept. 28, 1861. Deserted at Bowling Green, Ky., Nov. 6, 1862.
George Barrell, Sergeant, Sept. 7, 1861. Mustered out with company.
Moses J. Wetzler, Corporal, Sept. 7, 1861. Mustered out with company.

John P. Brooks, Corporal. Sept. 15, 1861. Wounded and taken prisoner at Chickamauga Sept. 20, 1863. Mustered out at Columbus, O.

Benjamin F. Sortman, Musician, Sept. 15, 1861. Discharged May 30, 1863, near Corinth, Miss.


PRIVATE.

Boatman, Jeremiah, Aug. 20, 1861. Mustered out with company.

Beatty, Wilkinson, Sept. 15, 1861. Promoted to 1st lieutenant to take charge of brigade wagons.

Black, Benjamin, Sept. 15, 1861. Discharged Dec. 9, 1862, to enter the regular army.


Bowers, George, Sept. 15, 1861. Reported as having deserted three times, returned under arrest and court-martialed.


Royce, John, Sept. 28, 1861. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps Aug. 25, 1863.

Cumins, Wilson, Sept. 15, 1861. Marked as deserter.

Connor, Moses, Sept. 15, 1861. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps April 10, 1863.

Crawford, Charles C., Sept. 15, 1861. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps April 10, 1863.


Coy, Joseph, Sept. 15, 1861. Transferred to Co. C, 18th Ohio Nov. 10, 1864.

Cook, John, Sept. 7, 1861. Mustered out with company.


Castor, Daniel, Sept. 7, 1861. Transferred to Corp. Promoted to corporal. Mustered out with company.


Coy, Thomas, Nov. 24, 1863. Transferred to 18th Ohio.

Dish, Charles, Sept. 15, 1861. Marked as deserted, captured and forfeited pay and allowance.

Dine, Robert, Sept. 15, 1861. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps April 30, 1864.

Daugherty, Charles, Sept. 23, 1868. Transferred to Co. C, 18th Ohio.


Ellison, William, Sept. 15, 1861. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps Nov. 1, 1863.


Garver, John, Sept. 15, 1861. Mustered out with company.

Garver, Michael D., Sept. 7, 1851. Mustered out with company.


Gratz, Emanuel, Aug. 25, 1862. Died of wounds received at Chickamauga.

Herman, Louis D., Sept. 15, 1861. Appointed corporal. Mustered out with company.

Herman, Richard, Sept. 15, 1861. Discharged Dec. 31, 1863, on account of wounds received at Chickamauga Sept. 19, 1863.

Hillman, Frank, Sept. 15, 1861. Died in hospital of wounds received at Chickamauga Sept. 30, 1863.


Hallmack, Jackson, Aug. 6, 1861. Died at Somerset, Ky., Feb. 1862.

Keen, James, Sept. 15, 1861. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps Jan. 15, 1864.

Killian, Fred, Sept. 15, 1861. Mustered out with company.


Karahner, Lemuel, Sept. 15, 1861. Discharged Oct. 16, 1862, at Cincinnati, O.

Keen, Ayers, Aug. 26, 1861. Discharged Nov. 19, 1862, at Bowling Green, Ky.


McLeod, Archibald, Sept. 15, 1861. Taken prisoner at Chickamauga Sept. 30, 1863.

March, Jacob, Sept. 15, 1861. Discharged Dec. 14, 1862, at Bowling Green, Ky.

McBride, James, Sept. 15, 1861. Mustered out with company.


Morriss, Levi W., Aug. 9, 1861. Discharged July 22, 1863, at Columbus, Ohio.


McNamee, Harry, Aug. 30, 1863. Transferred to Co. C, 18th Ohio.

Thirty-Fifth Ohio Regiment.

Morris, Charles M., Aug. 20, 1861. Discharged Nov. 12, 1862, at Bowling Green, Tenn.
Miller, John, Sept. 7, 1861. Mustered out with company.
Martindale, Wakefield, Oct. 6, 1861. Marked as a deserter.
Martindale, Abraham, Aug. 28, 1862. Taken prisoner at Chickamauga Sept. 20, 1863; transferred to 18th Ohio.
Rothenbusch, Fred, Sept. 7, 1861. Mustered out with company.
Richardson, David, Sept. 15, 1861. Taken prisoner at Chickamauga, Sept. 19, 1863; died in prison at Richmond March 12, 1864.
Smith, John, Sept. 15, 1861. Died of wounds received in action at Chickamauga Sept. 20, 1863.
Van Camp, Samuel, Sept. 28, 1861. Mustered out with company.
Willis, Henry, Oct. 5, 1861. Discharged on account of wounds received at battle of Chickamauga.

COMPANY K.

Mustered in November 5th, 1861, at Camp Bourbon, Kentucky.
Mustered out September 23d, 1864, at Chattanooga, Tenn. Recruited in Butler County, Ohio.

Lewis Lambright, 1st Lieut., Sept. 12, 1861. Wounded Nov. 25 at Missionary Ridge.


James Denny, Sergeant, Sept. 12, 1861. Mustered out with company.

James Blair, Sergeant, Sept. 12, 1861. Discharged for disability June 6, 1862, at Inka, Miss.

Harvey Elliott, Corporal, Sept. 12, 1861. Killed at Chickamauga Sept. 19, 1863.
Benjamin F. Stites, Corporal, Oct. 8, 1861. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps June 15, 1864.

Charles R. Howard, Corporal, Sept. 12, 1861. Discharged May 18, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn.

Leonidas R. Butler, Corporal, Sept. 23, 1863. Discharged at Camp Dennison, Ohio.

Henry R. Stettler, Corporal, Sept. 12, 1861. Mustered out with company.

PRIVATE.

Allison, Peter, Sept. 12, 1861. Killed at Missionary Ridge Nov. 25, 1863.
Beard, James W., Sept. 12, 1861. Discharged for disability July 1, 1862, at Lebanon, Ky.
Branigan, Joseph, Sept. 12, 1861. Mustered out with company.
Barklow, Arthur, Sept. 12, 1861. Mustered out with company.
Busard, William M., Sept. 12, 1861. Detached as regiment teamster.
Cary, Willis, Sept. 12, 1861. Reported on rolls as a deserter.
Crawford, Alonzo, Oct. 3, 1861. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, April 10.
Clear, Sylvestor, Oct. 18, 1861. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps April 30, 1864.
Fielding, Charles, Oct. 15, 1861. Discharged for disability at Camp Dennison, Ohio; date unknown.
Gundlach, Thomas, Sept. 12, 1861. Discharged Feb. 9, 1864, at Louisville, Ky.
Jacquemin, John F., Oct. 8, 1861. Discharged Aug. 5, at Columbus, Ohio.
Korpal, Anthony, Sept. 24, 1862. Mustered out with company.
Koontz, John, Sept. 15, 1861. Died at Nashville; no record.
O'Connor, James, Oct. 25, 1861. Mustered out with company.
Reese, Thomas H., Sept. 29, 1861. Discharged March 9, 1864, at Camp Dennison.
Sheehey, Jeremiah, Sept. 12, 1861. Marked as a deserter at Winchester, Tenn., on muster-out roll.
Stow, Lyman W., Aug. 9, 1861. Discharged Sept. 8, 1864, at Chattanooga.
Swan, John W., Sept. 12, 1861. Mustered out with company.
Sieker, Henry, Sept. 12, 1861. Died of wounds received at Chickamauga Sept. 19, 1863.
Discharged Nov. 12, 1864.
Tracy, Edward, Feb. 28, 1862. Died June 17, 1862, at Corinth, Tenn.
Thompson, Lewis, Feb. 15, 1862. Discharged Feb. 24, 1863, at Cincinnati, Ohio, for disability.
Voorhees, Ralph, Sept. 12, 1861. Discharged May 26, 1862, at Corinth, Tenn.
Voorhees, Edward, Sept. 12, 1861. Died at Murfreesboro, Tenn., of wounds received at the battle of Chickamauga.
Williams, James W., Sept. 12, 1861. Transferred to Vet. Reserve Corps March 12, 1864.